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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY—JUNE.

1876.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

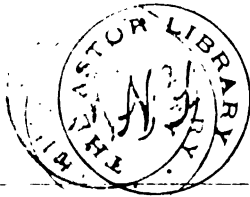
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ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

VOL. XVI.
JANUARY—JUNE.



LONDON:
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PREFACE.

READERS of the *Gentleman's Magazine* have not failed to note the large development of the serial element in this volume. In the June number, finishing the half-year, no fewer than eight items of the contents are in parts, consisting of the monthly instalments of Mr. Buchanan's romance "The Shadow of the Sword," and Mr. Francillon's novel "A Dog and his Shadow;" the sixth part of "The Token of the Silver Lily," the seventh chapter of Mr. McCullagh Torrens's "Leaves from the Journal of a Chaplain of Ease," the second batch of Leigh Hunt's Letters, forming a section of Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Recollections of Writers known to an Old Couple when Young," the continuation of "My Ocean Log," by Red Spinner; the first of a series of short papers "Under Foreign Mahogany," by Fin Bec, and the constant Table Talk. I might even add Mr. Hepworth Dixon's articles to the list; for though they are not numbered, or serial in subject, they form an unbroken set of papers on a well understood though not distinctly defined plan.

It has not been wholly without anxiety that I have allowed the magazine, for the time being, to assume this character, for there is an impression abroad that this generation prefers its reading in wholly isolated fragments. I incline, however, to the belief that my countrymen and countrywomen will like their reading after all according to its texture, and that if they become interested, if their feeling is touched, if their sympathy is aroused by what they

read to-day, they will not be offended because there is more of the same to-morrow. Let me say for the bulk of these contributions that I am not printing them because they are serial, but because they are what they are in texture and character—because they have seemed to me to be calculated to secure for the magazine the continued good opinion and favour of its readers. And the policy appears to be justified by the result. Of the novels I need not speak, because it is the fate of a novel in a periodical to run from number to number; but turning to the other items: “The Token of the Silver Lily” has, I have reason to believe, a large number of admirers not one of whom has wished that the poem were shorter or ended sooner; every witness in favour of Red Spinner’s “Log” professes pleasure at the fact that there are more entries in it for transcription; readers of Leigh Hunt’s Letters have expressed no desire for the rounding off of the series before they reach the epistles of Jerrold and Dickens; in a similar spirit the monthly readers of the Journal of a Chaplain of Ease appear to look forward for additional Leaves, and I do not think the lovers of good and pleasant living at home and abroad will cry “Hold, enough!” at the end of Fin Bec’s first little batch of gossip “Under Foreign Mahogany.”

Mr. Francillon’s novel, “A Dog and his Shadow,” ends in the June number of this volume, and appears to have been universally accepted as a worthy successor to the well-favoured “Olympia,” though it is a study in a widely different field of art. Twelve months ago, with the first batch of the MS. before me, I ventured to predict that the hero, “Abel Herrick,” would stand out a conspicuous figure in the realms of fiction, and I think he has justified my anticipations. Of Mr. Robert Buchanan’s first venture in prose fiction I need not say a word. It was accepted as

a great work before the half of it had appeared in print. "The Shadow of the Sword" has six months more to run. Readers sometimes ask for short stories, and in the interval between the conclusion of "A Dog and his Shadow" and the commencement of the next serial novel a short series of stories, each complete in the number of the magazine in which it appears, will be given. Mr. Justin McCarthy will lead off with a novelette entitled "Love in Idleness," which will open the July number; and in August will appear "In Pastures Green," a sketch of English life by Mr. Charles Gibbon. The numerous admirers of "Dear Lady Disdain" will be glad to learn that besides the short story in the July number Mr. McCarthy is writing a new novel, the first chapters of which will be given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January next.

Mr. Senior's "My Ocean Log from Newcastle to Brisbane," the first part of which in the May number appears to have given universal satisfaction to the readers of the "Waterside Sketches," whereof it may be said to be in some sort a continuation, will run down, probably, to the middle of the autumn, but the MS. has not yet all reached me. The parts already in print were posted at Singapore, where the *Queensland* steamship in which the author sailed lay for a week before concluding its voyage to Brisbane. Of the virgin rivers and undescribed scenery of Queensland Mr. Senior has promised to send me Red Spinner sketches so soon as he shall have had an opportunity of casting rod and line upon antipodean waters.

The last part of "The Token of the Silver Lily" will be given in the July number. I believe this is an almost unique instance of a poem in blank verse printed in long instalments in a periodical, continued through seven months, and looked for by readers to the last with the

interest and eagerness usually elicited only by an engrossing prose story.

In those "Leaves from the Journal of a Chaplain of Ease," which Mr. Torrens has been contributing during several months, readers who have been familiar with the current of social life in London society during the last thirty or forty years will now and then identify the characters and incidents, more especially in those papers which are devoted to personal sketches. There are many more Leaves yet in the Chaplain's Journal.

Before Midsummer, and while yet the long winter seems hardly to have taken final leave of us, it would be cruel to make allusion to any other festival than the festival of summer which we hope lies before us; but I will venture so far as to say that in due time there will be a successor to the "Streaked with Gold" and the "Like a Snowball" of 1875 and 1874.

THE EDITOR.

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GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1876.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

PROEM.

Nineteen sad sleepless centuries
Had shed upon the dead CHRIST's eyes
Their blood and dew, and o'er them still
The waxen lids were seal'd chill.
Drearly through the dreary years
The world had waited on in tears,
With heart clay-cold and eyelids wet,
But He had not arisen yet.
Nay, Christ was cold ; and, colder still,
The lovely Shapes He came to kill
Slept by His side. Ah sight of dread !
Dead CHRIST, and all the sweet gods dead !

He had not risen ; tho' all the world
Was waiting. Tho', with thin lips curl'd,
Pale ANTICHRIST upon his prison
Gazed yet denying, He had not risen.
Tho' every hope was slain save Him,
Tho' all the eyes of Heaven were dim,
Despite the promise and the pain,
He slept—and had *not* risen again.

Meantime, from France's funeral pyre,
 Rose, god-like, girt around with fire,
 Imperial CAIN !

—On eyes and lips
 Burnt the red hues of Love's eclipse,
 Beneath his strong triumphal tread
 All days the human winepress bled,
 And in the silence of the nights
 Pale Prophets stood upon the heights,
 And gazing thro' the bloodred gloom
 Far eastward, to the dead CHRIST's tomb,
 Wail'd to the winds. Yet CHRIST still slept :—
 And o'er His white Tomb slowly crept
 The fiery Shadow of a Sword !

Not Peace ; a Sword.

And men adored
 Not Christ, nor Antichrist, but CAIN ;
 And where the bright blood ran like rain
 He stood, and looking, men went wild ;—
 For lo ! on whomsoe'er he smiled
 Came an idolatry accurst,
 But chief, Cain's hunger and Cain's thirst
 For gold and blood and tears ; and when
 He beckon'd, countless swarms of men
 Flew thick as locusts to destroy
 Hope's happy harvests, and to die ;
 Yea, verily, at each finger-wave
 They swarm'd—and shared the grave they gave,
 Beneath his Throne.

Then, 'neath the sun
 One man of France, one, only one,
 One man alone—and he indeed
 Lowest and least of all Man's seed—
 Shrank-back, and stirred not !—heard Cain's cry,
 But flew not !—mark'd across the sky
 The Shadow of the Sword, but yet
 Despair'd not !—Nay, with eyes tear-wet,
 He sought Christ's Tomb, and lying low,
 With cold limbs cushion'd on the snow,

Still waited!—But when Cain's eye found
His hiding-place on holy ground,
And Cain's hand gript him by the hair,
Seeking to drag him forth from there,
He clutched the stones with all his strength,
Struggled in silence—and at length,
In the dire horror of his need,
Shriek'd out on CHRIST!

Did CHRIST rise?

READ.

CHAPTER I.

FULL SUNSHINE.

ROHAN, ROHAN! Can you not hear me call? It is time to go. Come, come! It frightens me to look down at you. Will you not come up now, Rohan?"

The voice that cries is lost in the ocean-sound that fills the blue void beneath; it fades away far under amid a confused murmur of wings, a busy chattering of innumerable little new-born mouths; and while the speaker, drawing dizzily back, feels the ground rise up beneath her feet and the cliffs prepare to turn over like a great wheel, a human-cry comes upward, clear yet faint, like a voice from the sea that washes on the weedy reefs of bloodred granite a thousand feet below.

The sun is sinking afar away across the waters, sinking with a last golden gleam amid the mysterious Hesperides of the silent air, and his blinding light comes slant across the glassy calm till it strikes on the scarred and storm-rent faces of these Breton crags, illuminating and vivifying every nook and cranny of the cliffs beneath, burning on the summits and lightening their natural red to the vivid crimson of dripping blood, changing the coarse grass and yellow starwort into threads of emerald and glimmering stars, burning in a golden mist around the yellow flowers of the over-hanging broom, and striking with fiercest ray on one naked rock of solid stone which juts out like a huge horn over the brink of the abyss, and around which a strong rope is noosed and firmly knotted.

Close to this horn of rock, in the full glory of the sunset light, stands a young girl, calling aloud to one who swings unseen below.

The sunlight flashes full into her face and blinds her, while the soft breath of the sea kisses the lids of her dazzled eyes.

Judged by her sun-tanned skin, she might be the daughter of

some gipsy tribe, but such dark features as hers are common among the Celtic women of the Breton coast; and her large eyes are not gipsy-black, but ethereal grey—that mystic colour which can be soft as heaven with joy and love, but dark as death with jealousy and wrath; and, indeed, to one who gazes long into such eyes as these, there are revealed strange depths of passion, and self-control, and pride. The girl is tall and shapely, somewhat slight of figure, small-handed, small-footed; so that, were her cheek a little less rosy, her hands a little whiter, and her step a little less elastic, she might be a lady born.

It is just eighteen years to-day since that red blustering morning when her father, running into port with the biggest haul of fish on record that season in the little fishing-village, had found that the Holy Virgin, after giving him four strong sons, had at last deposited in his marriage bed a maid-child, long prayed for, come at last;—and the maid's face is still beautiful with the unthinking innocence of childhood. Mark the pretty, almost petulant mouth, with the delicious underlip—

Some bee hath stung it newly!

Woman she is, yet still a child; and surely the sun, that touches this moment nearly every maiden cheek in every village for a hundred miles along this stormy coast, shines this moment upon no sweeter thing.

Like Queen Bertha of old, she bears in her hand a distaff, from which she ever and anon twirls homely thread; but not even a queen's dress, however fair, could suit her better than the severe yet picturesque garb of the Breton peasant girl—the modest white coif, the blue gown brightly bordered with red, the pretty apron enwrought with flowers in coloured thread, the neat bodice adorned with a rosary and medal of Our Lady; and finally, the curious *sabots*, or wooden shoes.

“Rohan, Rohan!”

A clear bird-like voice, but it is lost in the murmur of the blue void below.

The girl puts down her distaff beside a pair of *sabots* and a broad felt hat which lie already on one of the blocks of stone; then placing herself flat upon her face close to the very edge of the cliff, and clasping with one hand the rope which is suspended from the horn of rock close to her, she peers downward.

Half-way down the precipice a figure, conscious of her touch upon the rope by which he is partially suspended, turns up to her a shining face, and smiles.

She sees for a minute the form that hovers beneath her in mid-air, surrounded by a flying cloud of ocean-birds—she marks the white beach far away below her, and the red stains of the weedy pools above the tide, and the cream-white edge of the glassy moveless sea—she feels the sun shining, the rocks gleaming, for a little space;—then her head goes round, and she closes her eyes with a little cry. A clear ringing laugh floats up to her and reassures her. She plucks up heart and gazes once again.

What a depth! She grows dizzy anew as she gazes into it, but presently the brain-wave passes away, and her head grows calm. She sees all now distinct and clear, but her eyes rest on one picture only!—not on the crimson reefs and granite rocks, amidst which the placid ocean weeps, through fretwork of tangled dulse and huge crimson water-ferns; not on the solitary Needle of Gurlan, an enormous monolith of chalk and stone, standing several furlongs out in the sea, with the waves washing eternally round its base and a cloud of sea-fowl hovering ever round its crest; not on the lonely specks of rock, where the great black-backed gulls, dwarfed by distance to the size of white moths, sit gazing at the sunset, weary of a long day's fishing; not on the long line of green cormorants that are flapping drowsily home to roost across waters tinted purple and mother-of-pearl; not on the seals that swim in the dim green coves afar beneath; not on the solitary red-sailed fishing boat that drifts along with the ebb a mile out to sea. All these she sees for a moment as in a magician's glass; all these vanish, and leave one vision remaining—the agile and intrepid figure just under her, treading the perpendicular crags like any goat, swinging almost out into mid-air as from time to time he bears his weight upon the rope, and moving lightly hither and hither with feet and hands alike busy, the latter hunting for sea-birds' eggs.

Thick as foam-flakes around his head float the little terns; past him, swift and thick as cannon-balls, the puffins whizz from their burrows (for the comic little sea-parrot bores the earth like a rabbit, before she lays her eggs in it like a bird), and sailing swiftly for a hundred yards, wheel, and come back, past the intruder's ears again, to their burrows once more; round and round, in a slow circle above his head, a great cormorant—of the black, not the green species—sails silently and perpetually, uttering no sound; and facing him, snowing the surface of the cliffs, sit the innumerable birds, with their millions of little eyes on his. The puffins on the green earthy spots, peering out with varicoloured bills, the guillemots in earth and rock alike, wherever they can find a spot to rest an egg, the little dove-like

terns, male and female, sitting like love-birds beak to beak, on the tiny little coigns of vantage on the solid rocks below the climber's feet. Of the numberless birds which surround him on every side, few take the trouble to stir, though those few make a perfect snow around him; but the air is full of a twittering and a trembling and a chattering and rustling which would drive a less experienced cragsman crazy on the spot. As he slips nimbly among them they grumble a little in their bird-fashion, that is all; occasionally an infuriated would-be mother, robbed of her egg, makes belief to fly at his face, but quails at the first movement of his fowler's staff; and now and then an angry puffin, as his hand slips into her hole, clings to his finger like a parrot, is drawn out a ruffled wrath of feathers, and is flung shrieking away into the air!

The fowler's feet are naked—so his toes sometimes suffer from a random bite or peck, but his only answer is a merry laugh. He moves about as if completely unconscious of danger, or if conscious, as if the peril of the sport made it exhilarating tenfold.

It is exciting to see him moving about in his joyous strength amid the dizzy void, with the sunset burning on his figure, the sea sparkling beneath his feet. His head is bare; his hair, of perfect golden hue, floats to his shoulders, and is ever and anon blown into his face, but with a toss of his head he flings it behind him. The head is that of a lion; the throat, the chin, leonine; and the eyes, even when they sparkle as now, have the strange, faraway, visionary look of the king of animals. His figure, agile as it is, is herculean; for is he not a *Gwenfern*, and when, since the memory of a man, did a *Gwenfern* ever stand less than six feet in his *sabots*? Stripped of his raiment and turned to stone, he might stand for Herakles—so large of mould is he, so mighty of limb. But even in his present garb—the peasant dress of dark blue, shirt open at the throat, gaily coloured sash, and trousers fastened at the knee with a knot of scarlet ribbon—he looks sufficiently herculean.

He plies his trade. Secured to his waist hangs a net of dark earth-coloured eggs, and it is nearly full.

The sunset reddens, its flashes grow more blinding as they strike on the reddened cliff, but the fowler lifts up his face in the light, and sees the dark face of the maiden shining down upon him through the snow of birds.

“Rohan, Rohan,” she cries again.

He waves his fowler's staff and smiles, preparing to ascend.

“I am coming, Marcelle!” he calls.

And through the flying snow he slowly comes, till it is no

longer snow around his head, but snow around his feet. Partly aided by the rope, partly by the hook of his fowler's staff, he clings with hands and feet, creeps from ledge to ledge, crawling steadily upward. Sometimes the loose conglomerate crumbles in his hands or beneath his feet, and he swings with his whole weight upon the rope; then for a moment his colour goes, from excitement, not fear, and his breath comes quick. No dizziness with him! his calm blue eyes look upward and downward with equal unconcern, and he knows each footstep of his way. Slowly, almost laboriously, he seems to move, yet his progress is far more rapid than it seems to the eye, and in a few minutes he has drawn himself up the overhanging summit of the crag, reached the top, gripped the horn of rock with hands and knees, and swung himself up on the greensward, close to the girl's side!

All the prospect above the cliffs opens suddenly on his sight. The cloudy east is stained with deep crimson lines, against which the grassy hills, and fresh-ploughed fields, and the squares of trees whose foliage hides the crowing farms, stand out in distinct and beautiful lines.

But all he sees for the moment is the one dark face, and the bright eyes that look lovingly into his.

"Why will you be so daring, Rohan?" she inquires in a soft Breton *patois*. "If the rope should break, if the knot should slip, if you should grow faint! Alain and Jannick both say you are foolish. St. Gurlan's Craig is not fit for a man to climb!"

CHAPTER II.

ROHAN AND MARCELLE.

To creep where foot of man has never crept before, to crawl on the great cliffs where even the goats and sheep are seldom seen, to know the secret places as they are known to the hawk and the raven and the black buzzard of the crags, this is the joy and glory of the man's life—this is the rapture that he shares with the winged, the swimming, and the creeping things. He swims like a fish, he crawls like a fly, and his joy would be complete if he could soar like a bird. His animal enjoyment meantime is perfect. Not the peregrine, wheeling in still circles round the topmost crags, moves with such natural splendour on its way.

All the peasants and fishers of Kromlaix are cragsmen too, but none possess his cool sublimity of daring. Rohan Gwenfern will walk erect where no other fowler, however experienced, would

creep on hands and knees. In the course of his lifelong perils he has had ugly falls, which have only stimulated him to fresh exploits.

He began, when a mere child, by herding sheep and goats among these very crags, and making the lonely caverns ring with his little goatherd's horn. By degrees he familiarised himself with every feature of the storm-rent terrible coast; so that even when he grew up towards manhood, and joined his fellows in fishing expeditions far out at sea, he still retained his early passion for the crags and cliffs. While others were lounging on the beach or at the door of the *calozes*, while some were drinking in the *cabaret* and some were idling among their nets, Rohan was walking in some vast cathedral not made with hands, or penetrating like a spectre, torch in hand, into the pitch-black cavern where the seal was suckling her young, or swimming naked out to the cormorant's roost on the base of the Needle of Gurlan.

Even in wildest winter, when for days together the cormorants sat on the ledges of the cliffs and gazed despairingly at the sea, starving, afraid to stir a feather lest the mighty winds should dash them to pieces against the stones, when the mountains of foam shook the rocks to their foundations, when the earthquakes of ocean were busy and crag after crag loosened, crumbled, and swept like an avalanche down to the sea,—even in the maddest storms of nature's maddest season, Rohan was abroad,—not the great herring-gull being more constant a mover along the black water-mark than he.

Hence there had arisen in him, day by day and year by year, that terrible and stolid love for Water which wise critics and dwellers in towns believe to be the special and sole prerogative of the poets, particularly of Lord Byron, and which, when described as an attribute of a Breton peasant or a Connaught "boy," they refer to the abysses of sentimentality. Does a street-girl love the street, or a ploughman love the fields, or a sailor love the ship that sails him up and down the world? Even so, but with an infinitely deeper passion, did Rohan love the sea. It is no exaggeration to say that even a few miles inland he would have been heartily miserable. And that he should love the sea as he did, not with a sentimental emotion, not with any idea of romancing or attitudinising, but with a vital and natural love, part of the very beatings of his heart, was only just. He was its foster child.

Weird and thrilling superstitions are still afloat on this wild coast; grotesque and awful legends, many of them full of deep faith and pathetic beauty, still float from mouth to mouth; but among them there

is one which is something more than a mere legend, something more than a fireside dream. It tells of the sore straits and perils on the lonely seas during "the great fishing," and how, one summer night, a fisher, Raoul Gwenfern, took with him to sea his little golden-haired child. That very night, blowing the trumpets of wrath and death, Euroclydon arose. Lost, shrieking, terror-stricken, the fleet of boats drifted before the wind in the terrible mountainous sea; and at last, when all hope had fled, the crew of this one lugger knelt down together in the darkness for the last time—knelt as they had often knelt side by side in the little chapel on the cliff, and invoked the succour of Our Blessed Lady of Safety;—and no less than the others prayed the little child, shivering and holding his father's hand. And at last, amid all the darkness of the tempest and the roaring of the sea, there dawned a solemn shining which for a moment stilled the palpitating waters around the vessel; and that one innocent child on board, he and none other beside, saw with his mortal eyes, amid that miraculous light, and floating upon the waters, all spangled and silver as she stands, an image, up there in the little chapel of Notre Dame de Garde, the face and form of the Mother of God!

Be that as it may, the storm presently abated, and the fleet was saved; but when the light dawned, and the fishers on board the lugger came to their senses again, they missed one man. The child cried "father," but no father answered; he had been washed over in the darkness, and his footprints in the land of man were never seen more. It was then that the child, wailing for his beloved parent, told what he had seen upon the waters in that hour of prayer. Whether it was a real vision, or a child's dream, or a flash of memory illuminating the image he had often seen and thought so lovely, who can tell? But that day he ran and flung himself into his mother's arms, an orphan child; and from that day forth he had no father but the Sea.

His mother, a poor widow now, dwelt in a stone cottage just outside the village, and under the shelter of a hollow in the crag. Her son, the only child of her old age, the child of her prayers and tears, obtained by the special intercession of the Virgin and her cousin St. Elizabeth, grew fairer and fairer as he approached manhood, and ever on his face there dwelt a brightness which the mother, in her sweet heart, deemed due to that celestial vision.

Now tales of wonder travel, and in due course the legend travelled to the priest; and the priest came, and saw the child, and (being a little bit of a phrenologist) examined his head and his bumps, and saw the shining of his fair face with no ordinary pleasure. It is not

every day that the good God performs a miracle, and this opportunity was too good a one to be lost. So the good *curé*, a remarkable man in his way, and one of considerable learning, then and there made the widow a proposition which caused her to weep for joy, and cry that St. Elizabeth was her friend indeed. It was this—that Rohan should be trained in holy knowledge, and in due season become a priest of God. Of course the offer was joyfully accepted, and Rohan was taken from the solitary crags, where he was herding goats to eke out the miserable pittance that his mother earned, to live in the house of the priest. For a time the change was pleasing, and Rohan was taught to read and write, and to construe a little Latin, and to know a word or two of Greek; he was, moreover, a willing child, and he would get up without a murmur on the darkest and coldest winter's morning to serve the *curé's* mass. He evinced on the other hand an altogether stupendous capacity for idleness and play. As he grew older his inclinations grew more irrepressible, and he would slip off in the fishing boats that were going out to sea, or run away for a long day's ramble among the crags, or spend the summer afternoon on the shore, alternately bathing naked and wading for shrimps and prawns. When most wanted he was often not to be found. One day he was carried home with his collar-bone broken, after having in vain attempted to take the nest of an indignant raven. Twice or thrice he was nearly drowned.

This might have been tolerated, though not for long; but presently it was discovered that Master Rohan had a way of asking questions which were highly puzzling to the priest. It was still Revolution-time. Though the kingdom was an Empire; and though the terrible ideas of '93 had scarcely reached Kromlaix, the atmosphere was full of strange thoughts. The little acolyte in secret began to indulge in a course of secular reading; the little eyes opened, the little tongue prattled; and the good priest discovered, to his disgust, that the child was too clever.

When the time came for the boy, in the natural course of things, to be removed from the village, Rohan revolted utterly. He had made up his mind, he said, and he would never become a priest!

That was a bitter blow for the mother, and for a space her heart was hard against the boy; but the priest, to her astonishment, sided with the revolter.

"Come, mother!" he said, nodding his big head till his great hollow cheeks trembled with his earnestness. "After all, it is ill to force a lad's inclination. The life of a priest is a hard one, see you,

at the best. The priesthood is well enough, but there are better ways of serving the good God."

Rohan's heart rejoiced, and the widow cried—

"Better ways!—ah, no, *m'sieu le curé*."

"But yes," persisted his reverence. "God's will is best of all; and better even a good ropemaker than a bad priest!"

It was settled at last, and the boy returned to his home. The truth is, the priest was glad to be rid of his bargain. He saw that Rohan was not the stuff that holy men are made of, and that, sooner or later, he would be inventing a heresy or adoring a woman. He did not relinquish his charge without a sigh, for that business of the miraculous vision, if consummated by a life of exemplary piety, would have been a fine feather in the Church's cap. He soon found a more fitting attendant, however, and his former annoyances and disappointments were forgotten.

Meantime, Rohan returned to his old haunts with the rapture of a prisoned bird set free. He soon persuaded his mother that it was all arranged for the best; for would he not, instead of being taken away as a priest must be, remain with her for ever, and supply his father's place, and be a comfort to her old age? There were two sorts of lives that he detested from all his heart, and in either of these lives he would be lost to home and to her. He would never become a priest, because he liked not the life, and because (he naively thought to himself) he could never marry his little cousin Marcelle! He could never become a soldier (God and all the saints be praised for *that!*) because he was a widow's only son.

But it was the year 1813, the "soote spring season" of that year, and the great Emperor, after having successfully allayed the fear of invasion which had filled all France ever since his disastrous return from Moscow, was preparing a grand *coup* by which all his enemies were utterly to be annihilated. There were strange murmurs afloat, but nothing definite was yet known. The air was full of that awful silence which precedes thunderstorm and earthquake.

Down here at Kromlaix, however, down here in the loneliest and saddest corner of the Breton coast, the sun shone and the sea sparkled as if Moscow had never been, as if hecatombs of French dead were not lying bleaching amid the Russian snows, as if martyred France had never in her secret heart shrieked out a curse upon the Avatar. The sounds of war had echoed far away, but Rohan had heeded them little. Happiness is uniformly selfish, and Rohan was happy. Life was sweet to him. It was a blessed thing to breathe, to be, to remain free; to raise his face to the sun, to mark the cliffs and caves, to

watch the passing sails, or the blue smoke curling from the chimneys of the little fishing village ; to listen to the plump *curé*, "fatter than his cure" ; to hear the strange stories of bivouac and battlefield told by the old Bonapartist burnpowder, his uncle ; to hear Alain or Jannick play wild tunes on the *biniau*, or bagpipe ; to hunt the nests of gulls and seapies ; to go out on calm nights with his comrades and net the shining shoals of herring : best of all, to walk with Marcelle along sward or shore, to kneel at her side, holding her hand, before the statue of Our Lady, to look into her eyes, and, pleasanter still, to kiss her ripe young lips ! What life could be better, what life, all in all, could be sweeter than this ?

And Marcelle ?

His mother's sister's child, and only niece of the quaint old corporal, with whom she lives, with her four great brothers, each strong as Anak. Since they were children together—and he first appalled her young heart by his reckless daring—they have been accustomed to meet together in all the innocence of Nature. While her great brothers care not for her society, but haunt the *cabaret* or go courting when ashore, Rohan seeks the maiden, and is more gentle than any brother, though still her kin. He loves her dark eyes and her hidden black hair, and her gentle ways, and her tender admiration of himself. She has been his playmate for years—now she is, what shall we say ? his companion—soon, perhaps, to be known by a nearer name. But the marriage of such close kin is questionable in Brittany, and a special consent from the bishop would be needed to bring it about ; and besides, after all, they have never exchanged one syllable of actual love.

Doubtless they understand each other ; for youth is electrical, and passion has many tones far beyond words, and it is not in Nature for a man and a maiden, both beautiful, to look upon each other without joy. To their vague delicious feeling in each other's society, however, they have never given a name. They enjoy each other as they enjoy the fresh sweet air, and the shining sun, and the happy blue vault above, and the sparkling sea below. They drink each other's breathing, and are glad. So is the Earth glad, whenever lovers so unconscious stir and tremble happily in her arms.

Mark them again, as Rohan rises from the cliff, and stands by the girl's side, and listens to her laughing rebuke. How does he answer ? He takes her face between his two hands and kisses her on either cheek.

She laughs and blushes slightly ; the blush would be deeper if he had kissed her on the lips.

Then he turns to the block of granite where he has left his hat and *sabots*, and slowly begins to put them on.

The sunset is fading now upon the sea.

The vision of El Dorado, which has been burning for an hour on the far sea-line, will soon be lost for ever. The golden city with its purple spires, the strange mountains of pink-tinged snow beyond, the dark dim cloud-peak softly crowned by one bright green opening star, are dissolving slowly, and a cold breath comes now from those ruined sunset shores. The bloodred reefs, the wet sands, the flashing pools of water along the shores and beneath the crags, are burning with dimmer and dimmer colours; the crows are winging past to some dark rookery inland; the sea-fowl are settling down with many murmurs on the nests among the cliffs; the night-owl is fluttering forth in the dark shadow of a crag; and the fishing lugger yonder is drifting on a dark and glassy sea.

Rohan looks down.

The lugger glides along on the swift ebb-tide, and he can plainly see the men upon her deck, bareheaded, with hands folded in prayer and faces upraised to the very crags on which he stands; for not far beyond him, on the very summit of the cliffs, stands the little Chapel of Our Lady of Safety—the beloved beacon of the homeward bound, the last glimpse of home the fisher sees as he sails away to the west, and the beacon, night and day, of all good mariners.

All this picture Rohan has taken in at a glance, and now, grasping his fowler's hook in one hand, and coiling the rope around his arm, he moves along the summit of the cliff, followed by Marcelle. A well-worn path along the scanty sward leads to the door of the little chapel, and this path they follow.

They have not proceeded far when a large white goat, which has been busy somewhere among the cliffs, climbs up close by and stands looking at them curiously. The inspection is evidently satisfactory, for it approaches them slowly with some signs of recognition.

"See!" cries the girl. "It is Jannedik."

Jannedik answers by coming closer and rubbing its head against her dress. Then it turns to Rohan, and pushes its chin into his outstretched hand.

"What are you doing so far from home, Jannedik?" he asks, smiling surprised. "You are a rover, and will some day break your neck like your master. It is nearly bed-time, Jannedik!"

Jannedik is a lady among goats, and she belongs to the mother of Rohan. It is her pleasure to wander far away among the cliffs like

Rohan himself, and she knows the spots of most succulent herbage and the secretest corners of the caves. There is little speculation in her great brown eyes, but she comes to the whistle like a dog, and she will let the village children ride upon her back, and she is altogether more instructed than most of her tribe, in which the cliffs abound.

As Rohan and Marcelle wander on to the little chapel, Jannedik follows, pausing now and then to browse upon the way, but when they enter—which they do with a quiet reverence—Jannedik hesitates for a moment, stamps her foot upon the ground, and trots off homeward by herself.

She has many points of a good Christian, but the Church has no attractions for her.

The little chapel stands open night and day. It was built by sailor hands, for sailor use, and with no small labour were the materials carried up hither from the village below. It is very tiny, and it nestles in the highest cliff like a white bird, moveless in all weathers.

It is quite empty, and as Rohan and Marcelle approach the altar, the last light of sunlight strikes through the painted pane, illumining the altar-piece within the rails—a rudely painted picture of ship-wrecked sailors on a raft, raising eyes to the good Virgin, who appears among the clouds. Close to the altar stands the plaster figure of Our Lady, dressed in satin and spangles, and strewing the pedestal and hanging round her feet are wreaths of coloured beads, garlands of flowers cut in silk and satin, little rude pictures of the Virgin, medals in tin and brass, wooden rosaries, and strings of beads.

Marcelle crosses herself and falls softly upon her knees.

Rohan remains standing, hat in hand, gazing on the picture of the Virgin on the altar-piece behind the rails.

The little chapel grows darker and darker, the rude timbers and storm-stained walls are very dim, and the last sunlight fades on Marcelle's bent head and on the powerful lineaments of Rohan.

Faith dwells here, and the touch of a passionate peace and love which are worth more.

Peace be with them and with the world to-night—peace in their hearts, love in their hearts, peace and love in the hearts and breasts of all mankind!

But ah! should to-morrow bring the Shadow of the Sword!

CHAPTER III.

ROHAN'S CATHEDRAL.

NOT far away from the Chapel of Our Lady of Safety, but situated on the wild sea-shore under the crags, stands a cathedral fairer than any wrought by man, with a roof of eternal azure, walls of purple, crimson, green, gold, and a floor of veritable "mosaic paven." Men name its chief entrance the Gate of St. Gildas, but the lovely cathedral itself has neither name nor worshippers.

At low water this Gate is passable dry-shod, at half-tide it may be entered by wading breast-deep, at three-quarters or full flood it can only be entered by an intrepid swimmer and diver.

Two gigantic walls of crimson granite jut out from the mighty cliff-wall and meet together far out on the edge of the sea, and where the sea touches them it has hollowed their extremity into a mighty arch, hung with dripping moss. Entering here at low water, one sees the vast walls towering on every side, carved by wind and water into fantastic niches and many-coloured marble forms, with no painted windows, it is true, but with the blue cloudless heaven for a roof afar above, where the passing seagull hovers, small as a butterfly, in full sunlight. A dim religious light falls downward, lighting up the solemn place, and showing shapes which superstition might fashion into statues and images of mitred abbots and cowed monks and dusky figures of the Virgin; and here and there upon the floor of weed and shingle are strewn mighty blocks like carven tombs, and in lonely midnights the seals sit on these and look at the moon like black ghosts of the dead.

Superstition has seen this place, and has transformed its true history into a legend.

Here indeed in immemorial time stood a great abbey reared by hands, and surrounded by a fertile plain, but the monks of this abbey were wicked, bringing their wantons into the blessed place and profaning the name of the good God. But the good God, full of His mercy, sent a Saint—Gildas indeed by name—to warn these wicked ones to desist from their evil ways and think of the wrath to come. It was a cold winter night when Gildas reached the gate, and his limbs were cold and he was hungry and athirst, and he knocked faintly with his frozen hand; and at first, being busy at revel, they did not hear; and he knocked again and they heard, but when they saw his face, his poor raiment, and his bare feet, they bade him begone. Then did Gildas beseech them to receive and shelter him.

for Our Lady's sake, warning them also of their iniquities and of God's judgment; but even as he spoke, they shut the gate in his face. Then St. Gildas raised his hands to Heaven and cursed them and that abbey, and called on the great sea to arise and destroy it and them. And the sea, though it was then some miles away, arose and came; and the wicked ones were destroyed, the likeness of the abbey was changed, and the great roof was washed away. And even unto this day the strange semblance remains as a token that these things were so.

We said this cathedral had no worshippers. It had two, at least.

Within it sat, not many days after they had stood together in the little chapel, Rohan and Marcelle. It was *morte mer*, and not a ripple touched the light cathedral floor; but it was damp and gleaming with the last tide, and the weed-hung granite tombs were glittering crimson in the light.

They sat far within, on a dry rock close under the main cliff, and were looking upward. At what? At the *Altar*.

Far up above them stretched the awful precipices of stone, but close above their heads, covering the whole side of the cliff for a hundred square yards, was a thick curtain of moss, and over this moss, from secret places far above, poured little runlets of crystal water, spreading themselves on the soft moss-fringes and turning into innumerable drops of diamond dew: here scattering countless pearls over a bed of deepest emerald, there trickling into waterfalls of brightest silver filagree, and again gleaming like molten gold on soft trembling folds of the yellow lichen; and over all this dewy mass of sparkling colours there ebbed and flowed, and flitted and changed, a perpetually liquid light, flashing alternately with all the colours of the prism.

A hundred yards above all was rent again into fantastic columns and architraves. Just over the Altar, where the dews of heaven were perpetually distilling, was a dark blot like the mouth of a Cave.

"Is it not time to go?" said Marcelle, presently. "Suppose the sea were to come and find us here, how dreadful! Hoël Grallon died like that!"

Rohan smiled—the self-sufficient smile of superior wisdom.

"Hoël Grallon was a great ox, and should have stayed praying by his own door. Look you, Marcelle! There are always two ways out of my cathedral; when it is neap tide and not rough you can wait for the ebb up here by the Altar—it will not rise so far; and when

it is stormy and blows hard you can climb up yonder to the *Trou*”—and he pointed to the dark blot above his head—“or even to the very top of the cliff.”

Marcelle shrugged her shoulders.

“Climb the cliff!—why, it is a wall, and every one has not the feet of a fly.”

“At least it is easy as far as the *Trou*. There are great ledges for the feet, and niches for the hands.”

“If one were even there, what then? It is like the mouth of hell, and one could not enter.”

Marcelle crossed herself religiously.

“It is rather like the little chapel above, when one carries a light to look around. It is quite dry and pleasant; one might live there and be glad.”

“It is, then, a cave?”

“Fit for a sea-woman to dwell in and bring up her little ones.”

Rohan laughed, but Marcelle crossed herself again.

“Never name them, Rohan!—ah, the terrible place!”

“It is not terrible, Marcelle!—I could sleep there in peace—it is so calm, so still. It would be like one’s own bed at home but for the blue doves stirring upon the roosts, and the bats that slip in and out into the night.”

“The bats—horrible! my flesh creeps!”

Marcelle, though a maid of courage, had the feminine horror of unclean and creeping things. Charlotte Corday slew the rat Marat, but she shivered at the sight of a mouse.

“And as for the crag above,” said Rohan, smiling at her, “I have seen Jannedik climb it often, and I should not fear to try it myself; it is easier than St. Gurlan’s Craig. Many poor sailors, when their ship was lost, have been saved like that, when the wind is off the sea; and they have felt God’s hand grip them and hold them tight against the precipice that they might not fall; God’s hand or the wind, Marcelle, that is all one!”

After this there was silence for a time. Marcelle kept her great eyes fixed upon the glittering curtain of moss and dew, while Rohan dropped his eyes again to a book which he held upon his knee—an old, well-thumbed, coarsely printed volume, with leaves well sewn together with waxed thread.

He read, or seemed to read; yet all the time his joy was in the light presence by his side, and he was conscious of her happy breathing, of the warm touch of her dress against his knee.

Presently he was disturbed in his enjoyment. Marcelle sprang to her feet.

"If we linger longer," she cried, "I shall have to take off my *sabots* and stockings. For my part, Rohan, I shall run."

And the girl passed rapidly towards the Gate and looked for Rohan to follow her.

Rohan, however, did not stir.

"There is time," he said, glancing through the Gate at the sea, which seemed already preparing to burst and pour in between the granite archway. "Come back, and do not be afraid. There is yet a half-hour, and as for the *sabots* and stockings, surely you remember how we used to wade together in the blue water of old. Come, Marcelle, and look!"

Marcelle complied. With one doubtful side-glance at the wall of water which seemed to rise up and glimmer close to the Gate, she stole slowly back, and seated herself by her cousin's side. His strength and beauty fascinated her, as it would have fascinated any maiden on that coast, and while she placed her soft brown hand on his knees, and looked up into his face, she felt within her the mysterious stir of a yearning she could not understand.

"Look, then," he said, pointing out through the Gate, "does it not look as if all the green waters of the sea were about to rush in and cover us, as they covered the great abbey long ago?"

Marcelle looked.

To one unaccustomed to the place it seemed as if egress were already impossible; for the great swell rose and fell close up against the archway, closing cut all glimpses of blue air or sky. Out beyond the arch swam a great grey-headed seal, looking with large wistful eyes into the cathedral, and just then a flight of pigeons swooped through the Gate, scattered in swift flight as they passed overhead, and disappeared in the darkness of the great cave above the "Altar."

"Let us go!" said Marcelle in a low voice.

She was superstitious, and the allusion to the old legend made her feel uncomfortable in that solemn place.

"Rest yet," answered Rohan, as he rose and closed his book and touched her arm. "In half an hour, not sooner, the Gate will be like the jaws of a great monster. Do you remember the story of the great Sea-beast and the Maiden chained to a rock, and the brave Youth with wings who rescued her and turned the beast to stone?"

Marcelle smiled and coloured slightly.

"I remember," she answered.

More than once had Rohan, who had a taste for mythology and

fairy legend, told her the beautiful myth of Perseus and Andromeda; and more than once had she pictured herself chained in that very place, and a fair-haired form—very like Rohan's—floating down to her on great outspread wings from the blue roof above her head; and although in her dream she herself wore *sabots* and coarse stockings, and had her dark hair pinned in a coif, while Perseus wore *sabots* too, and the long hair and loose raiment of a Breton peasant, was it any the less delicious to think of? As to slaying a monster, Rohan was quite equal to that, she knew, if occasion came; and taking his reckless daring and his wild cliff-flights into consideration, he really might have been born with wings.

Just then the incoming tide began to be broken into foam below one arch of the gateway, and the rocks with jagged teeth began to tear the sea, and the whole side of the Gate, blackly silhouetted against the green water, seemed like the head and jaws of some horrible monster, such as the Greek sailor saw whenever he sailed along his narrow seas; such as the Breton fisher sees to this hour when he glides along the edges of his craggy coast.

"There is the great sea-beast," said Rohan, "crouching and waiting."

"Yes! See the great red rock—it is like a mouth."

"If you could stop here and watch you would say so truly. In a little it will begin to lash and tear the water till the red mouth is white with foam and black with weeds, and the water below it is spat full of foam, and the air is filled with a roar like the bellowing of a beast. I have sat here and watched till I thought the old story was come true and the monster was there; but that was in time of storm."

"You watched it—up in the *Trou*?"

"It caught me one tide, and I had to sit shivering until sunset; and then the storm went down, but the tide was high. The water washed close to the roof of the Gate, and when the wave rose there was not room for a fly to pass—it surged right up yonder against the walls. Well, I was hungry, and knew not what to do. It was pleasant to see the water turn crystal green all along the cavern floor, and to watch it washing over the rocks and stones where we sat to-day, and to see the seals swimming round and round and trying in vain to find a spot to rest on. But all that would not fill one's stomach. I waited, and then it grew dark, but the tide was still high. It was terrible then, for the stars were clustered up yonder, and the shapes of the old monks seemed coming down from the walls, and I felt afraid to stay. So I left my hat and *sabots* at the mouth of the cave, and slipped down

from ledge to ledge, and dropped down into the water—it was dark as death !”

Marcelle uttered a little terrified “ Ah !” and clutched Rohan’s arm.

“ At first I thought the fiends were loose, for I fell amid a flock of black cormorants, and they shrieked like mad things, and one dived and seized me by the leg, but I shook him away. Then I struck out for the Gate, and as I drew near with swift strokes I saw the great waves rising momentarily and shutting out the light ; but when the waves fell there was a glimmer, and I could just see the top of the arch. So I came close, treading on the sea, till I could almost touch the arch with my hand, and then I watched my chance, and dived ! Mon Dieu, it was a sharp minute ! Had I swum awry, or not dived deep enough, I should have been lifted up and crushed against the jagged stones of the arch ; but I held my breath and struck forward—eight, nine, ten strokes under water, and then, choking, I rose !”

“ And then ?”

“ I was floating on the great wave just outside the arch, with all the sea before me and all the stars above my head. Then I thought all safe, but just then I saw a billow like a mountain coming in ; but I drew in a deep breath, and just as the wave rose above me I dived again, and when I rose it had passed and was shrieking round the Gate of St. Gildas. So all I had then to do was to swim on for a hundred yards, and then turn in and land upon the sands below the Ladder of St. Triffine.”

The girl looked for a moment admiringly on her herculean companion—then she smiled.

“ Let us go then,” she cried, “ or the sea will come again, and this time one at least would drown.”

“ I will come.”

“ There, that last wave ran right up into the passage. We must wade, after all.”

“ What then ? The water is warm.”

So Rohan without sitting rapidly pulled off his *sabots* and stockings ; while Marcelle, sitting on a low rock, drew off hers—nervously, and with less speed. Then she rose, making a pretty grimace as her little white feet touched the cold shingle. Rohan took her hand, and they passed right under the portal, close up against which the tide had by this time crept.

At every step it grew deeper, and soon the maiden had to resign his hand, and gathering up her clothes above the knee moved nervously on.

No blush tinged her cheek at thus revealing her pretty limbs ; she knew they were pretty, of course, and she felt no shame. True modesty does not consist in a prurient veiling of all that nature has made fair, and perhaps there is no more uncleanness in showing a shapely leg than in baring a well-formed arm.

In one point, however, Marcelle's modesty was supreme. According to the custom of the country she carefully curled up and coiled her locks, which, unlike those of most Breton maidens, were long enough to reach her shoulders. Her hair was sacred from seeing. Even Rohan in all their later rambles had never beheld her without her coif.

They had reached the portal and were only knee-deep, but before them stretched for several yards a solid wall connected with the Gate, and round the end of this wall they must pass to reach the safe shingle beyond.

Marcelle stood in despair.

Before her stretched the great fields of the ocean, illimitable to all seeming—still, but terrible, with here and there a red sail glimmering, and following the shining harvest. On every side the tide had risen, and around the outlying wall it was quite deep.

"Aye me," cried the girl in a pretty despair ; "I told you so, Rohan."

Rohan, standing like a solid stone in the water, merely smiled.

"Have no fear," he replied, coming close to her. "Hold your apron !"

She obeyed, holding up apron and petticoat together ; and then, after putting in her lap his and her own *sabots* and stockings, with the book he had been reading, he lifted her like a feather in his powerful arms.

"You are heavier than you used to be," he said, laughing ; while Marcelle, gathering her apron up with one hand, clung tightly round his neck with the other. Slowly and surely, step by step, he waded with her seaward along the moss-hung wall ; he seemed in no hurry, perhaps because he had such pleasure in his burthen ; but at every step he went deeper, and when he reached the end of the wall the water reached to his hips.

"If you should stumble !" cried Marcelle.

"I shall not stumble," answered Rohan, quietly.

Marcelle was not so sure, and clung to him vigorously. She was not afraid, for there was no danger ; but she had the true feminine dread of a wetting. Place her in any circumstance of real peril, call up the dormant courage within her, and she would face the very sea

with defiance, with pride, dying like a heroine. Meantime, she was timid, disliking even a splash.

The wall was soon rounded, and Rohan was wading with his burthen to the shore, so that he was soon only knee-deep again. His heart was palpitating madly, his eyes and cheeks were burning, for the thrill of his delicious load filled him with strange ecstasy, and he lingered in the water, unwilling to resign the treasure he held within his arms.

“Rohan ! quick ! do not linger !”

It was then that he turned his face up to hers for the first time ; and lo ! he saw a sight which brought the bright blood to his own cheeks and made him tremble like a tree beneath his load. Porphyro, gazing on his mistress,

Half hidden like a mermaid in seaweed,

and watching her naked beauty gleam like marble in the moonlight, felt no fairer revelation.

Rohan, too, “felt faint.”

And why ? It was only this—in the excitement and struggle of the passage Marcelle’s white coif had fallen back, and her black hair, loosened from its fastenings, had fallen down in one dark shower, raining alike around cheeks and neck ; and cheeks and neck, when Rohan raised his eyes, were burning crimson with a delicious shame.

Have we not said that the hair of a Breton maid is virgin, and is as hallowed as an Eastern woman’s face, and is only to be seen by the eyes of him she loves ?

Rohan’s head swam round.

As his face turned up, burning like her own, the sacred hair fell upon his eyes, and the scent of it—who knows not the divine perfume even scentless things give out when touched by Love?—the scent of it was sweet in his nostrils, while the thrill of its touch passed into his very blood. And under his hands the live form trembled while his eyes fed on the blushing face.

“Rohan ! quick ! set me down !”

He stood now on dry land, but he still held her in his arms. The sweet hair floated to his lips, and he kissed it madly, while the fire grew brighter on her face.

“I love you, Marcelle !”

The Shadow of the Sword.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MENHIR.

THERE is one supreme minute in the life of Love which is never to be known again when once its holy flush has passed ; there is one divine sensation when the wave of life leaps its highest and breaks softly, never to rise quite so high again in sunlight or starlight ; there is one first touch of souls meeting, and that first touch is divinest, whatever else may follow. The minute, the sensation, the touch, had come to Rohan and Marcelle. Passion suddenly arose full-orbed and absolute. The veil was drawn between soul and soul, and they knew each other's tremor and desire.

Many a day had the cousins wandered alone together for hours and hours. From childhood upwards they had been companions, and their kinship was so close that few coupled their names together as lovers, even in jest. Now, when Rohan was three or four and twenty and Marcelle was eighteen, they were attached friends as ever, and no surveillance was set upon their meetings. Walking about with Rohan had been only like walking with Joël, or Jannik, or Alain, her tall brothers.

Not that either was quite unconscious of the sweet sympathy which bound them together. Love feels before it speaks, thrills before it sees, wonders before it knows. They had been beautiful in each other's eyes for long, but neither quite knew why.

So their secret had been kept, almost from themselves.

But that disarrangement of the coif, that loosening of the virgin hair, divulged all. It broke the barrier between them, it bared each to each in all the nudity of passion. They had passed in an instant from the cold clear air to the very heart of Love's fire, and there they moved, and turned to golden shapes, and lived.

Then, they passed out again, and through the flame, into the common day.

All this time he held her in his arms, and would not let her go. Her hair trembled down upon his face in delicious rain. She could not speak now, nor struggle.

At last he spoke again.

"I love you, Marcelle !—and *you* ?"

There was only a moment's pause, during which her eyes trembled on his with an excess of passionate light ; then, stirring not in his arms, she closed her eyes, and in answer to him, then and for ever, let her lips drop softly down on his !

It was better than all words, sweeter than all looks; it was the very divinest of divine replies, in that language of Love which is the same all over the wide earth. Their lips trembled together in one long kiss, and all the life-blood of each heart flowed through that warm channel into the other.

Then Rohan set her down, and she stood upon her feet, dazzled and trembling; and lo, as if that supreme kiss was not enough, he kissed her hands over and over, and caught her in his arms, and kissed her lips and cheeks again.

By this time, however, she had recovered herself; so she gently released herself from his embrace.

"Cease, Rohan!" she said softly. "They will see us from the cliffs."

Released by Rohan, she picked up her stockings and *sabots*, which had fallen on the dry sand, together with those of Rohan, and the book;—all the contents of her lap. Then she sat down with her back to Rohan, and drew on her stockings, and could he have marked her face just then, he would have seen it illumined with a strange complacent joy. Then she softly up-bound her hair within its coil. When she rose and turned to him she was quite pale and cool,—and the sweet hair was hid.

In these consummate episodes a woman subdues herself to joy sooner than a man. Rohan had put on his stockings and *sabots*, but he was still trembling from head to foot.

"Marcelle! *ma mie!* you love me? ah, but you give me good news—it is almost too good to bear!"

He took both her hands in his, and drew her forward to him, but this time he kissed her brow.

"Did you not know?" she said softly.

"I cannot tell; yes, I think so; but now it seems so new. I was afraid because I was your cousin you might not love me, like *that*. I have known you all these years, and yet it now seems most strange."

"It is strange also to me."

As she spoke, she had drawn one hand away, and was walking on up the beach.

"But you love me, Marcelle?" he cried again.

"I have loved you always."

"But not as to-day?"

"No, not as to-day"; and she blushed again.

"And you will never change?"

"It is the men that change, not we others."

“But you will not?”

“I will not.”

“And you will marry me, Marcelle?”

“That is as the good God wills.”

“So!”

“And the good God’s bishop.”

“We shall have his blessing too.”

“And my brothers also, and my Uncle the Corporal.”

“Theirs also.”

After that there was a brief silence. To be candid, Rohan was not quite sure of his uncle, who was a man of strange ideas, differing greatly from his own. The corporal might see objections, and if he saw them he would try, being a man of strong measures, to enforce them. Still, the thought of him was only a passing cloud, and Rohan’s face soon brightened.

It was a clear, beautiful day, and every nook and cranny of the great cliffs was distinct in the sunlight. The sea was like glass, and covered as far as the eye could see with a dim heat, like breath on a mirror. Far up above their heads two ravens were soaring in beautiful circles, and beyond these dark specks the skies were all harebell-blue and white feathery clouds.

They soon sought and found a giddy staircase which, entering the very heart of the cliff, wound and wound until it reached the summit; it was partly natural, partly hewn by human hands: here and there it was dangerous, for the loose stone steps had fallen away and left only a slippery slide.

This was the Ladder of St. Triffine.

It was a hard pull to the summit, and for a great part of the way Rohan’s arm was round Marcelle’s waist. Again and again they stopped for breath, and saw through airy loop-holes in the rock the sea breaking far below them with a cream-white edge on the ribbed sands, and the great boulders glistening in the sun, and the white gulls hovering on the water’s brim. At last they reached the grassy plateau above the cliffs, and there they sat and rested, for Marcelle was very tired.

They could have lingered so for ever, since they were so happy.

It was enough to breathe, to be near each other, to hold each other’s hand. The veriest commonplace became divine on their lips, just as the scenes around, common to them, became divine in their eyes. Love is easily satisfied. A look, a tone, a perfume will content it for hours. As for speech, it needs none, since it knows

the language of all the flowers and stars, and the secret tones of all the birds.

When the lovers did talk, walking homeward along the green-sward, their talk was practical enough.

"I shall not tell my uncle yet," said Marcelle, "nor any of my brothers, not even Alain. It wants thinking over, and then I will tell them all. But there is no hurry."

"None," said Rohan. "Perhaps they may guess?"

"How should they if we are wise? We are cousins, and we shall meet no oftener than before."

"That is true."

"And when one meets, one need not show one's heart to all the world."

"That is true also. And my mother shall not know."

"Why should she? She will know all in good time. We are doing no wrong, and a secret may be kept from one's people without sin."

"Surely!"

"All the village would talk if they knew, and your mother perhaps most of all. A girl does not like her name carried about like that, unless it is a certain thing."

"Marcelle! is it not certain?"

"Perhaps—yes, I think so—but nevertheless, who can tell?"

"But you love me, Marcelle!"

"Ah yes, I love you, Rohan!"

"Then nothing but the good God can keep us asunder, and He is just!"

So speaking, they had wandered along the green plateau until they came in sight of a Shape of stone, which like some gigantic huge living form dominated the surrounding prospect for many miles. It was a Menhir, so colossal that one speculated in vain over the means that had been adopted to raise it on its jagged end.

It surveyed the sea coast like some dark lighthouse, but no ray ever issued from its awful heart. On its summit was an iron cross, rendered white as snow by the sea birds; and down its sides also the same white snow dripped and hardened, making it hoary and awful as some bearded Druidic god of the primæval forest.

The cross was modern—a sign of capture set there by the new faith. But the Menhir remained unchanged, and gazed at the sea like some calm eternal thing.

It had stood there for ages—how many, no man might count; but few doubted that it was first erected in the dim legendary times when

dark forests of oak and pine covered this treeless upland; when the sea, if indeed there were any sea, and not in its stead a rocky arm reaching far away into the kindred woods of Cornwall—when the sea was so remote that no sound of its breathing shuddered through the brazen forest-gloom; and when the dark forms of the Druidic procession flitted in its shadow and consecrated its stone with human blood. All had changed on sea and land; countless races of men had winged past like crows into the red sunsets of dead Time, and had returned no more; mountains of sand had crumbled, whirlwinds of leaves had scattered, mighty forests had fallen and had rotted root and branch; and the sea, inexorable and untiring, had crawled and crawled over and under, changing, defacing, destroying,—washing away the monuments of ages as easily as it obliterates a child's footprints in the sand. But the Menhir remained, waiting for that far-away hour when the sea would creep still closer, and drink it up, as Eternity drinks a drop of dew. Against all the elements, against wind, rain, snow, yea even earthquake, it had stood firm. Only the sea might master it—it, and the cross on its brow.

As the lovers approached, a black hawk, which was seated on the iron cross, flapped its wings and swooped away down over the crags into the abyss beneath.

“I have heard Master Arfoll say,” observed Rohan as they approached the Menhir, “that the great stone here looks like some giant of old turned into stone for shedding human blood. For my part, it reminds me of the wife of Lot.”

“Who was she?” asked Marcelle. “The name is not of our parish.”

It must be confessed that Marcelle was utterly ignorant even of the literature of her own religion. Like most peasants of her class, she took her knowledge from the lips of the priest, and from the pictures of the Holy Virgin, the child Jesus, and the saints. In many Catholic districts the least known of all books is the Bible.

Rohan did not smile; his own knowledge of the Book was quite desultory.

“She was flying away from a city of wicked people, and God told her not to look back, but women are curious above all, and she broke God's bidding, and for that he turned her into a stone like this, only it was made of salt. That is the story, Marcelle!”

“She was a wicked woman, but the punishment was hard.”

“I think sometimes myself that this must once have been alive. Look, Marcelle! Is it not like a monster with a white beard?”

Marcelle crossed herself rapidly.

"The good God forbid," she said.

"Have you not heard my mother tell of the great stones on the plain, and how they are petrified ghosts of men, and how on the night of Noël they turn into life again and bathe in the river and quench their thirst?"

"Ah, but that is foolish!"

Rohan smiled.

"Is it foolish, too, that the stone faces on the church walls are the devils that tried to burst in when the place was built and the first mass was said, but that the saints of God stopped them and turned them into the faces you see? I have heard *m'sieu le curé* say as much."

"It may be true," observed Marcelle simply, "but these are things we cannot understand."

"You believe? Master Arfoll says *that* is foolish also."

Marcelle was silent for a minute, then she said quietly—

"Master Arfoll is a strange man. Some say he does not believe in God."

"Do not listen to them. He is good."

"I myself have heard him say wicked things—uncle said they were blasphemous. It was shameful! He wished the Emperor might lose, that he might be killed!"

The girl's face flashed with keen anger, her voice trembled with its indignation.

"Did he say that?" said Rohan in a low voice.

"He did—I heard him—ah God, the great good Emperor, that any one alive should speak of him like that! If my uncle had heard him there would have been blood. It was dreadful! It made my heart go cold."

Rohan did not answer directly. He knew that he was on delicate ground. When he did speak, he kept his eyes fixed nervously upon the grass.

"Marcelle, there are many others that think like Master Arfoll."

Marcelle looked round quickly into the speaker's face. It was quite pale now.

"Think what, Rohan?"

"That the Emperor has gone too far, that it would be better for France if he were dead."

"Ah!"

"More than that, better that he had never been born."

The girl's face grew full of mingled anger and anguish. It is

terrible to hear blasphemy against the creed we believe in with all our heart and soul; most terrible, when that creed has all the madness of idolatry. She trembled, and her hands were clenched convulsively.

“And *you* too believe this?” she cried, in a low shuddering whisper, almost shrinking away from his side.

Rohan saw his danger, and prevaricated.

“You are too quick, Marcelle—I did not say that Master Arfoll was right.”

“He is a devil!” cried the girl, with a fierceness which showed the soldier-stock of which she came. “It is cowards and devils like him that have sometimes nearly broken the good Emperor’s heart. They love neither France nor the Emperor. They are hateful. God will punish them in the next world for their unbelief.”

“Perhaps they are punished already in this,” returned Rohan, with a touch of sarcasm which passed quite unheeded by the indignant girl.

“The great good Emperor,” she continued, unconscious of his interruption, “who loves all his people like his children, who is not proud, who has shaken my uncle by the hand and called him ‘comrade,’ who would die for France, who has made our name glorious over all the world, who is adored by all save his wicked enemies—God punish them soon! He is next to God and the Virgin and God’s son; he is a saint; he is sublime. I pray for him first every night before I sleep—for him first, and then for my uncle afterwards. If I were a man, I would fight for him. My uncle gave him his poor leg—I would give him my heart, my soul!”

It came from her in a torrent, in a *patois* that anger rendered broader, yet that was still most musical. Her face shone with a religious ecstasy, she clasped her hands as if in prayer.

Rohan remained silent.

Suddenly she turned to him, with more anger than love in her beautiful eyes, and cried—

“Speak then, Rohan! Are *you* against him? Do you hate him in your heart?”

Rohan trembled and cursed the moment when he had introduced the unlucky subject.

“God forbid!” he answered. “I hate no man. But why?”

Her cheeks went white as death as she replied—

“Because then *I* should hate *you*, as I hate all the enemies of God, as I hate all the enemies of the great Emperor.”

CHAPTER V.

MASTER ARFOLL.

THEY had approached close to the Menhir, and were standing in its very shadow, while Marcelle spoke the last words. As she concluded, Rohan quietly put one hand on her arm, and pointed with the other.

Not far from the pillar, and close to the edge of the crag, stood a figure which, looming darkly against the white sheet of sky, seemed of superhuman height—resembling for the moment one of those wild petrified spirits of whom Rohan had spoken, in the act of turning to life. Lean and skeletonian, with stooping shoulders, and thin snow-white hair falling down his back, thin shrunken limbs, arms drooping by his side, he stood moveless, like a very shape of stone.

His dress consisted of the broad hat and loose jacket and pantaloons of the Breton peasant. His stockings were black, and instead of *sabots* he wore old-fashioned leather shoes fastened with thongs of hide, but long usage had nearly worn these shoes away. His extreme poverty was perceptible at a glance. His clothes, where they were not hopelessly ragged, were full of careful patches and darns, and even his stockings showed signs of constant mending.

“See!” said Rohan in a whisper. “It is Master Arfoll himself.”

The girl drew back, still full of the indignation that had overmastered her, but Rohan took her arm and pulled her softly forward, with whispered words of love. She yielded, but her face still wore a fixed expression of superstitious dislike.

The sound of footsteps startled the man, and he turned slowly round.

If his form had appeared spectral at the first view, his face seemed more spectral still. It was long and wrinkled, with a powerful high-arched nose, and thin firm-set lips, quite bloodless, like the cheeks. The eyes were black and large, full of a weird, wistful expression and wild fitful light. An awful face, as of one risen from the dead.

But when the large eyes fell on Rohan he smiled, and the smile was one of beatitude. His face shone. You would have said then, a beautiful face, as of one who had looked upon angels.

Only for a moment; then the smile faded, and the old worn pallor returned.

“Rohan!” he cried in a clear musical voice. “And my pretty Marcelle!”

Rohan raised his hat as to a superior, while Marcelle, still preserving her resolved expression, blushed guiltily and made no sign.

There was that in this man which awed her as it awed all others. She might dislike him when he was absent, but in his presence she was conscious of a charm. Poor though he was in the world's goods, and unpopular as were many of his opinions, Master Arfoll possessed that dæmonic and magnetic power which Goethe perceived in Buonaparte, and avowed to be, whether fashioned for good or evil, the especial characteristic of mighty men.

More will be spoken of Master Arfoll anon when his strange story comes to be rehearsed. Meantime it is necessary to explain that he was an itinerant schoolmaster, teaching from farm to farm, from field to field, and that from his lips Rohan had drunk much secret knowledge, seated in the open meadows in the summer time, or in some quiet cave by the white fringe of the sea, or on some mossy stone on the summit of the high crags. He was a dreamer, and he had taught the boy to dream.

Men said that his face was pale because of the awful things he had seen when the seals of the Apocalypse were opened in Paris. He never entered a church, yet he prayed in the open air; he preferred perfect freedom of religious belief, yet he taught little children to read the Bible; he was the friend of many a *curé* and many a soldier, but ceremonies and battles were alike his abomination. In brief, he was an outcast: his bed was the earth, his roof heaven; but the holiness of Nature was upon him, and he crept from place to place like a spirit, sanctifying and sanctified.

It was some months since he had been in that neighbourhood, and his appearance there at that moment was a surprise.

"You are a great stranger, Master Arfoll," said Rohan after they had taken each other by the hand.

"I have been far away this time, as far as Brest," was the reply. "Ah, but my journey has been desolate; I have seen in every village Rachel weeping for her children: There have been great changes, my child. There are more changes coming. Yet I return as you see, and find the great Stone unchanged. Nothing abides but death: that only is eternal."

As he spoke, he pointed to the Menhir.

"Is there bad news, then, Master Arfoll?" inquired Rohan eagerly.

"How should there be good? Ah, but you are children, and do not understand. Tell me, why should this cold loveless thing abide"—again he pointed to the Menhir—"when men and cities,

and woods and hills and rivers, and the very gods on their thrones, and the great kings on theirs, perish away and leave no sign that they have been? Thousands and thousands of years ago there was blood on that stone; men were sacrificed there, Rohan; it is the same tale to-day—men are martyred still.”

He spoke in low sad tones, as if communing with himself. They perceived now that he held in his hand a book—the old Bible in the Breton tongue, from which he was wont to teach—and that his finger was inserted between the leaves, as if he had just been reading.

He now walked slowly on, with Rohan and Marcelle close to his side, until he reached the edge of the glassy plateau; and lo! lying just under on the very edge of the sea, was Kromlaix, with every house and boat mapped out clearly in the shining sun.

The light fell on glistening gables, on walls washed blue and white, on roofs of wreck timber or stone tiles, or with thatch weighted with lumps of granite to resist the violence of the wind. The houses crouched on the very edge of the sea. Scattered among them were wild huts made of old fishing-boats, upturned and roofed with straw; and though some of these were used for storing nets, sails, oars, and other boating implements and tackle, some served for byres, and many, occupied by the poorer families, sent up their curls of blue smoke through an iron funnel. Below the houses and huts, floating on the edge of the water—for it was high tide now—was the fishing fleet—a long black line of boats, crouching like cormorants, with their black necks pointed seaward.

A village crouching on the very fringe of the wild sea. The sea was around and beneath as well as before it; for it oozed below it into unseen shingly caves, and crawling inland underground for miles, finally bubbled into the green brackish pools that form the dreary tarns of Ker Léon. A lonely village, many miles from any other; a village cradled in tempest, daily rocked by death, and ever gazing with sad eyes seaward, hungry for the passing sail.

For miles and miles on either side stretches the great ocean wall, washed and worn into grandest forms of archway, dome, and spire, beaten against, storm shaken, undermined; gnawed, torn, rent, stricken by whirlwind and earthquake, yet still standing, with its menhirs and dolmens, firm and strong; a mighty line of weed-hung scaurs, precipices, and crags, of monoliths and dark aerial caves, towering above the ever-restless sea:—so high, that to him who walks above on the grassy edges of the crags the sea-gull hovering midway is a speck, and dark seaweed-gatherers on the sands beneath are

dwarfed by distance small as crawling mice. For many a league stretches the great wall, and the wayfarer threading its dizzy paths hears underneath his feet the rush and roar of water, and the flapping wings of winds, and the screams of birds from foam-splashed gulls. But here, suddenly, the wall, rent apart as if by earthquake, leaves one mighty gap; and in the gap (which widening inward turns into a grassy vale fed by a dark river) the village crouches, winter and summer, changeless through the generations, with its eyes ever fixed on the changeless sea.

A perilous village, ever doomed and ever saved. For the river, when it reaches the tarns of Ker Léon, plunges into the earth, and mingles with the increeping ocean, and so crawls onward unseen; and the houses are verily rocked upon the waves which moan sullenly beneath them, and the fountains are brackish wherever they burst, and the village trembles and cries like a living thing when the vials of heaven are opened and the great sea threatens with some mighty tide.

That day, however, while Master Arfoll gazed down, all was lightness and peace. In and about the boats children played, while the men lounged in twos and threes, or lay smoking on the sands, or lazily sat in the sunlight mending their nets. The smoke went up straight to heaven, and heaven was calm. All was quite still, but you could hear the village just breathing, like a creature at rest.

Higher up the valley and partly on a rising slope stood, surrounded with its graveyard, the little red granite church, with its stone-tiled roof and ruddy tower crusted with dark green mosses and a hoary rime of salt blown from the sea. The sunlight struck along the gorge, so that even from the height they could see the rude group of the CALVARY close by, the stone head of the Christ drooping in death, the little wells of holy water sparkling on the tombstones, and along the wall of the charnel-house the dark dots where the skulls of the dead, each in its little pigeon-box, were nailed up as a ghastly *memento mori*.

"Could the Stone yonder speak," said Master Arfoll, looking down, "what a tale it could tell! I will tell you something it could remember. The time when all around us stretched mighty forests, and when a deep river ran down yonder gorge, and when a great City stood on the river's banks full of people who worshipped strange gods."

"I have heard *m'sieu le curé* speak of that," said Rohan. "It is very strange; and they say that if you listen on the eve of Noël you can hear the bells ringing, and the dead people flocking in the

streets, far under the ground. Old Mother Loiz, who died last Noël, heard it all, she said, before she died."

Master Arfoll smiled sadly.

"That is an old wife's tale : a superstition—the dead sleep."

Marcelle felt herself bound to put in a word for her traditions.

"You do not believe," she said. "Ah, Master Arfoll, you believe little. Mother Loiz was a good woman, and she would not lie."

"All that is superstition, and superstition is an evil thing," returned Master Arfoll quietly. "In religion, in politics, in all the affairs of life, my child, superstition is a curse. It makes men fear the gentle dead, and phantoms, and darkness, and it makes them bear wicked rulers and cruel deeds because they see in them an evil fate. It is superstition which holds bad kings on their thrones, and covers the earth with blood, and breaks the hearts of all who love their kind. Superstition, look you, may turn an evil man into a god, and make all men worship him and die for him as if he were divine."

"That is true," said Rohan, with a rather anxious glance at Marcelle.

Then, as if wishing to change the subject, "It is certain, is it not, that the great City once stood there?"

"We know that, by many signs," answered the schoolmaster; "one need not dig very deep to come upon its traces. Oh yes, the City was there, with its houses of marble and temples of gold, and its great baths and theatres, and its statues of the gods; and a fair sight it must have been, glittering in the sunlight as Kromlaix glitters now. Then the river was a river indeed, and white villas stood upon its banks, and there were flowers on every path and fruit on every tree. Well, even *then* our Stone stood here, and saw it all. For the City was built like many another of our own with human blood, and its citizens were part of the butchers of the earth, and a sword was at each man's side, and blood was on each man's hand. God was against them, and their stone gods could not save them. They were a race of wolves, these old Romans! they were the children of Cain! So what did God do at last?—He wiped them away like weeds from the face of the earth!"

The speaker's face was terrible; he seemed delivering a prophecy, not describing an event.

"He lifted his finger, and the sea came up and devoured that City, and covered it over with rock and sand. Every man, woman, and child were buried in one grave, and there they sleep."

"Till the last judgment!" said Marcelle solemnly.

"They are judged already," answered Master Arfoll. "Their

doom was spoken, and they sleep ; it is only 'superstition' that would wake them in their graves."

Marcelle seemed about to speak, but the large word "superstition" overpowered her. She had only a dim notion of its meaning, but it sounded conclusive. It was Master Arfoll's pet word, and it must be confessed that he used it in a confusing way to express all sorts of ideas and conditions.

Rohan said little or nothing. In truth, he was slightly astonished at the exceedingly solemn tone of Master Arfoll's discourse ; for he knew well the wanderer's gentler and merrier side, and he had seldom seen him look so sad and talk so cheerlessly as to-day. It was clear to his mind that something unusual had happened ; it was clear also, from certain significant looks, that Master Arfoll did not care to express himself fully in the presence of Marcelle.

Meantime they had begun descending the slope that led to the village. Marcelle fell a few steps behind, but Rohan kept by the itinerant's side, quietly solicitous to discover the cause of his unusual melancholy.

As they went Master Arfoll's eye fell upon Rohan's book, which was still carried in the hand.

"What is that you read ?" he asked, reaching out his hand.

Rohan delivered up the book. It was a rudely printed translation of Tacitus into French, with the original Latin on the opposite page. It bore a date of the Revolution, and had been printed in some dark den when Paris was trembling with the storm.

Master Arfoll looked at the volume, then returned it to its owner. He himself had taught Rohan to see, however dimly, the spirit of such books as that ; but to-day he was bitter.

"Of what do you read there?" he exclaimed. "Of what but blood, and battles, and the groans of people under the weight of thrones? Ah, God, it is too terrible! Even here, in what men call God's own book"—and he held up the old Bible—"it is the same red story, the same mad cry of martyred men. Yes, God's book is bloody, like God's earth."

Marcelle shuddered. Such language was veriest blasphemy.

"Master Arfoll"—she began.

His large wild eyes seemed fixed as in a trance ; he did not heed her.

"For ever and ever, now as it was in the beginning, this wild beast's hunger to kill and kill, this madman's thirst for war and glory. Who knows but the great Stone yonder holds the spirit of some mighty murderer of old times, some Cain the Emperor, turned to

rock, but with consciousness still left to see what glory is, to watch while kingdoms wither and kings waste and dead people are shed down like leaves? Well, that is superstition; but had I my will, I would serve each tyrant like that. I would petrify him—I would set him as a sign! He should see, he should see! And then there would be no more war, for there would be no more Cains to make it and to drive the people mad!”

Marcelle only half understood him, but some of his words jarred upon her heart. She did not address Master Arfoll, but with angry flashing eyes she turned to Rohan.

“It is only cowards that are afraid to fight. Uncle Ewen was a brave soldier and shed his blood for France: witness the beautiful medal of the great Emperor! The country is a great country, and it is the wars against the wicked that have made it great. It is the bad people that rise against the Emperor because he is good and so grand; *that* makes war, and the Emperor is not to blame.”

Master Arfoll heard every word, and smiled sadly to himself. He knew the maiden's worship for the Emperor; how she had been brought up to think of him next to God: so without attacking her Idol, he said softly, with that benign smile which owed its chief charm to an inexpressible sadness—

“That is what Uncle Ewen says? Well, Uncle Ewen is a brave man. But do you, my little Marcelle, want to know what war is? Look, then!”

He pointed inland, and the girl followed the direction of his hand.

Far away, towering solitary among the winding hedgerows of the vale, was another deserted Calvary,—so broken and so mutilated that only an eye familiar with it could have told what it was. One arm and a portion of the body still remained, but the head and the other limbs had disappeared, and what remained was stained almost to blackness by rain and foul verdure. Beneath, wild underwood and great weeds climbed,—darnel and nettle made their home there, and there in its season the foxglove flowered. Yet broken and ruined as the figure was, it dominated the inland prospect and lent to the wild landscape around it a wilder desolation.

“*That* is war!” said Master Arfoll solemnly. “Our roads are strewn with the stone heads of angels and the marble limbs of shapes like that. The gospel of love is lost; the figure of love is effaced. The world is a battlefield, France is a charnel-house, and—well, you were right, my child!—the Emperor is a god!”

Marcelle made no reply; her heart was full of indignation, but she felt herself no match for her opponent. “That is treason,” she

thought to herself; "if the Emperor heard him talk like that he would be killed." Then she looked again sidelong into the worn wild face and the great sorrowful eyes, and her anger passed away in pity. "What they say is right," she thought, "it is not his fault—he has grown foolish with much sorrow; his lonely life has made him almost mad. Poor Master Arfoll!"

By this time they had reached the outskirts of the village. Their way was a footpath winding hither and hither until it passed close under the walls of the old church. Here Marcelle, with a quiet squeeze of Rohan's hand and a quick glance at Master Arfoll, slipped away and disappeared.

The itinerant walked on without noticing her absence; his heart was too full, his brain too busy, and he held his eyes fixed upon the ground.

Rohan disturbed him abruptly from his reverie.

"Master Arfoll—tell me—speak—Marcelle is no longer here—what has happened? Something dreadful, I fear!"

Master Arfoll looked up wearily.

"Be not impatient to hear bad news—it will come soon enough, my son. There is a thunderstorm brewing, that is all."

"A thunderstorm?"

"That: and earthquake, and desolation. The snows of Russia are not tomb enough; we shall have the waters of the Rhine as well," he added, solemnly. "We are on the eve of a new conscription."

Rohan trembled, for he knew what that meant.

"And this time there are to be no exemptions except *pères de famille*! Prepare yourself, Rohan! This time even only sons will take their chance!"

Rohan's heart sank within him, his blood ran cold. A new and nameless horror took possession of him. Looking up, he saw in the distance the broken Calvary, like a sign of misery and desolation.

He was about to speak, when the church-gate swung open, and forth from the churchyard stepped *monsieur le curé*, with his breviary tucked under his arm, and a short pipe, black as ebony with tobacco stains, held between his lips.

(To be continued.)

THE FALSE MOVE ON EGYPT.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.



WHEN we are agreed our unanimity is wonderful! In these early days of December, 1875, England appears to have only one thought. She has done a great thing, and made her neighbours stare. She has put up her back and called on the Powers to observe that fact. These Powers are surprised and puzzled. Yet the least suspicious of these Powers is probably not so much surprised and puzzled as herself. A flush of exultation has possession of her; all the more exciting to her system that her customary mood is staid and calm. Since the big bonanza broke over San Francisco a year ago I have seen nothing to compare with the fever of London society during the past and present week. Developments in the Comstock Lode pale before speculations in the Suez Canal. Politics had no part in pushing the silver vein into a big bonanza, while national hatreds have much to do with the excitement caused by our purchase of the Khedive's shares. In place of such local feeling as a big bonanza rouses into action, we find ourselves in the eddies of a passion more akin to that which stirred the American people for a season, when the news arrived in New York that Commodore Wilkes had boarded an English vessel, and taken two of the passengers out by force. It is only fair to a high-spirited neighbour to admit that many of us are moved by a storm of energy not far removed in kind, however far removed in degree, from that moral perturbation which seized the people of Paris when M. Ollivier assured his countrymen that he was going with his light heart into the German war.

Our fits, like those of other folk, are hot and cold. Just now the heat is on. A patriotic ardour carries us away. Men of business, who live on stocks, and have price-lists served up with their fish, are scarcely less excited than those men of sentiment who dream of lost causes, sing hymns to the good time, and make a fetish of the balance of power.

Not one man in twenty cares to ask whether what we have done is just in principle and sound in policy. "Hang principle and policy," cries my neighbour, tossing off his claret; "we have been too tame; the world was beginning to flout us; it was time for us to make a noise." The day for reason to be heard has yet to come.

After a repose, which some thought sleep and others death, the British Lion bounds to his feet; and we are proud to find that the royal beast can rouse the welkin by his roar and shake the forest by his tread. Our lion couchant suddenly becomes a lion rampant. When he rears and roars we get as much excited as idlers on the boulevards by the tramp of feet and tap of drums. We shall have time to think of principle and policy another day.

Setting principle aside, as in the presence of excited lions out of court, it is not easy to explain the advantages we have gained. For four millions of English money we have purchased certain shares in the Suez Canal, which are supposed to have been worth about three millions in the markets where such things are bought and sold. Here is fact; the rest is inference. Our money is gone: our property is with the Sphinx. By some our purchase is called a business transaction, by others a political transaction. In either case it is supposed to be a curious and a splendid feat. One party assumes that we have made a good commercial bargain, a second that we have achieved a great political act. If so, we need not trouble ourselves about principle and policy. No principle like profit, no policy like success!

Men who look at the matter in the light of business, as a good or bad investment of our money, urge that we have done well in buying the Khedive's shares because they represent a paying property, likely to yield their possessor large returns, while from the state of our credit we can borrow the money at three and a-half per cent. which we lend at five per cent. It is assumed that these shares, besides yielding us a yearly profit of more than twopence in the pound, by way of interest on our money, will give us a powerful voice—by which we mean a preponderating voice—in managing the Canal; enabling us to control M. de Lesseps and the French holders; so as to reduce the expenditure, and arrange the tariffs in a sense more favourable to the interests of our trade.

Hardly any part of this statement is true; much of it is manifestly false. It may be true, or not true, that the ordinary shares in the Suez Canal represent a paying property. With such a statement we have no concern. Our shares are not ordinary shares; they are only the reversion of such shares. When Queen Elizabeth gave Bacon a reversion of the office of Clerk of the Council (the holder of which kept it for twenty years) the philosopher said it was like having another man's field under his window: it might improve his prospect, but would not help to fill his barn. The Khedive had already sold the income on his shares for twenty years to come; and as he could only sell us what was left in his hands, the dead remainder, which Lord Derby bought for us, is nothing more than his right of

succession—at the end of that long term. We pay our money down ; we come into possession at the end of twenty years ! Let the Canal improve in value ; for twenty years to come we have no interest in that improvement. Our sole security is the Pasha of Egypt ; a subject of the Sultan, who at any hour may be overthrown. This personage has many creditors, whom he finds it difficult to pay. He has one creditor more. With lessened means he has to meet additional debt. Some of his old creditors have dunned him hard ; but these old creditors were not able to land an army at Alexandria and occupy Suez with an iron-clad fleet. Will the new facts of complicated helplessness strengthen his hands in dealing with the fellahs of Egypt and the bankers of Paris and Amsterdam ? The difference of twopence in the pound, on what we borrow and what we lend, may be more than lost in the extra risk.

The notion that our purchase gives us a preponderating voice in the management is a sheer delusion. It gives us no present power, and very little future power. So long as we treat the matter commercially, we must observe the rules and bye-laws of the Company ; if we violate those rules, we shall be guilty of an act of revolution and confiscation. Well, the rules restrict the number of votes given by any one shareholder to ten. Thus, the holder of a hundred shares stands on a level with the holder of a hundred thousand shares. It is the French way, and the Suez Canal Company is a French Company having its offices in Paris, and its affairs controlled by Parisian law courts. Unless we overthrow the Company by violent means, we cannot change its articles or remove it from the cognizance of a French court.

Men of political sentiment and sympathy, who pose the British Lion as the champion of freedom and progress, say we have done well in buying the Khedive's shares, even at a loss of money : in the first place, because Egypt is the highway to India, and a road through it is necessary to us, the masters of India ; in the second place, because France, being jealous of our growth on the Ganges, and Russia, being hostile to our power on the Upper Indus, are intriguing and manœuvring against us on the Nile ; in the third place, because the Suez Canal is Egypt, and the proprietor of that water-way is in effect, if not in name, lord-paramount of the country. It is enough in the eyes of these sentimentalists if any action on our part can be regarded as a check to Russia and an insult to France. These two results they think have been achieved. France is alienated, Russia challenged and defied. France has found a second Sedan in Egypt, and Russia has been punished for her rupture of the Treaty of Paris. Hence the sentimentalists are jubilant. Already they are talking about

Cairo as though it were as much a part of our empire as Calcutta. "You now see the reason why the Prince of Wales, on his passage through Egypt, gave the Khedive the Star of India; Egypt has become part of our Eastern Empire, the Khedive a vassal of the British Crown." Mr. Cave has gone to Egypt as financial councillor. "You see," these politicians cry, "we are sending our Resident to a vassal Court; Cairo is another Trevancore."

Strange to say, the men of business are far less logical than the men of sentiment, and the men of sentiment far more wicked than the men of business.

For the main principle involved in this purchase—the intrusion of one sovereign State within the territories of a second sovereign State—no terms of reprobation are too strong. It is an old principle, as old as the abuse of power; but where and while it existed, and in whatever phase it assumed, there was always ill-blood, a disposition of the strong to oppress the weak, and of the weak to conspire against the strong. In every zone, and under every banner, the evil showed itself. The Papal claim to tithe and tax in England was not more offensive than the Sultan's claim to tithe and tax in Hungary. The Swiss claim to occupy certain towns in Southern Germany was no more tolerable than the Hohenzollern claims to certain feudal privileges in Neufchâtel. French claims to fealty on the part of English princes led to almost as many wars as English claims to fealty on the part of Scottish princes. It is doubtful whether any other vicious principle has been the cause of so much bloodshed as this claim of one sovereign State to intrude in another sovereign State.

The history of public law in Europe is in no small measure a history of the slow but stern repudiation of this evil principle. In the civil sphere it is now extinguished, or all but extinguished. Rome, Lassa, and Stamboul uphold it in the spiritual sphere; Rome actively, Lassa and Stamboul passively; and Rome, which alone tries to uphold it in the spirit of the Middle Ages, finds herself, in consequence, at feud with every State, from Germany to Brazil, in which she puts it forth. In days when nations were not yet free and independent—only tending to become so—foreign Powers, especially the Empire and the Papacy, intruded under various pretexts, and contrived to exercise much influence in the weaker States. A nobler sentiment dawned. A higher sense of law and rights led men to see and to respect the true conditions of freedom and independence. A country is not free and sovereign in which another country holds proprietary rights; hence the countries composing the Holy Roman Empire were called *mi-souverain*—not sovereign—as being subject to some intrusion of a nominal chief. Gradually these mischievous rights died out, ur

the public law of Europe recognised no other rights of one sovereign State within the territories of a neighbour than such as belong by courtesy and usage to the residence and household of ambassadors. Where larger claims continued to exist, as in the Hohenzollern claim on Neufchâtel, all wise and moderate men agreed in the policy of labouring to extinguish such rights. When, in the year 1857, Prussia consented to cancel her ancient claims and allow Neufchâtel to enter the Swiss League free from all foreign influences, not only Swiss and German patriots, but every liberal-hearted man throughout Europe, praised her act as that of a civilised and Christian Power which sacrificed an ancient right on the altar of European peace. With that sacrifice they fancied they had seen the last of this wicked and disastrous legacy of the Iron Age.

That England—liberal and pacific England—should revive this principle of intrusion is a portent. Early in our annals we set our teeth against it. No Italian priest shall tax and tithe in our dominion; no German emperor shall create counts and knights in our army-royal; these were constant sayings of our kings, echoed and supported by our Parliaments. Many agents came from Italy to collect Peter's Pence, but they were never suffered to raise money without the King's leave. Many English adventurers were knighted and ennobled by the Kaisers, but they were never recognised by their foreign titles on English soil. "I would have my dogs wear my own collar," said Elizabeth in her hardy way. No other nation has carried this policy of guarding her independence from intrusion so far as England. When Charles the First knighted Vandyke and Rubens other countries recognised the regal courtesy; but no English Sovereign has ever recognised the foreign knighthood of an Englishman. At this hour an English officer may not wear his Iron Cross or Legion of Honour. Some critics call us proud, narrow, insular, and other names on account of this exceeding jealousy; but we have heretofore been consistent in our pride and jealousy. While repelling even the shadow of intrusion on our own free sovereignty we have abstained from every act which seemed to imply intrusion on the free sovereignty of other nations. Herein lay the strength of our defence.

So widely spread and deeply rooted has this policy of respecting sovereign rights become, that acts of business, which in themselves seemed free from reproach, are forbidden by the public conscience. The purchase of a Belgian railway by a French financial company is a case which will occur to every one. A less known, but no less striking, case is that of the Canadian railway lines. These lines wanted capital, and some Canadian politicians thought of raising money in New York by means of an American Company. Negotiations took place, with the assent, as was supposed, of Sir John Macdonald, then

First Minister in the Dominion. But public opinion was so sensitive on the point that the attempt to introduce American influence into Canada, even that of individuals, and in a commercial undertaking, was denounced as treason, and the Macdonald Cabinet, suspected of connivance at it, fell at once from power. Neither Canada nor England would allow an organised body of American capitalists to gain a footing on Canadian soil.

But the jealousy of intruding companies stands on lower ground than the jealousy of intruding States. A company has no sovereign rights. It has no fleets and armies at its back. It comes in subject to the local law, and has no power of appealing beyond the local courts. A State that becomes an owner of property in another State brings independent powers and claims, and is in truth no less than an invader of the sovereignty in the country in which it intrudes.

The last instance of an attempt to revive this worn-out system of State intrusion was the purchase by Russia of the Assyrian Camp outside Jerusalem. This purchase was made by Czar Nicholas at the time when he was dreaming of a Russian occupation of Stamboul. The land was in the market, he bought it, and began to build a convent; but a thousand jealous eyes soon fastened on his agents and began to scrutinise their acts. The site on which they were building overlooked the Holy City; was, in truth, that suburb from which every assault on Jerusalem had been delivered from the days of Sennacherib down to those of Saladin. When challenged on the point, Nicholas declared that his purchase was not imperial and political, but religious and charitable. The place, he said, belonged to certain Russian monks, not to the Russian nation; and he declared that his purchase was not meant as an invasion of the Sultan's rights. No one believed him. Though he made over his convent to monks the suspicions awakened by his purchase could not be allayed. The building of his New Jerusalem was one of the exciting causes of the Crimean war.

If a similar act were done to-day by Russia it would excite every Cabinet and disturb every Exchange in Europe.

Imagine a case which has not happened, but was more likely to happen a year ago than that England would purchase the Khedive's share in the Suez Canal. Suppose that, instead of announcing that "England has bought the Suez Canal," the papers had announced that Russia had bought the Roumanian railway lines. These railways are in a bad way, and their owners are at least as poor off as the chief owner of the Suez Canal. A buyer who would take them at a million pounds sterling beyond their value in the market might be welcomed by an unhappy directorate without a dividend. Why

should not Alexander, having fairly good credit in London and Amsterdam, invest some of his borrowed money in Roumanian railways? Had the Emperor been so minded how should we have received the news? Russia buy the Roumanian railways—getting back her “material guarantee” by operations on the Stock Exchange! Should we not have raised a cry of “The fleet to the Black Sea”? Should we not have called on Germany to protect the Principalities, and Austria to secure her free navigation of the Danube? No one doubts it for a moment. Every pen in Europe would have stigmatised this revival of a discredited and abominable policy. Russia would have been denounced as a barbaric Power clinging to the vicious methods of the Middle Ages, and the whole world would have been called in to oppose the revival of a principle which is incompatible with the existence of free and sovereign States.

A case might come before us any day—if this bad principle gets a footing—which concerns us more than a Russian purchase of the Roumanian railway lines. Between some of the most active and populous cities in America the short road lies through Canada. A passenger from Boston or New York to Chicago and San Francisco has to cross the Niagara River near the Falls, and run along the northern shore of Lake Erie to Detroit, where he gets once more on soil belonging to the United States. It would suit the Americans, as a nation, to own the railway lines along that lake. These lines cost much money, and the dividends have not been great. The directors are in want of funds, and much of the property is always on the stocks for sale. If any buyer could be found who was prepared to give a million pounds sterling more than the market value of their scrip he might have a voice in the concern to-morrow. Of course no private purchaser will give a penny more than the market price of scrip; but the President of a Republic, anxious about the safety of his “communications,” might regard such shares as worth a good deal more than the market price. Suppose it were announced that President Grant had bought nearly half the shares on account of the United States? Should we not hear, and with approval, that a fleet was getting ready, and the Guards were ordered to Quebec? No one would wait to hear a secretary's explanation that the purchase was a stroke of business in scrip. We should answer promptly that a foreign country cannot be allowed to acquire such rights of property in the British soil, that we forbid the contract in whatever name it was signed, and that we shall support our views as being in accordance with the law of nations by all the means at our command.

THE TOKEN OF THE SILVER LILY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

PART I.—ETHELRED.

UNTO the threshold whence in lusty pride
And godless arrogance of fleshly might
His proud light feet had ta'en him, came he back,
And lay gashed through and through with gory wounds,
And speech, sight, hearing, knowledge, dead in him,
So long that they who watched said "He is dead!"
And made loud moan and bitter plaint for him—
All save the wife, who, in her loneliness,
Lay down and gave a new life to the world,
Then back unto his side was borne and left
With naught to do save on her breast to lay
His heavy head and look, and pray, and look,
And press her weak hands 'gainst his massive chest,
Seeking the flicker of uncertain life . . .
And in those days her new-born babe to her
Was less than any ragged cotter's child
Without the castle's gates, and from afar
Its lone voice wailing, moved her heart no more
Than idle cry of bird. No thought she had
Save her dear lord, and, had he died, I think
Her life with his had mingled and gone out
Gladly, so God together bound their souls.

And thus they lay, pale husband and pale wife,
For many a day and night, till one by one
Crept back his senses in new bitter birth,
And tore his helpless body with their strength
(As when ye pour rich wine into a cup
Too frail to hold it, and the wine is spilled):
And so from week to week and month to month
He hovered, half in life, half out of it,
Until there came a day when weak and faint,
And helpless as a child, he lay and knew

That 'twas his fate to live—live as a maimed
 And broken thing that strong men should protect
 And women pity and weep over—yea,
 So useless that the earth would shrink at him
 For cumbering it . . . henceforward all his days
 Never to stand in battle . . . nevermore
 In cool of early morning to ride forth
 To serve his liege and King . . . nor evermore
 Wield the great battle-axe that had sped death
 To many a foe . . . for ever overpast
 The fierce sweet joys of conquest and the pride
 Of dauntless strength and fiery enterprise,
 Of firm "I will" and perilous "I dare" . . .
 Gone all the mighty warrior's dear delights,
 Sweeter than love of women or of life . . .
 And ever in the clearness of the noon,
 And in the silent watches of the night,
 And when the sun was climbing in the west,
 He lay, and looked, and listened . . . to his ears
 There came the clash of steel, the tramp of feet,
 Thund'rous and trembling . . . all the wild strange sounds
 Of battle; and his haggard, weary eyes
 Saw the bright spearheads glancing to and fro,
 Saw the great shields that on the skilful arm
 Guarded the owner's life, and in the sun
 The broad swords flamed like silver thro' the red
 Blood of the cursed invaders . . . and one face,
 Nearer and clearer than all others, grew
 And lived before him, Alfred, his great liege,
 Who fought for crown and country, and had need
 Of every vassal who was brave and leal,
 With hardy followers mustered at his back. . . .
 All this he heard and saw and said no word,
 Nor looked upon the people that stood round
 As if he knew them, till upon a day
 When the fair earth was flushing into life
 And spring's gay scents and sounds were creeping thro'
 The open casement, unto him there came
 His year old wife and laid their little babe
 Across his knees, and said "Husband, our child!" . . .
 Then to his dull eyes came a ray of light,
 To his gaunt cheeks a tinge of colour crept,

And thro' his mighty limbs a shudder ran,
As with rude hands he thrust the child away
Crying " You bring me daughters? Could you not,
Woman, have brought me forth a son to take
My name, my shield, my sword, and in my stead
Do some good service to my liege and King?"

She clasped the little blossom in her arms
And looked at him, believing that her ears
Had played her false,—then closer crept and said
" Ethelred . . . it is *Margaret* . . . Ethelred."
But silent sate he there and never looked
Upon her face or seemed to hear her words.
And the close love that for one short glad year
Had knit their souls together snapped in twain ;
And her great fairness was not fair to him,
And she was not so comely in his eyes
As the poor wife of one of his own churls
Whose lusty boy clung crowing at her neck . . .
And Margaret knew her doom and tended him,
Loveless, un murmuring, thro' the wasted years
Of his fair youth and thro' the broken prime
Of his lost manhood . . . and his little child
Was strange to him as daughter of the King.

There came long days of peace, but Alfred's hand,
On laying weapons down, took others up
And wielded them 'gainst ignorance and crime
And rapine till they dwindled into nought,
So deadly was the fear of his stern laws.
Brave were his subjects, and he taught them truth
And honesty, and many wholesome things,
That in their rude rough lives had had no part ;
And made them cunning in defence, and turned'
Their hands to labour and in homely craft
Made them full skilful, and for fifteen years
Toiled to make them civilised and great,
Until the Danes, unmindful of the past,
Swarmed o'er the seas with Hastings at their head.

Scarcely the news had come, and all, aghast,
Feared to tell Ethelred ; when unto him
Betwixt the night and breaking of the dawn

Came the pale King in desperate hot haste
 And said : " Call up your followers, every male
 Who is not babe nor cripple, nor too old
 To wield an axe, yea, every stripling boy
 With tender limbs and yet unhardened flesh,
 Let him come forth and give his feeble strength
 To swell the current that we must oppose
 To these accursed Danes, lest from my brows
 This crown be plucked—and we a race of slaves
 Become, and all my work should be in vain."

But with a blaze of anger in his eyes
 Ethelred answered, " Fear you not, my liege,
 That these abhorred miscreants shall prevail
 'Gainst might and right, and hearts and hands so strong
 To fight for you as are your people's—aye—
 Upon my lands there shall be no man left—
 Nor in my castle one poor servitor
 Who is not old nor wittol—all shall go. . . .
 But I, my liege, can do no more for you
 Than if I were a lily-handed maid
 Nurtured in rose leaves : every common churl
 On my estate is happier than I,
 Since he goes with you . . . while his master lives
 A broken vessel, mocked of God and man—
 Mocked . . . mocked." . . . Aloft his giant arms he flung,
 Fleshless and hollow, and great drops of sweat,
 Born of his agony, fell from his brow,
 And all the fifteen years of his long pain
 Weighed but as nothing in comparison
 With the full cup of this one bitter hour . . .
 And silent stood the King. No kindly words
 Of common pity could be uttered here ;
 But spake at length : " Save for you, Ethelred,
 I were not living now. . . . Have you forgot
 How 'twixt my body and the caitiff Danes
 You flung your own, and hemmed in by the foe,
 And gashed and wounded by a hundred thrusts,
 Kept them at bay till help had come to me ?
 And dream not that men mock you : in their mouths,
 As in their hearts, your name hath sweetest life,
 And each man's deed of valour is surpassed

By yours, as stars grow pale before the sun. . . .
Now, ere I go—time presses—tell me this,
Have you no stripling son to take your place
In battle, and go forth with me, so you
Shall feel as though yourself were in the fight?"
But the Earl answered slowly: "No, my liege;
So little for her husband and her child
My wife can do—a puny woman-child—
Came to the birth; if it be still alive,
I know not, no, nor care. Oh God! to-day
I think that I could bear my maimèdness,
Know myself useless as down-trodden salt,
So I could see departing by your side
A stalwart, lissom son, though nevermore
I saw his face or listened to his voice." . . .

And Margaret heard, and lifting up her eyes,
Met Alfred's, and the look upon her face
Smote him with sudden pain, remembering
The girl whom Ethelred with such hot love
Had wooed and won just sixteen years ago. . . .
Then stepped aside and took her hand and said,
"Mistress, this madness will not live in him,
'Tis a disease born of his suffering state,
And when he wakes (as he will wake some day)
From his long madness, he will make amends
For his discourteous ways, and the young girl,
Second to you, shall bloom in his great heart
And fill his life with sweetness. . . . Till that day
Shall come, God send you comfort in her love." . . .
And Margaret bowed her head, the while her hand
Pressed hard against her heart, and said no word,
Lest the high barriers of her frozen life
Should fall and dash endurance to the earth.

All night the din of preparation rang
And echoed in the castle. Thro' the gate,
Close on each other, men came hurrying,
Laden with arms and food, and clamour raged
Until the first faint daybreak of the morn
Came creeping up, and with a rosy breath
Stained the pale heavens, and showed the spear-heads thick
As nodding grain in autumn, musterèd

In the great court-yard, waiting for their chief,
 Ethelred's kinsman. Many wistful eyes,
 Seeking their master, swept the castle walls,
 And sought for him in vain, and no man guessed
 That from a narrow casement he looked down
 And noted all—their bright accoutrements
 And eager faces . . . every wandering look . . .
 And muttering, "They remember, these poor churls,
 And go half-hearted to the battle, since
 Their master goes not with them." . . . Suddenly
 He dashed the casement wide and showed himself,
 A giant's head and shoulders—not for them
 To see the limbs that, withered, hung beneath,
 And lo ! at sight of him, a cry of love,
 Mighty and hoarse as thund'rous wave that beats
 Upon a rock-bound coast, brake forth and died
 And was renewed, and looking on his face,
 Those rude rough fellows wept and cried aloud,
 "*Ethelred ! Ethelred !*" Then as his lips moved
 Each drew in hard his sobbing breath and strained
 His ears to catch the sound of that lost voice,
 Silent through fifteen years. "My men," he said,
 "Although my hurts have let me from the wars,
 And I may not go with you, still you take
 My heart, my spirit, all, save the mere husk
 That you see here . . . and every noble deed
 Worked by your hands shall be as dear to me
 As my own name, and every fair word spoke
 Concerning you shall sound within mine ears
 Like sweetest music . . . and my nerveless limbs
 Grow strong again in hearing of your strength,
 Nor shall my will die out in impotence,
 So I have you for willing, trusty arms
 To do my bidding. . . . And to your great liege
 Be ye a body-guard, nor let that life,
 That precious life, be spilled for lack of yours,
 But hedge it round, and reckon your poor blood
 As water to be poured out for his sake ;
 For Death can come but once to common man,
 And happy he who meets it gloriously ;
 But wound the King's life and the country dies,
 And we are lost. God speed you all ! Farewell."

PART II.—ETHELWYN.

She came with light steps thro' the old house door,
With music on her lips and in her feet
And all about her a most airy grace,
That made one think of a young day in spring
When earth and leaf and sky are exquisite
In the first rapture of their tender life. . . .
A sunbeam kissed her cheek, at her soft breast
White roses clung, and sweet fresh sights and sounds
Breathed from her as she moved, and thro' the door
The sunlight crept and stole about her robe
As though it loved her. . . . As she came she sang
A quaint old song that hearing it by chance
Had caught her fancy:

“When the strong sap doth stir in the alder,
When the eel doth turn round in his bed,
Then my true love will know I have called her
To the place where I lie lone and dead ;
And the flowers will carry my message,
The south wind my cold kisses blow,
The leaves and the birds be a presage
Of the time she so well doth know.

While I lie
Lone and dead,
Waving grass
O'er my head.

She will come to my side as day darkens,
I shall lay my dead lips to her two,
And do not you fear but she'll hearken
And reply to my love whispers too ;
She will lie in my arms till the dawning,
Shines through to our cold narrow bed,
She will fade like the dew in the morning,
And I shall lie lonely and dead.

Lone and dead,
Lone and dead,
Waving grass
O'er my head.”

She ceased and softly pushed the heavy door
 Of the great armoury (now empty) wide,
 And entered. 'Twas a grisly haunt of hers,
 In which she loved to sit and look and look
 At the great shield and sword and battle axe,
 Of the strange sire that she had never seen,
 Yet loved and honoured with a tender strength,
 That noble fathers in young daughters' hearts
 Often inspire—nor knew of the great hate
 He bore her, for she thought he was distraught
 With suffering and could bear no other face
 Beside him than her mother's—and her one
 Great dread was lest he slipped from life before
 His lips had called her "daughter."
 She passed down through the frowning darkened room,
 To the wide chair hewn roughly out of stone
 In which she always sate, and stopped in dread
 And wonder when she saw that it was filled
 By a great shape that sate as still and mute
 As carven saint, nor moved at her approach,
 Only up-lifted hollow eyes to hers,
 And looking on her features for a space
 Said "You can sing?" She answered fearfully,
 "Yes, I can sing—but who are you who come
 To take my father's place and in the chair
 Where he was wont in time of peace to sit,
 Rest at your will?" He answered: "Have you then
 A father?" "Yea, my lord!" And her young voice
 Rang out as proud and clear as had his own
 Just sixteen years ago . . . just sixteen years . . .
 "And goes he to the battle?" "Nay," she cried,
 With sudden anger. "Why do you not go?
 Since you are able? He our warrior
 (Do you not know the story? All men do)
 Hath spilt the flower of his precious life
 In service for the King . . . Now in his weakness strong,
 And in his broken might most worshipful,
 He just draws breath . . . God would not take him quite
 Lest to this barren earth be lost a pure
 Ensamble of that thing—a perfect Knight."

He stretched his gaunt hand out and touched a rose

That pressed her warm young breast, and said "You love
Such toys as these and can enjoy your life?"
She answered, sadly, "Yes, as a bright bird
Enjoys a garden, where he hops at ease,
And drinks the morning dew, and of rich fruit
Tastes at his will—he knowing all the while
His wings are clipped ; of his poor life one half
Is living, but the other, what is it ?
Dead, since of natural and dear delights
He is bereft . . . So I have not known life
Until" . . . Her sweet voice suddenly broke off,
And stood she silent. Unto these strange ears
Should she go prate of her most secret heart ?

And Margaret entering beheld the girl
Standing before her father, and a fear,
Deadly and chill, stole creeping round her heart,
And checked her footsteps . . . What if his great hate
Found utterance in wild and bitter words,
And scared the tender heart that until now
Had learned no lessons save those taught by love?
But Ethelred (not seeing her) said : "Girl,
Be not so chary of your words, for I
No stranger am . . . I know your father well . . .
A strange, sad, bitter, most unhappy man,
Whom grief hath driven mad—in whose bleak heart
All natural affections have died out
And left him cursed and lonely . . . yea, so lone
That he hath longèd for the quiet grave
And the unknown beyond, where unto him
No memories may come . . . And you can love
Him, knowing he is thus?" She answered "Yes,"
And knelt down sobbing ; something in his voice
Brought a new pity to her tender soul,
For him she loved . . . He stretched his thin hand out
And laid it on the bright silk of her hair,
Gathering a handful in his hollow grasp,
Muttering "Just such hair was Margaret's
When we were lovers . . . just the same close curl
That clung about my fingers, and the same
Blue eyes (but not so sweet) as looked in mine
And made my world . . . just two such velvet lips

(But not so sweet) as made my Paradise . . .
 Just one such dimple in her dainty chin
 As I see here . . . Hush ! Is it all a dream . . .
 A long and frightful dream ? . . . Say, are you called
Margaret ? Let me think . . . I had a wife
 Who bore to me a child . . . despised . . . contemned,
 Rejected . . . that was not my Margaret . . .
 I must have dreamt it . . . yesterday we fixed
 Our marriage day . . . Come nearer to me, sweet,
 And kiss me ; in that long, long troubled sleep
 No kisses came . . . Why do we tarry here
 In this dull room ? Come, come, we'll wander out
 And smell God's air and flowers—'tis strange, most strange.
 I feel as though I had not walked abroad
 For many years"—He took her hand, and moved
 As though to rise, but to his will his limbs
 Made no response . . . his eyes went faltering down
 And rested on them. "Dead," he said, "quite dead" . . .
 In voice monotonous as curfew bell.
 "And yesterday . . . 'twas only yesterday
 I caught you in my arms, and thro' the wood
 Ran for a mile, you, scolding, with a blush
 Like damask roses crimsoning your cheek . . .
 My limbs were not dead then . . . Come closer, love;
 And lay your warm arms round me . . . I am cold
 And some oppression weighs upon my brain
 And steals my thoughts." . . . His heavy eyelids closed,
 And as the girl stood trembling, Margaret
 Set her aside, whispering "Leave us" . . . then,
 Kneeling beside her master, softly drew
 His head down to her breast, and "Ethelred . . .
 Husband !" . . . she murmured, and the tender voice
 Pierced thro' the mists that clung about his brain,
 And, opening his eyes, he saw and knew
 Her, Margaret, no slender, unwed girl,
 But his true wife. And lo ! the madness fell
 From his wild heart for ever . . . and he took
 And clasped her as a man doth hold a pearl,
 Long lost and precious, that at unawares
 Returns to him . . . and kissed her lips and called
 Her wife and lily . . . all the soft love names
 That had lain dumb thro' fifteen silent years,

The Token of the Silver Lily.

And smoothed the ripples of her silken hair
From those dark eyes so exquisite and true,
And gazed upon her with close greedy eyes
Hungry as lover's . . . In that ecstasy
Their two souls mingled as in fairest flush
Of early youth and hottest passion they
Had never done . . . and in this perfect hour
The wreck of his maimed manhood was forgot . . .
And like a chime of silver marriage bells
Into her memory came the good King's words :
*" And when he wakes (as he will wake some day)
From his long madness, he will make amends
For his discourteous ways, and the young girl,
Second to you, shall bloom in his great heart
And fill his life with sweetness."*

And all unknowing, Ethel crept away
With some such awe as makes one pause before
High altar steps . . . and to the lonely wood
Went with a wondering heart and puzzled brain.

(To be continued.)



THE AUTHOR OF THE FALK LAWS.

BY HERBERT TUTTLE.

DO not claim for Dr. Falk the honour due to Bismarck. In the article last month on "The Philosophy of the Falk Laws," and still more carefully in the present paper, the distinct but correlative parts played by the two statesmen are kept always in view; and it ought to be impossible for one at all familiar with political methods to confound them. Since, however, a careless observer is more likely to err in favour of Prince Bismarck, it is both prudent and just to call attention to the work of Dr. Falk.

The title prefixed to this gentleman's name is scholastic and not professional. Nothing is more strange than the popular German regard for this distinction, except perhaps the capricious way in which it clings to some names and remains alien to others. Bismarck, for instance, is a Doctor of Philosophy *honoris causâ*, and always figures as such in books of record, but "Dr. Bismarck" is unknown to the public. Forckenbeck, the President of the Reichstag, is never called "Doctor," as he is entitled to be; his predecessor is always Dr. Simson. The rising young politician who stands at the head of the Ministry of Public Worship and Education, Herr Adalbert Falk, is one whom the world knows only as Dr. Falk.

Measured by the duration of his actual political service, Dr. Falk is indeed very young. Since the winter of 1872 he has been a Minister with an independent portfolio; previous to that he was a bureau official without the right of initiative. These distinctions in the official hierarchy are less rigid in countries where the caprice of favouritism may defy the rules of prescription; but in Prussia they are of the greatest consequence. The rule is that the bureaucrat lives and dies as such. Promotion for him is only within the bounds of his clerical domain, and only an exception lifts him out into the region of Ministerial independence. It is no uncommon thing to read in the press of some veteran celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into the public service. Half a century in the life of such a man has consumed perhaps a barrel of ink, several tons of paper, and quills enough to thatch the roof of the royal castle. He

has sworn allegiance to three kings, and put tallow candles in his windows for three or four successful wars. The revenues of the kingdom could not tempt his official integrity. Beginning at a tall desk and standing, he passes thence to a tripedal stool, next to a wooden chair, and finally to a chair with a cushion; and here he remains on a salary of two or three thousand thalers a year till in his declining days he is retired on a modest pension. These are the men and this is the system that make up the bureaucratic government of Prussia.

By superior abilities or superior fortune Adalbert Falk escaped from this career of routine. He was born in the year 1827, at Metschkau in Silesia. His father, a clergyman and member of the Provincial Consistory, belonged to the Schleiermacher school of liberal theology; but on the arrival of an era of theological reaction under the orthodox King Frederic William IV. he fell into disfavour and retired to a country parish. Like so many of the so-called "Liberal Theologians," the elder Falk did not, I believe, extend his liberalism into politics. The meagre salary of a "Landpastor" did not prevent the son from pursuing the ordinary educational course of German youth. He studied first in the "Realschule" of Landeshut, then at a gymnasium in Breslau, and finally at the university of the latter city. This is one of the two Prussian universities that have a Catholic faculty in theology side by side with the Protestant. In 1847 he began his legal career, which in Prussian usage is treated almost as a State charge; in 1850 he became an assistant of the Public Prosecutor in Breslau; in 1853, chief of this office at Lyck; in 1861 he assumed the same functions before the "Kammergericht," or superior Court, with duties in the Ministry of Justice; in 1862, Judge of the Court of Appeals at Glogau; and in 1868 he was permanently assigned as Privy Councillor, or Geheimrath, to the Ministry of Justice. Bismarck was Premier, and the Minister of Justice, Dr. Leonhardt, was one of the first fruits of the new policy of preferring able plebeians to incapable nobles for public office.

It may be said in explanation of Dr. Falk's rapid rise in the official scale, that it was a time of reform and experiment when inventive genius was prized. A fresh man and a practical lawyer was likely to be more fertile in ideas and suggestions than one whose brain had become inert from prolonged routine. The newly annexed provinces exacted a new condition of the national jurisprudence, while the North German Confederation called for an entire system of imperial laws. In this work of codification and drafting Dr. Falk was one of the most efficient. But soon he was assigned to a task

of quite a different character. The conflict with the Church had broken out; the Prussian Government determined on a course of repressive or defensive legislation, and after casting his eyes about for the proper man Bismarck fixed on Dr. Falk. From this point most of the political interest in this gentleman dates. In order, however, to understand the subject a passing acquaintance is necessary with the order of events which led to the retirement of Dr. von Mühler from the Cultus Ministry, and to the vast change of policy which that retirement in itself alone implied.

Up to the year 1817 there was in Prussia no Ministry of Public Worship and Education. These subjects had been assigned to bureaux in the Ministry of the Interior and placed in charge of subordinate officials; but in 1817 the King created a special department, and placed Baron Altenstein at the head of it. He was a faithful officer and a prudent statesman. Without any meddlesome theories of theology he worked in a practical way for educational reform; and to him as much as to any one man Prussia is indebted for her common schools. The successors of Altenstein, among whom Eichhorn and Stahl were the most eminent, made themselves notorious, not to say odious, by their hostility to the cause of natural science. "Science must turn about," was the presumptuous phrase of Eichhorn, which Stahl repeated; and they systematically pursued it at the command of a dictatorial theology. Protestants though they were, they preferred the sublime dogmatism of the Roman Catholic Church to the daring results of physical investigation. Accordingly the Catholics made grave advances along the whole line of social, educational, and political interests. Under Raumer, a nephew of the historian of the Hohenstaufens, and Hollweg things were no better. The Church or the ecclesiastical element wielded paramount authority in the public councils; liberalism in theology or education was as little encouraged as in politics.

This brings us to the first Cabinet of Bismarck, in 1862, and his Minister of Public Worship, Dr. von Mühler. He is the last representative of the old spirit. A learned, austere, and conscientious man, he held the most exalted theories of ecclesiastical prerogative, of the claims of birth, of divine right; and the policy adopted towards the Church of Rome after the close of the French war met with his opposition from the first. He was the reluctant agent of resistance to two of the earlier and more flagrant offences of the Catholic clergy. He conducted for the Government the correspondence with Dr. Krementz, the recalcitrant Bishop of Eremeland. He sanctioned the removal of the Catholic Chaplain-General, whom the Pope, in violation of legal forms, had endowed with the rank and

functions of a bishop. Farther than this Dr. von Mühler could not go, and when he heard that general laws covering all such cases as the above were in preparation, he resigned his office and retired from public life. On the 22nd of January, 1872, he was succeeded by Dr. Falk.

The new Minister was welcomed by the *Provinzial Correspondenz*, a weekly organ of the Government, in the following words :—“ This Ministerial change is an expression of the necessity, recognised by the Crown, that the power of the State in religious and educational affairs should be wielded by a spirit which offers guarantees of complete independence and rectitude, as well as of the earnest purpose to vindicate both the inalienable rights of the State and the just claims of moral and spiritual interests.” This was by no means a revolutionary programme. The significant hint about the acquiescence of the Crown was at the same time a species of pledge that the course of innovation would not exceed the patience of a prudent, pious, and orthodox monarch.

The first reform proposed by the new Minister was received by the Liberal party and the Ecclesiastical party in widely different spirits. The Liberals called it “ Saving the common school system of Prussia.” The Churchmen, both Catholic and Protestant, said it was “ The surrender of the schools to Materialism and Infidelity.” In both phrases, as in partisan statements generally, there is a palpable exaggeration as well as an element of truth. The schools of Prussia were half a century old. They had proved themselves on the whole the most efficient in Europe, and their fruits, by which they are chiefly to be known, were part of every achievement in letters or science, part of every victory in war. Their scope was unquestionably narrow, and their spirit timid in the extreme. They were more distinguished, perhaps, for the method and the discipline which produced an educated people than for the freedom and breadth of treatment which develop original genius. But the correction of faults cannot always be called the salvation of the subject. The modifications made by Dr. Falk’s Bill, which aimed, by reducing the controlling influence of the clerical element, to give the schools a more secular character, and to strike at one great source of strength in the Catholic Church, were great and expedient, and they deserve our cordial sympathy ; but it is not easy to recognise a revolution in their modest provisions. The complaints of the Ultramontanes, on the other hand, were both extravagant and absurd. To cut the lower schools loose from the leading strings of a jealous and bigoted Ecclesiasticism, and to put them in the hands of men selected only on a scientific basis, would not have been a surrender

to Infidelity and Atheism. But the Government did not go even so far as this. It simply resumed that active supervision which the Constitution claimed for the State, but which had ceased to be more than an empty form. The State did not affirm that thenceforth the teachers should be required to abjure the Mosaic account of Creation, nor did it aim at excluding religious instruction at all from the curriculum. Public opinion is not ripe for that in Prussia. The aim of the Bill, in short, was to shut out of the schools teachers who were not first and absolutely servants of the State and loyal. As laws must be general, this one, of course, curtailed the authority of the Protestant as well as of the Catholic clergy.

The defence of this Bill was also the occasion of Dr. Falk's *début* as a Parliamentary leader. It was by no means his first Parliamentary experience. He had already sat in the Prussian House of Deputies from 1858 to 1861, in the Constituent North German Reichstag in 1867, and he had been a member of the Imperial Parliament from the first. At one time he was clerk or secretary of the House. In those days, however, he was mainly a silent member, and won only the modest renown of punctual attendance. It was therefore with some curiosity that the politicians awaited the first appearance of the new Minister. Although the Liberals, his friends, were largely in the majority in the Lower Chamber, the Opposition numbered many practised debaters, who, as the servants of an infallible spiritual master, were apparently placed above those restraints of moderation, courtesy, and truthfulness which apply in secular relations. Malinckrodt and Windthorst and Reichensperger were amply endowed with means and inspired with zeal for the defence of a hopeless cause. They made a prodigal use of invective in the name of a Church which teaches the virtues of patience, humility, and forbearance. They led their hearers into tortuous mazes of sophistry, they wrapped the subject in clouds of paltry fallacies, at the command of bishops whose gospel is light. They seemed to imitate the speech of Santa Clara and the dialectics of Schiller's Domingo.

The subject of these debates, too, was of the most comprehensive, intricate, and recondite description. It included Church history from the fathers to the Council of the Vatican, dogmas, decrees, and encyclical letters, the theology of politics, and the politics of theology. Examples ranged between the extremes of an Emperor who knelt at the feet of a triumphant Pope, and of a Pope who was imprisoned at the command of a military dictator. Invective drew now upon the tyranny and violence of princes whom the Church would have purified, and now upon the annals of a spiritual throne which has been disgraced by the vilest men and the gravest crimes.

It was no uncommon thing to see an afternoon spent on an obscure feature of a Council of Trent or of Nice. The Ultramontanes in particular were fond of theological and canonical disputes, on which they were of course better informed, and in which they could parade *ad populum* panoramic stores of learning. For any sudden manœuvre of the foe over this vast field of action the Liberals were bound to be prepared.

To meet the necessities of such a campaign against such valiant soldiers the Government had indeed a variety of leaders. The chief of the National Liberals, Lasker, a fluent and popular orator, spoke for the great middle class, represented by the Left, in the language of a philosophical patriot. Dr. Gneist treated the legal issues in the style and with the authority of a professional jurist. The helmet of Bismarck, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, was always seen where the fray was thickest. But the brunt of the struggle, the original vindication in each case, the patient defence along the route, the conciliation of friends, and the reply to particular foes—in short, the conduct of details as the responsible Minister fell to the part of Dr. Falk.

The Cultus-Minister is a man of about medium height and proportions, with a full black beard, and the heavy eyebrows which indicate energy and determination. In fact, he has given satisfactory proofs of both these qualities. As regards his energy an idea of what degree was necessary may be gathered from the foregoing account of his duties, while his courage has stood the ordeal required of every statesman who excites the hatred and exposes himself to the malignity of the pupils of Mariana. He has been threatened with assassination quite as often as the Emperor and Bismarck. In one pigeon-hole of his desk a visitor would doubtless find a bundle of minatory communications carefully registered, filed, and tied up with red tape; and they testify to his official fidelity not less clearly than the flattery of formal praise. Dr. Falk's style of speaking, too, is that of a man not easily frightened. His manner is more aggressive and pronounced than that of Prince Bismarck, although his printed speeches are not so full of rugged epigrams and pointed retorts. Of the two men he is the best debater, but not the best leader. His style a German would call too "objective." He defends his cause too much like an advocate, as if in the performance of a prescribed duty or even for the glory of a forensic triumph. It is not his nature to reveal the personal feeling and experience that connect him with the cause, nor to appeal to the broad patriotic interests which awaken and sustain enthusiasm. He is always associated with the details, Bismarck with the spirit of the conflict.

He is the Minister in charge of a portfolio to which the clerical question happens to belong, while Prince Bismarck is the statesman and the responsible champion of the political issues at stake.

It will be easily understood that the Minister of Public Worship in such a State as Prussia should be often questioned about the particular form of worship which he himself affects or favours. There was not much doubt about Dr. von Mühler. He never rose above the literal language of the Augsburg Confession, and he interpreted that instrument in such a spirit of sacerdotal reverence that even the Catholics were satisfied. They were not solicitous about his successor. For them Dr. Falk was a person anathema from the start, and they were amused but not interested when the zealous Protestants tried to extort from him a confession of faith. A satisfactory confession was, I think, never obtained. Dr. Falk administers his office as a jurist, and not as a theologian, and demands that his measures be criticised on their merits, without reference to their author. If, however, a creed be required, it would, perhaps, be found not far from that of the great Schleiermacher. It has been observed that the elder Falk was a Liberal theologian, and a dutiful son would certainly not renounce the paternal faith when it is shared by so large a portion of his educated countrymen. The example of Schleiermacher proves that a man may make puns and still be a successful preacher. His system of belief seemed to rest on the axiom that the least degree of belief is the best, that the Christian religion would be just as good without the idea of Christ, and that the noblest end of human effort is the cultivation of *esprit*. Dr. Falk, Dr. Hermann, and other jurists holding *se ni*-Ecclesiastical positions, may not go all the lengths of such a system. They doubtless profess a vague acquiescence in the general doctrines of the New Testament. But on a thorough test they would be found nearly as far removed from the orthodoxy of Lutheranism as from that of Rome, and this is a fact to which the Old School Protestants will never be reconciled.

Since Dr. Falk became Minister in January, 1872, nearly a score of Acts have helped to swell the literature of the Ecclesiastical contest. Two or three of these were imperial measures, for which indeed a Prussian Minister is not nominally responsible. The others, which stretch over a course of about three years, were drawn up under the direct supervision of Dr. Falk, were severally submitted by him to the Prussian Landtag, and by him were successfully piloted through both Houses. The mere enumeration of these measures is like the history of a century.

In the first place, as above stated, he rescued the common schools from the control of the religious sects. Two months later, in May,

four great and almost revolutionary measures were presented. One laid down an obligatory course of training, under the supervision of the State, for all candidates for holy orders; the next forbade the exercise of other than purely spiritual discipline by Church authorities; a third instituted a special court for the trial of clerical offenders; a fourth made easier the path of a seceder from one Church to another.

In 1874 the battle began with an Act regulating the administration of vacant Catholic dioceses. The way had previously been made clear for these measures by an Act abolishing Articles 15 and 18 of the Prussian Constitution—guaranty articles for the benefit of the Church. The Act introducing obligatory civil marriage was a blow at an ancient prerogative of the Church, which had been abolished nearly everywhere else. The latest and in some respects the most sweeping Bills were the one for the suppression of all State endowments and contributions for the Roman Catholic Church, and the other for the expulsion of all Catholic religious orders. I have not mentioned a number of minor Acts, which were amendatory or explanatory of previous legislation.

A year ago this sketch of Dr. Falk would have been complete, but now elements both of colour and of action must be added. The scene changes to the Rhine, the German Rhine. Dr. Falk, the scholarly, faithful, and efficient Minister, drafting laws at No. 4 Unter den Linden or defending them against a shouting mob of Ultramontanes, must for a moment give way to Dr. Falk, the champion of a great cause, accepting the clumsy but spontaneous homage of his friends. His progress through the Rhine country last summer was like that of a Roman hero returning to receive his first triumph. It is true that he had not won the *Spolia Opima*. He was not mistaken even by his most enthusiastic admirers, not even by his own constituents, for the mighty statesman who saw the conflict gathering in the distance and led a willing people out to meet it. The dramatic and the picturesque were not in his modest career. He was only a plain Prussian citizen, who had done his duty wherever he had been placed, and who claimed, even in his most elevated position, no encomium beyond that. These facts might well temper the ardour even of a more demonstrative people than the Germans, and they give to the reception accorded to Dr. Falk an unusually significant character.

It was considered a bold experiment for the author of the anti-Papal laws thus publicly to travel through the realms of the most intense and aggressive Catholic spirit in Germany. The provinces of Westphalia and the Rhine have never wavered in the faith which

their savage ancestors learned eleven hundred years ago from the blessed Saint Boniface. In thought even one cannot separate that country from the sway of a Church that has not been less appreciative of the picturesque in nature than of the grand and beautiful in art. Undisturbed by the intrusion of an unfeeling age, the cloister bells echoed through the valleys and among the hills of the Rhine ; in spite of the steamboat and the railway the monks chanted their prayers to the music of its rolling waters. The castles and towers and other relics of mediæval turbulence are not more frequent than the symbols of a Church which alone sheltered from that turbulence the weak, the poor, and the lowly, and which, rising triumphantly above the dangers of those days, survived alike an age of reform and an age of unbelief.

In a region thus consecrated to the spirit of Catholicism, among a people kindly and hospitable, but jealous of their inherited belief, the Minister of Public Worship was treated like a successful soldier. At the old imperial city of Trèves, at Mayence, the seat of Saint Boniface himself, at Bonn, the centre of Catholic theology, at the episcopal city of Cologne, at the ancient capital of Charlemagne, at Düsseldorf and the inland cities of Westphalia, he was received with little short of royal honours ; and processions, banquets, and every form of ovation awaited him wherever he stopped. Addresses were offered to him such as a Sovereign of England might have received or a Mayor of Dover have penned. He made some two score of speeches in answer to toasts and other compliments, and they aroused an enthusiasm which was too great to be simulated. No one was more surprised at all this than Dr. Falk himself, unless it be the Ultramontanes of the very provinces through which he passed.

The most reasonable theory of this demonstration, which by no means excludes the personal popularity of Dr. Falk, is to be found in the opportunity of his visit. It does not signify that Rhineland has abandoned the faith of its fathers. It means rather that the non-Catholics of that district saw an opportunity, by honouring the champion of the civil power, to protest against their own condition as a minority. The triumph of the Falk laws signifies for them the release of their provinces from the thralldom of priests and monks. It was their own emancipation in a sense which they were celebrating ; and the remarkable enthusiasm that they showed is significant of the popular feeling in this grave crisis. The warmth of his welcome will nevertheless be remembered by Dr. Falk as one of the most precious tributes to his public character and policy.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

(*Edited by his Literary Executor.*)

I.—IN MAYFAIR.

SOME years have passed since the curious journal was placed in my hands from which the present series of pictures from the life are taken. Written in the freshness of recent impression, and with a freedom that had nothing to fear, they call up memories of society which those who have had the best opportunity of judging will most readily recognise. Many of the characters delineated were personally known to me; and from the general identity of our ways of thought and feeling I am confident that the estimate of motives by my lamented friend and his narration of incidents are equally discriminating and true. His injunction on quitting England for the last time in search of health was to keep unopened the packet which contained these papers until his return, or, as he added ominously, until death should break the seal.

As literary executor, I found many characteristic directions and bequests to which it was my duty to attend. Among the former, one forbade my giving to the world any portion of his pastoral or social experience until the advancing tide of dilapidation had laid low the unpretending edifice where he ministered so long.

It was one of the many places of worship built during the last century by subscription, or by individual munificence, to secure as far as might be the warmth of stirring exhortation with the use of that old liturgy which, in the words of Mr. Froude, has never ceased since the last Edward's reign "to sound like silver bells in the ears of the English child." Parochial and cathedral devotion had gone nearly blind, and the current of its blood had grown so cold, that many hearts yearning for counsel in perplexity and comfort in sorrow were glad to frequent the modest chapels of ease that rose up gradually

in the suburbs, and then by degrees in Westminster, Marylebone, and fashionable Mayfair. And in third-rate streets the pent-house roof, wooden pillared porch, and school-like windows may yet be seen : and still persons of quality, officers' widows, a physician or two not overburthened with practice, and any number of families of the better sort of tradesmen may be noticed trooping quietly into these temples without steps, on Sabbath morn and afternoon. But the need and use of these auxiliary forces have in great measure passed away. The Church has awakened from its sordid slumber, and outvies its spontaneous and irregular allies in all the attractions of architecture, music, ritual, and emotional eloquence. The progress of town improvement, moreover, is subverting one by one the brick-built chapels, to make way for district churches of Gothic or Norman type. My rev. friend foresaw the approach of what he called the dilapidating tide, and he knew that when the building lease of his snug little sacristy was out there was not a chance of its being renewed. Though fain to cling unto the end to a place endeared to him by a thousand hallowed and tender associations, he was driven before his time to cease from his labours and to delegate to a younger disciple of his own tolerant school the care of the flock he had tended faithfully during his prime. Now at length they are scattered, and the echoes of simple but earnest adoration are heard no more. The many wise and sympathetic words of expostulation and warning are hushed. The ready helper, the lenient judge, the comprehensive theologian, the cheerful friend—his life work done—sleeps in his foreign grave. But many a lamp of hope still burns where he lighted it in places till then wholly desolate and dark ; and many a grateful remembrance comes back with the mention of his name in bosoms purified by his frank and winning care from sensualism and worthlessness. For this man was no polemic, no stickler for contested points of doctrine : neither superstitionist nor Puritan. The great foe with whom he spent his strength in fight was the deteriorating influence of mere materialism, with its irreverence for the past and its unbelief in the future. Living in the best society, he deplored the time and ingenuity and wealth wasted every day in the gratification of selfish whims or excessive indulgence in pleasures often harmless in themselves but harmful when made the business of existence. His way of showing loyalty to Him he served was to do somebody good or to make somebody better every day ; and his notion of making them better was the leading of each in his respective sphere to think more cheerfully of his duties, more patiently of pain, more lovingly of all truly worth loving, more pluckily of facing adversity, and more unreservedly of for-

giving wrong. Well read in old divinity, he was ready to listen without impatience or misgiving to whatever might be said in favour of ancient forms; and truly philosophic in temperament, he could frankly appreciate influences once great, but in which the faith of men seemed to him to be irrevocably fading away. He was candid in owning that in other times high-priestly pretensions and powers were often used to protect the weak and curb the strong. But he felt that of the young or old who sought his advice few had the knowledge or the curiosity of study that fitted them to weigh bygone exigencies in historic scales. He knew too well how easily a trusted teacher may unsuspectingly insinuate, and by degrees impose, opinions and beliefs upon his hearers; and from this pious treachery to truthfulness his soul recoiled. Let the speculative speculate, read, and argue if they would; but he would not try to trap or frighten men by tales of special providence or semi-miraculous interposition. In the noble words of Bacon, he would not "offer to the God of truth the unclean sacrifice of a lie."

Nor would he deal otherwise with the confiding and unlearned. The ways of pleasantness, he used to say, were surer paths to peace than any incantation of dim terror or fantastic threats of torment. He would have no questioning child, dejected woman, or sceptic man leave him more sad at heart than when he came; or less softened towards the suffering and misery abundant even in the richest city in the world. If he could not always hope to satisfy doubts he knew that he could at all events touch the quick of hypocrisy and stagger vice in its thoughtless self-possession, without levity or indecorum. One of the most selfish and good-for-nothing millionaires I ever knew told me he never went to hear him "without getting a black eye"; he would frequently by an epithet or figure infuse a certain spice of serious humour into his discourse such as we find in writers of the olden time. In conversation he let go the reins of originality and mirth; and many of the deepest impressions made by him were associated with recollections of glittering sarcasm and wit. To his melancholy rivals in popularity, who insisted on the indispensability of orthodox conviction on all manner of abstruse and metaphysic dogma, he was wont to say with a grave smile, "Paradise for you would be nothing, I'm afraid, without parapets over which you could hope to look down upon most of your former friends in this world, and say—'Hah, I told you so'!"

Such was the unexclusive tone and temper of the man; the most engaging in society, the most persuasive in argument, the most

charitable to the erring, the most consolatory to the sick,—the most Christian Chaplain of Ease of my time in Mayfair.

I quote now from the Journal :—

II.—A COMMODORE UNDER PRESS OF CANVASS.

MOST of the fine and all the fast people say, Town in August and September is impossible ; and all the foolish folk who mimic their ways and talk without having the courage to be dissipated or the means to be prodigal, spend the early shooting season in regrets and apologies for not as yet getting away ; and during the equinoctial month wholly refuse to be seen. Mayfair resembles a City of the Dead, the eyes of the mansions being closed and the whole organisation of luxurious life being apparently paralysed. Yet I have spent both enjoyable and exciting days in London during the harvest moon. There are always a diplomatist or two, a few public functionaries left on guard, here and there a faithful daughter or a wife who will not leave the beloved invalid to less tender care than her own, and a fond father or brother who faithfully watches by the couch of the adored convalescent still too weak to be removed to the seaside. Then there are always travellers passing through, who value one all the more for having found their other letters of introduction unavailable. Each relic of good society left finds the appreciation of its value enhanced by its rarity. The waifs and strays of the autumnal vacation drift together and are loth to be parted on the languid stream. When some one marvelled at meeting Curran alone in the Park at this season, he said, “ I think it delightful, for all the disagreeable people are away.” I cannot say I have found it so ; but certainly I have met with more strange and instructive episodes when the world was out of town than when the whole of the well-dressed mob were here.

My old friend Vavaseur since he lost his only son in the Sikh War has never been persuaded to quit his home at Kensington. His account with the world without he considers closed ; and except for a turn up and down his garden in the sun he goes not out of doors. In repining or complaint he has never indulged. When sleep fails he is luckily able to read ; and his faith is profound in a future where bereavement is unknown. He is still glad to see one, and never lets me leave without a pledge to come soon again ; for after energy, ambition, acquisitiveness, and the relish for public affairs have been numbed by silent grief, the painful sense of loneliness remains—a mental chill which material comfort, ease, and affluence have no

power to cure : and which if not alleviated silently works deep evil. Our sympathy is often asked by the head of a family left motherless or deprived by some unlooked-for loss of fortune. No task requires more care in its performance than that of comforting and counselling in such a case. The heart rebels against the blow it feels to be unmerited ; and as the sufferer gazes into the dark future, evil doubts and perilous thoughts come unbidden with their insidious whisperings, and unbidden stay. But the matter-of-fact demands of the day wake him from listening to their voice ; and, irksome though the effort be, its indispensability is a bitter but a real blessing : and every time the effort is renewed the benefit it brings is greater. Yet we speak of the household where calamity has thus befallen as of the fullness of sorrow ; are we sure that the emptiness of sorrow is not heavier to bear ? Vavaseur has no need to work, and hence he becomes the passive prey of reverie and phantom. Literally so ; for he who once was active and energetic in promoting all that is useful and good, and utterly incredulous of the tales of fashionable demonology, has sunk, I grieve to say, into the quagmire misnamed spiritualism, and spends long hours in communing, as he imagines, with the fetch of the gallant boy whom, in broad daylight or when any unbeliever like myself is present, he thinks of as one whom he can see or hear on earth no more. It is another proof to me how complicated is the sum of compensations in our destiny when I see a man still in his prime of bodily vigour, and hitherto of intellectual stability, betrayed in the course of his natural grief into subjection to delusions absolutely incoherent and almost idiotic in their aimlessness. We had been talking pleasantly during the twilight of old college days and of our contemporaries who had made their mark or missed it ; and without waking his sensibility I contrived to make him recall bright and even mirthful scenes in which I recollected he had borne a part : and then, without approach to private preaching, I lured him into asking friendly questions about my own particular vocation ; how my pragmatist trustee, Sir Jonas, had been worrying himself and all of us this year to pay off some more of the mortgage on the chapel ; and whether I had succeeded in allaying old Lady MacWinnny's fears that the window of Munich glass, representing the Virgin and Child, might not be a picture lesson in Maryolatry. I was just preparing to disclose to him how I kept unlet his sittings for the last two years, because I would have him come to us again ; and I thought I had devised an unanswerable sorites, made up of the most venial frauds, to draw him by the cords of friendship and devotion ; when the old Venetian clock on the mantelpiece prefaced

its appointed chime of ten with its wonted soft whirr, most musical, most melancholy ; and in an instant the features of my companion changed from calm to perturbation ill concealed ; and before the ringing strokes upon the gilded bell were done he had hastily bid me good-night, saying, apologetically, that he was wanted in the library, that he hoped I would forgive him, but he must go. I knew remonstrance would be useless, so I left him with a sigh, and promised to come soon again.

How vexed I was with the imposture which had thus frustrated my strategy when on the very point of anticipated triumph ; and how angry, positively combatant, I became as I walked home alone, muttering to myself threats of a one volume satire in prose upon the whole system of table-turning, spectral hands, and second sight ! I must have been, I fancy, thoroughly wound up to an unconscious state of audible indignation, for as I turned into Stanhope Street a familiar voice close to my ear exclaimed "What can be the matter?" Gerard told me that he had been to my chambers and waited in vain for nearly an hour, and then sallied forth in the hope of meeting me ; having a matter of great importance to communicate. He could not wait until we got into the house to tell me of the dazzling bit of luck that had come in his way. He ought not, indeed, to talk of it so ; for it did look as if there was more than chance in it. He never believed before in his dear mother's messages from what she called the spirits ; but it was a positive fact that when she returned home last night from a *séance* at the Fribble Fanes' she had told him that she had just had an assurance of his getting a seat in Parliament before a year and a day : which of course he set down in his own mind as no more than the whimsical echo of a vague promise given his uncle by a young Lord of the Treasury a week before ; at which the dear soul was so delighted that in strict confidence she told it to everybody in her little set. But for all that, *was* it not odd that while sitting at dinner that day he was told two gentlemen wanted to see him immediately? Sorry to disturb him ; hoped he would excuse ; but in fact they had hardly any time to think ; for the gentleman whom they had been sent to wait upon as a second candidate for their borough had burst a blood-vessel two days ago, and was ordered to keep perfectly quiet for at least six weeks. In little more than three, said the gentlemen forming the deputation from Openmouth, the thing would be all over. They explained how there was no chance of the late members regaining their seats, and that their friends had resolved to look out for two candidates at once, to be ready to stand when the writ was issued, as they

heard it would be before the prorogation. The opposite party wanted to compromise and to take one and one; but after their conduct in the late affair and the infamous lies their witnesses swore, the feeling of the Blues was altogether against anything of the kind: and another fight they were determined to have. They had been all day going about——

“Seeking whom they might devour,” I muttered; for the life of me I couldn't help it.

Gerard winced under this douche; but he soon rallied, and proceeded with his revelation. The persuasive deputies had disclosed the encouraging fact that after a long interview in the morning and a second about four o'clock they had got a first-rate man to say he would stand provided they could get a second. Several had been mentioned: one a Queen's Counsel; and another a son of Lord Mount-Mortgage; and indeed there were several others. But their friend Mr. Figgins remembered hearing Gerard say that he was thinking of Parliament; and as they were passing so near they thought they might as well call in just to inquire whether he had any serious thoughts of the kind; for it certainly would be a very good opportunity, and so forth——

“And did they tell you who was to be their first tenor to whom you are expected to sing *falsetto*?”

This disenchanting view of the proposal had not occurred to my sanguine pupil. But at three-and-twenty youth does not easily forego the first offer of a mount to go cross country with friends and companions looking on; nor is the inexperienced brain capable of calculating or, indeed, disposed to calculate the probable chances of being thrown after getting half way, and the still greater probabilities of being nowhere at the finish. From the time he had worn cap and gown at Westminster, and used his privilege of listening to debates in the House of Commons, the chief prize in life always seemed to be in Gerard's mind the possession of a seat in Parliament. It had, however, always appeared to him far beyond his reach, for his mother had no money to spare on venturesome risks, and when could he hope to have a claim to party help or support? It *did* look like magic, however, when the Golden Apple suddenly fell at his feet; and as to not venturing to pick it up and have one good bite at it because it might prove “fair without but rotten at the core,”—what was a fellow good for if he threw such a chance away?

“I thought,” he said, in a somewhat querulous tone, “that you would be glad to hear of this and would advise me what I should say.”

My conscience smote me for want of consideration ; and all the ill effects of rare disappointment rose rapidly before me ere I replied. On the other hand, I thought I saw no little danger to my youthful friend if he were beguiled into a fierce contested election the cost of which I only knew that I could as little tell as he. There would be clearly no steering him, however, if his impetuosity were suffered to confound harmless banter with want of solicitude and sympathy. I bid raillery go to bed, and not let any mortals see a twinkle of its eye for the next four-and-twenty hours.

“ Well,” I said, not choosing to turn round too suddenly, “ and who is your colleague that is to be ? ”

“ Whom do you think ? You will hardly ever guess ; but I am sure you will say sufficiently *distingué* ;—the Commodore.”

At this my new-born resolution nearly died of convulsions, as infants are so apt to do. In spirit I groaned deeply ; but the imperative duty of circumspection reasserted its sway. I dared not falter in the truth for prudence sake and say that I was encouraged by the intelligence that one of the keenest and most thorough-going veterans of fortune was to lead the way in which my confiding and unsophisticated friend was asked to follow. It would be enough, I thought, for me to recommend an early interview with a relative of mine living in Seymour Street, and who happened to have begun his practice as physician in the oft-contested borough. He might be seen early in the morning and could at all events tell what sort of dependence should be placed in the persons forming the deputation. Then after breakfast we could see my own solicitor, a man of intelligence and probity, who if he did not know the place himself could readily put his hand on somebody who did that might be depended on. Gerard assented to all this, as he would have assented to anything and everything, being then in the first stage of electioneering ecstasy. I thought I heard him clearly as if he spoke aloud—“ Electors, I stand before you,” &c. ; and then the inevitable protest against corruption and coercion, and the generous pledge that “ not to win the election would he spend a shilling improperly.” I heard distinctly every decoying and deluding devil that ever entered into an ambitious young man talking their best at him as he listened in a tranquil sort of bewitchment. I began to grow anxious about him lest he should be tempted to take the plunge suggested before giving himself time for soundings. “ By the way,” I said, “ did you ever hear what happened to the Commodore when he stood for a metropolitan borough ? After pledging himself

to triennial Parliaments, manhood suffrage, reduction of the Debt, unprecedented economy with unexampled efficiency, no more bishops, and Royalty to be put on board wages, an applauding crowd was ready to vow its confidence and promise support; when up got an inexorable Scotchman, with a grave smile and pre-emptive tone, and said — ‘I’ve heard you, Commodore, with real pleasure—in fact, as a fellow countryman, I am deevilish proud of you; but ye dinna go far enough for me.’ The Commodore sprang to his feet and recapitulated all the impossible motions he was ready to vote for; ‘I know not what more the gentleman would have unless I offer to repeal the Ten Commandments.’”

5th August.—While I was at breakfast yesterday morning Gerard came in delighted with what the doctor had told him of the exciting contests he had witnessed in the days of the Reform Bill: how the Reds had been watched by volunteer patrols in their after-dark delinquency; how hot the weather was when the Blues had their great procession with their banners which cost fifty pounds apiece; how the leading deacon of a Dissenting congregation died of apoplexy caused by the excitement; and how the Blues were beaten by dint of enormous bribery, how they beset the charring, and compelled Lord Francis and Alderman Duffer to escape for their lives into a chandler’s shop, while the Blues gave their beaten men “such an ovation” and swore to subscribe the money among them if they would petition (which they didn’t do for some reason he couldn’t remember); with a variety of other interesting particulars showing how lively a spirit existed, or at least might be got up in the borough: all depending, however, on the way the game was played. It was clear enough to me how little all this amounted to; but equally clear that it would be much worse than useless discussing it. I therefore commended the cutlets to my ambitious young friend’s attention and told him my grandfather’s maxim—that no man deserved to win in politics who forgot to feed extra well. Depend upon it the brain suffers as certainly and severely as the stomach for want of sufficient nutriment, and betrays its resentment at neglect more formidably.

I had written two letters of inquiry the previous night to persons in whom I could confide, but did not reckon on any replies for a day or two. Meanwhile I feared that the deputation would wax importunate for an answer; and I therefore proposed a visit to my astute advisers in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. On our way Gerard tried hard to convince me that after all Oldish, Smirk, and Slowman were not likely to know much about the enthusiasm awakened in a remote seaport by sectarian jealousies and sanitary questions. If

they were not engaged for or against the Waterworks Bill last Session they could not tell the strength of the party opposed to "constant supply," and it was most improbable that they had ever heard of the great secession arising from a difference of interpretation put by a favourite preacher and certain influential members of his flock on a passage of the Prophet Hosea. "And do they tell you," I said quietly, "that the election is likely to turn on bad water and bad translation?" for I had heard incidentally something about the frenzy of literalism to which the latter allusion pointed. My venturesome companion pleaded ingenuously that whatever the cause of the local feuds might be, if they split up old party ties they gave a new man like himself a better chance of a hearing, and left a more open field for any one who would make a personal canvass. There were after all not a thousand electors; five or six hundred of these there would be no use in talking to; but between dawn and dusk most of the rest might be seen.

Mr. Slowman, whom I knew best, was out of town for his holiday, and it was uncertain when he would return; Mr. Smirk was not in; and Mr. Oldish seldom came now. But the conducting clerk, a smooth-faced, intelligent little man, with a clear low voice and a certain ingratiating manner, offered to communicate anything I might have to say and let me know; or perhaps I would like to wait, as Mr. Smirk might look in again during the day, though that was very uncertain. I thought I detected a twinkle of satisfaction in my companion's eye. He said nothing, however, and I had nothing to say. What was to be done? To sit down there and wait on the chance of seeing the partner whom I always disliked for his officious and off-hand manner, and who after all might not appear at the end of a wasted day, was not to be thought of; but if not, what? While I pondered the door of an adjoining room opened and a well modulated voice from within asked for a deed of trust which was left to be copied two days before.

"You mean, sir, the chapel deed," said the conducting clerk.

"Yes, yes," was the reply from the unseen interrogator; "how is it possible for me to prepare my deposition with conscientious accuracy unless I have the documents before me, and especially Marprelate's will?"

Gerard, who had been staring at a map of London and its environs hanging on the wall, turned his head and whispered me, "That has something to do with it perhaps. Could you not find out the name of the deponent in the next room? If he should be

one of the litigants about the schism at Openmouth I should so like to talk to him": and he rubbed his hands with the rapturous look of a baulked sportsman who at length sees his pointer drop in the middle of a stubble field. Before I had time to answer, the attenuated figure of an elderly man in pastoral garb appeared at the open door evidently in anxious mood, and began to lavish on the impervious copying clerk reasons half exegetical and half economical why it would be trifling with mysteries and trifling with money to put into his affidavit anything but the *ipsissima verba* of the original bequest under which so many blessings had been poured forth on the people of Openmouth for five, or he might say six, generations.

"That's it—that's it," said Gerard, to his glove and me. I pressed his arm to restrain him from premature indication of his presence.

The old gentleman meanwhile drew near to the clerk and scanned through his glasses the contents of the folio he was completing. "Um, um; yes, I thought so." then, after a pause, "Thanks be to God! the very words of the original Hebrew as they ought to be translated, for so I have always expounded them."

At this moment an unusually loud step was heard on the adjacent stair, and the office-door being ajar suppressed accents, savouring much of fuss and profane swearing, furnished strangely uncongenial anti-strophe to the pious ejaculation we had heard. In a moment after the door was pushed open with a stick, and who should present himself but the Commodore!

"Any of your partners in the way?" "No." "When can I see them?" The deprecatory clerk mildly offered to make any appointment that might suit him in the course of the week. "Aye, aye; but I am going out of town by the mail to-night, and I wanted to get some information before I go."

What Gerard thought of the unwelcome intelligence that Sir Jasper was about to make a descent among the expectant water-fowl of the most delightful spot on all the eastern coast I cannot tell. But, holding out my hand, I told him how, like himself, I was a disappointed visitor, and added, not without a passing qualm as to its prudence, that I had called with a friend who wished to consult one of the firm about some electioneering matters. The Commodore turned his hawk's eye on Francis Gerard, and after a brief scrutiny, from which he seemed to derive some satisfaction, turned abruptly on his heel, and after he gained the lobby shouted out "Good morning." There was no time to waste in tedious

approaches to the reverend opponent still waiting for his deed, and leaving word that a friend of mine would be at my house from four to six who wished to consult him professionally, we went our way. I felt how ineffectual my poor efforts were at pilotage or even making soundings, and that I had better henceforth wholly refrain from meddling where with propriety I could not possibly act, and restrict myself within the narrower sphere of friendship, where unpolitical considerations were alone involved. Supposing all else promised satisfactorily, was Gerard sure of having enough money to embark at a few hours' notice in such an undertaking? He did not seem to be troubled with any misgiving on this head, though I could not cease to be much troubled thereon, for he evidently had no definite notion what the expense might be, and fondly clung to the perilous anticipation that the public spirit of the often purchased borough could not fail if once thoroughly roused to contribute substantially towards the cost of the coming struggle. I only knew that his mother was ready to devote all she might have to spare to the advancement of her son; that she had taught him to live inexpensively: and that beyond the gratification of her love of flowers and music she spent little upon herself. What her resources might be, and what she could therefore afford to fling into the gambling pool of politics, I had no means whatever of surmising. Other avocations intervened, and I saw no more of him till late at night. The lawyer did not receive my message, and I therefore waited for him in vain. Before quitting the Oxford and Cambridge, where I dined late and lonely, for nobody else was there but that pedantic curmudgeon the new coach for Gower Street, whom I did not want to know,—Vincent happened to come in. He glanced round the dining-room, and, not finding whom he sought, was leaving, when I stopped him. Here was the very man who could solve my anxieties, for I had heard recently of his being named third or extra assistant Whip, and therefore must know, as I supposed, all about elections. He said he was in search of the Secretary-at-War, whom he must see immediately, and could not wait to talk to me. But in the few minutes that we walked together up St. James's Street he told me that it was all arranged; that his party were going for one seat only, and that Tom Fleming had gone down last night, and was there to-day. He jumped into a cab, and left me in a happier frame of mind; for now I thought all danger must be over to my ingenuous friend.

In this it now appears I was mistaken.

11th August. — At last something like a letter from Gerard. What does he say?

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—Here we are fairly launched; and you never saw such excitement; we arrived here on Friday night after dark. There were five gentlemen on the platform waiting to receive us. They bowed and scraped a good deal to the Commodore—who, by the way, treats them all very cavalierly—but they were very kind to me. Two of them got into the same fly with me as we drove to the Swan. It is much the best inn here and has always been headquarters for the Blues. There is a picture of Philip Townsend in my room who wanted to be returned here before he was twenty-one. Just like Charles Fox, you know; but unluckily for him, after spending several weeks and a lot of money, the enemy found it out and he had to go. I think the likeness must have been taken the day after he was upset—he looks so sad, but very handsome. He was the darling of the mob—(I beg pardon, the people). Now I wish you were here to drill me and tell me when I go wrong, as I am sure I shall often do, though as yet they say I have made no mistakes and am getting on splendidly. Don't laugh; but I overheard two fellows discussing me as I stood for a minute on the steps the night I came. ‘He is about the same weight as Townsend, but not as good looking.’ The other said ‘I like him better, he looks more like a man of business.’ Wasn't it odd, for of course they could know nothing about me? We had a long gossip with our committee before going to bed; and Sir Jasper put them through their facings and riddled them with questions that made me feel half-ashamed, for he seemed to treat them all as if afraid they wanted to cheat him; and one old fellow told him at last if he thought so he had better go back to town. Whereon I took a modest cruse of oil out of my inner consciousness and poured it on the old gentleman's wounds. Sir Jasper said he was only joking, and when they knew his ways he was sure they would get on very well. They all say that the split in the big chapel will make a great difference this time. The Reverend Hamit Gideon has tremendous influence here; most of his flock stick to him, though some have gone off on a tangent about eternal punishment, and want to put him out of the synagogue after twenty years of faithful pastorate; and if he takes a strong part with us, as they say he will, the secessionists, it is feared, will sulk and not vote at all, for they all polled for the Blues last May, and can hardly turn Red so soon. But I remember hearing you say that people who brag of having more conscience than their neighbours think they can afford to dispense with some of it in a surprising manner.

“Our first visit on Saturday was to the Mayor, the jolliest little fellow you ever saw. He was a midy in the Great War and drops his joyous tone whenever he speaks of Nelson. He married a lady of family, by whom he has two charming daughters. Both parties are fond of him; two days in the week he dines with the one, and two with the other, and on the other three he entertains both. In fact, he is the principal bridge over the deep gulf of prejudice which divides the town. As brother chips he and the Commodore nearly shook each other's hands off on meeting, but he said to me, as if he meant it, ‘Mind, I go for both, as long as you both go straight.’ I asked him what we should talk about at the meeting in the Assembly Rooms fixed for three o'clock. ‘Well,’ he said, ‘Sir Jasper, I know, will give a good account of himself, for he has a name ready made and must play up to it. You must talk of the future and all you will do for them. But my advice to you is to keep clear of religion and politics as much as you can. Nine out of ten of 'em don't know the difference between a Whig and a Tory, and don't care. They are all sore about the rates, and very angry at Government sending down a Jackanapes of a commissioner to catechise the town into sending pipes five miles for expensive water, instead of being content with the wells where they have it for nothing. The conceited blockhead asked me my opinion as Mayor. I told him the health of the town was excellent, and that the only complaint I ever heard of was a pain in the purse. He asked if I thought that the pump water was really good which the people generally used, and I said “Certainly.” “Does your Worship drink much of it in the course of the day?” To the best of my recollection I said I never tasted that liquid.’

“Well, our meeting went off capitally. My veteran colleague went in strong for economy in everything but guns and ships; but I think he was more cheered before he spoke than after. Don't laugh at me and call me vain if I tell you that in my case it was the contrary. I sat up half the night correcting the report for the *Sunbeam*, which comes out on Tuesday, and I went on cobbling and altering awkward phrases until I was sick of the whole thing; for I am sure it will not read half so well as it would have done had I let it alone. The editor is a Baliol man and remembers you, but, poor fellow, he is broken down by paralysis of the left side, and seems hard up. I am told he writes well, and does whatever Thoroughgood, our chairman, bids him. Thoroughgood is the richest man in the town, a Unitarian, and as sharp as a needle. He advises me not to go too far, but try for the split votes of the Reds. The Commodore will be sure to get

some of them by mere force of his name and gallant services, 'and,' he added in a whisper, 'you must not be made a stalking horse.' Didn't I shake him by the hand!

"But I must break off, for a deputation of shoemakers is below who wants a tax put on French boots. Good-bye.

"P.S.—Write to me, my dear friend, and tell me what you think and what you hear at the clubs about our chances."

Two days intervened before I heard again. Smirk called on Monday to know what I wanted. He knew nothing about the place, but promised to inquire and report forthwith. The result was far from encouraging. Formerly the suffrage was scot and lot, with a roll of freemen by birth, service, and grace especial, capable of capricious expansion on the eve of a party fight. The Reform Act and subsequent petitions and scrutinies had reduced the heap considerably. But, as happened elsewhere, the winnowing dropped some of the sound corn and kept a deal of the worthless chaff. Smirk found that a neighbouring firm had been offered the two seats recently for three thousand pounds, and one seat for two thousand, with a guarantee against there being any petition. It was, in fact, altogether a question of money; and if two men were put up on the opposite side determined to buy, they would, of course, get in unless my friends outbid them. There was, however, a feeling among certain respectable men of both parties that the best thing would be to have one and one. Each side might then have its best man, and make his seat safe, which it never could be for such a constituency with a double contest. The Commodore had the repute of being penurious. If an understanding were come to, either he or his youthful colleague might safely come in; but, if they were wise, they would not both try to do so, for they were both pretty sure to be turned out. Here was a precious prospect of pitfall, intrigue, delusion, and disappointment. The more I reflected the more unhappy I became, for it was evident that Francis, as was but too natural, was in a seventh heaven of flattery, celebrity, and self-importance, from which it would take a sharp and clear voice to recall him betimes to the ugly world of hard realities to which he must ere long descend. He was like a boy who had been tempted to mount a thoroughbred horse he could not control, and told by the groom to let him go and he would take care of himself. I paced up and down my study revolving the contingencies and catastrophes that might be in store, and thought at last I should be shirking a painful but bounden duty if, under the circumstances, I did not give warning to her who must be entirely

ignorant of the true state of affairs, and who probably had been assured, without any deviation from truth, that I had been made aware from the first of what was going on. I would break through all ceremony and wait on madame. She would think my visit untimely, unusual, unwarranted; for I could hardly say that I had ever seen her face or heard her voice. She would refuse to receive me. No matter; I would importune for an audience, and if I failed I would write to her. But writing I felt instinctively was not the way to gain the object I had now at heart, and I went forth bent on trying an experiment which at any other time my chaplainship in Mayfair would certainly have recoiled from attempting. Happily for me, when I reached Park Lane madame had retired for the night, and I was saved from the rebuff my impulsive importunity would have provoked. She had for two years lived in this utmost privacy, as far as I was aware, for her son had never mentioned the name of any English visitor, and who might constitute the society in which she lived it was not for me to inquire. The miniature always worn by Francis bespoke youthful charms by this time, in all probability, passed away. Once only, when by accident I passed near the house when she was alighting from her carriage, the folds of her mantilla were so drawn together as to hide almost every feature. Her step still indicated the vitality of vigorous life, and if I ventured to form any surmise regarding her, conjecture pointed to the incidents of early widowhood and of romantic devotion of a life to religious seclusion and maternal care. But how it had ever come about that I should be the privy councillor of her son, with her full knowledge and approval, was an enigma I could not solve.

13th August.—Another letter from Gerard full of the fuss and flurry of electioneering. I think I see his face as he walked down the aisle of the great church from the Corporation pew in the face of the wistful congregation, trying to look unconscious of the figure his colleague cut as he strode on before him holding a sovereign between his finger and thumb, so that every one should see the munificent donation he was about to deposit in the churchwarden's plate at the door. For three days they have been busily canvassing, sometimes together and sometimes apart, and many of the traits of the proceeding are fit for comedy. His opponents have brought down an ex-sheriff from London to be their second candidate, who has every conceivable kind of luggage with him except his h's, which the Blues gave out as too 'eavy, and they put up a placard offering a reward to any one who would bring them in time. The worthy knight has had this unlooked-

for honour thrust upon him because he is a native of the place, and is known to have many belongings within the prohibited degrees. Lady Buywell has followed in due course. She dazzles the beholders by the gorgeousness of her attire and delights the languid shopkeepers by the profusion of her orders. The outlay of course will secure the ground it covers, but no more; for instead of appreciating the compliment, the rougher sort, seeing one of themselves under the magnifying glass of fortune, are rather disposed to make fun of her. Francis tells how he canvassed a democratic shoemaker in one of the back streets who could not be got to say for whom he would vote. In vain he trotted out all his projects of social reform, and splashed about, as he says, in local taxation, trembling lest he should put his foot in some hidden hole. The influential treasurer of the Independent Ward Club gave him to understand that his society would act together, but as yet they would not say, as they must hear more from all the candidates. One of his staff whispered to let him alone, and then added audibly "All right, Mr. Welt, you have never been found on the wrong side." They bid him good morning, "and as they were leaving the shop I turned back," writes Francis, "and said that though he would not give me a promise perhaps he would tell me if he was going to vote for Buywell. I shall never forget the tone of scorn in which he replied, dashing his knife down on the counter, 'What do you take me for?' 'Do you know that that fellow was born in this very street?'"

By degrees he is finding out how complicated is the game of political pool, when, in spite of all the professions to the contrary, each hand is against every other, and every other, in a certain or rather uncertain sense, is against him. I think it clear that Sir Jasper hardly counted on having in him a possible rival for the second seat, and probably never contemplated his being returned at all. It is no fair race between them; all the odds being in favour of the Commodore. To judge from the report in the *Sunbeam* they both got on very well on the platform; and thank God, my young friend so far does not seem to have allowed himself to be bullied into giving rubbish pledges for the sake of cheap cheers. He shows rather a quality for which I scarcely gave him credit, namely, that which the French call *badinage* and a peculiar description of which we denominate chaff. One of his opponents being hard of hearing avails himself, it is said, of the defect to gain time for a skilful prompt when asked in public a puzzling question; and the other, whose ears, I suppose, are the proper length, cannot put three sentences together: so Francis delights the lieges by saying he will deal charitably with the deaf

and dumb. All which may be very well in its way, but cannot, I fancy, sway half a dozen votes. How I wish he was safe out of it all !

17th August.—What I feared has come to pass ; jealousy is like the gourd which grew up in a night, but, unlike that which overshadowed the prophet, it will not rapidly wither away. Sir Jasper begins evidently to look out for himself. Though he sits up late smoking and telling amusing tales of adventure by flood and field, he is up by five in the morning, ready to pounce upon the hands on their way to the factory, and to have a quiet word with the small tradesmen as they are taking down their shutters. He said nothing of this at breakfast, and Gerard slept unsuspectingly the while. When told of it, he prudently took no notice, some of his best friends assuring him that it was labour in vain, or worse, on the part of the Commodore, whom the people would only think the less of, not the more, on account of it. On Saturday night the smothered ill-will seems to have broken out in a strange and droll fashion. On their way from an early to a later meeting somewhere in the suburbs a group of supporters guided the naval hero by short cuts, not lighted by lamps, while a similar band escorting Francis at some little distance followed. Above the laughter and chatter around him he thought he heard unusual sounds from the party ahead, and listening, recognised Sir Jasper indulging in exclamations and expletives indicative of the utmost wrath. On coming up he found the advanced guard standing fast, and its gallant leader swearing loudly that he would not go on one step. In answer to earnest entreaties to lower his voice, lest the enemy's scouts should be within earshot in the dusk, he answered savagely that he would be made use of no longer to warm up the meeting, and then, when it was at its best, to let his knowing young colleague have all the advantage and get all the cheers. Honeyman and Smoothy assured him in vain that he was the more popular of the two. The editor and the conducting agent tried to convince him that, when there was no great question up, it was better for him to have the first word upon the news of the day in the morning papers from town. But the tetchy soul of the sailor was sick within him, and he refused to be convinced or comforted. His junior then offered to speak first, and so the feud was appeased. The chairman, however, thought it incumbent on him to open the business at some length, and Francis, while awaiting his time, put in his mouth a cayenne lozenge to brace the vocal cords, which had been suffering from relaxation. The Commodore, who was watching him from the other side of the chair, leaned towards him and said :

“ I perceive you always eat those things before you speak. I wish you would give me some.” Francis, of course, handed him the box, and by way of securing the full benefit of the charm, he took half a dozen and began to crunch three of them at once with his teeth. The effect may be imagined. He was seized with a violent fit of coughing, from which he had not recovered when the chairman, unconscious of what had occurred, sat down calling on the gallant officer to address the greatest and most influential meeting ever held in Openmouth. The failure which ensued was what might have been expected, and heightened the contrast with the speech of his colleague. When all was over, he said mournfully: “ I see it is all the same ; but I’ll be hanged if I ever stand with one of his sort again.”

The climax of these absurdities seems to have been reached last night. Tired with a long and sultry day’s canvass, the ill-matched pair prepared to snatch a hasty dinner, having to attend a concert for the Infirmary in the evening, at which all the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood were to appear. My cavaliero dressed quickly and entered the sitting room in the refreshing delicacy of a white waist-coat. Sir Jasper eyed him he thought suspiciously, but said nothing. Dinner being over he withdrew, and in a few minutes returned in full sail of what had once been the same colour, but displaying in all its sanguine amplitude the broad ribbon of the Bath, with its glittering ensign on his breast. If Francis really did not laugh (and he says he didn’t) I give him credit for the tact he showed in complimenting the jealous and egotistical old man on the appearance he would make that night. He was more than appeased, and from a stray impulse of what he meant for good nature, gravely said, “ Well, if you think it unfair to you, I have in my trunk upstairs the green ribbon of St. Ignatio, and I’ll lend it to you if you like.”

1st of September.—Poor fellow, he bears his disappointment heroically, and says he has learned a great deal within the last three weeks, and as this Parliament is not expected to live more than another Session, he does not mind waiting a few months before trying again. He says he has spent very little money, but I am told in these affairs few people know what they really do spend. Somebody offered to buy the requisite number of votes for him at two o’clock on the day of the poll ; but he firmly declined and took his beating like a man who has done his best and shown that he deserved to win. He fancies that the discerning world will keep these things and ponder them in its heart. But in this he will find himself mistaken. The discerning world is by this time bound to


the moors, the stubbles, or the German baths, where it learns from the newspapers the numbers at the close of the poll at Openmouth and thinks no more about the matter. Of course all those who live by electioneering, local or general, will talk and write sympathetically to the defeated candidates, vowing surprise that they made so good a fight, and that they always knew money would tell in the end. What I own perplexes me is the absorbing ambition of a young man without high connection or political associates to be in Parliament. If it was vanity or some gambling speculation of office or social advancement I should not so much marvel. But I acquit Francis wholly of such motives, and treat it rather as a specific craze which there is no accounting for. He is no more disenchanted by defeat than the boy sportsman who misses his first shot, and if his uncle chooses to indulge him in this singular taste, and provide the means of gratifying it, I only hope that being a shrewd man of business he may always be in England, if not at his side, when election time draws near. Had he not been far over sea when this late opportunity presented itself, I should have been spared no ordinary amount of solicitude. And had I accepted good Mr. Beytoun's offer to go as chaplain with his party to the Tyrol at the latter end of July I should not have been in the way to be consulted without being able to afford counsel; and to be worried by the operation of peering through chinks day after day, through which I could only catch tantalising glimpses of the turmoil beyond my reach.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.

BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

PART VI.

HE occurrence of Fanny Kemble's name reminds us to narrate the interest created by her first appearance on the stage, to retrieve the fortunes of the theatre of which her father was then lessee. It was one of those nights not to be forgotten in theatrical annals. The young girl herself—under twenty—coming out as the girl-heroine of tragedy, Shakespeare's Juliet; her mother, Mrs. Charles Kemble, after a retirement from the stage of some years, playing (for this especial night of her daughter's *début* and her husband's effort to re-establish the attraction of Covent Garden Theatre) the part of Lady Capulet; her father, Charles Kemble, a man much past fifty years of age, enacting with wonderful spirit and vigour the mercurial character of Mercutio; combined to excite into enthusiasm the assembled audience. The plaudits that overwhelmed Mrs. Charles Kemble, causing her to stand trembling with emotion and melted into real tears that drenched the rouge from her cheeks, plaudits that assured her of genuine welcome given by a public accustomed to a long esteem for the name of Kemble, and now actuated by a private as well as professional sympathy for her,—these plaudits had scarcely died away into the silence of expectancy, when Juliet had to make her entrance on the scene. We were in the stage-box, and could see her standing at the wing, by the motion of her lips evidently endeavouring to bring moisture into her parched mouth, and trying to summon courage for advancing; when Mrs. Davenport, who played in her own inimitable style the part of the Nurse, after calling repeatedly "Juliet! what Juliet!" went towards her, took her by the hand, and pulled her forward on to the stage—a proceeding that had good natural as well as dramatic effect, and brought forth the immediately recognisant acclamations of the house. Fanny Kemble's acting was marked by much originality of thought and grace of execution. Some of the positions she assumed were strikingly new and appropriate, suggestive as they were of the state of feeling and peculiar situation in which

the character she was playing happened to be. For instance, in the scene of the second act, where Juliet is impatiently awaiting the return of her nurse with tidings from Romeo, Fanny Kemble was discovered in a picturesque attitude standing leaning on the back of a chair, earnestly looking out of a tall window opening on to a garden, as if eager to catch the first approach of the expected messenger; and, again, in "The Provoked Husband," where the scene of Lady Townley's dressing-room opens in the fifth act, Fanny Kemble was found lying upon her face, stretched upon a sofa, her head buried in the pillow-cushions, as if she had flung herself there in a fit of sleepless misery and shame, thinking of her desperate losses at the gaming table overnight. She proved herself hardly less calculated to shine as a dramatic writer, than as a dramatic performer; for in about a year or two after she came out upon the stage, her tragedy of "Francis the First" was produced at the theatre and appeared in print—a really marvellous production for a girl of her age. She showed herself to be a worthy member of a family so richly endowed by nature as the one whose name she bore. One of us could remember John Kemble and Sarah Kemble Siddons: the other could just remember seeing Stephen Kemble play Falstaff (without *stuffing*, as it was announced), and frequently witnessed Charles Kemble's delightful impersonation of Falconbridge, Benedick, Archer, Ranger, Captain Absolute, Young Marlowe, Young Mirabel, and a host of other brilliant youngsters, long after he had reached middle-age, with unabated spirit and grace and good looks: and who both lived to see yet another Kemble bring added laurels to the name in the person of Adelaide Kemble.

Dowton's Cantwell was one of those fine embodiments of class-character that would alone suffice to make the lasting fame of an actor. Had Dowton never played any other part than this, he would have survived to posterity as a perfect performer: his sleek condition, his spotless black clothes, his placidly folded hands, his smooth serene voice, his apparently cloudless countenance with nevertheless a furtive watchful look in the eye, a calmly compressed mouth with nevertheless a betraying devil of sensuality lurking beneath the carefully maintained compression—these sub-expressions of the eye and lip uncontrollably breaking forth in momentary flash and sudden involuntary quiver,—during the scenes with Lady Lambert, were all finely present, and formed a highly finished study of a sanctimonious, self-seeking, calculating hypocrite. We have seen Perlet, the French comedian, play the original counterpart of Cibber and Bickerstaff's Doctor Cantwell,—Molière's Tartuffe; and Perle

went so far as to paint additional vermilion round his mouth, so as to give the effect of the sensual scarlet lip ; but Dowton's alternated contraction and revealment of his naturally full lip gave even more vital effect to the characteristically suggestive play of feature. The tone too, in which Dowton first calls to his secretary, uttering his Christian name, "Charles !" in silky palavering voice, when he bids him "Bring me that writing I gave you to lay up this morning," as contrasted with his subsequent imperious utterance of the surname, "Seyward !" when he summons his secretary to abet him in his assertion of supreme mastery in Sir John Lambert's house formed two admirably telling points in this, his perhaps most renowned performance. At the same time, be it stated, that his tempest of fury, in Sir Anthony Absolute and characters of that class, with his delightfully tolerant good-humour and pleasant cordiality in the part of Old Hardcastle in Goldsmith's charming comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," were quite as perfect each in their several ways.

Of Macready's playing Virginius, Rob Roy,—and subsequently King John [one of his very best-conceived impersonations, for our detailed description of which see pages 340-1-2 of "Shakespeare-Characters"], Henry V., Prospero, Benedick, Richelieu, Walsingham, and a score of other admirably characteristic personifications we will not allow ourselves to speak at length ; owing many private kindnesses and courtesies to the gentleman, while we enjoyed so frequently his varied excellences as an actor, and approved so heartily his judicious arrangements as a manager.

Of Potier's acting we had frequent opportunities of judging ; since he, with several of his best brother comedians, at the time we are referring to, came to London in the successive French companies that then first, and subsequently repaired thither to act French pieces. It was a novelty that took : for the majority of fashionable play-goers were sufficiently versed in the language to appreciate and enjoy the finished acting and entertaining pieces then produced. In the year 1830 Leigh Hunt started his *Tatler*, generally writing the Theatre, Opera, and Concert notices in it himself, under the heading of "The Playgoer ;" but occasionally he asked me (C. C. C.) to supply his place ; and accordingly, several of the articles—such as those recording Lablache's initiative appearances in London, Paganini's, Donzelli's, charming Madame Albert's, Laporte's, and on the Philharmonic Society, bear witness to our enjoyment of some of the best performances going on during the few years that Leigh Hunt's *Tatler* existed. Afterwards, we witnessed in brilliant succession, Mademoiselle Mars,—whose Célimène in Molière's

"Misanthrope" was unrivalled, and whose playing of Valerie, a blind girl of sixteen, who recovers her lost sight, when Mars was nearly sixty years of age, was a marvel of dramatic success—Mdlle. Clessy, a consummate embodiment of French lady-like elegance; Jenny Vertpré, whose portrayal of feline nature and bearing beneath feminine person and carriage, as the cat metamorphosed into a woman, was unique in clever peculiarity of achievement; Cartigny, great in Molière's "Dépit Amoureux" as Gros René; Perlet, exquisite in Molière's "Tartuffe," "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Malade Imaginaire;" Lemaitre, pre-eminent in "Robert Macaire," "Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Joueur," "Don César de Bazan," and "Le Docteur Noir;" and, finally, glorious Rachel, peerless among all tragic actresses ever beheld by M. C. C., who never saw Mrs. Siddons. But we will not permit ourselves to be lured away into the pleasant paths of acting reminiscences: return we to our more strictly requested recollections of literary people. In Leigh Hunt's *Tatler* appeared a clever series of papers signed "Junius Redivivus," which were written by a gentleman who had married Sarah Flower Adams, authoress of the noble dramatic poem "Vivia Perpetua," and sister to Eliza Flower, composer of "Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels," and other productions that manifested unusual womanly amount of scientific attainment in music. The two sisters were singularly gifted: graceful-minded, accomplished, exceptionally skilled in their respective favourite pursuits. One evening before her marriage we were invited to the house of a friend of hers, where Sarah Flower gave a series of dramatic performances, enacted in a drawing-room, with folding-doors opened and closed between the select audience and herself during the successive presentment of Ophelia's and other of Shakespeare's heroines' chief scenes, dressed in character, and played with much zest of impassioned delivery.

Another contributor to Leigh Hunt's *Tatler* was Mrs. Leman Grimstone, whose papers appeared with the signature "M. L. G." She was one of the very first of those who modestly yet firmly advocated women's rights: a subject now almost worn threadbare and hackneyed by zealous partisans, but then put forth diffidently, sedately, with all due deference of appeal to manly justice, reason, and consideration. In the number of the *Tatler* for 22nd March, 1832, Leigh Hunt printed these lines, preceded by a few words from himself within brackets:—

THE POOR WOMAN'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

[We affix a note to the following verses, not from any doubt that their beautiful

tenderness can escape the observation of our readers, but because we owe to the fair author an acknowledgment for the heartfelt gratification which this and other previous communications from her pen have afforded to ourselves.]

You took me, Colin, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
 To bear in all your after fate a fond and faithful part ;
 And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego—
 Or pined there was not joy for me, when you were sunk in woe ?
 No—I would rather share *your* tear, than any other's glee,
 For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me ;
 You make a palace of my shed—this rough-hewn bench a throne—
 There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your tone.
 I look upon you when you sleep, my eyes with tears grow dim,
 I cry, " O Parent of the poor, look down from Heaven on him—
 Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul—
 O look with mercy on him, Lord, for *Thou* canst make him whole !"
 And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
 How oft are they forbade to close in slumber, by my child ;
 I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
 And feel it is a part of *thee* I lull upon my breast.
 There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long,
 And it may soothe thee when I'm where—the wretched feel no wrong !
 I ask not for a kinder tone—for thou wert ever kind ;
 I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind ;
 I ask not for attie more gay—if such as I have got
 Suffice to make me fair to *thee*, for more I murmur not.
 But I would ask some share of hours that you at clubs bestow—
 Of knowledge that *you* prize so much, might *I* not something know
 Subtract from meetings among men, each eve, an hour for me—
 Make me companion of your *soul*, as I may surely be !
 If you will read, I'll sit and work: then think, when you're away,
 Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Colin, of your stay.
 A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours—
 And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers ;
 And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind ;
 And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

M. L. G.

Leigh Hunt's *Tatler* was followed early in 1834 by his *London Journal*, to which my (C. C. C.'s) lamented sister, Isabella Jane Towers, contributed some verses, entitled "To Gathered Roses," in imitation of Herrick, as previously, in the *Literary Examiner*, which he published in 1823, he had inserted her "Stanzas to a Fly that had survived the Winter of 1822." She was the author of three graceful books of juvenile tales, "The Children's Fireside," "The Young Wanderer's Cave," and "The Wanderings of Tom Starboard."

In the spring of 1835 was brought out at the English Opera House a drama entitled "The Shadow on the Wall," and when it

made its appearance in printed form it was accompanied by the following dedication :—

The truest gratification felt by an Author, in laying his work before the Public, is the hope to render it a memento of private affection. The Writer of

“The Shadow on the Wall”

can experience no higher pleasure of this kind
than in inscribing it to

C. N.

Kensington, 1st May, 1835.

The writer of “The Shadow on the Wall” was Thomas James Serle, and the initials represented Cecilia Novello, who was his affianced future wife. He had already been known to the theatrical world by his play of “The Merchant of London,” his tragedy of “The House of Colberg,” his drama of “The Yeoman’s Daughter,” and his play of “The Gamester of Milan.” After his marriage with my (M. C. C.’s) sister Cecilia in 1836, we watched with enhanced interest the successive production of his dramas and plays, “A Ghost Story,” “The Parole of Honour,” “Joan of Arc,” “Master Clarke,” “The Widow Queen,” and “Tender Precautions.” when he combined with the career of dramatist that of lecturer, and, subsequently, that of political writer, continuing for many years editor of one of our London newspapers. Ultimately he has returned to his first love in literary production, having of late years written several carefully composed plays and dramas with the utmost maturity of thought and consideration. It was at his house, immediately after his marriage, that we met an entirely new and delightful circle of literary men, his valued friends and associates. It was there we first met Douglas Jerrold : learning that he had written his “Black-eyed Susan” when only eighteen, that it was rapidly followed by his “Devil’s Ducat,” “Sally in Our Alley,” “Mutiny at the Nore,” “Bride of Ludgate,” “Rent Day,” “Golden Calf,” “Ambrose Gwinnett,” and “John Overy;” while he himself, soon after our introduction to him, gave us a highly-prized presentation volume, containing his “Nell Gwynne,” “Housekeeper,” “Wedding Gown,” “Beau Nash,” and “Hazard of the Die.” It was our happy fortune to be subsequently present on most of the first nights of representation of his numerous dramas, including “The Painter of Ghent,” in which he himself acted the principal character when it was originally brought out at the Strand Theatre, under the management of his brother-in-law, Mr. Hammond. As the piece proceeded, and came to the point where Ichabod the Jew, speaking of his lost son, has to say : “He was a healing jewel to mine eye—a staff of cedar in my

hand—a fountain at my foot,” the actor who was playing the character made a mistake in the words and substituted something of his own, saying “a well-spring” instead of “a fountain.” A pause ensued ; neither he nor Jerrold going on for some minutes. Afterwards, talking over the event of the night with him, he told us that when his interlocutor altered the words of the dialogue, he had turned towards him and whispered fiercely : “ It’s neither a well-spring nor a pump ; and till you give me the right cue, I shan’t go on.” A more significant proof that the author in Jerrold was far stronger than the actor could hardly be adduced. And yet we have seen him act finely, too. When Ben Jonson’s “Every Man in his Humour” was first performed by the amateur company of Charles Dickens and his friends, Douglas Jerrold then playing the part of Master Stephen, he acted with excellent effect ; and, could he but have quenched the intellect in his eyes, he would have looked the part to perfection, so well was he “got up” for the fopling fool. Jerrold had a delightful way of making a disagreeable into a delight by the brilliant, cheery way in which he would utter a jest in the midst of a dilemma. It was while walking home together from Serle’s house, one bleak night of English spring, that, in crossing Westminster Bridge with an east wind blowing keenly through every fold of clothing we wore, Jerrold said to us : “I blame nobody ; but they call this May !”

Of him and his super-exquisite wit more will be found in his letters to us, and our comments thereon, which we shall subsequently give in another portion of these Recollections.

(To be continued.)

A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE."
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S
FORTUNE," &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VI.

One is the heart : and never can it be
That two can beat at once in thee and me :
One is the soul : and one must be the sway
That rules at last : I love, and I obey.
No miser I, to yield but half my breast
And kill the gift, by keeping back the rest :
All could I keep—but when one drop hath run
All, all I pour—for what is All, but One ?
Henceforth my love, my hope, my faith I bow,
And ask not if 'tis right, but if 'tis Thou—
Yea, perish truth, if truth was only mine,
And perish virtue, if it be not thine.



AND so, in one flash, in one moment, Beatrice Deane found her whole life changed.

But it is one thing to plunge into the sea, and quite another to swim safely through the rough waves. She was quite sure she had chosen rightly. Her reason told her so. But she had to battle with every sort of unreason : there was her uncle, whose will had now been made sacred by misfortune : there was Annie, who disliked Abel, and never could be made to understand anything : there was even Mrs. Burnett—and, though she vehemently suspected the old lady of being a great deal worse than mistaken, she was by no means sure that, when it came to argument, she would be able to hold her own. All this crowded upon her in a moment, and, for that moment, she quailed.

Abel did not, in the moment of his triumph, show himself a sentimental or demonstrative lover. He seemed distrait, as if he hardly knew what he was doing, and no doubt to find himself so easily the accepted lover of Miss Deane was enough to bewilder him. She had yielded at the very first word, like a well-garrisoned fortress that puts its besiegers out and almost disappoints them by surrendering

at the sound of the first gun. But sentiment was not to be expected from him, and though Beatrice felt a little chilled by his want of warmth, she professed to despise too much what she called "gush" to miss it in theory. Marriage, in her creed, meant wholly and solely a perfect union of minds: and that was why she had till now considered it an impossible thing. It would be very hard to say which of the two looked most frightened at what they had done.

"When shall you tell Uncle George?" whispered Beatrice.

"When do you think will be the best time?"

"I'm afraid there'll be no best time. But we mustn't think of that"—

"Is it so necessary he should know at once? I must spare you all the trouble I can. I must think only of you, now. But will he be so very angry? Why should he be angry at all? And if he is, you are your own mistress, surely?"

"Yes—so far—nothing can make me change. It must come to the same in the end, whatever he may say now. But he will be angry, and all the more because it will be no use to be angry. Don't be vexed with what I'm going to say—I know *you*, but he will want to know who you are."

"Who I am?"

"You don't know all the absurd prejudices—it isn't to be expected you would have noticed them even, if you had known us a hundred years. I honour you for knowing that you have made yourself whatever you are—yes, and for being poor. I want to help you to be great, and so I must share your whole career from beginning to end. Isn't that what we both mean?"

"Did I not know what you would say?"

"But Uncle George won't say it—he will never think of letting me—what he calls marry beneath me"—

Abel frowned. Could he not escape the old story, even from her?

"By which he means marrying on my own three hundred a year. I have that, you know. I can—I will, live on anything—on nothing. And—don't be vexed—he will be sure to say—you want to marry me for the few wretched pounds I shall bring you. You must make up your mind to hear him say that"—

"So long as you don't think it, I don't mind what anybody on earth may say. You know why I love you. The idea of marrying for three hundred a year!"

He had once thought a great deal of a quarter of that sum for only three years: but he had never heard of Longworth then. He had

never been called upon to face so difficult a position in all his life before. It was true that Beatrice was absolutely mistress of herself, that opposition would only confirm her in her resolve, and that, if things came to the worst, a miserable three hundred a year, for a barrister without private means, was not to be despised. Because Mr. Deane happened to be his benefactor that was no reason why he should be allowed to destroy the happiness of his own brother's children for a whim. But then it was as clear as daylight that Abel's own duty was to protect the interests of his future wife: and it was as certain as existence that he, who was about to disinherit his only son for saying "can't" instead of "won't," would not transfer the inheritance to a niece who refused to say "won't" or "can't" either. Annie's husband, and not hers, would be burdened with the four surnames. The most satisfactory course, if it were practicable, would be to wait while Tom let out his full length of rope, and while Mr. Deane broke up and died, and then to marry Beatrice when nothing could be changed. It was true that Tom's rope-making might run short, and that Mr. Deane's life might run long: and even if both ran to the right measure, a continued concourse of smooth chances would be still required. But then prompt action would keep every single chance from going right: and it was prompt action that Beatrice had assumed he would take as a matter of course, then and there.

She was waiting for the rest of his answer, but without impatience or surprise at his silence. It was such an intense relief to throw off the burdens of standing alone and thinking for herself that she could not do so by half measure—she would have given nothing but for the sake of throwing away all. At last he said, slowly, and almost timidly—

"I have been thinking. There must be no secrets between you and me. I cannot satisfy your uncle as to who I am: and I do know, even better than you, what he will say when he knows all. Do you—can you care for me enough to care for me still when *you* know all?"

In his exaggerated belief in the pride of birth, drawn mainly from his own shame for the want of it, he felt that he was really putting her love to a test that, coming upon her all at once, might prove stronger than she was able to bear. But, if she could come through that, all the rest would follow—she herself would urge him to keep his terrible secret from Mr. Deane. Something must be risked: and "I must have no secrets from my wife," he told himself. "Come what may, it is my duty to tell her all."

He saw her turn pale, as if some fearful secret concerning his past life lay at the bottom of his mysterious preamble. He almost repented of his rashness in bidding so high a price for her silence. Slowly and reluctantly, as if some terrible self-accusation were really being dragged from him, he said—

“I am not a gentleman.”

She could only stare at him without a ray of comprehension in her eyes.

“Wait—you must know all. Before I knew you I was a common country schoolmaster. But before that I was a labourer, earning my own bread with my own hands.”

“Well?” she asked anxiously, wondering what a labourer could have done, beyond theft or drunkenness, to forfeit the title of gentleman. Could there still be something about Milly after all?

“I was a foundling, taken from my dead mother by the roadside. I do not even know her name.”

“Well?”

“Now you know all.”

“All?”

“All.”

“And you call yourself—Do *you* mean to say—you, who have made yourself—that a gentleman is a thing that is ready-made? Why even Uncle George—I thought only those who were really not gentlemen used the word in such a way.”

Never in his life had he been so amazed. Never had he made such a blunder. It had almost ended in his being called no gentleman for the third time.

“No—no,” he almost stammered, “I meant I am not in the position of—of what Mr. Deane would expect—nothing more. Even in that sense I may be a born gentleman for aught I know.”

“And haven’t you known me better, after all these years?”

“You!—No!—But your uncle—you know what he will say.”

And she could not deny that she did know, only too well. The more admirable Abel’s career had been, the less it qualified him to be Mr. Deane’s nephew-in-law. The mushroom is more excellent than the rose, in a practical way, but it is not a drawing-room flower. And she knew, as well as Abel, what her uncle had said about peasant blood to Tom.

“And so, dearest,” he said, recovering his own decision in proportion as he saw that she was losing hers, “whatever happens it will not do to speak to Mr. Deane to-day, while he still has last night fresh upon his mind. It is for his sake as much as yours—he must

not be troubled with what you own yourself will be another blow. It is mere folly not to do things at their fitting time. I must be going back to town immediately—I am almost glad of the fire, as it will bring you there too. When we are all fixed and settled we will choose a good time for breaking our great news."

"You mean a secret engagement? No—that I could never bear. We have no secrets. I should let it out in a day. I could bear anything but that—any trouble"—

He frowned. "I am not asking for a secret engagement. Do I not long to be envied for my happiness by all the world? I am only—for your uncle's sake—proposing what is right: that I should have a chance of discovering who and what I am. I am convinced—from a hundred things—that I am of a position by right fully equal to yours. But I have never cared to trace it out till I knew you."

"And you can?" she asked eagerly. *When Adam dove and Eva span* was jingling in her head, and she was half ashamed of the hope that Abel might after all turn out to be a little less like the ancestor of all gentlemen than he seemed to be.

"*Aut inveniam viam*—where there's a will there's a way. I can't tell you everything—not even you. But you will understand that when my mother was found dead she wore a wedding ring. I have never been a peasant, even when I lived like one. I was a student and a poet, while all the other boys of the village were—village-boys. It was first in Longworth that I felt myself at home."

This, his favourite dream, had grown into a genuine conviction, perhaps because of its groundless absurdity. But Beatrice, as she recognised at last the note of enthusiasm for which she had been waiting, felt that nature must indeed have lied if Abel Herrick was really a peasant born. He was more ruggedly built and more strongly, if not more coarsely, toned than her own family and friends, but she had never seen a peasant who in the least resembled him.

"You know best," she said meekly, as she first looked down to the ground and then up into his face with utter self-abnegation in her eyes. "I have taken my own way so long—and it has been such a wrong one—that I don't know what is wise or foolish, or right or wrong."

"Then," he said, "I do. We are engaged: but it must be known at present—I hope for days only—to us two alone. Self-sacrifice *must* be right, always and everywhere, and what is right must be wise. Anything else would be cruel to your uncle, and put you

in a miserable situation without any need. I will leave no stone unturned to make matters so that your uncle will not only submit to receive me but will welcome me. He likes me already I know, and I must do nothing to lessen his liking—and, as I said before, where there's a will there's a way."

"If you think it right—then of course it is right," she said with a sigh. "But Annie—I must tell her? We have never had the smallest secret since we were born. Annie is myself—there is nothing she would not tell me."

"Yes—you are the wiser: there is nothing she does not tell you because there is nothing you do not understand. But how much can she understand of what you think or feel? What is wise in her may be very unwise in you."

"I may tell her?"

"Well—no."

"But I must"—

"Then everything else will be of no use, that's all. She will be sure to let it out to somebody. You own yourself she cannot keep a secret. And why should we be so unkind as to burden her with one?"

Beatrice felt she was doing wrong. But the charm of being ruled was still fresh upon her: and where was the merit of general submission if she was to rebel whenever submission went against the grain?

"What you think right is right for me," she said again humbly.

"Then that is settled," said Abel conclusively. "I shall leave for town at once, so that everything may be made easy for you: and I will never rest until I send you good news."

"But if you do not?"

"But I shall—I will. Be patient, and trust me."

Girls who are used to such situations may think Beatrice not a little impolitic to submit her will so implicitly to any man in the world, and to let him see that she did so. It may be gathered that there is a certain use in ball-room flirtations after all, in so far as they give the experience which teaches people how to hold their own. But Beatrice was not used to such situations, and had no desire to hold her own. Absolute and visible surrender was the haven of rest that her soul desired: and having hitherto surrendered nothing, there was a reckless joy in letting all go.

And so the great fire of Longworth came to an end.

As for Abel Herrick, it may be assumed without saying that he felt his new secret safe for just as long as he pleased. He was bound, in order to save her whom he loved from worry, to discover his own magnificent parentage : and if the discovery took long, as it well might, that would not be his fault but his misfortune. He might defy the most skilful casuist to show that he had been actuated by any but the most ideally chivalrous motives in anything he had said or done.

Nevertheless, just as if he had been the most prudent man in the world, he lost no time in leaving Longworth. A sudden pressure of business peremptorily called him to town the very next day. He even could not find, or failed to find, an opportunity of saying good bye to Beatrice before he went away, beyond a whispered word and a hurried pressure of the hand : but the touch assured him that he was very much in love with her indeed. Her rank, her beauty, her absolute submission to his will, and the element of mystery with which he had contrived to surround their engagement were all exactly and singularly adapted to gratify his delight in any romance of which he could take himself for the hero. Outwardly, his leave-taking was so insignificant that even Mrs. Burnett, who was present, could detect nothing to find fault with, except that it was almost a little too formal for two people of whom one had saved the other's life only the night before. She was almost disappointed to be relieved of her suspicions, for she did not like to be mistaken in her psychology.

He was sitting in the up-train, engaged in reviewing and admiring the way in which he had at last managed to act up to his chivalrous ideal, when another passenger, tall, bearded, and broad-shouldered, entered the same compartment at the next station, with a large quantity of small luggage for a man. Abel thought he knew the face, but could not recall when or where he had seen it. He had a bad memory for faces and names. He also noticed that his fellow passenger used only one arm, and that his left, in settling his luggage and lighting his cigar.

"I suppose you won't mind my smoking?" he asked : and then Abel frowned, for he had a good memory for voices, and the full, lazy tones recalled a certain morning on the terrace at Longworth, when he had heard the self-same voice presume to speak of love to Beatrice Deane.

"Not at all," he answered shortly.

"Can I offer you a cigar? Pardon me if I'm wrong, but are we strangers? Haven't we met in this part of the country before?"

"Yes—at Longworth. My name is Herrick."

"Herrick?" said the other, looking him over with a curious sort of smile. "By Jove! So you are. You know my mother, I believe—Mrs. Burnett? She knows you—very well indeed. By the way—can you explain to me exactly how you managed to get Miss Deane out of the fire?"

Abel looked at the view from the window, as he answered, "How?—I—I hardly know myself—I don't know, in fact—people do very unaccountable things at such times."

"Quite so. They do. But still I should have thought you would have remembered something?"

"No. I don't know what I did. I was as much surprised as anybody."

"You must have been. It puts one in mind of the Sonnambula. I wish you could tell me, though—it might be useful some day to know how to lose one's head to such good purpose. I wish I could sleep like that. I'm a first class sleeper, but nothing to you. Do you ever dream?"

"How far are you going?" asked Abel suddenly. "To town?"

"Oh, I don't know—It might be Brighton or it might be Calcutta. But about dreams. What a strange thing it must be to do like some fellows, and, when one goes to sleep, to wake up in a land of lies."

"Don't you ever dream?"

"Never. I wish I did—it must be rather amusing."

"I suppose you have no imagination," said Abel, rather scornfully.

"Not an atom. You've become a lawyer, haven't you?" asked the Captain, in the same odd tone of half amused, half careless curiosity.

"I have been called to the bar, since I saw you."

"Ah—a capital profession, I should say, for a man of imagination. Only isn't it rather disagreeable sometimes, having to make people believe what you don't believe yourself?"

"There's no need to do that. And if there were, I don't see that there's much to choose between our two callings. We only defend murderers—you murder."

"Well, you see, it doesn't give us night-mares."

"Can I help you?" asked Abel, seeing that the Captain was in difficulties over rearranging some of his luggage with his one arm. "I see you have had an accident—I hope it is nothing serious?"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself. There—now I'm pretty comfortable."

Here's Redchester. I think I shall take a nap—perhaps if there's a railway accident I shall save somebody."

"Redchester? Then good-bye—I get out here."

He had nothing to do at Redchester: but it was better to lose a train than to travel in the company of a man who seemed bent on forcing him to tell a lie. He seized the opportunity of escape, and, though feeling that he had not acted very heroically in running away, saw clearly that the greatest hero under like circumstances could not have acted differently. "Impertinent curiosity is not to be borne," he said to himself, as he indignantly paced up and down the platform. "Of all the insufferable things in the world a soldier in peace time is the very worst—the airs they give themselves because they wear a livery and take wages for doing nothing, like a footman! Such a fellow as that to have dared to propose to Beatrice! I should have lowered her if I had stayed in the same carriage with him—and what right had he to cross-examine me? If I had told him a lie he would only have got what he deserved for his impudence. I hope he will get to Calcutta and drink himself into knowing what dreams are—all those fellows do. I should have inevitably got angry and compromised Beatrice if I had stayed. When's the next up-train?"

"Next up? There's no next up, sir—she's the last that's just gone."

Abel was not an impatient man, but he swore. It was worse than annoying, for he still had to manage his shillings, and the loss of his ticket and an unexpected hotel bill were no trifles to him. He wished Sleepy Dick a great deal farther than Calcutta, and something much worse than bad dreams. However, there was no help for it now; and he would have had few thoughts to spare for Sleepy Dick had he known how much may depend upon the loss of a train.

The only immediate consequence was that he reached his chambers in the Middle Temple a whole four-and-twenty hours later than he intended, at a late hour on Sunday evening, and found nobody there. His clerk, or rather quarter clerk, for the young man contrived to serve not only two but four exigent masters, had pinned a piece of paper inscribed, "Mr. Herrick—Back in five minutes," upon the outer door, and there it still remained. He crumpled up the piece of paper, threw down the carpet bag that he had recovered from the lost luggage office, and spent the best part of an hour in hunting for a lucifer. The evening was cold, and no fire was laid, so that the manner of Abel's return was not calculated to restore the temper that he had lost by the way.

His gas was lighted at last: and this showed him another disagreeable thing—no fewer than three letters upon his writing-table. There may be men who like an unopened envelope to form part of their welcome home, but, with all his peculiarities, he was not quite so eccentric as these. Things had gone well in the main, but crossly in detail; and he had now especial reasons for being suspicious of all letters.

And especially of these, or at least of two of them. One was simply an envelope without stamp or post-mark. But one bore the Redchester post-mark and was addressed in the handwriting of Mr. Deane: another bore the Eastington post-mark, and was directed in Milly's Italian hand. What could she have to say? Both letters looked ominous. Was it possible that Mr. Deane had already discovered his engagement to Beatrice? Had Milly really refused Tom? He opened the unposted letter first, so as to put off the nervous moment of opening the others. His brow cleared a little—it was not a bill. It was only from his clerk, but it was this:—“Sir: Mr. King's clerk left a brief for you, and will see you Monday morning.”

He looked behind his desk, and there he saw what has made many a poor man's heart leap into his mouth—a real brief, not a thin thing such as had already now and then fallen to him at Sessions and elsewhere, but a fat pile of blue and white, that looked worth cutting into. He had looked forward to such a prize as the reward of patience, but the actual sight of it filled him almost with awe. He could not even give himself the pleasure of a closer examination till his mind was free from any misgiving that might mar the pleasure of indulging another of his dreams: for he had pictured himself not only as Bayard but as Erskine too. Till he was out of his suspense the brief must lie. He balanced for nearly a minute between the two remaining letters. Mr. Deane's was the most formidable: so he made a compromise with anxiety and dashed at Milly's.

CHAPTER VII.

When the reapers rest, to bind
 Summer into sheaves,
 Wouldst thou ask the harvest wind
 Why he loves the leaves?

Wouldst thou ask of word and tune
 Why their souls agree?
 Why the ever changeful moon
 Draws th' inconstant sea?

Nature cares not whence or how,
 Nature knows not why—
 'Tis enough that Thou art Thou,
 And that I am I.

TOM had caught the up-train by a good hour: and, while his father's house was blazing, he was on his way to the station a hundred miles away where he was to join another line, whence he was to branch to Eastington, whence he was to reach Winbury by any sort of conveyance he could find. It was a long and tedious journey, and carried him fast and far from the ill news of home. Eastington would not care, and Winbury would not know.

So he hurried away from the tidings that would have brought him back even from the all-absorbing errand on which he was bound till, at about seven o'clock in the morning, he was roused from a half doze by the word, whatever it was, that in porter's language did duty for Eastington. He was almost numbed, for he had hurried off without even a great-coat or a wrapper, and felt as most people do when they arrive at an out-of-the-way station on a raw morning after a night in the train. But Tom took such things healthily, and was no slave to the moods of the weather. His solitary race had seemed sensible last night, and therefore seemed no less sensible next morning. He went to the Lamb, and, under the influence of a basin of water, a clothes-brush, and five mutton chops, took not only a hopeful but a sanguine view of things in general.

His love-making had been an intensely exciting and interesting affair—to him. It had not been quite so interesting to Milly, because—believe it or not who may—she was in actual and supreme ignorance that he loved her until he told her so. Now the chronicles of Winbury are of the smallest beer at best, never soaring beyond the discovery of a few old letters in a Hebrew Bible: but a chronicle of Tom's attentions to Milly and of what she did not think of them is below the dignity of the history even of Winbury.

The offer had come as the finale to one of what Tom called his

duty visits to the Vicar—not that he called them duty visits as a salve to his conscience, for he did not delude even himself into thinking that he ran over to Winbury from Cambridge at all sorts of inconvenient times to chat with a deaf old fossil that hardly knew him when he came, and had lived without him for at least three-score years and ten. Duty meant pleasure, and pleasure meant Milly Barnes. “I’m going to see my uncle” became a sort of recognised form among his friends: and Tom knew it, and laughed with them.

He and she were walking along the canal, not far from where the tinker’s request for a kick had been refused.

“Milly!” said Tom.

“Yes?”

“I’m going away to-morrow.”

“Are you?”

“Yes.”

“You seem very fond of going away.”

“You think so, do you? Don’t you think I’m fond of coming too?”

“I suppose so, as you’re not obliged to come.”

“Do you mean to say you don’t know?”

“I suppose you mean that you come to see me?”

“Look here, Milly—should you be very sorry if I went away and never came back again?”

“Of course I should be—very sorry indeed. You don’t mean that, do you?”

“Yes—but really sorry?”

“Why—what on earth should I do?”

“Milly—what did you do before you knew me?”

“I dusted the books in the library.”

“Of course—but when you’d done that, I mean?”

“I dusted them again.”

“And what should you do if I went away?”

“I suppose—well—I should dust the books in the library.” And she sighed.

“I wish you’d tell me something about yourself, Milly. Have you no thought but of dusting those nonsensical books that nobody ever looks at all your days?”

“Why—what else is there to do? I’d dust the whole parish if I was only allowed.”

Mrs. Tallis was surely for once to blame. To allow her niece to go out walking alone with a young gentleman of whom she knew nothing more than that he was a Cambridge man named Eliot and a

nephew of the Vicar was imprudent, if not something more. But the fact is that she had taken a grim sort of liking to Tom ever since he had praised her housekeeping. Human nature is human nature, and her having toiled for so many years without a word of appreciation gave to one word of praise the effect of a whole volume when at last it came. Mr. Adams himself had some cause to be jealous of Tom; for though the housekeeper, like other people, was ready to be taken in by shams, she knew the real when she saw it as well as most people, or even better. As in the case of Mr. Adams, where she trusted she trusted absurdly: and, like stiff and grim old ladies in general, she had a large fund of indulgence for good-looking boys. But, in whatever way her seeming inconsistency may be accounted for, she did in effect allow Tom to take an ell where she would have refused an inch to another: and the effect was that, at this particular moment, he was feeling very like what, in another man, he would have called making a fool of himself. Common-place people can be very eloquent to one another in common-place words, or indeed without using any words at all. And, for the rest, He was He, and She was She.

"What is there to do?" he echoed. "What do other girls do? I suppose you will be married some day, Milly, like all the rest of the world."

"Why do you ask me that?" she asked quickly. "How can I tell? I should say you were the most likely to be married first, of us two."

He suddenly felt jealous of every other man in the world. "Never!" he said. "I shall never marry unless you do, and in the same church on the same day. Will you be my wife, Milly? Say you will."

And that was the whole story of Milly's second offer, to which she had given that decided "No" which had obliged Tom to offend his father by saying "can't" when nothing but "won't" would do. But something, even in her very decision, must have told Tom that a "Yes" would have come from nearer the bottom of her heart, or he would surely never have managed to eat his fifth chop at the Lamb at Eastington. He hired a horse and rode over to Winbury at a pace that must have reminded the hack of old days after the hounds: and he pulled up, not at the Vicarage, but at the Vane Arms.

Tom had by this time grown familiar not only with, but to, Winbury. Without anybody's knowing exactly how, he had brought life into the place, and had even organised old Crook's scholars into

something like discipline, by getting up a cricket-match between Winbury and Westcote. So Mr. Pottinger, the parish constable, who had been to the Vane Arms about a pig, or some similar business, received him with respectful familiarity and a broad grin of welcome.

"And how be you, sir? So you've come down to see after us again, sir? But, God bless my soul, I'm forgetting what's due," he said, his grin shading off suddenly into a lugubrious shake of the head. "You haven't been up to the house, sir?" he asked, in a solemn whisper.

"No. Why?" asked Tom as he dismounted. "There's nothing wrong?"

"Wrong, sir? It's contrary to Nature, sir, if you call that wrong."

"What is it?"

"It *is* contrary to Nature that a lady what's been part and parcel of this here parish ever since I were no older than you, asking your pardon, should go to leave it like that in one's own day. And such good friends as we were, too. She's took bad, sir—very bad indeed."

"She! Who?"

"I knew how 'twould be, all along. She've been cleaning, cleaning, cleaning that there place for nobody, as if dirt weren't ordained like other things—and that's contrary to Nature too—till, as one may say, she's cleaned herself into the churchyard—dust to dust, they say, and that's true enough with her. I've been up to the house, sir, and seen the doctor, and she's just as bad as bad."

"Mrs. Tallis!—Good God!—What do you mean by cleaning herself into the churchyard?"

"That's but a way of speaking, sir. I don't mean she've besomed herself in with her own hands. You'll mind, sir, the first day you ever come to Winbury, a good bit of time ago? Well, sir, she was in such a hurry to get over to Eastington that she couldn't wait till she could get as much as a cart, and she walked over, sir, on her legs and back again—and she've never been quite the same woman since as she were before. And so when she colded herself a bit afore the Michaelmas cleaning, down it settled on her lungs. You know the doctor from Westcote, sir, that you bowled out for a duck's egg? Well, he calls it bronch-i-tis, sir—that's the word: and I expect I've said good-bye to her in this here world, poor soul."

"You mean she's dying?"

"That's it, sir. People that's never ill gets it hard when they are."

"Good God! And Miss Barnes?"

"She takes on terrible, sir. And being just like a lady she knows how to do it well. But she's a nurse in a dozen, sir. You'd never have thought 'twas in the girl, brought up to do nothing as she's always been. There's Mrs. Herrick up there, too, and all the village 'd be there, if Miss Milly would allow. Mrs. Tallis was a bit close, sir—a notable woman, that knew how to make both ends to meet and to lap over: but she was a right down good 'un at bottom, and we'd miss the church clock not a bit more than she."

Tom knew too well the village fashion of talking of death as a familiar acquaintance to mistake Mr. Pottinger's style of speech for want of feeling. He tied up his horse in the stable and hurried to the Manor House, thinking only of being at Milly's side in the hour of her trouble. The door was opened by Abel's foster mother, who held each corner of her apron between a finger and thumb, as if to make a basin for the tears that were pouring freely.

"How is she?" began Tom quickly. "Is she still?"—

"Law, sir! If you wants to see a dying woman you be come just in time! Who'd a thought it? She with never a chick nor child, and I with eight, good lack alive!"

Without staying to fathom the mysteries of a matron's logic, Tom made his way straight to the housekeeper's room. In the hall he met his cricketing acquaintance the doctor from Westcote.

"It's all over with our poor patient, Mr. Eliot," he said, as he shook hands with him. "I don't know what good you'll do by seeing her, but you can do no harm. I can't wait, myself—I've two more bad cases a dozen miles off, and one of those may be saved."

Tom understood the country doctor as well as he understood Mr. Pottinger, and found no want of feeling in the short and brusque style of one who was fighting every hour to keep death away from a circle of twenty miles. "And Miss Barnes?" he asked.

"A good girl, Mr. Eliot—my right hand here. Good-day—I've but fifty-seven minutes and a half to ride a dozen miles on a tired horse. Good-day."

The door of the housekeeper's room was half open: he tapped, and entered softly. The bedroom led out of it: and he heard Mrs. Tallis's voice running on hoarsely in broken starts, and saw Milly's figure bending over her, quietly, but moved every now and then by sobs that she tried to restrain. He drew back into the window, so that no chance sight of his presence might disturb what he knew was the last time that Milly would hear the voice of her more than mother. He only caught a few words here and there, nor

could Milly herself, though her strained ear was close to her aunt's lips, have heard all, for the broken voice was every moment growing fainter and fainter. Mrs. Herrick was standing at the door of the housekeeper's room, filling her apron with her tears.

"Milly—it's a comfort I haven't much on my conscience—if I haven't done all I ought it's been for want of time. It's only the autumn cleaning lies much on my mind—thank God, I've no fears for you now. Mr. Adams knows what to do as well as me, and you've got an education at Miss Baxter's to fit you for any station in the land. Make my respects to him, and tell him I'm sorry not to have seen him before going away. You'll hear people call me close and mean, my dear, but don't you trouble to contradict them. You won't find I've saved much, all the same; but what there is 'll be enough to keep you going till the time comes. Trust Mr. Adams, my dear, and do whatever he tells you: he is a respectable young man, and will be reasonable in his charges, I'm sure. And you'll mind what you promised me about him, my dear—and now my mind's at ease about you. Thank God I've never put off to to-morrow what I could do to-day. Don't you do that ever, Milly. I'm vexed, thinking about how you'll get your meals properly: but the wind's tempered to the shorn lamb. It would have been better if you'd tried to learn a little more how to manage for yourself, for you'll find servants a sore trial. But never mind—my dear—don't cry: we must all go, and I shan't be sorry to see my poor John again. I trust he'll know me: for he was a fine young man when he went, and we didn't grow old together as we ought to have done. And my poor brother Sam and my sister Martha—I shall see them all. It will be like a holiday. If I'd only been spared to see the cleaning through I should die happy, and knowing my work was done. Mr. Smith would have come at last, and then he'd have seen with his own eyes. I'd have liked to have heard him say, 'Well done, Mrs. Tallis,' with my own ears. Everything's quite ready to be cleaned, my dear—there's not been much time for things to get wrong since Saturday's doing. If I had only died on a Sunday there'd have been nothing wrong at all. You won't live here—you'll have a grand house of your own—I'd like to have seen it—but it's all for the best: you—but before you leave this—there was a big spider-web in the little attic—tell Mrs. Herrick to do as if I was by—leave all like a new pin—Mr. Smith 'll come at last—I've put the house in order, and when he comes—Good-bye, my dear. He's coming now—He's come."

It was not Mr. Smith who came. But, whoever it was, he most

surely found the house in order : and the housekeeper was dismissed to the rest that she deserved.

Tom did not stir from the window. Whenever Milly left her aunt's bedside she must find him at hand : and not for a million Longworths would he have given up the right of trying to give her some comfort. But she was so long appearing that he began to feel alarmed. He stole softly and reverently, as the most thoughtless must in the presence of the sacrament of death, to the side of the bed and touched her hand. She did not seem conscious of the touch : at any rate she let his fingers remain on hers. He had no shrinking from looking at realities, and he looked at the dead woman's face, which smiled as he had never seen her smile, for her hardness also had died. Then he closed her eyes.

Thus all three remained for a long time, without a look or a word, till Milly let out her sobs at last, and wept as if her heart was broken. Tom beckoned to Mrs. Herrick, and half led, half supported Milly from the room. He did not speak, and presently left her, so that she might be for a little while alone. But he went no farther than the large drawing-room where she used to sit, so that he might be at hand in case of need.

There is such a thing as healthy selfishness in the world. Tom liked and respected Mrs. Tallis well enough, and love made his heart bleed for Milly : but it would have been contrary to Nature, as Mr. Pottinger would say, for an eminently practical young man who lived strongly to forget his own existence in that of others. He could not forget, because Mrs. Tallis had died, that he and Milly lived, or for what he had come post haste to Winbury : and something told him, without words, that Milly's heart in her sorrow had crept a little nearer to his own. To speak to her to-day was of course out of the question, but at the same time he must lose no more time than was absolutely necessary—his intention had been to settle matters at home once for all by one conclusive answer, and intentions with him had all the weight of vows. He would of course be missed at Longworth, and he clearly could not let them know where he was till he could send at the same time a satisfactory reason for his being away. One day must now be lost in any case, for it was too late for the post, and to leave Milly in order to telegraph from Eastington was of course out of the question. He wished he had left some sort of message to account temporarily for his sudden absence, but it was too late to think of that now, and as one more day would put everything straight again, he dismissed the regret

from his mind, as he dismissed all useless things. "They'll think I've got up early and gone fishing, I dare say," he thought; "and they'll know me better than to think I'm drowned because I'm not home at dinner time." So, after waiting in the drawing-room till he could wait no longer, he went out to order a bed at the Vane Arms. The landlord wondered a little that he should not have put up at the Vicarage as usual, but Tom never thought of making excuses or explanations, and the death of Mrs. Tallis was like the coming of chaos to Winbury, and made it natural that everything else should run out of the appointed groove.

He was in the stable, giving orders about sending back the horse to Eastington, when Mrs. Herrick, now the most important person in the whole village, came to him.

"I think Miss Milly ought to see you now, sir. I've told her you're here, and she didn't say a word."

From which it may be concluded that the walks along the canal had been best understood by those whom it least concerned.

He set off to the house at once, at such a pace that the old washer-woman could hardly keep up with him.

"And if I may make so bold," she said, in breathless anxiety, "is there any news of our Abel, sir? I hope he is doing well?"

"Never mind Abel now.—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Herrick: I forgot he was almost your son."

"Aye, sir—when I used to have him I used to have nine."

"He's doing wonderfully well. By the way, he must know of this at once—shall I give him any message from you?"

"No thank-you, sir, if you please. 'Tis enough for us he's doing well. 'Twouldn't be fair to trouble the likes of him with the likes of we."

Tom stared: for her experience was not within the scope of his theories. But he had no thoughts to spare for Mrs. Herrick's complications. He was now at the lodge gate, and Mrs. Herrick, having spent all her breath, was obliged to drop behind him.

He found Milly sitting where he had left her, but much more composed. Either her tears had run dry, or her sorrow was sinking down below their spring.

"Dearest Milly!" he could not help saying, as he stood before her and looked down upon her with reverence as well as love in his heart and eyes. He, at any rate, never thought her common-place: and, however wrong he might be in the main, he was for once more right than he knew.

"My own poor little Milly!" he said, following all his heart. "I do love you, with all my heart and soul!"

She looked up at him, with dry eyes. "No!" she said, half to herself: and her eyes filled again, from a fresh spring.

"But I do, Milly—and I may love you too—even if you can't love me. You are all alone"——

"If you cared at all—you would not be here."

"Is that what makes you think anybody else cares for you, Milly—that he is never here? I must not let you think that—even now. If you do love me, you may say so now—he himself says you are free to love whom you please."

He had not meant to say one word to-night: but he could not help himself when he felt how utterly alone she was but for him. If the presence of death is to close the heart, then death is an evil.

"He—Abel?" she exclaimed with a start: "*He* says that? You have seen him?"

"Don't think me quite a selfish beast—for talking of myself—when—He knows I am here, and why."

"He knew I should be true," she said, with a long sigh. "He trusts me to keep my word, because he has kept his own."

"Write to him, then—not now, but when you can. But don't keep me miserable—I know what he will say. And—if he says what I know he will—do you love me, Milly, yes or no?"

"Oh, Tom—don't ask me now—can't you understand?"

If the presence of death is to conquer love, then is death an evil, ten times told. But they come as they should, when they come hand in hand. It was a fitting part of Milly's sorrow that, in the very moment of it, her heart should take its rest where it had already gone.

He sat down by her side and drew her towards him. "You will write?" he asked eagerly. "And if he answers it as he will, you will be my wife—you will let me be your home?"

"I would try to be yours," whispered Milly. "But"——

"But what? What could there be to part us then?"

"I have promised—not to marry till I am allowed."

"You have other friends, then? But they will consent, I suppose?"

"Mr. Adams."

"Who's Mr. Adams?"

"My guardian—a lawyer. He lives at Eastington."

"A lawyer? Then I'll go over to Eastington to-morrow morning. Try and write to Herrick—you don't know how important it is for us to lose no time—I'll come back to the Vicarage, for I will not leave you now. My own darling! Don't cry now"——

Her head was almost on his shoulder : and he had scarcely time to withdraw his arm when the doctor entered in the half twilight.

“Don't you think, Mr. Eliot,” asked the latter drily, “that you'd better leave Miss Milly to me? She has not been in bed these two-nights, and I have too many patients on hand to want any more.”

Tom started to find it so late. He pressed Milly's hand, wrung the doctor's as if it had been that of an old friend, and went back to the Vane Arms, hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels. If the old housekeeper's spirit still clung to the old house, it found itself half forgotten for one moment to be remembered for the next in a better way. It was April in the old house : and the sun came with the rain.

CHAPTER VIII.

With sole unsoiled he trod the ways
That fringe the skirts of shame,
And oft he caught the people's praise
By fishing for their blame.

As keen as Chanticleer in spring
His trumpet he would blow :
And, when he missed the pigeon's wing,
He somehow hit the Crow.

Was Milly engaged to Abel Herrick or to Tom Eliot?

She at any rate did not attempt to answer. She only knew two things : one, that she loved best what she had just lost : the other, that if she loved Abel next best there was something better than love in the world. With this thought below her tears, she fell at last into the deep sleep of utter fatigue. Though once more left alone in the old Manor House no ghosts came to her : for though alone she was not alone.

Tom also slept : for he also had lost a night's rest and he had to make up for it. But he was on his way to Eastington before sunrise, and on foot : for no other conveyance was to be obtained, and his horse had been returned.

He was in such a whirl of family complications that there was nothing to do but let them fight it out among them and settle themselves : and it was so bright a morning that he felt quite light-hearted—so light-hearted that he was almost ashamed of himself, and began to think himself a fellow without any feelings at all. He checked himself at the beginning of a whistle that seemed horribly out of keeping with what Milly must be thinking or dreaming, and with what lay behind the closed shutters of the old Manor House. He

climbed over the park wall so that he might have the satisfaction of passing within a stone's throw of Milly. "Let me see—wasn't there some girl once named Flora Campbell?" he thought as he struck into the short cut to Eastington by way of the canal. "What awful fools boys are, to be sure. Well, there goes Longworth now, and let it go. I can write home now, and say so. I wonder if that cold-blooded brute Herrick, told them why I'm gone? For cold-blooded the fellow must be, with all his good points, or he'd never have given her up without a fight, and a hard one too. I'm afraid I shan't be quite so fair as to tell the first fellow that wants her to go in and win, while I look on. She never could have really cared for a fellow like that—the thing's absurd—nor he for her. But it has proved her a grand girl, if that wanted proving—if she's so true without love, what won't she be with it? By Jove—I *would* let anybody win her—if he can. I don't care—the governor, bless him, will see I'm right after all, before he's many weeks older, and as for Longworth, he has a right to do what he likes with his own. After all, if I hadn't been born, Bee and Annie would have had it, so it's only supposing their father to have been an hour older than mine, as he might have been, and then everything's as it ought to be. I wonder what sort of a fellow this guardian will turn out? A lawyer too. What can Milly want a guardian for, and she of age, and without a penny I should think, unless it's the contents of some old stocking? Well, I suppose I can tackle him. Mr. Adams—that sounds patriarchal, somehow. He'll talk about settlements, of course: and I shall astonish him by telling him to settle everything just as he likes, and send in his bill, and have it over. How fellows can stickle over parchments when they want to marry a girl beats me—but they all do. But then there isn't more than one Milly in the world."

One hundred million Millys would have been a little nearer the mark: but he had not counted beyond the first when he entered the High Street of Eastington, just when the earliest shutters were being taken down. Eastington was a very Paris or London compared with Winbury, but it was a Winbury among towns except on market day, and this was not market day. It was an absolutely stagnant place, though, being the county town, a good deal of business necessarily passed through it quietly in the course of the year. The inhabitants considered themselves rather wide awake than otherwise, and in advance of the age: and the *Mercury*, the organ which had given Abel Herrick his first sip of fame, was undoubtedly a power as far as Westcote, and even farther. It was at the office of this journal, a stationer's shop in the High Street, that Tom inquired for the address

of Mr. Adams the lawyer. He was directed to a place called either Hog Alley, or Og Halley—the exact shade was doubtful—and thither he went, wondering what made him feel suddenly shy.

The true reading proved to be Hog Alley, and was a narrow passage leading out of the main street between tall houses of black brick which showed Eastington to have a respectable sort of half antiquity. The dinginess of the approach confirmed Tom in his preconceived opinion that Milly's guardian would turn out to be a precise, formal, old-fashioned old fellow of the accepted pattern of guardians all over the world. And then arose the question in his mind, Was it wise to risk disturbing the old fellow so early by an application for the hand of a ward? Or, on the other hand, was it wise to risk missing him by calling after business had begun? Unaccustomed shyness tempted him to pass by the brass plate on which was inscribed "Mr. Adams, Solicitor": impatient habit drew his hand to the bell. Courage prevailed. "Here goes—there'll be somebody up, any way"—and he pulled the bell.

But he waited full three minutes before he heard bolts and a chain drawn: and the door was opened by a grimy old woman not more than three-quarters dressed and with half-opened eyes.

"You aren't the milk? You want to see Mr. Adams? Call at nine. That's his time."

"Thank you," said Tom, always polite to his inferiors. "Then I've just hit it; there goes nine."

"So it do, to be sure—bless me—well, call at ten—he'll be sure to be in then."

"Hulloa! I say!—Mother Night-cap!" called a voice from above. "Where's that soda? Are you making it, eh?"

"It's a coming, sir!" bawled the old woman. "Here's a to-do, with people coming before Christians are out of their beds": and she slammed the door in Tom's face, leaving him standing on the step outside, with his card in his hand.

"I suppose this is the right Mr. Adams?" thought Tom, as he examined the brass-plate once more. "Soda at nine—that tells tales of somebody: but I suppose lawyers' clerks are no better than their betters. Lucky for him, I should say, that Mr. Adams didn't happen to come to his office at nine. What on earth am I to do till ten? I might get some breakfast, though. A good thought—I will."

He went to the Lamb once more, and breakfasted, with the newspaper spread out before him. But it told him nothing of Longworth, for it was only an old *Mercury* dated three weeks ago. And if it had

been the *Times* of that morning it would have come to the same thing, for he did not read a word.

"You may say that," said one of two farmers who were taking bread and cheese at another table. "He's a deep 'un, and no mistake there."

"And such a clever chap too! Knows the points of a horse as well as the points of the law. That's possession, you know."

"Ah, you may say that—no mistake there."

"He's the chap for my money—they may talk of their honest lawyers and that, but I like a lawyer with a spice of the rogue in him. Where's the good of being an honest man oneself if one's to have an honest lawyer? There's somebody must do the dirty work, I suppose—a man can't be expected to cart his own manure."

"Very true—no mistake there."

"You've heard tell how he did old Field? Old Field goes to his office, and says 'Look here, lawyer—I'll put a case: a chap's dog ran off with a pound of steak out of my shop: what am I to do?'—'Send the chap a bill,' says he, 'and County Court him if he don't pay.' 'Then here's my bill,' says old Field; 'just elevenpence ha'p'ny; you are the chap, and the dog's your own.' 'All right,' says he: 'you give me five and sevenpence ha'p'ny—that'll be the change out of my fee, for advising you.' So old Field had to pay nigh six shillin' for having his steak stole—Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ah, they may talk of lawyer Smith, but lawyer Adams for me. He had him there!"

"You're talking of Adams the lawyer?" asked Tom. "Is there more than one? He seems to be rather a sharp practitioner?"

"Sharp's the word, young gentleman! If you ever go to law, get him your side, that's all."

"Is he a good sort of fellow to talk to?"

"A good 'un to talk? I don't know his match this side Michaelmas."

"You may say that," said the other. "He's a deep 'un, and no mistake there."

"And such a clever chap too! Knows the points of a horse"—

But the clock struck a quarter to ten: and Tom, not caring to hear a repetition of the story of old Field and his beef-steak, paid for his breakfast and returned to Hog Alley, doubly wondering what sort of person Milly's guardian could possibly be.

A transformation scene seemed to have been effected in Hog

Alley, on a small but striking scale. The door was now wide open, the blinds were drawn up, and everything looked smart and trim but the windows, which were in a condition that would have driven Mrs. Tallis wild. She would most assuredly have scrubbed them, and thus lost Mr. Adams his legal reputation till they became professionally dingy again.

The usual ceremonies of waiting were gone through with precise and elaborate exactness. Tom had known none of those terrible half hours spent by clients and patients, which are probably responsible for more grey hairs than poverty or disease themselves. This half hour, spent in studying the prospectus of an insurance company that hung against the wall, depressed even him.

But at last one of the clerks, without any apparent reason, looked up for a moment from his desk and told him that Mr. Adams was now disengaged. Tom stepped into the most respectable and orthodox of private offices, exactly as he had pictured it to himself, with an imposing array of tin boxes—so many that if Mr. Adams had been the family lawyer of two whole counties he could not have shown more. A young man, dressed in a black suit, with a scarlet neck-tie and a parti-coloured dahlia in his button-hole, pointed to a chair without looking up from the parchment over which he was poring.

“Am I to wait for Mr. Adams here?” asked Tom.

“One moment, sir, please. ‘And whereas the said Marquis of,’—all right. There—now, sir, I can attend to you.”

“I came to see Mr. Adams.”

“All se—all right. I’m the party. What can I do for you?”

“You are Mr. Adams? Why—Is there a senior partner, perhaps?”

“I’m the firm.”

Tom stared hard at Milly’s guardian. Why, he could not be older than himself: it was so absurd that all his senses, except that of humour, went off to sea. There was a sort of joke even in the young lawyer’s snub nose.

“I’ve just come from Winbury,” he said. “You will be sorry to hear, no doubt, that Mrs. Tallis died last night—almost suddenly.”

“By Jing—I mean the dev—I mean you don’t say so!” exclaimed Mr. Adams in a voice that reminded Tom of the soda-water of an hour ago.

“I do, though. I was in the house when she died.”

“Poor old girl! She’ll be a loss—but never mind. Mr. Eliot,

I believe? And, may I ask, who are you? Next of kin, eh? She had people at Norwich. She was a very close old fi—elderly party; and I'm uncommonly sorry she's gone off the pegs, I am, on my word."

"I am told you're Miss Barnes's guardian. Can that be true?"

"Ah! I see.—Oh, Miss Barnes—oh yes, I'm her guardian.—Now, Mr. Eliot, I put it to you, between you and I, ain't it rather early in the day? There's some delicacy to be observed, you know—there is indeed."

"Hang the fellow's impudence!" thought Tom. "What does he mean by talking like that to me? I see he wants putting down.—Look here, Mr. Adams, I want to talk business in a business-like way."

"Very good—if you come to business, I'm your man. You and I'll get on capital, I see. And now, pr'aps, you'll remember that a lawyer's time isn't his own."

"Then," said Tom, colouring, not with shame for the avowal, but with shame at having to make it to this whipper-snapper of an attorney, "I have proposed to Miss Barnes, and she has accepted me. So I have come for your consent, which I suppose is only a matter of form?"

Mr. Adams turned his face half round, as if he was hard of hearing.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Eliot. Will you oblige me by saying that word again?"

"A matter of form? That can be all, I suppose."

"What are you, Mr. Eliot, may I ask? Not one of us, eh?"

Tom hardly knew how to behave: whether to be amused or contemptuous. Under any other circumstances he would have treated a man of this type with good-humoured condescension, and it was too ridiculous that he should have to come to this young cad, as he considered him, to sue humbly and respectfully, cap in hand, for the happiness of his life. The only thing was to fancy him what he had expected, and to answer accordingly, so long as the questions were fair.

"No. I have no profession at present. I have taken my degree at Cambridge."

"Ah. Then let me ask you what you think forms are made for? Pr'aps you think Miss Milly's consent matter of form too? Let me tell you," he said, trying to expand himself into importance sufficient to fill his chair, "that precious messes we should get into if

we treated our clients' wishes as matters of form. However, we'll see. Of course it's Miss Milly's own pretty little self you're after, and nothing that may happen to be in the wind? And you're what may be called a gent at large?"

"I don't want you to remember whom you're speaking to, but you'll remember whom we're speaking of, if you please."

"Quite so. Just my own views. Quite natural, Mr. Eliot: she's a nice girl—really quite an uncommon nice girl. We used to think no end of her in our office, when she was at Mother Baxter's. And when did you pop, eh?"

"I came to an attorney's office to talk business—not slang," said Tom, the amusement and contempt beginning to mix into indignation.

"Quite so—slang, Mr. Eliot, is a low, vulgar habit, which I trust you will never be offended with in your journey through the world. But pop—if I'm not mistaken, pop has been used by some of our greatest authors. But *de gustibus non est disputandum*: and as a Cambridge scholar you'll know what that means. So, if you like, when did you initiate the interrogatories? It's all one to me, only the other word saves time—that's all."

"And I like to talk good English, and not bad Latin—that's all. I spoke to Miss Barnes last night. I don't know anything of her affairs, and don't want to. I suppose it will be enough for you if I settle anything you like, and as you like, and have it over."

"Ah, that's something like 'business—that's quite a white cart, as the French say. I'll make a note of instructions as you go on—what have you got to settle, sir, if you please?"

"Well—not very much—an uncle of mine left me about a hundred and fifty pounds a year."

"Prodigious! All your own—absolutely?"

"I told you it was not very much. But I shall enter some profession, of course"—

"Ah!—And you're a gentleman at large, with a hundred and fifty of your own—and you popped—I beg pardon: initiated—the night the old lady died—and you don't know anything about Miss Milly's affairs—oh no, oh of course not, not at all? Well, Mr. Eliot, you've done quite right in coming straight to me. You couldn't help yourself; but it was quite right, all the same. And *ergo*, on mature consideration, and after weighing all the circumstances, I beg leave, in the name of my unprotected ward, to have the honour to—show you my office-door. Just painted, sir, and a new brass plate, with the name of Joseph Adams, Solicitor, who wasn't born yesterday."

"What!" said Tom, starting up.

"Door, sir. Or introductory exit, if door's too plain. I'm not to be caught with chaff, not I. Miss Milly's just as if she was my own daughter, Mr. Eliot: and I'm going to keep off trespassers with the utmost rigour of the law. You're not the only young chap, nor the only Cambridge scholar, I've got my eye on, and you'll not be the last, I daresay. I'm sorry now I had my door done up: I ought to have had it widened first a bit, to make plenty of room for all of 'em to go out, and to make 'em see it clear."

Tom prided himself upon keeping his temper, and Mr. Adams was evidently not one with whom it was possible to quarrel without loss of dignity. But the snub face and the vulgar voice were enough to aggravate even Sleepy Dick himself: and Tom must have looked dangerous, for Mr. Adams rose and suddenly held out his hand.

"I see you're not a bad sort," he said. "Have a biscuit, and a glass of sherry wine. Or p'raps you're a gin and seltzer fellow? That's the go now. We're men of the world, we are, and you've only made the little mistake of thinking I'm not quite as wide awake as I am, that's all. You're not the first that's made that mistake, I can tell you. There ain't no malice in business between men of the world. One does the other, and then it's all done for that round. You called at nine, I hear, but you must get up earlier than that to take in me. Here's to you, sir, and many of 'em, and better luck next time. And whenever you want advice, Mr. Eliot—or it may be a trifle of cash, as you're a Cambridge gent at large—you come to Hog Alley, and if I don't pull you through I'm a Dutchman. The door was a metaphor, you know. I like you, Mr. Eliot: and as an acquaintance I hope you'll turn in any day you're passing by."

"I'm confoundedly sorry I ever did, that's all."

"Humbug. A lot of fellows, now—old Smith, for instance—would have been taken in by your talk of settling. Not I. When a man talks of settling all he's got I pretty well know that he's got seven figures for a capital—and all aughts, every one."

"I don't envy you your experience. Well, I'm not afraid of a fight. Do you mean to say a guardian can keep a girl from marrying after she's of age? I don't know much law, but it can't be so absurd as that comes to."

"The law, Mr. Eliot, is never absurd."

"Then Miss Barnes is free to disobey you?"

"I never make admissions, Mr. Eliot. And p'raps she's not of age: and p'raps you don't know young women quite so well as me."

"Then, if you won't give me an answer, I must find somebody who will."

"This is a free country, Mr. Eliot—that's your own affair."

"Then good morning."

Tom gave himself credit for not having been drawn into a quarrel with such a cad. But that did not help much if the lawyer's claim to forbid Milly's marriage was well founded. Having heard lawyer Smith spoken of as precisely the opposite of lawyer Adams, he lost no time in discovering his office and sending in his name.

After going through the same process of waiting as before, he found in Mr. Smith a red-faced old fellow in a dress-coat and white choker, who beamed upon him pleasantly through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"I want to ask you, Mr. Smith, if a girl who is more than twenty-one can be forced by her guardian to refuse an offer of marriage," said Tom at once, without waiting to sit down.

Mr. Smith's smile, he thought, changed from a general to a particular one. "I suppose," he said, "that I have not the pleasure of speaking to the guardian?"

"Need I mention names? I should be very much obliged if you could merely answer the question."

"Your name I know: but I should like to know the young lady's. You see, Mr. Eliot, I might be acting against one of my own clients."

"Very well—I don't mind," said Tom, colouring a little. He felt as if he were making Milly the talk of all Eastington. "The young lady is a Miss Barnes."

"Barnes? I don't know any infant of that name. And the guardian?"

"Mr. Adams, the lawyer here."

"What—my old clerk, Joe Adams, a guardian to young ladies? Why the young Jackanapes wants a guardian himself—*quis custodiet custodes*—who's to guard the guardian, eh, Mr. Eliot? Ha, ha, ha! So it's Joe Adams that refuses to make somebody a happy man, eh? What's his reason?"

"That's just what I want to know."

"And you say the young lady is more than twenty-one?"

"No doubt of it—though Adams chose not to admit it."

"When Joe Adams doesn't admit, that means he can't deny. That's what he calls being sharp, I believe. The young lady isn't a lunatic, I hope?"

"Good God, no!"

"She is entitled to property, of course?"

"Not to a penny. At least she can't have anything like what she would gain by marrying me."

"Aha! There the cat jumped, eh? Never mind—my walls have no ears. Is there a will? Perhaps there are restrictions on her marriage?"

"Quite impossible, I should say. That fellow Adams never hinted at any such thing: and then, if she has everything to gain and nothing to lose"——

"True. Then, supposing her to be not a lunatic, and supposing her to be really of age, and allowing for my ignorance of any special circumstances in the case, I may safely tell you, as a general question of law, that Miss—Miss"——

"Barnes"——

"Miss Barnes may safely defy Master Joe Adams and all his ways. Does he give no reason at all for his refusal?"

"None!" said Tom, recovering all his good temper. "He said nothing but 'No,' and he said that in such a way that it was as much as I could do not to knock him down. And that, you say, isn't worth a straw?"

"Which? The 'No' or the knocking down? I'm afraid if you'd knocked down Joe Adams you would have found it cost you a good many straws. But the 'No' is not worth half a split one, I should say."

"And if he sticks to it?"

"Then go to some respectable solicitor. Joe Adams, Mr. Eliot, to use an apt though homely proverb, was always particularly fond of teaching his grandmothers-in-law—ha, ha, ha!—to suck eggs. He has a reputation for sharpness, which is a very dangerous sort of reputation for the man who gets it. He has to keep it up, you see, and if he makes a slip, he's done. Shaving with a blunt razor isn't quick work, but it shaves just as clean in the end, and doesn't cut one's chin. Mr. Adams guardian to a marriageable young lady! What a notion—it's all of a piece with his impudence in thinking there's room for another lawyer in a place like Eastington. Perhaps he's a rival though! Hasn't it occurred to you, Mr. Eliot, that a smart young guardian might like to keep the field clear?"

"By Jove! I never thought of that—of course that would account for it all!"

"My dear sir, anything would account for Joe Adams making an ass of himself. A petticoat's at the bottom of most things: and a fellow wouldn't make such a blunder in his law without having something more than brains inside his skull."

“And what would you advise me to do?”

“I should say, don't marry a girl without a fortune. But if you will, why then snap your fingers at Master Adams, and if he snaps back, come to me. I think we've got him on the hip this time. Impertinent blockhead, to think himself fit to set up for himself—and in Eastington too!”

“Thank-you!” said Tom, with the warmest gratitude he had ever felt towards any mortal, and thinking Mr. Smith the greatest lawyer in the world. He was ashamed of the trumpery fee he had to pay for information that was worth its weight in diamonds, and once more galloped to Winbury.

It was very hard that he had to restrain his joy in the house of mourning. But there was nothing now to prevent his placing his arm round Milly's waist and drawing her towards him, as he said—

“Have you written that letter, dearest?”

“Yes—and?”—

“It's all right! I've seen Smith the lawyer, and he says Mr. Adams's guardianship isn't worth half a split straw. Those were his very words. So, when Herrick's answer comes”——

“You've been to Eastington? To-day?”

“Of course I did. It was life and death to me.”

“And—you didn't see Mr. Adams?”

“Oh yes, I saw him.”

“And what did he say?” asked Milly, with more anxiety in her half whisper than she was able to hide.

“Oh, he said ‘No’—of course he had his own reasons. But Smith”——

“Oh, Tom! It doesn't matter what anybody else may say! If Mr. Adams said ‘No’”——

“My darling—he can't: it's the law. How can a cad like that—and when we love one another, as we do”——

Poor Milly let her hands fall heavily, and drew a deep sigh that ended in a sob.

“Oh, Tom! It can never be! I promised—Her!”

Mr. Smith might be right in his law, but Mr. Adams had shown himself to be better acquainted with what was not law. Tom felt his heart break: but he had not a word to say.

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

I HAVE not yet come to the end of my correspondence with respect to the Jewish antecedents and the conversion to Christianity of our Prime Minister. It is natural that our Hebrew fellow-countrymen should feel a deep interest in this subject. The most important communication that has reached me is from Mr. Adolphus Rosenberg, who has collected a mass of evidence relating to Mr. Disraeli's family and their secession from the Jewish Communion. He has been largely assisted, he says, by the writings of James Picciotto, an able and learned Jewish author, who has examined numerous synagogal archives not hitherto collated for literary purposes. I can only produce here a few of the more important items from Mr. Rosenberg's interesting letter. He goes back to Mr. Disraeli's grandfather, who, like the Premier, was named Benjamin, and we must distinguish him from his grandson by the different method of writing the surname. Benjamin D'Israeli, the grandfather, was of Portuguese descent, but resided in Italy until the time when he brought his family and settled in London. He took but little interest in the affairs of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue of which he was a member—one of the most ancient if not the very first of the synagogues established in London—which still exists in Bevis Marks, Houndsditch. "The Anglo-Jewish community," says Mr. Rosenberg, "is divided into two sections, the *Askenazim*, or Germans, following the ritual which is more or less the work of German and Polish rabbis, and the *Sephardim*, who are descended from the Israelites banished from Spain in the period of the Inquisition of Torquemada." The books of the Portuguese Synagogue show that in the first year of his residence in England Benjamin D'Israeli's contribution to the synagogue amounted only to ten shillings a year, sufficiently indicating that he was in far from affluent circumstances; but he prospered so well in this country that by-and-by his annual payment amounted to £22 13s. 4d. In or about the year 1782 he appears to have held an honorary office in connection with the congregation. His son Isaac, born in 1766, married Maria Basevi, a Jewess, and had four children—one daughter and three sons. The sons were Benjamin, Ralph, and James. Upon Benjamin Disraeli, our

Premier, the rite of the Abrahamic covenant was performed by David Abarbanel Lindo, a cousin of his mother, one of the principal members of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue and a merchant of considerable repute. Isaac D'Israeli was anything but a fervent religionist previous to his separation from the Jewish Communion. He was a literary recluse, a student and a bookworm, and never in his works gives expression to any sentiment of religious fervour, either Hebrew or Christian. In his Jewish days he did not often attend the synagogue, except on the Day of Atonement and New Year's Day, and occasionally on Passover and Pentecost; but he contributed regularly ten pounds a year to the synagogue, and frequent guineas to charitable institutions in connection with it. Meanwhile he attained some eminence as a man of letters, and on the 3rd of October, 1813, at a meeting of the congregation, he was elected Warden: a position of high honour and importance. But Isaac D'Israeli refused the office, stating in a letter to the Elders: "I am willing to contribute, so far as my limited means permit, to your annual subscriptions, but assuredly without interference with your interior concerns." The Elders ignored this letter, and Mr. D'Israeli was fined £40 in default of his acceptance of the office. Subsequently he addressed to the executive of the synagogue the following letter, which has been recently brought to light by Mr. Picciotto:—

You are pleased to inform me that my election of *Parnass* (Warden) is in strict conformity with your laws. Were I to agree to this it would not alter the utter impropriety of the choice. Whatever may be the laws, the spirit of the law must depend on their wise administration.

A person who has lived out of the sphere of your observation, of retired habits of life, who can never unite in your public worship because, as now conducted, it disturbs instead of exciting religious emotions—a circumstance of general acknowledgment—who has only tolerated some part of your ritual, willing to concede all he can in those matters which he holds to be indifferent; such a man with but a moderate portion of honour and understanding never can accept the solemn functions of an Elder of your congregation, and involve his life and distract his business pursuits, not in temporary, but permanent duties always repulsive to his feelings.

I lament the occasion which drives me, with so many others, out of the pale of your jurisdiction. The larger portion of your society bears a close resemblance to the tribe of Ephraim, whom Hosea curiously describes, ch. vii. v. 8, "Ephraim hath mixed himself among the people! Ephraim is a cake not turned"! That is, a cake upon the hearth, baked on one side and raw on the other, partly Jew and partly Gentile! Why have you so many Ephraimites? The cause of this defection is worthy of your inquiry. Gentlemen, allow me to add that whenever the governed are unruly some defect will be discovered in the governors. Even the government of a small sect can only be safely conducted by enlightened

principles, and must accommodate itself with practical wisdom to existing circumstances, but above all with a tender regard to the injured feelings of its scattered members. Something like the domestic affections should knit us all together. A society existing on the voluntary aid of its members is naturally in a feeble state, and if it invests itself with arbitrary power a blind precipitation in a weak body can only tend to self-destruction. Many of your members are already lost; many you are losing! Even those whose tempers and feelings would still cling to you are gradually seceding.

But against all this you are perpetually pleading your existing laws, which you would enforce on all the brethren alike!

It is of these obsolete laws so many complain. They were adapted by fugitives to their peculiar situation, quite distinct from our own, and as foreign to us as the language in which they are written. Some of you boast that your laws are much as they were a century ago! You have laws to regulate what has ceased to exist; you have laws which, through the change of human events, prove to be new impediments to the very purposes of the institution, and for the new circumstances which have arisen you are without laws.

Such, gentlemen, is my case: invincible obstacles exist against my becoming one of your Elders—motives of honour and conscience! If you will not retain a zealous friend, and one who has long had you in his thoughts, my last resource is, to desire my name to be withdrawn from your society.

It remains for you, gentlemen, to set a noble example of dignity and political wisdom. Let the award of the *Mahamad* (Elders) be revised, because they have erred in the choice of a fitting person to become a *Parnass* (Warden).

At all events you have my warm wishes for happier days. Do not shut out the general improvement of the age. Make your school flourish, and remember that you have had universities ere now; society has only to make itself respectable in these times to draw to itself the public esteem. Believe me, I have not come like Sanballat the Horonite, who, with bitter derision, impeded Nehemiah in his zealous labour of rebuilding the walls of the Holy City, scoffing at him for receiving the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish. Neh. c. iv. v. 2.

I am, gentlemen, with due respect, yours,

ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

Dec. 3, 1813. 6, King's Road, Bedford Row.

The Elders were not moved by Mr. D'Israeli's appeal or his arguments, and simply replied that, under the existing laws, it was not possible to grant the exemption. In March, 1814, according to Mr. Picciotto, a formal demand was made upon Mr. Isaac D'Israeli for the £40 fine. He refused to pay the money, but expressed his wish to continue his annual subscription. The secretary of the synagogue, however, repeatedly forwarded the demand for the £40 fine, and at length elicited the following letter:—

I have patiently sought for protection against the absurd choice of two or three injudicious individuals, but I find that you as a body sanction what your own laws will not allow. I am not a fit member of your society, and I certainly am an aggrieved one. I must now close all future correspondence, and I am under the painful necessity of insisting that my name be erased from the list of your members.

George Basevi, Mrs. Isaac D'Israeli's brother, tendered his resignation at the same time. In the year 1821 Mr. Isaac D'Israeli applied to the secretary of the synagogue for certificates of birth of himself and family. A difficulty, however, was made of the fact that the fine of £40 remained unpaid, and thereupon Mr. D'Israeli settled the old account and received the certificates, from which it appears that Benjamin Disraeli, the Premier, was born Dec. 21, 1804, and is now therefore seventy-one years of age—one year older than is generally stated. My correspondent Mr. Rosenberg, like most of his race, looks with great mistrust upon the reported conversion of Jews to Christianity. He does not think that Isaac D'Israeli ever accepted the Christian faith, and he asserts that the young children were not in the family circle taught any special form of theological belief. "It is said," he adds, "that Samuel Rogers, the poet, who was intimate with the D'Israeli family, one day of his own accord, in the year 1817, took the child Benjamin to the Church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and had him baptised."

WITH respect to the Irish custom of substituting the sound of *a* for that of *e* in such words as *meat*, *tea*, *sea*, and the observations thereon of a correspondent printed in these pages last month, Mr. W. Annesley Mayne favours me with the following interesting remarks:—"Your Irish correspondent is right in everything except his assertion that the Irish peasant cannot manage the 'ea.' Now, Achille cannot manage 'th,' and Max cannot manage 'p,' but Pat has no difficulty with 'ea.' He simply pronounces it in *all* words, as we still do in *some*—*e.g.*, 'break,' 'great,' or 'steak'; and he does so *because*, during the period when English was introduced into Ireland, such was the ordinary pronunciation of 'ea.' A language imported into a country is not subject to the same changes which it subsequently undergoes in its own, and many words now looked on as purely Irish were excellent English in the reign of James I. This applies equally to pronunciation. Indeed, down to the reign of George II., and later, the general, if not universal, pronunciation of 'ea' in England was that which has survived in Ireland. Similar survivals are still occasionally met with in this country among old people, who sometimes pronounce words as they were pronounced in the last century. Lord Russell says 'obleege,' just as Pope did. Few persons consider how much the pronunciation of English has altered within the last three hundred years—more so, I imagine, than the language itself. Could we hear 'Hamlet' as when acted in the time of the author we should scarcely be able to understand the actors."

ON this same subject a question arose in my own mind which I have asked my Irish correspondent to settle for me. If the Irish peasant can pronounce the "ee" correctly as in "meet," why can he not produce precisely the same sound when it occurs in "meat"? To which my Irish correspondent answers that when he said the Irish peasant "cannot manage" the "ea," he did not mean that there is any physical difficulty in his way, or that it is as hard for him to produce the sound of the "ea" in our English fashion as it is for Achilles to deal with the "th" and Max with the "p." The Irishman's difficulty with the "ea" is just the same in character as the Cockney's with the unfortunate "h." The Cockney can pronounce the "h," for he can say "heggs," but his difficulty is to know when to pronounce it and when to let it alone. But the Irishman's tendency is to make sounds broad and full: that of the Englishman to make them narrow and thin. Where there is any reasonable chance the Irishman will take to the broader sound. When there is a doubt he will give that sound the benefit of the doubt. But the necessary prolongation of the thinner sound caused by the second "e" or by the "ie," or even by a marked attenuation of a single "e," takes away all excuse for the indulgence of his doubt. No one for instance ever heard an Irish peasant pronounce "she" as "shay," although he pronounces "tea" "tay." It is not exactly, as Mr. Annesley Mayne suggests, that Ireland was a little slow in following the changes of English pronunciation, although that may be some part of the explanation. The tendency to the broader sound is an Irish characteristic. When Dr. Johnson was preparing his dictionary he consulted some eminent authorities as to the pronunciation of the word "great." Lord Chesterfield said it should be pronounced so as to rhyme with "state." Sir William Yonge, on the contrary, said it should rhyme with "seat," and that none but an Irishman could wish to pronounce it "grait." "Now," Dr. Johnson observes, "here were two men of the highest rank, one the best speaker in the House of Lords, the other the best speaker in the House of Commons, differing entirely." Mrs. Piozzi was emphatically of opinion that Sir William Yonge was right. We are all of opinion now that his pronunciation was wrong, but he was right enough in his observation as to the tendency of the Irish accent.

ALL this discussion about pronunciation arose out of Mr. Boucicault's Irish acting and accent. That reminds me of something to be said about Mr. Boucicault's Rip van Winkle, which Mr.

Jefferson is playing with such exquisite art. When Salvini's Othello was the delight of the town I noticed the fact that an odd blunder in the English rendering of the stage directions brought Verona side by side with Venice. It is no technical blunder which transfers Sleepy Hollow to the Catskill Mountains. If Rip van Winkle wandered from his home under the Catskill Mountains into Sleepy Hollow he must have walked some ninety odd miles, and crossed the broad Hudson to begin with. The Catskill Mountains lie on the west of the Hudson towards Albany, and Sleepy Hollow is a valley near the village of Tarrytown, on the eastern bank of the river, and nearer to New York by nearly a hundred miles. Of course Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Boucicault must know this very well, but, I presume, the idea was that to throw into one the scenes of two charming and familiar stories would give a double interest to the play. I confess I do not think so. The story of Rip van Winkle and the legend of Sleepy Hollow deserve alike a little more tenderness and respect. If it were possible to make a play out of something in Wordsworth I do not think it would be a good thing to describe the hero as standing on Westminster Bridge in the morning and seeing the Thames wandering at its own sweet will under Rydal Mount. Or suppose we were making a new dramatic version of "The Lady of the Lake": how would it meet with general approval if we were to represent the fair Ellen as steering her little skiff across Loch Katrine and mooring it under the walls of Edinburgh Castle? It is not the geographical inaccuracy, however, I care so much about, although it would be as well perhaps that a New York audience should not be told that Mistress Woffington left her theatre in London late in the evening and sauntered leisurely along the Thames for a few moments until she reached Oxford. I rather dislike the irreverent hashing-up of the two legends. We might as well have Hawthorne's "Brook Farm" and Bret Harte's "Roaring Camp" stuck in among the Catskill Mountains to make the scene seem more familiar and attractive.

MANY of my readers will be aware that in the person of the ex-Duke of Modena who died last November expired the representative of the royal line of Stuart—Francis the Fifth of Modena and, by "divine right" of birth, Francis the First of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Since the death of James II. the line of British Sovereigns, according to Jacobite principles, runs as follows: In 1701, James III. came to the throne. In 1765, Charles III. In 1788, Henry IX. (Cardinal York). Here ended the direct

line : and the next heir to the lost crown was Victor Emmanuel I. of Sardinia, the direct representative of Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles the First, whose only child and daughter married the Duke of Savoy. This Victor Emmanuel left four daughters, of whom the eldest, Maria, married Francis IV. of Modena : and her eldest son is the ex-Duke Francis, who has just died without issue. So the succession after Henry IX. runs thus :—In 1807, Victor ; in 1824, Mary III. (reckoning the wife of William of Orange as Mary II.) ; in 1840, Francis I. The historically interesting, though otherwise idle, question remains as to who would be the Sovereign of England were the Act of Settlement to be now repealed. Oddly enough, the phantom right has only just missed falling to the Comtesse de Chambord, eldest sister of the ex-Duke, in which case the Count and Countess would have united the ghosts of the crowns of both France and the United Kingdom. But history has just lost this practical jest by having given the ex-duke one brother, Ferdinand, who, dying in 1849, left one child, Maria Theresa, born in the same year. She is therefore the present representative of the royal line of Stuart and, according to genealogical principles, Mary IV. of England. This arch-duchess Maria Theresa being married to Prince Louis of Bavaria, and having a son and two daughters, it is probable that the heir of Charles the First must henceforth be looked for among the descendants of this younger branch of the royal family of Bavaria. This branch failing, the line next in succession, passing over the Comtesse de Chambord, will be in the descendants of Marie Beatrice, remaining sister of the ex-Duke of Modena. Her eldest son is a Bourbon of the Spanish branch, the present Duke of Madrid. Failing this line, the succession returns to the house of Savoy, as represented by the present King of Italy, and, in its youngest branch, by the Comte de Chambord, who is accordingly the junior living descendant of Charles the First. There is hardly a great royal house in Europe that has not Stuart blood in its veins. This chapter of genealogy contains much historical suggestion, but none more valuable than that SYLVANUS URBAN may write of a Mary IV. without having to take a ride to Tower Hill—as would very possibly have been his fate had he, in his youthful day, spoken at his table of a King James the Third.

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THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER VI.



"RACHEL, MOURNING FOR HER CHILDREN."

HE walked with a waddle, his shoulders thrown back, his chest thrust forward, and his portly stomach shaking at every step. His legs were short and bandy, his arms long and powerful, his body long and loose and well covered with fat. There was nothing of the soft sybarite, however, about Father Rolland. He could run, leap, and wrestle with any man in Kromlaix.

His face was coloured almost to a mahogany hue by constant exposure to sun and wind, and above his dark brown cheeks glittered two eyes as black as coals, as comic as the eyes of any *ignis fatuus*. His mouth, from which he ever and anon drew his pipe to emit a cloud of smoke, was firm yet merry.

As he came out of the churchyard, he might have been taken for some comical bird unused to walking; for he waddled like any crow, and the skirts of his threadbare black cassock were drawn up clumsily, and his little legs in their worn black stockings appeared peeping out behind. Marcelle's uncle the Corporal, who exercised the old soldier's prerogative of inventing nicknames, and who had a keen eye for detecting odd resemblances, was in the habit of calling the birds who flocked to his window in winter time "the little *curés* of God," and the robins in particular "the little *curés au rabat* roux."

And truth to say, Father Rolland possessed in a large degree two strong characteristics of the robin redbreast—extreme patience and contentedness under difficulties, and an immense amount of good-natured pugnacity.

His life was a hard one, and had been a perilous one. He rose with the lark, although (to be quite honest) he not unfrequently went to bed with it! He lived in a dismal hut, where an Englishman would scarcely keep his cow; he was liable to be called out at any hour and in any weather to exercise his holy vocation; his food was miserable; and to crown all his miseries, the “drink” of the county was vile!

Now Father Rolland was a convivial man, a *gourmet* in good liquors, a man indeed who needed good liquor to loosen his tongue and complete his good humour. He was by nature and instinct and habit a *gossip*. If the earth had been deserted, and himself left all alone with the Enemy of mankind, he would have gossiped and drunk with “Master Robert” for company. And in good sooth, he bore no malice in his heart to any creature—not even “Master Robert”: or Bonaparte.

He had not been long *curé* in Kromlaix; his predecessor, whom Rohan Gwenfern had worried so tremendously, having only been removed some few years. But he was a native of the district, and knew every menhir, every village roof, and every fireside for miles along the coast. He still spoke his native Brezonec to perfection, and in using the politer French he was guilty, especially when excited, of a strong *patois*—pronouncing (for example) *poème* as if it meant an apple (*pomme*), *couteau*, *ktay*, and *chevaux*, *javak*. In recording his conversation in an English translation it would be quite impossible to follow this peculiarity, but the reader must imagine a thick shower of gutturals, very peculiar and very difficult for any but Bretons to comprehend.

Father Rolland had passed with a sound skin through all the storms of the Revolution and the Civil War. He was a man of no “ideas,” and he performed his priestly functions—such as marrying and giving in marriage, shriving the sick and dying—automatically enough, with a certain eye to his monetary dues. The great Figures of Contemporary History passed like contending Titans above his head; he saw them from afar, and discussed them with unconcern. He was not the stuff of which martyrs are made. His sole business was with his flock, to whom he ever commended patience, good gossip, and contented drinking.

To sum up, his intellectual grasp was small, but his scholastic

attainments were fair. He was a good Latinist, an excellent grammarian, and he counted among his stock of quotations some half-dozen lines of Homer, among others the famous

Διὸς δὲ κλαγγὴ γίνεται ἄργυροιο βιοῖο,

and the still more famous and commonplace

Βῆ δ' ἀκίμων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,

both of which he hurled at the heads of new acquaintances in a thick *patois* with all the charm of novelty.

Conceive then a jovial peasant taken from the soil and supplied with a little learning, and you have Father Rolland.

As he sallied from the church gate he held out both his brown hands to Master Arfoll, and nodded kindly to Rohan.

He had a greeting for everybody, had Father Rolland—Legitimist, Bonapartist, or Republican; and Master Arfoll's love of the "rights of man" did not daunt *him*. The only recusant and hopeless offender was the parishioner who had not paid his dues, or who attempted in any way to diminish the Priest's perquisites! Yet Father Rolland was not mean. He demanded his rights on principle, and then when they were paid, whether in the shape of money or grain, he rattled them in his pocket or stored them in his yard, and incontinently chuckled over them. And then, perhaps the very next day, he turned them into bread or wine or brandy, and shared them among the sick and hungry at his door.

"Welcome, Master Arfoll!" cried the *curé*. "You are a stranger to Kromlaix; 'tis months since we had a glass or a pipe together. Where have you been? What have you been doing? Welcome again!"

As he spoke his brown face beamed with pleasure.

Master Arfoll returned the greeting gently. They walked on a few paces side by side.

Presently the priest, linking his arm familiarly through that of Master Arfoll, while Rohan strode beside them like the giant that he was, began to demand his news.

The itinerant shook his head sadly.

"News, father," he exclaimed. "Ah, there is none—only, of course, the old bad news. Red blood on the battlefield, and black crape in all the lands around. I do not think that it can last long—the patience of the world is exhausted."

"Humph!" muttered the *curé*, with his fat little finger in the bowl of his pipe. "The world seems topsy-turvy, honest brother—it is standing on its head—it is mad."

It seemed odd to the little *curé*, more odd than terrible. He had seen so much of terror and death that he had no particular horror for them, or for War. In his heart he loved, as in duty bound, the White better than the Blue, but he would never have instigated any man to die for the White. The respectable sort of thing, he believed, was to die, after "anointing," in one's bed at home. He nevertheless believed battles, large and small, to be the expression of an irrepressible element in human nature, and he was not politician enough to blame any one in particular for encouraging bloodshed.

Master Arfoll continued, in a low voice—

"I will tell you something, a small thing, but a sign of the end. I was stopping in a village far away east, and I entered the house of a woman who had lost both her sons in the last campaign, and but a week before buried her husband"——

"God rest his soul!" interrupted the *curé*, making the sign of the cross.

"She was sitting on a form, staring into the fire, and her eyes seemed fixed and mad. I touched her on the shoulder, and she did not stir; I spoke, and she did not hear. By slow degrees I roused her from her trance. She rose mechanically, my father, and opened her press and set before me food and drink. Then she sat down again before the fire, and I saw that her hair was white, though she was not old. When I had eaten and drunken—for I was very hungry—I spoke to her again, and this time she listened, and I told her I was a schoolmaster and was seeking for pupils. 'What can you teach, master?' she asked suddenly, turning her eyes on mine. I answered softly, telling her I could teach her children to write and read. She laughed, father—ah, it was a terrible laugh. 'Go then and seek them,' she cried, pointing to the door, 'and when you have found them in their graves among the snow, come back and teach *me* to curse the hand that killed them and buried them there! Teach *me* to curse the Emperor, teach me a curse that will drag him down! Teach me how to kill him, and curse him down into hell-fire! O my poor boys, my poor boys!—André! Jacques!' She shrieked, and cast herself down on her knees, and bit her hair between her teeth and spat it out. My heart was sick. I could not help her, and I crept away."

The *curé* nodded his head thrice musingly. He was well used to such grief, and it moved him little. Nevertheless, in the true spirit of a good gossip, he consoled.

"It is terrible—it is terrible indeed, Master Arfoll!"

"That is but one house out of thousands upon thousands. The curses go up to God. Shall they not be heard?"

"Softly, Master Arfoll," murmured the *curé*, with an anxious glance around, "some one may hear you."

"I care not," cried the schoolmaster. "The Emperor may be a great tactician, a great engineer, a great soldier, but he is not a great man, for he has no heart. Mark me, my father, this is the beginning of the end. It is your Christ against the Emperor, and Christ will win."

The little *curé* made no reply; such language was terribly serious, and the times were dangerous. He compromised.

"After all, if the Emperor could but give us peace!"

"Could? And could he *not*?" asked the itinerant suddenly.

"All the world is against our France," answered the *curé*.

"All humanity is against our Emperor," retorted Master Arfoll.

"But the Emperor fights for France, Master Arfoll. Without him, the English, and the Russians, and the Germans would eat us up alive." He added, seeing Master Arfoll's half amazed half indignant look, "Well, I am no politician!"

"You have eyes and you can see, my father. It is well to stay at Kromlaix by the sea, far away from the march of men, but were you to wander out on the broad highway, you would know. It is all a living sacrifice to feed the horrible vanity of one Man. How should *he* give us peace? His *trade* is war. He declares now that it is England that will not allow him to make peace; he declares that it is for peace he fights. He lies, *he lies!*"

"Strong language, Master Arfoll!"

"When last he rode through the streets of Paris the common people clamoured to him for peace, peace at any cost. They might as well have prayed to the great Stone up yonder; he passed on silent like a marble man, and did not hear them. Ah, God! the people are weary, father! they would rest!"

"That is true," exclaimed Rohan in a decided tone.

The *curé* glanced round at Rohan.

"Master Arfoll has taught you to think with him in many things, and Master Arfoll is a good man, whether he is right or wrong. But beware, my son, of hot speeches here in Kromlaix. What Master Arfoll might say boldly, might cost you your liberty, and perhaps your life."

He did not explain, what was a fact, that Master Arfoll was by a large majority of people considered simply insane, and in no way responsible for the strange things he said and did. Even Bonapartist officials heard his diatribes with a smile, and touched their foreheads significantly when he had finished. This is not the only instance

on record of the one sane man in a district being mistaken for a Fool.

"I will remember," answered Rohan, half shrugging his great shoulders.

"The people are right, Father Rolland!" resumed the school-master. "The wealth and pride of France is being blown away in cannon smoke. The loss of mere money would be little, had we only strong hands to work for more. But where are those same strong hands? The conscription has lopped them off with its bloody knife, and left us only the useless stumps."

"Not quite all," answered the priest, smiling; "for example, Rohan here has a pair of strong fists left, and there are many bold lads left beside."

Master Arfoll glanced strangely at Rohan, and then said in a voice more tremulous than before—

"The conscription is famished still—the monster cries for more human flesh. Out there"—and he pointed with his lean hand inland, as at some scene afar off—"out there the land is a desert, ay, darker than the desert of La Bruyère,—for the men who should till it are lying under the growing grain of strange countries, or in the deep sea, or under the snow. I tell you, father, France is desolate; she has nursed a serpent in her bosom: it has stung her children one by one, and it is now stinging her. O how deaf you must be out here at Kromlaix by the sea, not to hear her crying—not to hear the new Rachel, wailing and weeping for her children!"

Master Arfoll had mounted his hobby, and there is no saying how far he would have ridden in his denunciation of Avatarism; but suddenly *monsieur le curé* put his plump hand on his arm and whispered—

"Hush!"

Master Arfoll paused suddenly, not too soon, for as he ceased a clear sharp voice suddenly demanded—

"Who is this new RACHEL, Master Arfoll?"

CHAPTER VII.

CORPORAL DERVAL DEFENDS HIS COLOURS.

THE speaker sat on a form in the open sunshine, at his own door, in the main street of the village. He wore horn spectacles, tied to his ears by pieces of string, and he held in his hand a paper which he had just been reading. His face was red as a berry, his hair, which was cropped close, reminded one of a stubble white with hoar-frost.

His dress, half rustic half military, consisted of a loose open corporal's jacket from which the epaulets and adornments had long been worn away, loose trousers reaching to the knee, and beneath the knee, one light red stocking and an old slipper, for he had only one natural leg, the place of the other being supplied by a sturdy implement of wood.

"Good morning, Uncle Ewen!" said the *curé*, anxious to divert attention from Master Arfoll's last remarks, while Rohan gave good-morrow too, and shook his uncle's hand.

For it was none other than Corporal Derval who sat there, the hero of many battles, the liege worshipper of Bonaparte, and uncle to both Rohan and Marcelle.

The Corporal, who well knew and detested Master Arfoll's sentiments, was not to be baffled; so after greeting the school-master and shaking his hand, he repeated his question—

"But what about this new Rachel, Master Arfoll?" he said, taking off his spectacles.

The wondering scholar thus challenged point blank, showed the courage of his opinions, and replied—

"I spoke of these latter days of France, Corporal Derval; another conscription, it appears, is talked of, and it seems to me the best blood of the country is drained away already. I compared our poor country to Rachel, who grieved for the children who had gone from her, and would not be comforted. That was all."

The veteran did not reply, but rose suddenly to his feet.

"That was all!" he repeated, in a voice like low thunder.

As he spoke the forefinger and thumb of his left hand were plunged violently in his waistcoat pocket, while his right hand made a pass in the air and was plunged back into one of his coat tails; then forefinger and thumb grasping a mighty pinch of snuff were applied vigorously to his swelling nostrils, while he threw out his chest and stamped on the ground with his leg of wood!

In a moment one detected, despite the wooden leg, a curious and comical resemblance. Viewed cursorily sideways, in his quaint old imperial coat with its worn facings, in his black hat cocked à l'*Empereur*, with his chest thrust forward and his legs wide apart, the wooden one shut out by the leg of flesh, he looked like a very bad and battered copy of the great Emperor; like a Napoleon with a Wellington nose, and six feet high; like (let us say) Mr. Gomersal at Astley's got up for the part, and really very much resembling the real thing, but for his nose, his height, and a certain shakiness in his legs.

Seen very closely, his face was deeply bronzed and wrinkled and scarred, his eyes of a piercing blackness, his chin and neck closely shaven, with prominent muscles standing out like whipcord, his nose vermilion-tipped and dewdropped, his nostrils dilating and looking very black—the result of a habit of prodigal snuff-taking, which he shared with his great namesake “the little Corporal.”

It must not be supposed that he was ignorant of his resemblance to his Emperor and Master. He had been told of it, and he believed and gloried in it; it was the pride and delight of his existence. He assumed the imperial pose habitually—legs well apart, chest thrown out, hands clasped behind his back, head musingly dejected, all in the well-known fashion. And when Marcelle or some good gossip would whisper admiringly, “See! would you not say it was the Emperor himself!” or “God save us, it might be the ‘little Corporal’s’ ghost!” his heart expanded exultingly, and his nose took a deeper red, and he strode on his own threshold like a colossus overstriding the world; and he saw his neighbours and his foes beneath his feet, like so many kings and princes; and he sniffed the air of battle from afar, and, snuffing vigorously, laid the plan of some *cabaret*-campaign; and he went over his old glories like his Master, and sighed as he reflected that he could not hasten to further victories on his wooden leg!

Not that he was irreverent. He knew how far off he was from his Idol; he knew that the resemblance was that of a pigmy to a giant. His brother's wife was a religious woman, and the arid wind of French atheism had spared their hearth; so that he believed in God if not in the Saints, for to him there seemed but one saint in the calendar—St. Napoleon!

With all his good qualities, Corporal Derval was rather an unpopular man in Kromlaix. The village lay far away from ordinary political contagion, and if it had ever, like the rest of Brittany, caught a particle of the Legitimist fever, that time was well nigh forgotten; but the chief prayer of the honest folk was to let Napoleon fight it out, and leave *them* alone. Of course this could not be; so they heartily cursed the conscription, and, in their hearts, Bonaparte. There being too many Bonapartist enthusiasts in the place to make open grumbling safe, the inhabitants held their tongues, sighed secretly for the days of the old *régime*, and avoided in particular any passage of words with the old Corporal.

“That was all!” repeated the soldier a second time. “Humph!—and you, Master Arfoll, believe *that*?”

“I am sure of it, my Corporal.”

The Corporal's face grew red as the tip of his nose, his black eyes flashed terribly, he snapped his snuff-box fiercely, then opening it again, took from it a huge pinch, and drew it up into his dilated nostrils with a snort of angry scorn.

The action gave him time to master the first rush of savage wrath, and he answered civilly, though his voice trembled with excitement—

“Your reasons, Master Arfoll!—come, your reasons!”

The schoolmaster smiled sadly.

“You may behold them with your eyes, my Corporal,” he said. “Women sow and reap our fields—women and old men over fifty—the flower of our youth is gathered up with the bloody sheaves of war, and in a little time France will fall, for there will scarce be left one hand to lift a sword.”

Master Arfoll spoke of course hyperbolically; but as if directly to falsify his assertion, there suddenly came forth, from the Corporal's own door, four gigantic youths, in all the bloom of health and strength, whom Rohan greeted with a smile and nod. These were the Corporal's four nephews—Hoël, Gildas, Jannick, and Alain.

The Corporal stood aghast, like one who hears blasphemy against his God; an oath unmentionable to ears polite was hissing between his teeth, half heard, but incomprehensible.

It was time for the little *curé* to interfere.

He plucked the old soldier by the sleeve, and whispered—

“Calm yourself, Corporal! Remember it is only Master Arfoll!”

The words were as oil on water, and the Corporal's features relaxed somewhat. Slowly his stern frown grew into a grim contemptuous smile as he surveyed his antagonist. His look was supreme, Napoleonic. He surveyed the itinerant as Bonaparte would have surveyed one of those lilliputians of the period—a king.

Nevertheless heresy had been uttered, and for the benefit of those who had overheard the abomination, it must be confuted.

The Corporal assumed a military attitude.

“Attention!” he cried; as if addressing a file of raw recruits.

All started. The youths, who had been leaning sheepishly in various attitudes against the wall, stood up erect.

“Attention!—Hoël!”

“Here,” answered the youth of that name.

“Gildas!”

“Here!”

“Alain!”

“Here!”

"Jannick!"

"Here!"

All stood in a row, like soldiers listening to their superior.

"Listen, all of you, for it concerns you all. Attention, while I answer Master Arfoll."

He turned to the schoolmaster. All his wrath had departed, and his voice was quite clear and calm.

"Master Arfoll, I will not say you blaspheme, for you have had sorrows enough to turn any man's brain, however wise; and you are a scholar and you travel from village to village, and from farm to farm, all over the country. Like that a man learns much, but you have something yet to learn. I have read my history as well as you. France is *not* fallen, she is *not* like that Rachel of whom you speak! She is great!—she is sublime! like the mother of the Maccabees!"

The comparison was a happy one. It was at once patriotic and religious. The little *curé* kindled, and looked at Master Arfoll as if to say, "There! answer that if you can, good friend!" The youths smiled at each other. They did not understand the allusion, but it was delivered like a musket-ball, and seemed decisive. Rohan smiled too, but shrugged his shoulders with secret contempt.

The Corporal looked for a rejoinder, but none came. Master Arfoll stood silent, a little pale, but with a pitying light on his sad and beautiful face that spoke far more than words; and his eyes rested on the Corporal with that sad affection good men feel for antagonists hopelessly deluded.

The veteran threw out his chest still more, displaying more prominently the medal of the Legion of Honour: and again, this time with a proud victorious smile, gave the word of command.

"Attention! Hoël, Gildas, Alain, and Jannick!"

The youths became rigid; but Jannick, who was the youthful humourist of the family, winked at Rohan, as much as to say "Uncle is going ahead!"

"These are my boys; they were my poor brother's, and they are mine; you see them; they are mine, for my brother gave them into my keeping, and I have been a father to them, and to their sister Marcelle, and to the mother who sits in yonder by my fire. I call them my sons, they are all I have in the world; I love them, I. They were little children when I took them, and Who has fed them since that hour? I! Yes, but whose hand has given me the bread I gave to them? The Emperor, the great Emperor! God guard him, and give him victory over his enemies!"

As he spoke, his voice now trembling with emotion, he raised his hat reverently and stood bareheaded, the bright light burning on his bronzed face and snow-white hair. Such faith was as touching as it was contagious. Even a *chouan* might have been tempted to cry like those four youths with their voices of thunder: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The veteran replaced his hat upon his head, and held up his hand for silence.

"The 'little Corporal' forgets none of his children—no, not one! He has remembered these fatherless ones, he has fed them, and he has enabled them to become what you see! They have been taught to pray for him nightly, and their prayers have mingled with the prayers of millions, and these prayers have brought victory to him over the wide earth."

Master Arfoll, though gentle as a lamb, was human. An opportunity occurred of answering the Corporal's former furious fire, and he found it irresistible. While the veteran paused for breath, the schoolmaster said, in a low voice, not raising his eyes from the ground—

"And what of their three brothers, Corporal Derval?"

The blow struck home, and for a moment the blood was driven from the soldier's cheek. For far away in foreign climes, slept, with no stone to mark their graves, three other brothers of the same house, who had fallen at different times—two among the awful snows of Moscow.

The veteran trembled, and his eyes glanced for a moment uneasily into the house, where he knew sat his brother's widow, the mother of those dead and these living. Then he answered sternly—

"Their souls are with God, and their bodies are at rest, and they died gloriously as brave men should die. Is it better to fall like that, or to breathe the last breath in a coward's bed? to die like a soldier, or to pass away like an old woman or a child? They did their duty, Master Arfoll—may we all do ours as well!"

"Amen!" said the little *curé*.

"And now," continued the Bonapartist, "if the little Corporal away yonder should hold up his snuff-box"—he suited the action to the word—"and cry 'Corporal Ewen Derval, I have need of more of your boys,' they would smile—Hoël, Gildas, Alain, and Jannick—they would smile all four!—and I, the old grenadier of Cismone, Arcola, and Austerlitz, I, do you see, with my rheumatism and my wooden leg, would march to join him—rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat—quick march!—at the head of my Maccabees!"

Strictly speaking, the enthusiasm of the Maccabees seemed greatly reduced by the sepulchral turn the conversation had taken. Hoël, Gildas, and Alain did not this time cry "*Vive l'Empereur*," and the irreverent Jannick put his tongue in his cheek.

Another voice, however, this time chimed in enthusiastically—

"And I would march with you, Uncle Ewen!"

It was Marcelle.

Standing on the threshold of the cottage, with her eye flashing and her cheek burning, she looked a Maccabee indeed.

Uncle Ewen turned quickly, and surveyed her with pride.

"Thou shouldst have been a man-child too!" he exclaimed, snuffing vigorously to conceal the emotion that filled his throat and dimmed his eyes; "but there, go to!" he added, with a grim laugh, "thou shalt be the *vivandière* of the Maccabees and watch the bivouac fire. But, *mon Dieu*, I forget, *chouan* that I am. I am keeping your reverence at the door—will you not walk in, Father Rolland?"

So saying, he stalked, clip-clop, to the door, and stood there bowing with a politeness uncommon among his class, but characteristic of the Breton peasant. The little *curé* followed, with a friendly nod to Master Arfoll, and the two disappeared into the cottage.

Master Arfoll stood with Rohan in the middle of the road; then, after hesitating a moment, he said hurriedly, holding out his hand—

"Meet me to-night at thy mother's—I must go now!"

Without awaiting any reply, Master Arfoll retreated rapidly down the narrow street leading to the sea, leaving Rohan to the society of his cousins—the gigantic "Maccabees."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CORPORAL'S FIRESIDE.

ALL that day Marcelle was troubled with the stirring of a new sweet trouble; she moved to and fro like one in a dream, to a music unheard by any ears save hers; her colour went and came, her hand trembled as she cut the black bread and made the *galettes*; she was low-spoken and loving with her brothers, and she had strange impulses to kiss her mother and the Corporal. Her mother looked at her very curiously, for she had loved herself, and she suspected what it all meant.

Silent love is sweet, but love first spoken is sweeter, for it brings with it calm romance and love's first kiss. Up to that day Rohan had never spoken what was moving in the hearts of both; up to that

hour he had never done more than kiss her on both cheeks, in the ordinary Breton fashion. Now, their lips had met, their silent plight was sealed.

The meeting with Master Arfoll had somewhat depressed her, but the cloud soon passed away. She did not in her heart doubt for a moment that Rohan was a good Christian in both senses, believing first in God and secondly in the great Emperor.

Marcelle's religious education had been twofold.

Her mother, a simple peasant woman, still retained in her heart all that passion for Church formulas, old superstitions, and sacerdotal legends, which the Revolution had endeavoured, most unsuccessfully, to root out of France by force. She was a faithful attendant at every ceremony in the little chapel, she fell on her knees and prayed whenever she passed a Calvary, and she believed simply in all the miracles of all the Saints. She had escaped the worship of her class for Kings, for the *curés* and *vicaires* of Kromlaix had never been enthusiastic Legitimists; but she detested the Revolution.

She had been a fruitful woman. Her husband, the Corporal's elder brother, was a fisherman, who had perished in the great gale of 1796, and the Corporal, then a private soldier coming home on leave from Italy, had found her a widow with a large circle of helpless children—from the eldest, André, now fast asleep in Russian snow, down to the youngest born, Marcelle; not to speak of Jannick, who was then stirring unborn beneath her widowed heart.

Then and there, with his brother's children clinging round neck and knees, and his brother's widow weeping on his shoulder, Ewen Derval had sworn a great oath that he would never marry, but be a father to the fatherless, a brother to the brother's wife. And he had kept his word.

Fighting through many a long campaign, serving his Master with the strength of idolatry, he had carefully avoided all temptation to waste his hard-earned rewards; he had sometimes, indeed, been deemed a mean and a hard man in consequence; but the little family had never wanted, and the brave man nourished them, as it were, with his very blood.

At last, at Austerlitz, he fell and lost a leg; his service was ended, and from that hour forth he was no use to his Master. His discharge pay was not illiberal, and he could still do his duty to his "children," as he ever called them, though he could no longer follow the great Shadow that was sweeping across the world.

Worn, weather-beaten, wooden-legged, covered with medals, his heart full of gratitude and his pocket full of presents for the children,

he returned to Kromlaix by the sea; and there, a hero, an oracle, and quite a family man despite his bachelorhood, he had resided peacefully ever after.

Good Corporal Ewen had preserved, throughout all the dissipations and disbeliefs of a military life, a purity of character and a simple piety of soul which were not ordinary characteristics of Napoleon's veterans. He had a respect for women quite removed from the rude freedoms of an old campaigner; and, as we have said, he believed in God. He was certainly not what people call a good Catholic, for he seldom or never went to confession, and he heard mass only once a year, at midnight, on Christmas Eve; but he would doff his old hat whenever the *angelus* sounded in the distance, and mingle the great Emperor's name with that of the good God.

So no sceptical jests from his mouth, no such coarse infidelities as distinguished the period, interfered with the quiet holy teaching with which the Widow Derval reared her children, who were taught to love and revere Christ and the Saints, and to honour *monsieur le curé*, and to go through life reverently, as became the offspring of a godly woman.

But in the long winter nights, when the wind swept in from the sea, and the snow lay deep without, the children would cluster round the old veteran, while the widow spun in the corner, and could listen open-mouthed to his stories of the great Man who of all living men was next to God.

Strange to say, these stories sank deepest into the heart of the little girl, Marcelle. She was more passionate and reverent than her brothers. Taught from her infancy to believe that the Emperor was divine, she gave him her heart's worship, with a faith that never could be shaken, with a love that could never die. She had heard of him as early as she had heard of God; God and he were in her imagination hopelessly interblended; and with every prayer she uttered, and with every dream she dreamed, the Emperor became holier and holier, in a fair religious light.

On this one day of all her days, on this day of love to be marked for ever with a white stone, Marcelle almost forgot her Idol in the rapture of the new joy. Ever and ever, as she flitted about the cottage, she felt herself uplifted in Rohan's arms, and heard the murmuring of the summer sea, and felt her virgin hair unloosening and raining on the passionate upturned face.

Fair indeed she seemed in her quaint Breton dress, moving to and fro in the fading sunset gleam. Her brightly coloured petticoat and

snowy bodice shone against the dark walls in the dim, Rembrandtesque light of that quaint "interior."

In its general aspects the room resembled that of its neighbours. It was the living room, *salle-à-manger*, and kitchen all in one. There were the customary forms, and the polished table with its soup wells hollowed out of the wood; the spoon-rack and bread-basket suspended by a pulley from the great polished black cross-beams, which were well stored with an odd mixture of eatables and wearables, candles and stockings, oil-cans, skins of lard, strings of onions, Sunday boots with great thongs of leather, some goatskin jackets, and a flitch of bacon. In a corner near the chimney stood one *lit clos*—or what the Scotch call "press-bed"—reaching to the ceiling like a large clothes press, with sliding panels black as ebony and quaintly carved; and in the opposite part of the room was another and smaller bed of the same description. A great black pot stood on the embers of the turf fire, and blazing pieces of turf were piled also over its lid.

All was clean, fresh, and bright, with no coarser scent than that of fresh linen from the *lits clos*, or a whiff from the old veteran's pipe, a quaint old German pipe of china, which lay, well blackened with use, upon a shelf in the ingle.

A staircase, ancient, quaintly carved, and black as ebony, led to the upper portion of the little cottage, the earthen floor of which was baked hard as bricks by the heat of an ever-burning fire.

They had just finished their supper of *galettes* and milk. The Corporal had hobbled off to discuss campaigning with a neighbour; the twins, Hoël and Gildas, were leaning back on their forms against the wall; Alain was smoking at the door, and Jannick was crouching by the fire; while the mother still sat by the table—brooding in housewife's fashion, with her large eyes fixed on the glow.

The mother watched Marcelle quietly; the youths rebuked her for her silence and her blunders, and Jannick, the humourist, her junior by two years, made her the subject of divers practical jokes.

"What is the matter with Marcelle?" asked Hoël presently. "She has not spoken a word for hours, and she stares this way and that like mad Jeanne who lives by the Fol-Fouet."

Marcelle blushed, but said nothing.

"Perhaps," jokingly suggested Gildas, the other twin, "she has seen the *kourigaun*."

"God and the saints forbid!" cried the widow, crossing herself rapidly. For the Breton *kourigaun*, like the Scotch banshee, is a spirit presaging evil and perhaps death to whomsoever it haunts in the desolate Breton ways.

"Nonsense!" cried Marcelle.

"The child is pale," said her mother anxiously. "She eats too little and she works too hard. She does not lounge about like you others, idle as grand seigneurs when you are not at the fishing. This is a full house, and two pair of women's hands have hard work to keep it in good order."

There was a moment's silence, and Marcelle looked gratefully at her mother, to whom that one look betrayed her secret. The mother dropped her eyes and looked at the fire; the daughter began hurriedly to clear away the remnants from the table.

"That is all very well," said Jannick, stretching out his long shapeless limbs and grinning with his dark beardless baby face; "that is all very well, but Marcelle does not do her housework at the Gate of St. Gildas."

Marcelle started, and almost dropped the dish she was carrying; pale now instead of red, she gazed with no amiable expression at the speaker, who only replied by an irreverent wink and a grimace.

"What does the boy mean?" inquired the widow.

"He is a wicked imp, and should be beaten," said Marcelle in a low voice.

The gigantic hobbledehoy burst into a horse-laugh.

"Fetch thy heart's delight and let him try," he cried. "Mother, ask her once more—doth she wash her linen at the Gate of St. Gildas? and if she answers nay, ask why she lingered there so long to-day."

The mother looked inquiringly at Marcelle, who was still quietly busy.

"Wast thou there to-day, my child?"

There was no hesitation in the reply.

"Yes, my mother."

Marcelle's large truthful eyes gazed steadfastly now at her mother.

"It is a long way to walk. What took thee so far, my child?"

"I went down the Ladder of St. Triffine on to the shore to look for dulse, and the tide was low, and I wanted to see the great Gate, and the *Trou à Gildas*; and mother, the tide came in quick and nearly caught me, and I had sore work to come round through the great Gate back to the strand."

The widow shook her head.

"Thou art too fond of wandering into dangerous places; thou wilt be lost one of these days, like thy father. A maid's work is in the house and not out yonder or on the sea. I have lived in

Kromlaix, maid and wife, for nigh fifty years, and I have never seen the Gate yet save once, from thy father's boat, when he took me out with him in the wicked days to hear the blessed mass at sea."

By this time the housewife had risen and settled down again by her wheel, where she began to spin busily. She was one of those thrifty energetic women to whom idleness is death, and who fill the houses they inhabit with a busy hum of work, sometimes quite bee-like in its misdirected waste of energy.

"I will tell you," said Jannick rising and stretching his limbs, "of something we saw this day when coming home from the fishing. We were drifting with the flood close by the great Gate, as near as a boat may sail, when Hoël Grallon, who has eyes like a hawk, cried out 'Look,' and we looked, all, in at the Gate. We were too far to make out faces, but what we saw was this: a man like a fisherman wading up to his waist, and carrying a maiden in his long arms. The tide was high, and he carried her round from the Gate, and sat her down upon the shore. Turn thy face this way, Marcelle! Then the man kissed the maid, and the maid the man, and after that we slipped round the point and saw no more."

The twins laughed, and all looked at Marcelle. She was quite calm now, and shrugged her pretty shoulders with a charming air of indifference. Jannick, irritated by her composure, turned to his mother.

"Mother! ask her if she went to the Gate of St. Gildas *alone!*"

Before the question could be put, Marcelle herself answered, looking defiantly at the imp who was torturing her.

"Nay, both going and coming I had company, as you have told. Listen, mother! Jannick is a goose, and sees wonders where older people would see nothing strange. I found a comrade on the beach, and he guided me through the Gate, and after that, when the tide rose, he carried me through the Gate again, and then—what the stupid Jannick says is true!—I kissed him on both cheeks for thanks! It was only cousin Rohan, and but for his help, mother, I might have been drowned this day."

There was another general laugh, this time at Jannick's expense. Marcelle's rambles with Rohan were well known, and Rohan's connection with the family was so close that they elicited little or no comment.

Only the mother looked grave.

"That is not true," cried Jannick, angry at having the laugh against him. "When I came up the street yonder Rohan was with

the priest and Master Arfoll, and when I entered the house thou hadst not come home. Besides, he who carried thee—for thee it was, I swear—was not taller than I, and he embraced thee too close and too often to be Rohan Gwenfern or any of thy kin.”

The widow broke in sharply—

“Whoever it was—and the Holy Virgin forbid that Marcelle or any child of mine should speak a lie—whoever it was, Rohan or another, Marcelle should not have wandered there. It is no place for maids, and for any but mad creatures who bear their lives in their hands, like Rohan Gwenfern. Besides, all the country knows the place was cursed by the blessed St. Gildas, and turned into a place of ill. All men know that wicked spirits walk there by night, and the souls of monks who denied the holy Cross: altogether, 'tis an evil spot, and even Rohan himself does wrong to venture there.”

Here for a space the conversation ceased; but that night, when all the house was still, Marcelle fell secretly on her mother's breast and told her all. She had intended to be silent, but she could not bear the loving questioning eyes that followed her, with fond maternal solicitude and anxiety, all about the house.

The mother was not altogether unprepared for the reception of the truth. It certainly gave her little pleasure; for Rohan Gwenfern was not the husband she would have chosen for her only daughter. He was too eccentric and too reckless, too careless an attendant at mass and too diligent a pupil of that terrible Master Arfoll, to suit her old-fashioned taste; and often indeed, in her secret heart, she pitied her half-sister for having such a son. His physical beauty and his affectionate disposition were both well known to her, and she loved him well; but she viewed his vagaries with alarm, and feared that they might lead him to no good.

It would be absurd to affirm that Marcelle's confession took her altogether by surprise. She had for some time feared and suspected that Rohan, on his part, regarded her daughter with more than cousinly affection, and numberless secret presents from his hands—such as brooches, embroidered belts, silk neckerchiefs, and other simple fineries purchased at the *pardons*—had only confirmed her suspicions. As happens in most such cases, she had temporised, never quite believing that there was any danger of a love affair; and lo! here lay Cupid full-grown before her eyes, sleeping under the snowy kerchief that covered her daughter's breast.

A mother and daughter on truly affectionate terms soon understand each other, and these two at once came to an arrangement. It was promised, on the mother's side, that no notice should be

taken at present of what had occurred ; that all the family, and the Corporal in particular, should remain in complete ignorance of Rohan's sentiments, that Rohan should be received in the house on the old footing, as in a measure one of the family, and finally, that not one word should be breathed as yet to Rohan's mother. It was conceded, on Marcelle's side, that no final answer amounting to secret betrothal was to be given to Rohan, that Marcelle should not again wander in his company so far from home, or in any way do more to awaken suspicion or cause scandal, that she should lead Rohan to understand that the confession made in a moment of passion was in no way binding, and that all would depend on the good or bad opinion of the widow and the Corporal.

Naturally enough the widow was a little shocked. Conventional propriety had been so far violated that two young people had taken the initiative, instead of leaving themselves to be disposed of by their elders in the usual fashion. Properly speaking, and according to strict etiquette, Rohan should have sent a deputy to the Corporal, explaining his wishes formally and stating his prospects ; it would then have been the Corporal's task to consult the widow, and if the widow was willing, simply to explain, with no particular attention to the girl's wishes in the matter, that Rohan Gwenfern was to be her future husband !

To have refused an excellent match, arranged for her by her superiors, even if the match was with one whose face she had never seen, would have darkly tarnished the fame of any Kromlaix maiden, and her prospects of marrying would thenceforth have been almost as uncertain as those of a girl who had actually committed a breach of chastity.

The lovers in the present instance being cousins, who had from childhood upward been accustomed to each other's society, there was little or no fear of scandal or misunderstanding. Marcelle had only to be careful, and Rohan discreet !

At the same time the widow prayed in her secret heart that Marcelle might in time be cured of her fancy for Rohan Gwenfern.

CHAPTER IX.

ST. NAPOLEON.

HAD the Widow Derval beheld her daughter's face as she stood undressing in the upper chamber that night she would have felt that her prayers were almost useless !

The little chamber contained two small beds in the wall, each

white as snow, as is the linen of the poorest Breton cottage. In one of these the widow, fatigued with a long day's work, slept soundly and peacefully, while Marcelle, preparing for rest, lingered over her toilette with a rapture which she had never known before.

The floor was black and bare, the walls were black too, and round the beds themselves were hooks, whereon hung many articles of female attire. The chief furniture in the room was a table and a form; on the table stood, burning low, an old-fashioned oil lamp. In a press in the corner stood a great oaken chest, whence came the smell of clean linen, perfumed with little bags of dried rose-leaves; and not far from the chest, fixed in a frame against the wall, was a rude mirror of common glass.

Marcelle had divested herself of her outer skirt, her *sabots* and stockings, her bodice, and her white coif; and now, in *deshabille* as pure as samite, she stood loosening her beautiful long hair, and caressing it with her two pretty hands. As the dark tresses rained over her shoulders, she looked at her image in the glass, and blushed to see it looking back at her with eyes so sparkling and cheeks so bright. Then winding one long tress around her forefinger, and contemplating herself serenely, she went over again in her mind the scene of the morning. She felt the strong embracing arms, she heard the softly murmuring sea, she was conscious again of loving kisses on the lips. Then, thoroughly pleased with herself, she smiled; and the image answered her from the darkness of the wall. She bent closer, as if to view herself the better. The image stooped and brightened. Then, carried away by an impulse she could not resist, she put her red lips against the glass, close against the lips of the image, in one long, soft, caressing, loving kiss. A kiss for herself, with whom she was thoroughly well pleased!

She unloosened her hair, and touched it lovingly. It was such a treasure as few Breton maids possessed; not a lock of it had ever been sold to the travelling barber, and she preserved it in her coif as a precious though secret possession. Not "Gold-hair," whom our great poet of passion has so sweetly sung, loved her bright growth better. Marcelle, too, would have prayed to have it with her in her grave.

What is more divine on this low earth than Beauty lingering over herself, not in vanity, not in folly or pride, but with that still joy in its own deliciousness which a sweet flower feels, with that calm rapture of its own light which lives in the being of a star? From the soft caressing fingers to the pink and prettily formed feet, Marcelle was fair, a softly rounded form of perfect womanhood—perfection,

from the dark arched neck to the white and dimpled knee. And she knew it, this Breton peasant girl, as *Hélène* and *Aphrodite* knew it; not, as it were, with her mind, not, as it were, quite consciously, but as simply felt in her breathing, stirring in her heart, whispering in her ear: just as though a flower might enjoy its own perfume, while softly shedding it on the summer air.

At last she up-braided her hair, and stood hesitating for a moment; then, softly as a fountain falls, she sank on her knee before the chair, and bowing her face between her hands, began to pray.

Right over her head, painted on cardboard, and hung against the wall, was a figure of *Our Lady*, with the *Infant* in her lap holding a lily and brightly smiling. Though the figures were covered with gold and silver tinsel, and the very stalk of the lily was stuck on in gold leaf, the faces were comely enough, and the whole suggestion atoned for the vulgar execution.

And *Marcelle* prayed. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

She thanked the Lord for His favours, she begged Him to make her sins known unto her, whether against God, or against her neighbour, or against herself. Then she repeated the general Confession.

Then, uplifting her eyes to the picture, the *Litany of the Blessed Virgin*.

Presently, in a low clear voice, she prayed for those who loved her and whom she loved. For the soul of her dead father, for the old *Corporal* and her beloved mother, for her brothers *Hoël*, *Gildas*, *Alain*, and *Jannick*. Lastly, in a lower voice still, she breathed the name of *Rohan Gwenfern*, and trembled as she prayed. "Bless my love for *Rohan*, O blessed Lady, and grant me now thy grace, that I may never offend against thee more."

There was a pause. Her prayer seemed finished; she was silent for a moment. Then uncovering her eyes, she looked up, not at the picture of *Our Lady* and her Son, but at another picture, less large and highly coloured, which hung on the same wall.

It was that of a Man in soldier's costume standing on an eminence and pointing down with still forefinger at a red light below him, which seemed to come from some burning town; his face was white as marble; and at his feet crouched, like dogs waiting to be unleashed, their heads close against the ground, several grizzly grenadiers, moustached and bearded, with bloodshot eyes,—each with his bayonet set.

The picture was rude but terrible, vulgar but sublime. It was the

lurid representation of a fact which a more artistic treatment would have ruined.

Not with a less gentle love, not with a less deep reverence, did Marcelle regard this picture than the other. Her eyes lingered over it tenderly, her lips moved as if they would have kissed it; then her face softly fell into her hands, as before some higher presence.

She prays again; and as she prays, mark how above the bed wherein she is to lie are hung suspended a gun and bayonet, and above these, on a high shelf, lie, clean and carefully brushed and folded, an old knapsack, havresac, cartouche-box, shako, and great coat. These too are sacred; for the old Corporal has worn and borne them in many a war. He does not, like many veterans, parade them ostentatiously over his fireplace; he keeps them here apart, in the sanctity of this virgin bed.

“And lastly, O merciful God, for the sake of Jesus thy Son and Our Holy Mother and all the Saints, preserve the good Emperor, and give him victory over his enemies, and cast down the wicked who seek to destroy him and his people, and fill his lap with blessings, for the sake of the blessings he has given us. Amen, Amen!”

And so the last and perchance not the worst of the Saints, St. Napoleon, stands impassive, pointing downward, while the maiden rises from her knees, her eyes dim with the intensity and earnestness of her prayer.

Soon she has unclothed her limbs and blown out the lamp and crept into bed; and very soon after she is sound asleep, while the old bayonet, which has drunk many a human creature's blood, keeps its place above her head, and the figures of the Virgin and of St. Napoleon, side by side, remain near her through the watches of the night.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

“SPEAK low, for it is the Kannerez-noz who sing; stoop, hide, lest the Kannerez-noz may see; for they wash their bloody linen white as snow, and their eyes look hither, and they sing together no earthly song. Holy Virgin, keep us! Son of God, protect us! Amen! Amen!”

Thus in the wild words of an old Celtic *some* murmurs the wayfarer as he moves by night along the silent ways, and peers this way and that way with timid eyes, and sees spectral shadows assail his path, till his heart leaps at the sight of the light in his cottage window

afar. Well may he fear the dreadful Washerwomen of the Night, for these are no fairy fancies bred in the bright imaginations of a sunny place, but spectres, lonely and horrible, of darkness and death. Doomed is he who thus beholds them in the loneliness of the night, for it is *his* shroud they are washing with skeleton-fingers cold as frost, and it is *his* face-cloth they stretch to dry on the starlit sward beside the stream, and it is *his* dirge they are singing as they stoop above the glimmering stream in the shadowy wood or by the lonely shore.

Night after night the Kannerez-noz are busy; their work is never done, for the long line of the Dead ceases never. Sometimes in the haunted forest, oftener under the shadowy crags, they wash and wring. And the fisherman from his craft by night sees them as often as does the waggoner crossing the great moors with his loads of salt. Down here at Kromlaix—even here, where most men would die of old age were it not for the accursed conscription—they ply their trade. Drifting along under the shadow of the Menhir, floating close to the Gate of St. Gildas, and dozing at the helm, many a Kromlaix man has seen the crags part open, revealing a spectral village, with a silver kirk in the midst from whence the *angelus* rings, a graveyard bright with silver tombs, a Calvary where the figures were not stone but white skeletons, and far away houses thatched with silver, with crimson window panes and shadows moving within; and then, half wakening and shivering, he has seen the strand below, the spectral village all bestrewn with linen white as snow, and has seen—ah, God, with his living eyes has seen!—the Kannerez crouching close beside the sea, and has heard their terrible voices singing the dirge of dread! What avail to cross himself now, and to call on Jesu and the Blessed Lady and all the Saints? for sure it is that that man's shroud is woven, and all that remains uncertain is whether he will die on firm land or out there in the great sea.

At the front of Mother Gwenfern's cottage door, situated apart in the shadow of the crag, stood Rohan and Master Arfoll looking downward towards the strand and calmly contemplating the very scene on which superstition has based its horrible dream of the Washerwomen of the Night. For it was a calm night, of little wind; the moon every minute was darkened by slowly drifting cloud, and few stars were visible; and down on the sand, murmuring and sometimes singing, were shadowy figures stooping over hidden pools, and all around them were gleams of whiteness, as of linen spread upon the shingle. Here and there a lantern glimmered from the ground, or moved hither and thither in unseen hands. Behind these murmuring groups with flitting lights gleamed Kromlaix, with the moon-

light shimmering on its roofs, the red lights gleaming in its windows, as strange as any spectral village seen in a half-dream.

It was dead low water, the fountains were upbursting from the hidden river far below, and the women and maidens of Kromlaix were gathered there, washing their linen or dipping their pitchers for water, while they gossiped over the news. Here, night or day, whenever it was low water, they gathered, old and young; and naturally enough, the Fountain was the leading centre of all the scandal and gossip of the place.

That fancy of the Kannerez had occurred to Master Arfoll, as he quietly contemplated the far-off busy scene.

"It is so, mark you, that 'superstition' constructs its tales," he said. "Could you not fancy now that the Kannerez-noz were before you, washing their white shrouds in the pure pools? The Kannerez! not pretty maids like your cousin Marcelle, with their white feet stealing on the warm sand!"

"Nevertheless, Master Arfoll," returned Rohan, laughing, "there are many there who would pass for the Kannerez even by broad day. Old Mother Barbaik, for example!"

Master Arfoll did not laugh, but kept his sad eyes fixed, as he said—

"Poor women! poor old mothers, with their weary limbs and broken hearts, and hearts that will soon be broken more! Ah, Rohan, it is a pleasant thing to be young and strong and pretty like Marcelle, but it is a sore thing to grow old and despised like Mother Barbaik of whom you speak. Hath she not a son?"

"Yes."

"An only son?"

"Yes; Jannick—you will know him, Master Arfoll, by sight—he walks lame, and hath a great hunch on one shoulder, and two of his right-hand fingers have never grown!"

"God has been very good to him!" said Master Arfoll quietly.

"Good, Master Arfoll!"

"To him—and to his poor old mother. Better, Rohan, in these days to be born halt and lame, or deaf and blind, than to grow up into man's strength. Happy Jannick! He will never go to war! Mother Barbaik can keep her child!"

There was a long pause. Both men watched the Fountain and the sea, but with different emotions. The itinerant's heart was full of the terrible calm of the sublimest pity and unselfishness; Rohan's was stirred by a stormy passion.

At last Rohan spoke. He seemed like one concluding a long train of reflection, rather than opening a subject.

"After all, my name will be on the list!"

"No doubt."

"And my number may be drawn?"

"Perhaps;—but God forbid!"

Rohan turned his face full on his companion's, and laughed—fiercely, quickly; a laugh with no joy in it, only desperation.

"God forbid?—I am sick of hearing God's name mentioned so!"

"Never be sick of hearing God's name," said Master Arfoll gently.

"God forbid? What does God forbid? Cruelty, butchery, battle, hunger, disease! None of these! He sits calm, if He is at all, giving His world over to devils. Ah, Master Arfoll, you know, you know! You have seen, you have seen! And yet—you have faith!"

Rohan laughed again almost contemptuously. As he stood thus, towering by the frail figure of Master Arfoll, he seemed (with his fair hair and leonine locks) like some mighty giant of the north.

"I have faith," answered Master Arfoll, and his face shone beautiful in the moonlight; "I have faith, and I think I shall have it till I die. You have seen little of the world; I have seen much. You have suffered nothing; I have lost all; and yet I say to you now, my son, as I would say to you in your despair: God forbid—that I should doubt my God!"

"And yet, mark you, He suffers these things."

"It is so," answered Master Arfoll simply. "While men remain ignorant, these things will be; when men grow wise, these things will cease. Man, not God, is the scourge of man. God made the world beautiful, and God is joy; the wicked are unhappy, see you, and they do not know God."

"Who knows Him then?—Those only who weep?"

"Those who help Him, Rohan."

"How?"

"By fulfilling His law of love; by loving all things, hoping all things, enduring all things. But stay, my Rohan, perhaps my God is not yours. Mine is not the god of *monsieur le curé*, nor the god of Uncle Ewen, neither the god of priests nor the lord god of battles. He is the Voice within my own heart, answering all the Voices that cry around me, 'There is no hope! despair, despair!'"

Rohan inclined his head, not irreverently, for he had been an apt pupil and he adored his master; but the spirit of wrath was still strong within him, and his eyes still burnt terribly. The blood of the Gwenferns was fire. In this man native passion and pride had been subdued by accidental culture into something eminently noble; but the elements were there, and it only needed some insufferable

outrage or indignity to turn him again into the original savage Adam. "Let me speak again of the conscription, Master Arfoll," he said in a voice trembling with agitation. "It is coming again, and the Emperor may say to any man 'Follow me!' Tell me then—is *this* the will of God?"

"It is not!"

"And a man would be justified in answering the Emperor 'No, I will not follow, for thy leadership is accurst!'"

"There is no escape—he who is called must go!"

"But first answer—would that man be justified?"

"Before God he would."

Rohan Gwenfern threw his hands up into the air.

"Then, remember, if ever that call should come to me, if ever the bloody hand should be laid upon my shoulder and the bloody finger point me forward—remember, *then*, what I swear now—I will resist, to the last drop of my blood, to the last fibre of my flesh; though all the world should be against me, even what I love best, I will be firm; though the Emperor himself should summon me, I will defy him and spit upon him—I, Rohan Gwenfern, will spit upon him, Napoleon, and defy him. They may kill me, but they cannot make *me* kill. Master Arfoll, if the time comes, remember *that!*"

The words poured forth in a torrent. Could the speaker's face have been seen, it would have appeared quite bloodless—the lips compressed, the eyes set, the whole countenance in one white heat of passionate resolve. Almost involuntarily, as he concluded, Gwenfern crossed himself—a custom which he seldom followed, but which he now adopted in the vehemence of his feeling, as if calling God to witness his oath.

Master Arfoll sighed. The words seemed wild and raving, and he had heard such frantic protestations made before, but the end had ever been the same—despairing submission to inevitable destiny.

A few moments afterwards the men shook hands, and Master Arfoll made his way up the cliff side.

"God forbid, indeed," he thought, "that the lot should ever fall on *him!* He is a lamb now, for he has known only green fields and the breath of peace; but I see the wild spirit within him—the first blood of battle would change him into a wild beast!"

While this dialogue was proceeding, the scene at the Fountain was growing brisker. Seen closer, it lost much of its weird mystery, and became a lively human picture.

About midway between high and low water-marks glistened numerous pools, fresh dug by the hands of the women; for wherever

holes were scooped the fresh water bubbled up; and around the pools, kneeling on boards and old thwarts of boats, and sometimes even on the shingle with their bare unprotected knees, were busy groups of white-capped women and girls, washing, beating their linen with their wooden bats, laughing and chattering as merrily as a sisterhood of rooks which the moon keeps awake in the tree-tops.

The sands were still luminous with the ebb tide, and strewn with tangled weeds and gleaming jelly-fish. The air was warm, but piquant with the odours of ocean, and every breath of it wafted inland the night-moths and large gnats that people sandy places.

At intervals there came from the dim sea the cry of some belated and solitary gull; and once a great white owl, while prowling purblind among the clefts of the moonlit crags, blundered across the open space of the Fountain, and uttering a startled scream, buried itself in the gloom of the cliffs beyond.

Among the pools were some preserved for domestic purposes, and at these were young girls and children with earthen pitchers and wooden pails, some standing, others coming and going.

Among those lingering stood Marcéle, her pitcher balanced on her head, her eyes turned to the groups of women who chattered near her in the moonlight.

She was not a popular member of that assembly, for she had two great drawbacks in the eyes of the women—her beauty, and her connection with the old Corporal.

As a rule, the Fountain (the place of many pools was always spoken of thus, in the singular number) was a scene of extraordinary animation and merriment. Every matter of public or private interest was discussed and analysed there; bad characters were beaten to shreds by tongues as hard as the wooden bats of their owners; the foibles of friends and neighbours were turned inside out and well scrubbed, amid a blinding spray of prattle. Not the congress of women, in the great play of Aristophanes, kept up a more incessant chatter. It must be admitted, moreover, that much of the humour ventilated at the Fountain had an Aristophanic broadness,—reminding one terribly of the “*Lysistrata*.” The *gaudriole* had its place vindicated here, as much as in the page of Béranger. Yet these were modest matrons, meek as mice before their husbands, God-fearing, loving, and gentle. They merely prattled together over the secrets of their matronhood, and though they sometimes laughed coarsely, meant no harm.

As for the younger females, they clustered together and discussed their love affairs, with much tittering and whispering, and no naughtiness whatever. There were lovely maids among them, but none

quite so lovely as Marcelle. Marcelle was stately as a *grande dame*, and never condescended to foolishness; for which characteristic *hauteur*, be certain, they loved her none the more.

So there she stood lingering in the moonlight, fair and happy as Marguerite before she learned to sing "Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer!" Something in the gossip of the elder women had struck her ear, and she had paused to listen.

That night there was laughing and singing and chattering enough, but these had ever and anon been interrupted by pauses of thoughtful silence, broken betimes by low anxious whispers.

"Ah *mon Dieu!* it is all true enough, little Joan, as some of us shall soon know to our sorrow!" cried one of the women.

"It will be a sore day for Kromlaix," said another, looking up from the pool over which she was leaning. "Our Piarik was taken the last time, and he has never come back yet."

"Ah, but he lives!" said the first speaker.

"Yes, he lives!"

"It is your house that has the luck," cried a grizzly giantess with grey hair, whose brawny arms were busy in the same pool. "My Jannick and my Gillarm are gone, with never a priest to give them a blessing or a friend to pray their poor souls to God!"

She drew a heavy breath, while her face was contorted with agony, but she had a mighty man's heart, which would break rather than find relief in tears.

"No one says it is not true," said the girl called Joan, a small but adult girl who walked lame, "but the time is not fixed, and some say the Emperor himself does not know his plans. It may be a year—two years—none can tell. Father Rolland was telling mother to-day—for when she heard of it, she was very anxious about Hoël and Léon, as you conceive—that the lists do not mean very much. The men may not be wanted for a long time; and again, there may be peace, and no one may have to go at all."

"One cannot understand why the Emperor does not make peace. Is he not the master? When one is master like that, peace is easy."

The masculine woman who had formerly spoken gave a fierce laugh.

"The Emperor!—Say the Devil, and all is said—does the Devil make peace?"

This was more than Marcelle could bear.

"Silence, Yvonne Penvenu; you have no right to say such things, and as for your sons, they are better where they are than where they used to be, at the *cabaret*, fighting and cursing."

Yvonne lifted up her worn face and glared at the speaker, but Marcelle was not to be daunted.

"You know well that what I say is true, and the good God knows I pity you, but you should not talk as you do. Listen! It is the Prussians who will not let the Emperor make peace."

All became attentive. Marcelle spoke as one having authority.

"My Uncle Ewen says the Emperor would be glad to rest, but the Germans have bought over all the kings with their gold, and they will not suffer him. Have you seen a swarm of wasps round a man going to market across the sandhills of Traonili? Well, it is like that! They cannot hurt the great Emperor, these wasps of Prussians and English, but they can keep him troubled—they can prevent him from making peace!"

A general murmur of voices was the answer; some agreed with Marcelle, many others dissented strongly,—each spoke according to her own stake in the game.

"But why, then," asked a young matron, "is the sergeant in such a hurry about preparing the lists? If there was to be no drawing at all—or only after six months or a year—why should there be such haste to get the names? For my part, I understand it all—the Emperor has a new plan in his head, and we shall hear of it before harvest."

A general groan followed this unpopular prophecy.

As the speaker finished, a little old woman, bent nearly double with age, hobbled in among the group with a crock in one hand and a stout ash staff in the other. Setting the vessel down on the shingle, she stood panting for breath; then clasping the staff with both hands and resting her chin on her wrists, she surveyed the speakers with a strange glitter in her black eyes.

Meantime, the little maid called Joan answered the would-be prophetess.

"Come must, come will," she said, sententiously. "There is at least this comfort, the Emperor does not want all; each man takes his chance; and the lots are in God's hands, after all."

"And one can light a candle up at Notre Dame de la Garde," said the other. "There is hope yet, and to blame the Emperor is not fair."

She was a young mother, and all her children were little fledgelings, who had but lately left the nest of her enfolding arms. So what cared she? Her husband was fishing on the cod-banks of Newfoundland, and all her brood was safe.

"I cried when our poor Antonin died in the fall of the leaf," said a girl who had not yet spoken, and who was quietly filling the crock of the old woman who had last arrived. "I cried then; but now I do not care, if God has taken him instead of the conscription."

A pathetic murmur answered her. The old woman stood still, leaning on her staff, as if fascinated.

"For our part we are safe," cried Joan; "I have only one brother, and the Emperor does not take the only sons."

Marcelle, who was slowly retreating, turned sharply at this statement.

"It is a good thing," she cried, with a scornful laugh, "to have three full-grown brothers left, and none of them cowards. One of mine at least will look upon the Emperor. Would I were a man that I might go!"

One or two girls echoed the sentiment: it is so easy to be courageous when one is in no personal peril.

"But as for your only sons," she continued, "the Emperor has changed all that this time. Every strong man will take his chance—all except the blind and the poor idiots will have to go if 'tis the Emperor's will. What then? *Vive l'Empereur!*"

Not a voice echoed her; the women surveyed her in grim silence, and made signs to each other. Only the infirm old creature leaning on her staff uttered a feeble wail. Hobbling over to Marcelle, she clutched her arm.

"That is false, Marcelle Derval!"

"What is false, Mother Loiz?"

"That the only sons will be drawn. That is what the sergeant says, but it is false."

"You are right, Mother Loiz," sympathetically murmured several voices; and angry faces crowded round Marcelle.

The old woman trembled like an aspen leaf, and her thin voice piped despairingly—

"Ah, God, it cannot be true. The sergeant says that no one will be exempt—no one at all, but it cannot be true. I have talked to the sergeant, I. He says the Emperor must have men—thousands, millions—soon! It is to cut the throats of the Germans, and that is just. But the Emperor shall not have my boy. I have prayed that the Emperor might have victories; while he left me my boy, I say, I have prayed for the Emperor every night. The others are dead—they died young—and I have only Jàn."

Marcelle was touched and laid her hand softly on those of the old woman.

"Have no fear, Mother Loiz!" she said. "The sergeant knows all that—and that you have no one but Jàn. He will not let him be put down in the lists, and even if his name was drawn, he would not suffer him to go."

"My curse upon them all!" cried the old crone madly. "My Jàn

is tall and strong, and they always draw the strong and the tall. Ah, they are cunning; they cheat in the drawing, and take the best. And the Emperor is making ready once more! But he shall not have my Jàn: as God is in Heaven he shall not have my Jàn!"

With a look of pity, Marcelle departed, walking slowly up the beach in the light of the moon, which had now grown brighter, and was lying like silver on the sands and on the sea. As she reached the shadow of the village, a dark figure joined her, and a low voice murmured her name.

"Marcelle!"

"Rohan!"

There was a silent kiss in the moonlight, and then Rohan lifted up his hands to take the pitcher of water.

"Let me carry it for you—it is heavy!"

"No, it is quite light!"

He persisted, but she would not suffer him to release her of her burthen; so he followed quietly at her side.

"You are late at the Fountain, Marcelle. The tide has turned."

"Yes."

That was all they said till they were near the Corporal's door. Rohan was unusually gloomy and taciturn, but to Marcelle there was a delicious pleasure in this silent companionship.

"Will you not come in?" she said, setting down her pitcher.

The street was empty, and they were quite alone.

"Not to-night!" answered Rohan.

He had both her hands now, and was drawing her face quietly to his. All at once, she drew back, laughing, and said—

"After all, then, the news is true!"

"What news?" he asked, kissing her.

"There will be more war. The Emperor is mad against the Germans."

It was as if the lips of a skeleton had been put to his; he drew back shivering.

"What is the matter?" she asked softly.

"It is nothing; only the night is cold. And so there will be more war? Well, that is old news at the best."

He was trying hard to conquer the emotion that was fast mastering him; and his voice did not tremble. All at once, and absolutely for the first time, it flashed upon the girl, looking in his face, that this man, her lover, might be called among the rest. A sharp pain ran through her heart.

"Ah, Rohan," she said, self-reproachfully, "I had forgotten—I did not think—the only sons will be drawn too!"

Rohan laughed. The laugh had fierceness in it, which Marcelle, in her own emotion, scarcely noticed.

"What then?" he asked.

The maid hung her head, still with both her hands clasped in his, and answered, using for the first time that night the endearing second personal pronoun.

"And *thou*!"

There was a pause. Rohan shivered and did not reply. Presently the girl, coming close to him and putting both her arms around his neck, so that he could feel her heart beating against his own, kissed him passionately on the lips of her own accord.

"My Rohan! my brave Rohan! It is true; thy name is down, and may be drawn, and if so, thou wilt leave me—thou wilt go away to serve the great Emperor, and to fight for France. I will not speak falsely—I am praying that thou mayst not go; but if thou goest, I will not cry—I will be brave. It is hard to part with one's best beloved—ah, God, it is hard; but for the Emperor's sake—ah, yes, for the good Emperor's sake, what would we not do! If it is his will and God's, I will not be sorry. Nay, then, I will be proud!"

She passed her hands across her eyes, which were moist with tears. Just then a voice from the Corporal's threshold cried loudly—

"Marcelle!"

Kissing her lover quickly once again, Marcelle caught up her pitcher and hurried rapidly away, leaving Rohan standing silent in the shadow of the street. He had not answered her, nor interrupted her; he was too amazed, too sick of heart. Her very kiss had seemed terrible to him. He felt now, for the first time, how far their feelings ran apart; how their souls prayed asunder, like worshippers who adore different gods.

And with all this the love within him rose wave by wave, ever stronger and stronger, till, between its rapturous excess and the new terror that was pursuing him, he seemed as a man gone mad.

Nevertheless as he walked in the moonlight hour after hour that night, sometimes conjuring up the beloved face again and feeling the passionate embrace, sometimes shuddering as he remembered all the fierce bigotry and adoration of the heart he had pressed against his own, he more than once raised his hands to Heaven and cried silently—

"I have sworn it, O my God! *Never, never!*"

(To be continued.)

OLIVER MADOX-BROWN.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

I AM not in general much of a believer in the blighted possibilities of the mute inglorious Miltons; of all the youths who would have been great poets or painters or statesmen, who would have ruled India or restored the national drama, if Fate had not interposed and dismissed them prematurely from life. Perhaps if Marcellus had lived to maturity he might have turned out a very respectable and ordinary sort of person. But I confess that the publication recently of two volumes of literary Remains that now lie before me compels me to doubt whether the might-have-been is really, as Carlyle says, always a vanity. The youth whose promise these two volumes illustrate always seemed to me, and I believe to most who knew him, to be surely destined for fame. I speak of the late Oliver Madox-Brown, whose unfinished works, consisting for the most part of romances, and some finished writings, chiefly poems, have been lately published with a short memoir by the editors, Mr. Wm. M. Rossetti and Mr. Franz Hueffer, the brothers-in-law of the young novelist and poet. Oliver Madox-Brown died little more than twelve months ago in his twentieth year. He had for several years been an artist. He was not one of the youthful phenomena of a household circle whose precocious genius is only apparent to his loving parents, sisters, and cousins. He had stood the hard test of competition. I have heard many charges made against the authorities of our Royal Academy, but I never heard it imputed to them that they were weakly anxious to encourage rising talent in outsiders. Nor do I suppose that the name which young Madox-Brown bore, or that of the school to which he was supposed to belong, would have been the surest possible passport to their favour. Yet the Royal Academy accepted a water-colour of his and hung it "well on the line" in 1870, when the artist was fifteen years of age. The year before that he had a water-colour in the Dudley Gallery. I am inclined to think that these are illustrations of early artistic talent which can hardly be rivalled in our times. The youth kept on painting and exhibiting for two or three years, until something convinced him that the true bent of his genius was rather for literature than for art. He had always

been writing verses, many of which, so far as I can judge, are genuine poetry. A sonnet of his, written when he was thirteen years of age, begins with such soft, melodious, calm, and, if I may use such a word, unboyish lines as these :—

Leaning against the window rapt in thought,
Of what sweet past do thy soft brown eyes dream,
That so expressionlessly sweet they seem?
Or what great image hath thy fancy wrought
To wonder round and gaze at?

When he was about sixteen years of age he became filled with the idea of writing a romance. None of his immediate friends, at the time when he resolved upon this experiment, were writers of fiction. His father, as every one knows, is the eminent historical painter, Ford Madox-Brown; his sisters are accomplished artists; he had among his nearest connections and closest friends some of the most famous poets and distinguished critics of our time. It certainly would not be easy to find anywhere a more intellectually brilliant circle than that in which young Oliver Brown passed so much of his time. But it is at least worth observation that he chose for himself the literary path, to which he was not prompted by the example, and along which he could hardly have had the guidance, of any of his more intimate friends.

I became personally acquainted with Oliver Madox-Brown after he had completed the writing of his first novel, but before he had found or sought a publisher for it. That time was almost exactly three years ago. He was a tall, rather robustly-formed, youth, whose face and figure certainly gave no indication of ill-health or weakly constitution, although in his expression and manner there was an almost feminine softness which added a singular charm to his genial boyish ways. With his long hair, his soft complexion, and his peculiarly sweet smile, he reminded me of a certain type of German student, of the less noisy and more romantic kind, who is, or who once used to be, a familiar figure at Bonn or Heidelberg. There was something singularly bright and charming in his conversation and all his ways. He had a rare blending of the best qualities of boy and man. His opinions were original and genuine, having in them—a truly marvellous quality in a young man—no savour of affectation. My family and I were greatly attracted by him, and very soon began to feel as if we must have known him for a long time. I may own, however, that until it actually appeared I did not attach much importance to the fact that he had a novel ready for publication. When I was a very young man I had a story ready for publication

too, and I have known so many youths who had stories ready for publication! Besides there seemed to be such unmistakable power and promise in Oliver Brown's pictures that I took it for granted his real tendency must be towards the painter's art, in which his father had won distinction. But when the romance appeared in print, and I read it, I certainly did begin to think that the young man's own frequent declarations were right, and that he had in him above all things the capacity to be a successful writer of romance. I have myself argued in many writings, anonymous and otherwise, that what may be called the social novel—the novel turning upon the difficulties and distresses arising out of conventional distinctions and situations; the novel of routine life and ordinary experiences, whether in Dickens's "two-pair back," or George Eliot's country farmhouses, or Mr. Trollope's drawing-rooms—must by this time have nearly had its day. Deeper and more elementary emotions, situations less kept in order by conventionality and every day life, must become the substance of our fiction again. Of course I put out of consideration altogether the regular sensation novel, with its vulgar Divorce Court intrigues and its *Police News* murders. These I do not regard as belonging in any sense to art at all. But I think that genuine art will before long, in fiction, turn again to deal with "exultations, agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind," more profoundly than it has lately cared to do. I am therefore always more or less on the look out for a coming man, whom I, at least, expect our public to see before very long.

When I read Oliver Brown's first romance I began to ask myself whether it was not possible that my young friend might prove in the end to be this coming man. For the book, though it had crudeness and inexperience made visible on almost every page, yet seemed to bear with it a distinct evidence of fresh and original power, and to promise something new to the literature of our day. What is the common characteristic of a young romancist? Vague extravagance I should say—the imagination let loose as it is in a dream without regard to time or space or law. The improbable is not made to seem likely: indeed, the probable is more often made to look improbable by uncertainty and looseness of treatment. The first thing that strikes one in Oliver Brown's story is the firm and certain hand with which everything is drawn. There are strange, and if you wish to call them so, impossible, situations: the book is full of horror and danger and wild emotion of many kinds, but everything is pictured with as firm and assured a hand as if the author were describing, detail for detail, what he saw with his own eyes. The central

situation of the story is grim and painful, and is probably without precedent, either in fiction or in life. What can be more painfully impressive than that picture so carefully and almost unrelentingly drawn of that miserable boat with its three passengers—the two lovers snatching even from agony their moments of fearful joy, and that cold, cruel figure of hate and jealousy, frozen into paralysed insanity, which is always present, always watching them—and these three alone on the ocean?

The author intended for his story a conclusion different from that which it had when it was published. He was advised to make the tale end happily for the lovers: and he yielded to the advice. The regular novel-reader likes a happy ending, and the circulating libraries of course like to please the regular novel-reader. It is almost a rule now that a story must end pleasantly. But to make the rule enduring in art the authors must set out with the intention to tell pleasant stories. The artistic purpose of "Gabriel Denver" did not allow of its being a pleasant story. It was a story of stern, wild, not impossible, passion, and trial and terror and pain. It was artistically as little fitted for a gladsome ending as "Saint Ronan's Well" or "Notre Dame." The story, as originally written, now appears in the published Remains, and is much stronger and more consistent as a work of art than the "improved" version.

When I read the book first I assumed that my young friend had been at sea, had seen tropical waters and Australian scenery. I was surprised to find that he had never been out of England. I can easily imagine an ordinary reader saying "All this is very clever, but the descriptions are too minute and real. I suppose the author only wants to make us know that he has been at sea in a storm, and that he has actually seen a ship on fire." Nothing, indeed, was so striking in the book as the combination of almost audacious power in the devising of new situations with a faithful and steady realism, which brought every scene and every detail directly under the reader's eye. No matter what crudities and defects the critic may see in the book, this rare merit he must acknowledge. It is rare among matured authors of very high rank—how many times have we ever heard of its showing itself in the work of a boy of seventeen or eighteen?

Oliver Brown then appears to have made up his mind to turn to literature as a profession—especially, of course, to fiction. I have read the finished and unfinished specimens of his work which have just been published, and they only make more clear to me his capacity for success. There appeared to be a bright future before

him, and he seemed resolved to do his best and honestest to earn it. Strange indeed was it to find in one so young such a faithful devotion to the study and labour of the tasks he marked out for himself. With all his dashing rapidity of conception, he could work as patiently and faithfully at the smallest details necessary to make a scene in a novel seem real as if he were a sculptor finishing up some statue on which his fame was to rest. To him Fiction was—as it surely ought to be for every one who attempts it—a great art exacting the full devotion of a life. There is one of his published stories which will be probably found hard reading for the ordinary customer of the circulating library because of the very pains which the author took to reproduce with exactness the peculiarities of a local dialect. It would be well for fiction if the conscience of the art and the sense of its duty and dignity filled many of its practitioners as it filled him. But though he was a hard and sometimes unresting worker, he seemed to have the temperament which can find enjoyment in rest as well as in work. He was an excellent talker, keen, witty, and with fresh fearless opinions on most subjects belonging to literature and art. He seemed to me marked out not only for work and for distinction, but for happiness. I have known a great many bright and promising youths, but the sudden malady which struck down Oliver Madox-Brown in the late autumn of 1874 marred the highest hope which I, at least, had ever been led to form of one so young, while it inflicted, I am satisfied, a serious loss upon English literature.

THE WAY TO EGYPT.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.



WE have missed the way, and are beginning to recognise the fact. "We had to deal, in some haste, with a wholly unforeseen contingency," is the Foreign Minister's excuse. The unexpected offer, the hasty consideration, and the quick decision, have cost us, publicly and privately, a good many millions sterling, and have not given us the thing so much required and sought by the country—possession of our water lane to India.

"What are we to do with these four boxes of scrip brought home from Egypt in the *Malabar*?" an eminent civil servant asked an eminent City man. "Do with them?" answered the cynical banker, "Paper one of your offices—say, by preference, the Bankruptcy Court." Some weeks ago that eminent civil servant, like chiefs in other offices, was in ecstasies over what he called our "purchase of the Suez Canal," and his chum the City banker, though deeming the purchase a queer stroke of business, taken as business only, had a strong impression that in some way, only known to members of the Cabinet, and perhaps to Mr. Oppenheim and Baron Rothschild, the affair was one of high political science. To-day these enthusiasts are as cool as Lord Hartington, as critical as Sir William Harcourt. The great official chaffs the First Lord on his pretended coquetries with the Sphynx, while the great financier whispers round his club that our astute Lancashire peer, in spite of his native wit and post-scientific training, is no match for the financial serpents of old Nile. A stroke of business marked by the three notes—high price, low interest, and bad security—is not likely to impress a City man.

This cynical mood is not confined to City and official circles. It is found everywhere; though less in newspapers than in drawing-rooms, clubs, and market-places. Yet even in journals the most careful to preserve a reputation for consistency there is a grave and noticeable change. Some are edging, some are silent, some speak out. "I am of your opinion," wrote to me an able editor in December; "our move on Egypt is a false move; in a short time we shall all be saying so; and then we shall all be saying that we always said so; but—the time has not yet come." Sooner than

my friend foresaw, the time for journalists to tell the truth is coming on. A veering wind compels a sailor anxious to run with the gale to trim his craft and change his course. No prudent mariner nails his mainsail to the mast.

A few honest words from the lips of Lord Derby—for the hearty frankness of which he cannot be praised too much—have brushed away the whole mirage and after-glow in which his purchase was involved. In buying the scrip, he told his audience, he had done a stroke of business, and no more. There was no deep-laid scheme. The thing had no political meaning. It was not, as people said, the beginning of a protectorate in Egypt. It was not, as people said, a reversal of our ancient policy in the East. It was not, as people said, a sign of our abandonment of Turkey to her enemy. It was not, as people said, the first act in a scramble for the outlying Ottoman provinces. No language could be more emphatic and more definite than the language of Lord Derby. His purchase, he hoped, might be justified, but not on such mysterious and high-sounding pleas. Our Foreign Secretary is no Chauvinist. If the move on Egypt had deserved the character which nine persons in every ten first gave to it, Lord Derby says the step would have been “neither a wise step nor an honest one.” Thus the hand which had unwittingly raised the huge fabric of illusion and delusion dashed that fabric to the ground.

Some persons, eager it might seem to be misled, assail Lord Derby for his frankness; others contend that the Foreign Minister misunderstands his own acts. Some secret, they are certain, lies behind the purchase: some intention too sublime for common audiences to share: some scheme on which the pyramids and the centuries may yet look down. On all sides there are chaff and banter, rage and protest. “No mystery—no reserve!” Lord Derby cried, in that clear tone which he expects “Europe to believe.” Europe believes and—Europe smiles. Europe has no objection to see England cast her millions into the waters, in the desperate hope of finding them after many years. Home critics, knowing that we want Egypt, are not satisfied so easily. “Lord Derby has no eye for the picturesque,” sighs one; “Lord Derby has no more pluck than Lord Granville,” sneers another. Sigh and sneer express the sense of disappointment. Even in his friendly audience at Edinburgh Lord Derby must have felt the difference. When he first touched the subject of his purchase he was met by thunders of applause: while he spoke in general terms the plaudits were repeated round on round. But when he came to those words of soberness in which he

set the public right the roof was in no danger of coming off. "Our purchase is popular," he said. Yes, it was popular—while it was held to be something else than what it is; while it was held to be a move on Egypt, a seizure of our road to India; while it was held to be the deed which Lord Derby says would have been neither wise nor honest.

The purchase is so bad in principle, so wasteful in results, that it may well be stripped of all imaginary attributes. When Parliament meets the Minister will have enough to answer for without being charged with reversing our ancient policy and snatching at the territory of our ancient ally. He will have to explain his reason for reviving in the nineteenth century the old and wicked right of intruding on the soil of an independent Power. He will have to justify our doing an act towards Turkey which we should never think of allowing Turkey to do towards us. He will have to tell us how we can honestly do things in Egypt which we should strenuously object to France or Italy doing in Egypt. He will have to show that by our intrusion, such as it is, we have not set an example which less pacific and perhaps less scrupulous Cabinets may turn against ourselves. More than all else, in the present temper of the public, he will have to prove that his purchase has not maimed our system of defence. What would Lord Derby say to so adroit a Minister as Prince Gortschakoff, if it were suddenly announced from Caboul that the Russian Government had bought up half the road through the Khyber Pass? And the resulting waste may be as hard to justify as the principle. Four millions of public money are a small part of our sacrifice. Thousands of poor widows, thrifty clergymen, and half-pay officers have been induced by the excitement to invest their little hoards and pensions in Egyptian bonds. Before the ferment many millions of Egyptian stocks were lying in the hands of syndicates and agencies: paper unsaleable at any price, in any market of the world. It was no secret that the last loan was a commercial failure, and that twelve or thirteen millions of the stock remained unsold. Investors had their quivers full, and financial houses failed to "make a price." Much of that paper has been issued to investors who believed that we were taking up a new position in Egypt, and were staking English credit as security for the Khedive's debts. No small amount of money has been taken from the English Funds by helpless and mistaken people, and distributed among financial agencies in exchange for scrip of no more value than the four boxes of paper brought home in the *Malabar*.

Apart from all these evils, all these losses, there is something worth attention in the recent outbreak of enthusiasm: something of which our leaders, whether Liberal or Conservative, will need to take account in any future dealing with the question of our road to India. Nothing so curious has been seen since Palmerston, appealing to our national love of fighting, went to the constituencies on the British lion: An appeal to our pugnacious qualities never fails.

News that we had bought the Canal, moved on Cairo, and secured our road to India seemed to fascinate every circle. It is idle and ungrateful to abuse the press, as some are doing. Journalists are mortal. Society was more excited than the papers, and was far less reticent of speech. Professional men, of middle age and sober habit, were beside themselves with glee. For ten days men the most sedate and cynical raved about Egypt and India as school-boys rave about Troy and the Achæan League. Diplomats toasted the Nile. Clowns joked about the Khedive in the Christmas pantomimes. Ladies and curates put their savings into Egyptian stock. Every one you met seemed ready to applaud the purchase and assist the movement—always under the impression that we had bought the Canal, that we were moving on Cairo, and that, whether we vexed or pleased our neighbours, we meant to make our road to India safe. Opinion was as sweeping and united as in the famous week when Palmerston, mounted on his lion, charged into the Liberal ranks, and for the moment chased the most eminent friends of peace from the stage of public life.

Apart from the cause in which it was excited, the ferment was a stirring sight. Fire, whether physical fire or moral fire, is never commonplace. A cathedral in flames is a striking object to the eye: a country kindled into fervour by a common passion is a striking object to the mind. To see a man at his best, you should take him under the sway of some generous thought; to see a people at their best, you must mark them under the impulse of some noble deed. Luther's plain face grew radiant as he claimed for all men, whether priest or laic, liberty of the mind. Howard's sharp outlines softened into beauty as he led the prisoner from his dungeon out into the light of heaven. And so with nations. France was transformed and glorified when her ancient nobles voluntarily resigned their feudal rights; Russia when her Sovereign emancipated his millions of serfs; America when her chief magistrate annested her leading rebels; Italy when her patriots crowned their unity and fraternity in Rome. England, in her long and stately

history, has passed through many such heroic phases, for the countrymen of Raleigh and Shakespeare have a natural aptitude for the picturesque.

Spirits are not finely touched
Save to fine issues,

On the day when she compelled a despot to sign her great charter; on the day when she declared her Church free from foreign rulers; on the day when she rose in defence of her shores against the fleets and legions of Philip the Second; on the day when she gave peace to Europe and withdrew her armies from the Continent; on the day when she emancipated her slaves, and on the day when she retired from broken and prostrate Abyssinia, England was at her best: worthy of that glowing and immortal picture which was drawn of her by Milton in the noblest passage of even his noble prose. The flush of ardour caused by our "purchase of the Suez Canal" was not indeed of this high class; yet all the passions are akin; and in the quick acceptance of responsibility for the deed once done, let who might take offence, one saw the same instinct that had risen against the Great Armada, that had led Blake into crying "Hands off, no interference from without," when Cavaliers and Roundheads were fighting out their fight. Even in the fury and unreason there was something grand.

This incident revealed to Europe the existence in England of a vast reserve of patriotic strength. Too many people on the Continent were beginning to think of us chiefly as brethren to the burgers of Amsterdam and Flushing—excellent men of business, good carriers, faithful bankers, punctual correspondents, traders timidly rich and incurably respectable—not as descendants of the fiery folk who broke the lines at Agincourt and Blenheim, Waterloo and Inkermann; still less as the patient planters of America, the conquerors of India, the lords of Canada, Australia, and the Cape. No statesman talked such nonsense. An empire covering nearly a third of the earth's surface is not likely to be underrated by men of Bismarck's stamp and Gortschakoff's stamp; but the sting of a mosquito may deprive a man of sleep, and very small censurers may excite the anger of a great and sensitive people. To admit the truth, we have been galled. We want our critics to know that we "won't stand any more nonsense," and the Prime Minister played on this susceptibility at the Mansion House. He seemed to mean fighting if he got a chance. Else why that talk about our army and navy being ready? Why that hint about a prosperous and confiding people being prepared to rally round their Queen? A

fighting Minister is always popular. We talk of peace, retrenchment, and reform, but by a touch of spirited foreign policy Palmerston grew strong enough to put the Liberal programme in his desk; not to be disturbed so long as that bellicose Minister lived. If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the left: is not the gospel of an Englishman. "Hit him again!" is our maxim. When Palmerston cried to the butcher at Tiverton: "Where will you be hit—above the belt, below the belt—only say?" he used the language of his countrymen in every grade. After his Mansion House speech the Premier was immensely "popular," and when the papers announced that he had "purchased the Suez Canal," every one read the news in the light of his defiant and aggressive words. Hence the news ran through the country like a cry to arms!

Our first idea was that we had taken Egypt, and the national craving for the road to India was appeased. When this idea vanished, we clung to a belief that we had got the Canal. Our stroke was not so high: yet a ship canal is something real, and the owner of a water lane from Port Said to Suez may regard himself as an Egyptian potentate. This theory was demolished by our critics in the foreign press. M. de Lesseps was content; a fact which seemed suspicious in a man who loves France and hates England with an equal fervour. M. Lemoigne was light of heart, and after his first surprise kept laughing in his sleeve and twitting us with his jokes. M. Beaulieu, man of facts and figures, pointed out to us the nature of our bargain, not without some shrugs of natural wonder that a mercantile people should see a good stroke of business in the act of sinking four millions of money in the Nile. But then the English are eccentric! Anyhow, if the thing were business, as Lord Derby said, what cause had any one in Paris for complaint? So long as we shoot money into the Nile, meaning no harm, Paris is satisfied. But what of England, and her strong desire to get possession of the ship canal?

Is a "confiding people" to be satisfied with the scrip brought home by the *Malabar*? Time out of mind our ports have seen brave argosies come in with spoil: ransom of captive kings, plunder of conquered towns, and prize of intercepted fleets. Such cargoes have been used by Kings and Ministers to kindle public spirit and to gratify patriotic pride. No other means of moving people have proved so quick and sure in their effects. A war ship, coming home with spoil, was certain of a welcome, and the passage of a string of waggons through the country, carrying foreign dollars to the Mint in London, brought a village holiday wherever it appeared. At such

a sight the "youth of England" always leapt on fire; but the arrival of a cargo of waste paper is not a thing to strike the imagination, like the spoils brought home by Raleigh and Blake. The ships coming home from Cadiz and Livorno brought in Spanish dollars and Italian ducats, coins that could be instantly melted down, and thrown into circulation to enrich the country; but the *Malabar* has brought from Egypt nothing more than a cargo of paper for which City authorities can see no better use than covering the Bankruptcy Court. Useless now, that paper will be useless in the future. When we come into possession of our stock—nineteen years hence—we shall require new scrip with coupons attached, not this old scrip with coupons cut off. The hollowness of our bargain is reflected in the four boxes of waste paper in the *Malabar*.

The end is not yet reached. Lord Derby sees by this time that his act was "popular" only so long as it was thought to cover a real advance on Egypt. It were idle to deny that England has shown herself sensitive and impatient on the point in very high degree, and that her sensitiveness and impatience must be taken into some account. In other quarters we are calm. We look with much complacency on the affairs of Cuba, and are wise enough to leave the frontier troubles of Mexico to the United States. The doings of Russia on the Oxus and behind the Hindoo Koosh, though menacing to our Indian empire in the future, leave us cool and staid. A hundred pens are striving to alarm our fears about Caboul, Herat, and Kashgar; yet we read the fiery articles with a smile and doze over the volcanoes which are said to be throbbing at our feet. But Suez is another thing. We cannot treat the question of Suez with the same disdain as that of the Hindoo Koosh. Our danger is more immediate; our means of meeting it are less apparent. A range of mountains, higher than the Swiss Alps, seems able to defend itself. In India, too, our hands are free. Except the lack of roads, the scarcity of food, the absence of shelter, and such natural obstacles, nothing prevents our marching to the summits of our Indian chain, and shutting up all passes leading from the deserts of Central Asia towards the fertile plains of Cashmere and Lahore. In Egypt we have to deal with other facts. Here we are not alone with savage nature and savage men. Here we are hampered by civilised neighbours, and by treaty rights, to which we are parties, if not principals. To us, more than to any other Power, the present relations of Egypt to Turkey owe their birth. We, more than any other nation, have insisted on the absolute sovereignty and

independence of Turkey. We, more than any other country, have contributed to place Egypt in due subordination to the Sultan. We have carried out this policy at the imminent risk of war with France, and the sacrifice of an actual war with Egypt. But in spite of France, we drove the Egyptians out of Palestine. What we have done, it is not our policy to undo.

In Cairo our hands are not free, as they are free in Peshawur and Lahore. Old treaties and jealous neighbours hamper our movements. If our interests and our passions prompt us to seize the Suez Canal, the interests and passions of other nations urge them to prevent our taking that possession. Looking at these facts, we find them anything but pleasant. Our road to India lies through foreign soil. In case of war we might find the ruler of that soil claiming to be neutral in the strife. That claim could never be allowed. Neutrality in such a case means closing the Canal to English ships.

Some people dream of a public law giving to every one a right of way. It is a dream, and nothing but a dream. A right of way, in time of war as well as peace, is one of those privileges which can never be enforced without abuse, and it is now a recognised principle of public policy to oppose the creation of such rights. Austria would not suffer Italy to acquire a right of way through Ticino and the Grisons. Germany would prohibit France from negotiating a right of way through Bazel and Argau. By an old convention Prussia had a right of way through Hanover and Brunswick, but the troubles which arose in the exercise of this right compelled the King of Prussia to annex Hanover and prepare for the annexation of Brunswick. Sooner or later the right of way leads to occupation by the stronger Power. A right of way, open to all, abused by none, is not a state of things to be conceived. In time of war a road along which the belligerents had a right of way would be the first point of contact and the main theatre of bloodshed, till the stronger party had expelled the weaker, when the victorious side would occupy and close the gates against her enemies, and against all neutrals who were suspected of a wish to aid her enemies.

In case of war, as things now stand, we should be certain to find at Cairo an assertion of the indispensable neutrality of the Canal. War is unlikely to arise with any other Powers than France and Russia, our constant rivals and occasional enemies in the East. France keeps an eye on Syria, much as Russia keeps an eye on Turkey. Once, at least, Victoria has prevented a Russian Czar from trying to seize the Golden Horn, and forced a French Emperor to evacuate Damascus and Beyrout. At any moment we may find

ourselves at war with either of these Powers, and even with the two combined. Each has a great authority in the East. For many years France reigned in Cairo almost as openly as she rules at Algiers and Constantine. When she recovers from her recent overthrow, as with her natural buoyancy she quickly will, she may resume her former sway, and we require no notice that her influence in Cairo will be always used—and not unfrequently abused—against our right of way in the Canal. Russia is now the leading force in Turkey and her tributary provinces. Russian generals rule the two capitals. From his palace on the Bosphorus, General Ignatief dictates the Sultan's policy; from his apartments in the War Office, General Fadejeff disposes of the Khedive's troops. These Muscovites are no carpet soldiers, to be held in check by clerks from the English Audit Office, and circumvented by commissioners from the English Board of Trade. These men are foreposts of Russian armies, and on hearing that the Khedive has appointed a Russian officer his Minister of War, with the assent of Alexander, it would be strange if England were not sore about the aspect of affairs. In case of war with either France or Russia, or with France and Russia, we might find the gates of Port Said closed against our ships, and an Egyptian army, officered by our enemies, ready to resist our appeals to force.

This aspect of affairs is menacing. We want security of passage, and that security of passage we imagined had been won.

Are we too late? Is there no way by which we can advance on Egypt, and obtain the thing we want? There is a way; but the key to it is not in Cairo. What do we want in Egypt? Suzerain rights. No less will suit our purpose, since our purpose is to get control of the Canal in time of war. We need no private property in Egyptian sand and water; but we need supreme control of the public policy. A slice of private property here and there can only put our Queen-empress in the ludicrous position of a holder under the Pasha—tenant of a tenant, vassal of a vassal. What we want in Egypt we must seek elsewhere; seek it in the market where the Khedive looks for every privilege he wants to buy.

Some parties, having stocks on sale, speak of the pashalic of Egypt as an independent country, and of the ruler as a sovereign prince. Ismail refrains from using such imprudent language. I have known Americans address the Pasha as "your majesty," and Levantines, who eat his lentils, are extremely fond of sounding names; but Ismail uses no other titles than the Pasha of Syria or the Pasha of Roumelia: titles corresponding to those of prince and highness. His dependence on Stamboul is open, pressing, constant,

and is rendered enduring, like that of other pashas, by harem intrigues and costly bribes. The Pasha has much power within his pashalic; but so has a pasha in Damascus and a pasha in Bagdad. It is the Oriental system to allow great freedom to all local agents, whether aghas, beys, or pashas. Such privileges as the Pasha of Egypt enjoys beyond ordinary pashas, are—his right to borrow money, to have his son succeed him, and to wear a fantastic title. Not a single attribute of sovereignty has been conveyed to him by his master. He cannot make war; he cannot sign a treaty of peace. He may not receive a Minister at his Court, or send a Minister to any foreign Court. He cannot buy an ironclad without a special licence. He must appear in person at Stamboul whenever he is called. Even in such local matters as the consular rules he cannot change a form without the Sultan's express consent. The consular commission on Egypt sits in Constantinople, not in Cairo. In short, the real direction of Egyptian policy is at the Golden Horn.

The purely local privileges enjoyed by the Khedive amount to little more than forms. His right to borrow money, where and when he can, is a privilege shared with every private bank and every public company. The faculty has been granted by the Sultan, and may be taken back by the Sultan. His leave to set aside the old order of succession is a weakness to his government, his scheme being odious in the eyes of all true Moslems. Prince Mohammed's chances of succeeding to his father's chair depend in no small measure on the Sultan's will. The legal heir, afraid to live in Egypt, finds protection at his Sovereign's Court. When Ismail dies there will be a disputed succession, probably a civil war, possibly a change in the hereditary system. There remains his foreign title, Khedive, a word which means little to a Persian, less to an Arab, and nothing to a Turk. The grant of such a title to a man who was already prince and highness was a grave piece of Oriental comedy—much as though Queen Victoria were to make a point of graciously permitting her Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to assume the rank of Nabob, or her Governor-General of India that of Medicine-man.

At the Seraglio bribes will purchase any number of hatts and firmans, but the hatts and firmans bought by the Pashas of Egypt are conceived in the same spirit, and couched in nearly the same words, as rescripts addressed by the Porte to Pashas of Syria and Roumelia. All assume a master's tone. "Yours as you shall deserve," the form once adopted by Elizabeth, is habitual with the Sultan in addressing his Egyptian vassal. "The privileges granted by us to the Egyptian Government," runs the first clause of his great firman,

dated September, 1872, "with a view to develop the prosperity of Egypt, depend on the full and constant discharge of the duties owing to us, which duties are defined and established by our imperial orders." Men who observed the haughty demeanour of Abdul Aziz towards the Khedive in London can have no illusions on the subject of Egypt being "as good as independent." The tribute money tells a tale. A vassal who has to pay his lord a hundred and fifty thousand purses (eight hundred thousand pounds) a year acknowledges his want of sovereignty in a solid form.

The suzerain power which we require in Egypt is a power which no one but the Sultan has the right to cede and sell.

Whether Abdul Aziz might be induced to cede and sell his rights in Egypt is an open question. The inquiry might have been made, and may still be made. Nothing derogatory to his state and dignity would attach to the fact of a foreign agent laying such a proposal before his council. He is used to applications of the kind. More than once the American Government have offered to purchase an island in the Levantine seas. In truth, the greatest nations and the haughtiest rulers have engaged in such transactions; selling as the circumstances suited them outlying provinces of their vast estates. England, France, Germany, Russia furnish instances of this kind of traffic. A King of England sold Dunkerque to France. Napoleon sold the Mississippi valley to America. Most of the mediatised princes of Germany sold their sovereign rights for money. During the Caliph's own reign Russia has sold her great province of Alaska to the United States. Denmark has sold her duchy of Lauenburg to the King of Prussia. France has recently bought up the sovereignty in Monaco. Not many years ago the Prince of Mingrelia sold his sovereign rights to Russia for a pension, and more recently the Elector of Hesse-Cassel sold such remnants of his rights as had survived defeat to Germany. No one denies that such transfers of authority are legitimate, if they are carried out with due regard to all existing rights. In India we have bought up sovereignty after sovereignty. Not long since the King of Holland was on the point of vending Luxemburg to France. America, wanting Cuba very much as we want Egypt, takes the pacific course of offering to pay for what she wants, instead of snatching it by force. To follow in the wake of such examples is to keep in the safe line of custom and precedent; the best policy when we have to deal with jealous and despotic princes.

It is on the cards that Abdul Aziz might be tempted by our millions. What is Egypt worth to him? Eight hundred thousand

pounds a year. Taking the value of money in Stamboul at ten per cent., eight hundred thousand pounds a year represents a capital sum of eight million pounds sterling. Add two millions by way of grace and sweetening, and we have ten millions as the value of Egypt to the Sultan in minted coin. It is worth no more to him now, and is likely to be worth less to him in the future. At twice that sum it would be cheap to us; yea, at ten times that sum it would be cheap to us. A war against Turkey and France, or against Turkey and Russia, would cost a good deal more, and might not give us all we want. Ten or twelve millions down would be a great temptation to a proud and able man, oppressed by many debts, yet needing funds to pay the interest on his bonds, to keep his ships of war, and feed his armies in the field.

THE TOKEN OF THE SILVER LILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

PART II.—ETHELWYN.—(*Continued.*)

SHE sat down by a little dimpling brook
That filled the silence with its pleasant brawls,
And stretched her hand out absently, and plucked
Some knot-grass growing near, and on her lap
Shred the small pinkish flowers from the stem,
But started as among them lightly fell
A spray of hazel nuts . . . unto her lips
A happy laughter crept, when looking up
She saw her cousin standing by her side,
Stalwart and lissom. As she lightly sprang
From the soft grass to greet him, lo! the flowers
Smote like a pretty rain about his feet.
But never heeding them she thrust her hands,
Her little eager hands, in his, and cried :
"Gilbert" (her bright head scarcely reached his breast ;
Yet she was tall, and oh, so beautiful !),
"Somewhat I have to tell you. . . . I have seen
A stranger, wild and bitter were his words,
And in his ways and looks an agony
Mysterious and awful seemed to dwell,
Yet dared not shriek aloud . . . there was in him
That which did chill the life-blood in my veins
And turned my joy to winter . . . forced my eyes
To view the horrors of the charnel house
And peer into the gaping void of death. . . .
Gazing upon him I did seem to catch
The meaning of such ugly words as '*Pain,*'
'*Calamity,*' '*No hope,*' . . . and in his eyes
A ravening hunger lived that seemed to cry
Urgently for its own. . . . I see him now
Before me . . . tell me, do you know his name,
And whence he comes, and why upon his brow
So dark a fate is writ. . . . I cannot rest

Until I know." . . . She paused ; he was perplexed
To answer her. Full well he knew the hate,
Unnatural and bitter, that the Earl
Bore to the girl. Yet not for him to tell
Her all the story ; from her mother's lips
Alone the truth should come. "Cousin," he said,
Lightly, "that little head was never made
To vex itself with wondering. No doubt
Your mother will acquaint you in good time.
Meanwhile we'll go a-nutting. O ! a fine
And profitable way of passing time,
To gather nuts . . . my pretty Ethelwyn,
We'll fill your apron. See, your flowers are crushed
(Like human hopes, he muttered to himself),
But you'll find plenty more (though I shall not :
Mine lie as dead as buried corpses, not
A chance that they'll revive). Cousin, this way,
Over the brambles—lucky we've no worse
Misfortunes to put up with—do you feel
Proud and most happy, Ethel, that you have
Beside you the sole man who is not old,
Nor wittol, nor bed-ridden, to be found
Through the whole breadth of fair Northumbria ?
I think I'll doff these clothes, 'twould better match
With my estate to put on petticoats
And snood my hair with ribbon . . . learn to spin,
And sew, and mend, and do such service as
Weak women do when their strong lords go forth
To battle. . . . O ! I tell you, Ethelwyn,
My blood is turned to flame . . . in my own eyes
I am unsexed . . . a sign-post at which all
Can point a finger . . . 'tis a fearful fate
To be a man, and have the strength, hand, brain,
And *will* to carve and fashion out a life
Gloriously, and by sheer persistence lift
It to a place above the ruck of men,
And be prevented by two little words,
Spoken with no more knowledge of their sense
Than has a parrot when he prates aloud
The words that he is taught . . . my mother's face,
I see it now, as in her arms she clasped
Me, crying : 'Gilbert, with my dying breath

I charge you never to put armour on.
 Have I not lost five sons? At Ethandune,
 Each after each, they fell . . so beautiful,
 So young . . their loss hath slain me . . only you
 Are left to guard your father, who, bereft
 And broken, stands in need of filial care. . . .
 Swear it.' And after her my ready lips
 Echoed 'I swear,' and then, I think, she died. . .
 I cannot love her mem'ry since she laid
 On me so sore a burden . . I have prayed
 My father, night and day, to set me free,
 And let me do my duty like a man,
 But cannot move him . . since his head grew weak
 He fancies that my mother ever stands
 Beside him saying 'Gilbert shall not break
 His vow.' . . But I am minded every day
 And every hour to snap it as I break
 This nut between my hands. Say, will you give
 Me absolution, sweetheart, if I cast
 This visionary obstacle aside
 And leap out *free* to make or mar my life?"

They paused beneath a tree whose branches met
 A sister tree, and made a dainty screen
 Of leaves thro' which the cunning sunbeams crept
 And flickered on their faces: his so dark,
 And fiery and proud, on hers so pale
 And downcast; as they stood one might have ta'en
 The one as type of eager enterprise,
 Ardent and keen, impatient to be up
 And doing, every muscle strung to pitch
 Of utmost tension, chafing at delay;
 The other, type of trembling womanhood,
 That fears for what she loves, and dreads to see
 It leaving her for danger . . . less to her
 His dreams of glory than his perilled life . .
 No Amazon was she to fire his breast,
 And spur him on, rather with clinging hands,
 Weak thro' her tenderness, to hold him back,
 And deem the world well lost so she could keep
 Her darling by her side . . . he caught her close
 And looked down frowning into her dear eyes,

“Sweetheart,” he said, “you’d make no soldier’s wife,
For you are not ambitious. Could you brook
To see a steady scorn grow in men’s eyes
When lighting on my face? To sit amongst
Young wives and hear them boasting of the deeds
Their lords had done in battle, and be mute
As bird in winter? Think you, you could bear
Such shame and live, or have that reverence
For me that every duteous woman should
Bear to her husband? Nay, in time you’d grow
To fail in honour where your love was given,
And taking my dishonour to yourself,
Grow careless, cold, and no good wife to me.”

He ceased—like silver arrows fell his words
Upon her heart, and left it bleeding, yet
His hot words brought no colour to her cheek,
Or fire into her eyes—she could not change
Her nature, which was soft, dependable,
Made on the pattern that some men most like
In wives and mothers, in the which to rest
Their weary hearts and brains, as in the shade
Of some cool cloister . . . paler than before
She grew as quietly she answered: “Not
So poor a thing am I that I should need
To guide my thoughts of you by others’ looks . . .
Nor would men dare to scorn you as you think,
Since they all know how by your vow you’re bound;
And do not hate me for my craven heart,
Remembering the grief that shadows o’er
My mother’s life and mine . . . how could I bear
To know you dead, or see you dragging out
Your days in such intolerable pain
As *he* endures, your fierce strong spirit caged
In the slow prison of your maimed limbs—
Father and lover both? . . . if you should go,
My Gilbert, do not make me your farewells
As though ’twere for a space that I could count
By weeks or days . . . make them so close and long
That they will bridge Eternity and last
Me through my lonely barren life, for ne’er
Again shall we clasp hands or face to face

Stand as we stand to-day . . . her voice broke off
 Suddenly . . to his breast he caught and held
 Her, looking down upon her face, and for
 One moment's space his purpose died away,
 And he was weak as water in her hands,
 And love and love's delights unrolled a fair
 And wooing picture to his lover mind,
 And in that rosy flush of thought it seemed
 A nobler thing to make *her* happiness
 Than seek his heart's desire . . the weakness passed
 And left him firm . . "My little one," he said,
 "There will be time enough for you and me
 To spend in love and love's delights when I
 Have won my laurels : for I shall come back,
 I feel and know it, safely, if I go.
 But first I must obtain consent ; this night
 I will besiege my father with my prayers
 And weary him till absolution's wrung
 For my broke vow, then, like an arrow shot
 From a drawn bow, I will depart and join
 My men and lead them onward " . . here he paused
 With flaming eyes, his arms fell at his sides,
 And stood the girl forgotten, all his heart
 Was in his thoughts. She shivered . . unto her
 There came the first faint glimmer of the truth,
 That love of woman is not unto man
 The sum of his existence . . . when the shock
 Had passed she did as women mostly do
 When with their love is mingled a faint awe,
 Crept all the closer . . after a slight fast
 One hungers . . almost timidly she touched
 One of his hands (and 'twas but yesterday
 That he had been the slave of her caprice,
 And played the humble suitor to her queen ;
 While she had been as gay and variable
 As fickle April winds) . . . his wandering eyes
 Came back and rested on her flower face.
 "Forgive me, love," he said, "methought I saw
 Stretching before me all the perilous
 Dangers and chances of a soldier's life :
 All the swift, precious opportunities,
 That he must snatch with hand and eye as swift

As lightning . . . ductile instruments by which
To carve out fame." . . . She shuddered. "*Fame*," she said,
"What would Fame be to you when you lay dead,
To me when I lived lonely? 'Tis a cold
And hungry monster that doth swallow up
Fair lives and sweetest hopes, and in return
Gives the dark grave—at most a crown of leaves
On which no ripe fruit hangs." He stretched his hand
And snatched a bunch of hazel nuts that hung
Above his head—"See here," he said, "do not
These husks contain a sweet and pleasant nut?
So Fame is no mere bauble, in its heart
Subsistence, aye, and savour may be found
As here." He crushed the rosy shell, and lo!
A coiled up worm within reared up its head
Suddenly. "Ay! like this!" cried Ethelwyn,
Swift as an arrow,— "bitter 'twixt your lips
As this foul worm—'tis a true omen that
You shall not win the fame for which you long;
Or if you do, that by some black mischance
'Twill turn to sorrow . . . listen . . . unto some
Few people warnings are conveyèd by
The herb or flower or wind—none know from whence
The whisper comes, yet 'tis most palpable,
As when one shudders and wise people say
'Upon his grave some alien foot is set.' . . .
And such chill message has my heart received,
And well I know that if you go from me
You never will return . . . I seem to see
The anguish of long waiting and the fear
Growing to certainty . . . what . . . are you there?
I thought that you were gone and I alone
Was watching for you . . . and the night had come." . . .

He laid her bright head down on his strong breast
And kissed her with a growing agony
That cleft his heart in twain. . . and round them crept
The twilight and in her pale novice robe
Of tender grey did fold them . . . and in days
To come the memory of this one hour
Was like the sound of a pure silver bell
Thro' the fierce jangle of a bitter dream.

And when they parted Gilbert said to her :
 " To-night I speak unto my father, and
 By argument, insistence, prayer, strive
 To win his slow consent—if I prevail,
 At daybreak in the courtyard underneath
 Your turret room I will be found and make
 You my farewells." . . .

And when the daylight of the morrow broke
 It shone on Gilbert's armour as below
 The turret room of Ethelwyn he rode,
 And like a flash of light she left her place
 And stood before him in the cool fresh morn,
 No fresher than her beauty, and with lips
 That struggled to be brave, said " So you go ?"
 He answered " Yes," and looked down on the girl,
 A child in years, a woman ere her time,
 And weighted by a woman's heavy fears . . .
 Then lighted from his horse and stood beside
 Her, wordless. From her tender neck he drew
 A little snowy scarf, then bent his lips
 And kissed the fair uncovered throat, and yet
 Could find no parting words . . . in this last hour
 His love for her leapt up a giant and
 Amazed him with its strength. . . " Sweetheart," he said,
 At last, and slowly came the syllables
 As gold from miser's hoard, " I pray you bind
 This token on my arm . . . : so I may feel
 The touch of thy dear hands a talisman
 Against shame, death, and evil." . . Silently
 She bound it, and he kissed her on the lips
 Once only, then he turned and rode away
 Nor gave one backward look, lest she should see
 How poor a thing is man when from him falls
 The shield of his endurance . . . not a tear
 Fell from her as she watched him. " Fare you well,
 My king," she murmured. " Nevermore shall I
 Lay my head on the haven of your breast
 Or touch you with my hand . . . I will not weep
 For you, my dearest : tears were never made
 For broken hearts, but I can lay you in
 My mem'ry, wrap you round with the cere-clothes

Of sweetest recollection, scatter o'er
Your image fragrant flowers, shred on you
The first, last blossom of a perfect love
That bloomed for you, you only." . . . Then she turned
And gained her turret chamber, and none knew
Of the great love that lived betwixt the twain.

And at the noon
Margaret came and rested by the girl,
Who lonely sate and looked out at the woods,
O'er which (it seemed to her) a certain sad
And mournful air of preparation hung,
As though fair Nature, like a lovely corpse
Crowned with ripe fruits and flowers, silently
Waited her slow and exquisite decay—
And said : " My daughter, can it be you have
No eagerness to know who 'twas you found
Yesterday in the armoury? Or have
You guessed with whom you talked at unawares?"

Ethelwyn, startled out of her sad thoughts,
And sharply pricked by conscience that she had
Forgot her father and her father's friend,
So utterly through the past night and morn,
Said with quick shame : " Nay, mother, can I guess
His name, since never to my memory
A stranger has come here? . . . mother, you're pale
And trembling. . . . Is he anything to you
Or me? I do not like him, for he spoke
Ill of my father . . . to his daughter's face
He dared speak ill. . . . O ! if I were a man,
I'd teach him fairer words" . . . but Margaret laid
Her hand upon the rashly speaking lips,
Saying : "*He is your father* . . . yesterday
A sudden fancy seized him to be borne
Down to the armoury, and left alone.
You, entering, found him there." " And did he know
Me for his daughter?" cried out Ethelwyn.

Margaret faltered, turning half aside.
But as the girl, with close insistence, pressed
Her with the question, answered : " He awaits

Your coming." But to her own heart she said :
"God send he may speak kindly to the child. . . ."
His love is all for me . . . and in his thoughts
She does but stand as a misfortune. . . . Sure
So sweet a one were never seen before."
Aloud: "Come with me, Ethel." Up the stairs
They passed, so lovely both that it were hard
To tell which were the fairer. At the door
Of Ethelred she knocked, and entering,
Led the young girl up to the couch on which
His days were passed. "Husband," she said, "our child"
(The very words that sixteen years ago
Her lips had used), and sighed for joy, as in
His hand he took his daughter's. "Girl," he said,
"Grow like your mother, then maybe you'll make
Amends." He ceased abruptly, and like lead
Sank down the mother's heart, and Ethelwyn
Caught a faint glimmer of the bitter truth
That grew to certainty as time went by.

(To be continued.)

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

Edited by his Literary Executor: W. McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

III.—A WOMAN OF WIT.

IT is a good natured theory of life, worthy of commendation even though not literally true, that every one has a function he ought to be set to perform by reason of specific fitness. Harman must have been designed to give dinners of that rare and delightful sort where each guest is unlike the others, yet all are better and brighter for being there. With him the choice of fit companions for the night is a matter pondered with care. Hospitality he deems as clearly a duty as taking the part of a friend whom he hears maligned, or sending his five pound note to the Blanket and Coal fund. He devotes a day or two every month to entertaining people with whom he has little in common, and with whom he seizes every decent excuse for not dining in return. When they come to his house he does his best to put them at their ease, though for the first half hour that is not easily done, and to make them merry by unaffected good humour and lavish good cheer. But except the pleasure accruing from the spectacle of a score of estimable folk severally enjoying themselves without an attempt at sympathetic or intellectual companionship, the common-place feast gives no pleasure to him. It is the discharge of the duties of society, and that is all. Three days after he writes two brief notes asking the women he thinks most charming or whose genius he most admires to be of a little party four days off. Longer notice he says misleads people; they will take it for "an Affair," which is just what he does not intend. They understand this, and come if they are in the mood. If not, and inextricably engaged elsewhere, he sends for a stall at the Opera to put the disappointment out of his head. But often, as happened yesterday, glad acceptances gladden his heart, and then without delay he fires off three other pellets of persuasion, one of which, on more than one occasion, has kindly been aimed at me. Six content him, but he never goes beyond seven. In a moment of weakness he recollect-

proposing on a certain occasion to break the spell, and by giving a day's longer notice to widen his circle to nine, but it proved a failure; and when the brilliant Sardonica next day quizzed him gently about his troops of friends, and he inquired deprecatingly if she thought eight too many, she answered "Oh dear no, if you can really find eight people fit to dine together."

There is something in the *timbre* of Sardonica's wit quite unforgettable. Old Lady Cork had something of it; but the playfulness of tone and range of expression were wanting. As somebody said, "the almonds were of excellent quality, but they were all bitter." I met Miss Edgeworth once in her old age, but felt no longing for the privilege a second time. She spoke little, and her utterance was rather slow. What she said was incontrovertible and clearly enough to the purpose, but I could discern no flicker of humour and there was rather too much of the moralising didactic to be agreeable. I don't know whether I dreamed it or no, but I think I heard Albany Fonblanque say "her conversation was like what Hannah More's would have been if she had never taken to religion." Madame de Staël, declaiming to a group of politicians and philosophers in a crowd assembled at Lansdown House, was a spectacle I never saw: curious it must have been; I much doubt if it was agreeable; and the odd sayings of Lady Caroline Lamb were passing into forgetfulness before my time. One female writer equals Sardonica in love of humour, and the power of infusing it with tact and taste into conversation: Mrs. Jameson; but with all my relish for her talk and admiration for her works my praise of her would not be that she was a woman of wit.

But Sardonica is always agreeable, and no one can without effort adopt more easily the tone of those around her. Mulready took quietly an exquisite compliment she paid to his last picture, part of the praise of which I did not catch, it was spoken in accents so low. For she understood the wayward man, and instinctively felt that it would do him good to be told what she thought of his work, and merely put him out if she made a little speech to him or at him for others to hear. This was her fine sense of the fitting tribute of friendship, which I did not understand at the time, but came to perceive presently, when, to my surprise, the man whom I had never before heard contribute to the joint stock of mirth played in now and then most effectively with racy and terse snatches of Celtic fun, and ending by making the authoress of the "Characteristics of Shakespeare" give an amusing account of a recent journey across the Gaultee Hills.

"Making my way last autumn," she said, "from a pleasant house in the Golden Vein, to that of another acquaintance on the south bank of the Suir I had to cross part of the range flattered with the name of mountains that divides Cork from Tipperary. Part of the ascent was tediously steep, especially as the road not long before had had a new grey coat of broken stone. The only vehicle they could afford me was a rough jaunting car, on which I was nearly jolted to death. I bore it in silence as long as I could. At length my patience gave way, and I pathetically reproached the driver with having brought me into so sad a plight. In a voice full of concern, but with a lurking gleam of merriment in his eye, he said 'What's the matter with you, ma'am?' 'Matter!' I cried, half sobbing with pain and vexation, for it was getting dark, and I knew I had some miles to travel, 'Why, you horrible man! I shall never recover from the effects of this thing you call a car.' 'Don't be angry, ma'am; but what is it ails the car?' With this my rage came to the boiling point as I cried, 'Don't you know that it is not fit for a lady to travel on? I cannot even touch the foot-board with my toe.' With a crack of the whip *obligato* to a persuasive appeal to the horse, which was, I believe, to gain time, lest he should laugh outright in my face, he replied 'Ah, then, my lady, does it not occur to you that the fault may be in the legs and not in the car?'"

And no-one who had ever seen the narrator enter a room could fail to recognise the fairness of the expostulation.

Sardonica laughed heartily at the story, and told another not so good by way of refrain. Hibernian jokes, though she sometimes indulged in them, were never, to my mind, her best. Maclise and Emerson Tennent thought she put on too much of the brogue in telling them; and I observe that generally her own compatriots relished them less than Scots or Saxons.

Mulready, with his subtle power of discerning the distinctions of colour, told me afterwards that Tyrone Power understood to a nicety how much accent he should use at the Haymarket, and how much in the same characters at Hawkin Street. To make the pit laugh here it was necessary to look occasionally over the fence that divides comedy from farce: there the gallery would have pulled him up if he had taken liberties with the vernacular, and have read him a disconcerting lecture on proper pronunciation. Charles Kean, who delighted greatly in their comicality, used to say that the best reproof he ever got was one that nearly upset his gravity the first time he played Sir Giles Overreach to a Dublin audience. A fellow in the gallery, thinking him too intense in his accentuation, said in a

soothing tone "There now, that'll do; don't harass the words too much."

Differing from everybody else in person, manner, elasticity and "go"—(there is no other word in the language that expresses it)—the elk-like queen of the party, yesterday, seems to move in an orbit of her own. Critics have sometimes averred that Sardonica's books of fiction and travel were spangled over with tinsel learning and turned up with second-hand fun. I remember well a merciless invective of Christopher North in which the changes were rung with alliterative asservity on these imputations. In one ruthless sample of vilipending her ladyship's last new book was termed "a threadbare tissue of trapesing thievery and tiresome tittle-tattle." All such abuse and denunciation, *non obstante*, I must avow my admiration for the versatility and vivacity of her talk, and my belief that in that ill-favoured form there dwelt a spirit genial, self-reliant, generous, bold, and full to the lip of fresh and sparkling originality. The merciless way in which she was attacked for years proves that the shafts of her wit went home. Party violence has now subsided, and she enjoys the fruits of a long life of literary labour. I cannot, indeed, help regretting the tendency in some of her writings to the sceptical philosophy. But it ought not to be forgotten that when she took up the pen to plead for religious equality at home and against the rule of the Holy Alliance abroad, men of my cloth, unluckily for the sake of the Church and unfortunately for the cause of religion, were almost universally ranged on the side of intolerance and exclusion. Without sharing the Bonapartism openly professed at Holland House in the days of the Regency, she was so thoroughly anti-Bourbonist and so rejoiced at the Revolution of 1830 that she insisted on accompanying her husband to a public meeting convened to express sympathy with its authors and the establishment of a Constitutional Monarchy in France. She wore on the occasion a large tricoloured rosette made of some of the same ribbon, as she told us, which was attached to a cannon ball suspended from one of the side lanterns in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, beneath which a large tablet hung with the inscription—*Charles X à son peuple*.

As for her husband he was the best natured of men; with considerable attainments, excellent taste, and facility as a writer, though without power. His literary pride seemed to be altogether centred in Sardonica's compositions. In tastes and sentiments congenial, they lived very happily together; and she used to say, I am told with grave irony, that she had come to the belief that she really must be the most beautiful woman in existence, for she had kept a devoted

lover more years than inferior beauties were able to keep their husbands. He was not insensible, I believe, to her faults, and now and then would try to restrain the vehemence of her denunciation or the pitilessness of her sarcasm. She was talking on one occasion to Harman about a man whom I knew by character to be a thorough time-server, and whom she had discovered to have imposed in some degree on her and then turned her into ridicule at a certain great man's table. Having drawn his portrait in no flattering colours she was proceeding to enumerate the shabby motives that probably inspired his conduct, when her gentler half, who seemed buried in a book at the other end of the room, in a tone of remonstrance articulated her name. She paused for a moment and then proceeded with her satire, waxing more caustic and epigrammatic as she went on. The ejaculation from behind the book was repeated, cutting short chapter two of the philippic; and Harman not affecting to hear the conjugal interposition mildly attempted to effect a diversion. But it would not do: she had made out certain facts in the man's antecedents which in chapter three she was proceeding to expound, when her miscalled lord and master muttered a very little louder the name of his sardonic spouse. This was too much; and after fanning herself indignantly for several seconds she exclaimed "Pray, don't be a brute," then added, laughing, "Let's take to raillery instead of railing."

Her first success in life had been in private theatricals, and no slight enhancement of the influence she exerted in conversation was the dramatic emphasis and elocution she studied as an art. Never loud and seldom quick in utterance, she was, even in sadness and infirmity, always distinct and impressive. Nature had given her many qualities of an actress; culture and observation had rendered her a proficient in colloquial dramatisation. And what a magic is found therein! The same story chirped by Mr. Parrot or confused by Lady Fan was given by her (as the players say) with light and shade, outline and colour, depth of pathos or ring of mirth, that was ineffable. I had heard the incident before without being moved to laughter which, acted by her, was extremely droll. A lady whom several of us knew was so good a sailor that, though advised against venturing to cross from Boulogne in a north-west wind, she would make the voyage, and she declared that she slept soundly all the night, having the ladies' cabin exclusively to herself and her maid. The unhappy servant suffered enough for both, and when morning broke looked like one half dead. The stewardess came to offer my lady a cup full of delicate attention, not of the most inviting kind. "Nothing, thank you, till we go on shore; but ask my maid

if she would like anything." The stewardess could not easily make the girl understand that they were now under shelter of the land, and that she might be better if she availed herself of the tempting potion which she offered. By way of quickening her decision and propitiating her mistress, the stewardess said: "Some ladies find a little cold brandy and water answer best, but you may have tea *or* coffee, if you prefer it;" and she stirred the beverage with a spoon. The poor girl raised what remained of her sufficiently to gaze into the cup, and then said in accents of unconscious comedy: "Well, if that's tea, I think I'll have coffee; and if it's coffee, I'll have tea."

Sardonica never smiled during the recital, and actually looked the character as she articulated languidly the rueful choice. I thought Mulready would never cease laughing. Somebody asked when the ladies had quitted the dining room in what the witchery lay; or what was the elixir that gave vitality to all she said. Each had a different reading of the riddle; a puzzle it is undoubtedly. I should call it fireside acting, marvellous in its way, but not implying necessarily spontaneous or original wit. Anecdote, I insisted, was but the ordinary circulating medium of mirth; the monopoly of the right to issue drafts on laughter always paid on demand was in few hands, like Theodore Hook, Rogers, and Luttrell, but it was not always identical with individual quickness of repartee or power of sarcasm. Lord Lyndhurst I gave as an example. The fund of pleasantry on which he could draw was inexhaustible, yet I never heard of a really brilliant saying of his *impromptu*. Humour played all over his mind, and often hid by its sparkling what had else been bloom; but it had not the quality of suddenly condensing and crystallising into witticisms which you can put in memory's pocket and take away with you. A great deal of Sydney Smith's laughterics was of the same kind, sometimes little better than buffoonery. But then there were nuggets of comic wisdom turning up every now and then amidst the showy sand that was hardly worth preserving. Mulready grappled almost fiercely with me, and fought stoutly for Sardonica. He quoted some sharp retorts and playful epigrams, which, he contended, must have come without premeditation. One had been ascribed, he said, to an Irish lawyer named Parsons, but he averred that the credit properly belonged to her. At some great house where she was staying those of the party who would not travel three miles to church on an inclement Sunday were asked by the importunate parson to aid the collection he had hoped to reap from his morning charity sermon; and some of the guests readily yielded to his entreaty. She owned her dislike to the proceeding,

but not choosing to demur, took half-a-sovereign out of her purse, and was about to give it, when she thought of asking, what was the charity for? The preacher replied that the object was to convert the Jews: at which she slightly laughed. He grew serious and said, with an air of dogmatism, that if not reclaimed in this world they were sure to be lost in the next. Incensed at his intolerance, she said: "Then I will give you nothing; for I like to be just, and to give even the Devil his due." The discomfited vicar vanished till dinner-time, and when he returned said he had been praying for *her* conversion.

February 10th.—Since our pleasant dinner at Harman's I have frequently thought of the little sorceress who exercised such a mirthful magic over us all. I was curious to see her in some other phase and to hear her talk without the histrionic stimulus of an audience. I called at her house in Belgravia in compliance with her mandate to come and see her; they told me she was not at home, and more pressing claims on my time have occupied the afternoons of every fine day we have had since Christmas. Last week, however, I received an invitation to what I understood to be her first "reception" for the season; and on his way from Hanover Square her never-failing friend called for me and carried me whither I would. We were rather early, and as she had a little communication to make specially to him before the small crowd arrived, I had time to survey the garniture of the cell. It consisted of two small rooms thrown into one, the hangings velvet, and the walls covered with portraits of distinguished friends, with pretty little pictures, many of them presented by the artists; and a number of literary and other mementos, relics and tokens of incidents of her own time. Nothing was very valuable, [but everything very interesting. In a conspicuous place was a marble bust of the Woman of Wit. She liked to be told that it was singularly faithful. Would any woman be believed who had sipped celebrity for thirty years, if she pretended she did not like a bust being thought the image of her? Sardonica was above all such small affectations, and used to say with perfect *sang froid*, "Silly women deprecate flattery, because they have a misgiving they don't deserve it. A woman of genius is able to take any quantity of the proper kind, without being a bit the worse for it. I don't believe—I never did—half that men say to me; but I like them to say it, all the same. When I am alone I winnow the little bit of corn from the heap of chaff and throw the heap away." Turning to me she inquired if I were not very fond of sculpture; and on my

assenting she proceeded to describe a visit she had paid recently to the studio of a wonderful favourite of hers, who she positively asserted was the most rising man of the day. She wondered that I had not made his acquaintance or heard of his works. She had taken the Countess Pamphila, who was just come from Rome, to see his magnificent group of *The Temptation*. The figure of Eve was not a ninny-faced girl still in her teens like Bailey's un-ideal image of the mother of us all, but a beautiful woman ignorant of evil and unconscious of shame, with the most natural look of curiosity in her speaking features; and instead of the crawling reptile you sometimes see represented, with his tail coiled round the stem of the tree, and a head that would repel certainly any of Eve's daughters, whatever she may have thought of it, the Devil is standing beside her in all the insidious beauty of a glorious man; only he has a pair of not very obtrusive horns, and wings folded out of sight,—the deceiver. "Her sculptor was evidently," I remarked, "no literalist in his rendering of mystery. Many of us were coming to see that literalism is the mother of superstition and the grandmother of unbelief." By this time genius and fashion began to arrive; dowagers in brocade who would come out although they had such bad colds, and a maiden lady or two in black net, wearing onyx ornaments equally rare and unbecoming, who were ready to admit the fact if anybody would but accuse them of contributions to periodical literature; a handsome *attaché* of the Sardinian Legation, and a demonstrative professor from Harvard College; a waggish Queen's Counsel from Dublin, and the well-known editors of two Radical weekly organs of opinion; a noble member of the Whig Cabinet who seemed to know every one but me, and asked thereupon that I should be presented to him; the beautiful wife and daughter of a literary colonel in the Guards, and several members of the Royal Academy. The tiny rooms were soon chock full; and what would have happened if all the great people had come whom the hostess said she expected the Government theorists about cubic space alone can tell. But as I had not come to be jammed in a corner or pinioned against the back of a carved chair I began to move towards the door, when my retreat was cut off by the entrance of an M.P., just arrived from Ireland, who was received with especial welcome. "How is my dear friend your Lord Lieutenant? and how is he getting on?" The Celtic senator said "Very well"; and in answer to her inquiry if he was popular explained with some hesitation that on the whole he might be considered to be so with the higher orders, though not with the mob. "What?" said Sardonica, "I thought I saw in the *Times* that he had

thirteen hundred of them the other day at his *levée*." The Irish member laughed, and rejoined that he thought his Excellency was one of her particular friends. "Oh yes; but whom would one take a liberty with if not with an old friend? I would not keep one who objected." There was then a move in the select multitude, and I had got as far as the door when her ladyship, suddenly dropping her green fan, questioned, in histrionic accents of wonder, the cause of my premature retreat. I made my apologies in due form; but said the truth really was that I had promised to visit another friend in the course of the evening. "And may I ask where are you going?" Not dreaming that the disclosure would have any other effect than to indicate how much further westward I had to proceed to keep my second engagement, I mentioned the charming residence of my beautiful and accomplished friend at Kensington, the hostess of Noel House. "Gracious Heavens!" she exclaimed, "from the best company in London to the worst." And turning quickly away from me, left me to meditate, as I retired, what this explosion could mean. As I entered the hall of the denounced abode I met Dick Ford, who had been there first and was then going whither I had left. He seemed to marvel only at my surprise when I told him the story. "Of course she does not want people to pay their court to a rich and beautiful rival who will persist in receiving on the same night; but there is nothing in it, and they are sure to dine together next week and say the tenderest things to each other. Yes, yes, of course; yes, yes!"

12th May.—Having heard lately that the witty little woman had been very unwell, I resolved to pay her a visit earlier in the day than her fine friends were likely to call. I had seen her sparkle and shine in the dinner circle in the centre of her *salon*, and I wished rather to have an opportunity of conversing with her, if she would allow me, or at all events of listening to her talk, of a grey cold morning such as abound in the unpleasant month of May.

I have not, it is true, been in her company often; and she would not be woman if she had not her hours and days of languor and depression. The pleasure of letting off fireworks of fancy depends, indeed, on being secure of bystanders that can take the meaning in at a glance, and whose tribute of appreciation and applause is quick as thunder after near lightning. The wit is an actor, not in the false but the true sense of the word; and when the audience fails the actor flags. Infirmity of age or health necessarily prolongs periods of despondency.

Of late years Sardonica has suffered not a little in this way. Harman tells me that this season she has gone out more than her physician thinks her strength will bear, for she is now an old woman, and for a week at a time she has been obliged to lie by. Calling on Tuesday, I found her alone, and I thought very low. I asked how she spent her time. "Between dissipation and desolation," was her sad reply. It made me very sorrowful, and I never felt more anxious to infuse into what I said the restorative ingredient of hope. She talked freely and sensibly of the waste of time and opportunity, acknowledging herself to have been in this respect frequently an offender. It was but just to recall how many proofs she had given of literary industry. I told her that one of the earliest works of fiction I had read was from her pen: the only notice she took of which was to raise her glass and take a good eye-full of me, as if she wished to see the expression of my features as I spoke. Certain that she was not likely to believe in the depth of impressions thirty years old, I added carelessly a fear that I could not stand an examination in the sorrows of the heroine or in the separate scrapes into which the hero fell. "But better than all your books that I have read I like 'The Belgian Story,' the tone of which is so healthy, generous, and unexaggerated. Anglican though I am by cloth and conviction, I like exceedingly your quaint and quiet pictures of the *béguinage*, and the atmosphere of good-will towards men in which its inmates live and move and have their being." "Ah!" she said, "if all you priests would speak and act in that spirit you would soon put down the immoral philosophy which now has the best of it, because you are generally so much engrossed with the work of tearing one another to pieces. Don't you remember that fine passage of Bolingbroke, where he says: 'Our clergy must be the true successors of the old priests of Jupiter, who made it their boast that they kept up a chorus of clamour to drown the voice of their God?'" She told me that she had known several conspicuous exceptions to the prevailing rule of contending sectaries, and she had one friend, I think she said a near relative, whom she saw often, and liked to talk to about things in which he was well read. I asked, and she told me his name, and promised that we should meet; and then, as if the spirit of innocent mischief was lurking about, and just caught her ear for a whispered prompt, "I should like to try if I could not set you two by the ears and get you into a grand polemic about some bit of brass, or broken glass, or old iron of church furniture; or about the commas and full stops of some controverted text." I answered of course that I should like her to

try, if for nothing else than to prove how little pugnacious some of us are, after all, as to minor points of difference. She told me she once had gone to hear Mr. W. J. Fox, who afterwards quitted the pulpit for Parliament, a change which she thought was not surprising, for the discourse she heard had no more to do with Christianity than with the teachings of Anaxagoris. When we had got to this point there was an irruption of titled sympathy gorgeously decked in velvet and sable ; and seeing no chance of resuming our unworldly confabulation I made my adieus.

Sardonica survived two or three years after I made her acquaintance, and I saw her now and then. To the last she clung hard to life, and almost to the end retained her capacity of adding to its social and intellectual brightness. She was unlike anybody I have ever known in the peculiarity of her mental temperament. She liked high society, yet never failed to ask to her "receptions" any man of promise in letters or in art to whom her attention was drawn, whether he was known or unknown ; and if he came she made it a point to introduce him to those whom she thought most likely to be valuable to him as acquaintances. Her income was never sufficient to enable her to figure in the flashy lists of subscriptions to charities ; but that which she had she gave freely,—often more precious than gold—sympathy, trouble, advice, and time.

(To be continued.)

“LADY TEAZLE.”

BY DUTTON COOK.



BRIGHT-EYED little flower-girl, to be seen in all weathers about the Mall of St. James's Park and known popularly as "Nosegay Fan"—that is almost the first character assumed upon the stage of life by a very famous actress. Her father, a private soldier in the King's Guards, but retired from service to a cobbler's stall, now in Windmill Street, now in Vinegar Yard; her elder brother a waif of the London streets, watering horses in Hanway Yard; her mother—but the poor child knows nothing of her mother. She sells flowers, she runs errands—does anything she can to add to the slender intermittent earnings of her father; oftentimes there is no money in the house wherewith to buy bread. She sang and recited, we are told, at tavern doors. Now and then upon her entreaty a sympathetic waiter at the Bedford or the Shakespeare, under the Piazza in Covent Garden, would inform the company assembled in the private rooms of those hostelries that a little girl stood without who for a very trifling payment was willing to deliver select passages from the poets. Perhaps he added a hint of her beauty and cleverness. She was sent for and hoisted on to a table that she might be the better heard and seen; then duly dismissed with a few pence by way of reward for her exertions. She was born about 1737 or so; her name was Fanny Barton. When she afterwards became distinguished, it was thought desirable to trace back her descent to a certain Christopher Barton, Esquire, of Norton, Derbyshire, who at the accession of William the Third left four sons—a colonel, a ranger of one of the royal parks, a prebend of Westminster, and the grandfather of the flower girl. But family trees have time out of mind brought forth very strange fruit. It is certain that Nosegay Fan knew nothing of her gentle origin—of her eminent ancestors.

She became the servant of a French milliner in Cockspur Street, in whose establishment she acquired taste in dress and a considerable knowledge of the French tongue. She was cookmaid, it has been told, in the kitchen over which presided as cook Mr. Baddeley, afterwards an admired performer of foreign footmen and "broken-English" parts; he had literally "ruled the roast" in the house-

holds of Lord North, Mr. Foote, and others; he then, accepting the post of *valet de chambre*, made the grand tour, and finally trod the stage as an actor. Fanny Barton underwent, indeed, many painful and ignoble experiences. Her early days were miserable, squalid, vicious enough. But the poor flower-girl strove hard after a better life. She may not be judged with severity; at least the circumstances of her condition must be remembered in passing sentence upon her; and something of the evil of her career must be charged to the heartlessness of the world in which she lived. "Low, poor, and vulgar as she had been," a contemporary critic writes, "she was always anxious to acquire education and knowledge. It was understood that she was well acquainted with the French authors, could read and speak French with facility, and could converse in Italian." Her rise from obscurity to distinction, from wretchedness to prosperity, was a task of exceeding difficulty; and she had but herself and her own efforts to depend upon. But by dint of industry, indomitable courage, and great natural intelligence she triumphed at last; she struggled desperately with the world, but she tore success from it in the end.

In the summer of 1755 Theophilus Cibber obtained authority to present a limited number of performances at the Haymarket Theatre. The playbill of the 21st August announced the comedy of "The Busy Body"; the part of Marplot by Mr. Cibber, jun.; the part of Miranda by Miss Barton, "being her first essay." She appeared subsequently as Miss Jenny in "The Provoked Husband"; as Kitty Pry in "The Lying Valet"; as Desdemona; as Sylvia in "The Recruiting Officer"; as Prince Prettyman in "The Rehearsal," and as Mrs. Tattoo in "Lethe." For more than a year she was absent from the London stage, fulfilling engagements at Bath and Richmond. She reappeared in November, 1756, a member of the Drury Lane company, upon the recommendation of Samuel Foote, playing Lady Pleasant in "The Double Dealer," and various other characters. She continued at Drury Lane some seasons, but in 1759 she had ceased to be Miss Barton; she was now MRS. ABINGTON. She had married her music master, one of the trumpeters in the royal service. She was destined to make his name famous, but their union was attended with much unhappiness. Before long, indeed, terms of separation were agreed upon, and then husband and wife parted company—not to meet again. She consented to pay him annually a stipulated sum upon condition that he forbore to approach her. It is supposed that he survived many years: but nothing very precise is known about Mr. Abington.

Advancement at Drury Lane was difficult. Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive were firmly possessed of public favour and of the best characters in the dramatic repertory ; while Miss Macklin and Miss Pritchard were younger actresses who had inherited claims to consideration that could scarcely be ignored. Mrs. Abington deeming it advisable under these circumstances to quit London for a term, promptly accepted an engagement to appear at the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, with a promise of every leading character she could wish. Her success was quite unequivocal—of her performance of Mrs. Kitty in the farce of “High Life below Stairs,” Tate Wilkinson writes : “The whole circle were in surprise and rapture, each asking the other how such a treasure could have possibly been in Dublin, and almost in a state of obscurity ; such a jewel was invaluable, and their own tastes and judgments, they feared, would justly be called in question if this daughter of Thalia was not immediately taken by the hand and distinguished as her certain and striking merit demanded.” Her representation of Lady Townley attracted the most crowded houses of the season. The historian of the Irish stage writes : “So rapidly did this charming actress rise, and so highly was she esteemed by the public, even so early did she discover a taste in dress and a talent to lead the *ton*, that several of the ladies’ most fashionable ornaments were distinguished by her name, and the ‘Abington cap’ became the prevailing rage of the day.” Mrs. Abington remained five years in Ireland, and then returned to Drury Lane, upon the pressing invitation of Garrick. She soon obtained possession of all the leading characters in comedy. Her most powerful rival, Mrs. Clive, retired from the stage in 1769, at which date Mrs. Pritchard had already withdrawn. For some eighteen years Mrs. Abington continued to be a member of the Drury Lane company, the most admired representative of the grand coquettes and queens of comedy—greatly successful as Beatrice, as Lady Townley, as Lady Betty Modish, Millamant, and Charlotte in “The Hypocrite.” “Yet,” as Tom Davies writes in the lifetime of the actress, “so various and unlimited are her talents that she is not confined to females of a superior class ; she can descend occasionally to the country girl, the romp, the hoyden, and the chambermaid, and put on the various humours, airs, and whimsical peculiarities of these under parts ; she thinks nothing low that is in nature, nothing mean or beneath her skill which is characteristic.” She could appear as either Lucy Lockit or Polly Peachum, as Biddy Tipkin or Mrs. Termagant, as Miss Prue or as Miss Hoyden. Her Shakespearian characters were Portia, Beatrice, Desdemona, Olivia, and Ophelia. Murphy dedicated

to her his comedy of "The Way to keep Him," in recognition of her genius and of those "graces of action" which had endowed his play with brilliancy and even an air of novelty twenty-five years after its first production. She appeared as Lydia Languish, and she was the original representative of *LADY TEAZLE*.

Her figure is described as singularly elegant, albeit towards the close of her career she acquired a matronly aspect ill-suited to the youthful characters she was still fond of impersonating; she was of graceful address, animated and expressive of glance and gesture. The tones of her voice were not naturally musical, were indeed high pitched and not very powerful, but her elocutionary skill rendered them pleasing. Her articulation was so exact that every syllable she uttered was distinct and harmonious. Her ease was unaffected, her elegance spirited, her discrimination impressive. Her taste in dress was allowed to be supreme; she was often consulted in the choice of fashionable ornaments by ladies of quality with whom she enjoyed friendly relations, "but as it would be absurd to confine her merit to so trifling an accomplishment, she cannot be denied the praise of engaging and fixing the regard of all her acquaintances by her good sense, elegance of manner, and propriety of conduct." Boaden describes her acting as bearing "the marks of great application, and at once surprising and delightful. . . . She combined in her excellence the requisites for both the fashionable lady and her maid, and more, much more, than all this. She was the most brilliant satirist of her sex. It is impossible to describe the way in which she spoke the pleasantries of Beatrice; it almost realised the character given of it by Benedick. . . . There was, in truth, such a tartness in her pleasantry; she was so fine a speaker of humour, like her friend Tom King, and they were so suited to each other, that they each lost nearly half their soul in their separation." Tom King was the original Sir Peter Teazle. "Every word stabbed," he said of her pointed delivery. She was the Comic Muse of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who portrayed her also as Roxalana in "The Sultan," as Miss Prue in "Love for Love," and as Lady Teazle. Walpole bade her welcome to Strawberry Hill, and as many friends as she might choose to bring with her. "I do impartial justice to your merit," he wrote in 1771, "and fairly allow it not only equal to any actress I have seen, but believe the present age will not be in the wrong if they hereafter prefer it to those they may live to see." Her performance of Lady Teazle he describes as "equal to the first of her profession," as superior to any effort of Garrick's; to him, indeed, "she seemed the very person." Generally

of the representation of "The School for Scandal" he wrote that there were in it more parts performed admirably than he almost ever saw in any play. "It seemed a marvellous resurrection of the stage. Indeed the play had as much merit as the actors. I have seen no comedy that comes near it since 'The Provoked Husband.'" At a later date he was less enthusiastic. He decided that Mrs. Abington "could not go beyond Lady Teazle, which is a second-rate character, and that rank of women are always aping women of fashion without arriving at the style." Lady G. Spencer was of opinion that Mrs. Abington should not attempt much beyond "the affected fine lady. In that she succeeds because it is not unnatural to her."

The Lady Teazle of Mrs. Abington may have lacked youth perhaps—for in 1777 the actress was, in truth, but a very few years the junior of the representative of Sir Peter—but this defect seems not to have been discerned by the spectators; and assuredly there was no other shortcoming. It was not until many years after the first performance of the comedy that it was proposed to invest Lady Teazle with a certain "air of rusticity"—to portray her less as a woman of fashion than as a country girl—in right of Sir Peter's description of her before her marriage: as "the daughter of a plain country squire sitting at her tambour-frame, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at her side; her hair combed smooth over a roll, and her apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of her own working." Mrs. Jordan was perhaps the first actress who took this rural view of the character. Her predecessors had not *acted* the fine lady; six months of life in London had been sufficient to divest them of their original state; they seemed, in the words of the comedy, "never to have seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square." Mrs. Jordan delivered the jests and raillery of Lady Teazle with something of a hoydenish air; "she quarrelled with her old rustic petulance, and showed her natural complexion; her rouge and her finesse she reserved for artificial life." It was admitted that she was inferior to Mrs. Abington in dignity, especially in the famous screen scene; "but," pleads her biographer, "her voice aided her very natural emotion, and though she was not superior in the part, she merited consideration, and to be compared rather with the printed play than with the manner in which it had been acted." At a later date Miss Kelly was to follow Mrs. Jordan in her treatment of the part, and to revive the question of Lady Teazle's rusticity. Much critical discussion ensued, and an essay was devoted to the subject in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1826). It can hardly be questioned that Mrs. Abington's Lady Teazle met with the full approval of

Sheridan, and with the playgoers of his time. Long afterwards the performance was remembered for its force and brilliancy, while even the success obtained by Miss Farren in the character did not efface recollection of the original triumph of Mrs. Abington. She played Lady Teazle as a woman of fashion, in full possession of all the manners, characteristics, and even the affectations, of society. She had fairly fascinated Sir Peter, not by her charms as a provincial coquette, but by elegance of appearance, grace of bearing, liveliness of speech, keen sense of humour, and a certain bitterness of satire. As he described her, she "played her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town," dissipated his fortune, contradicted his humours, incurred numberless elegant expenses, was thoroughly the woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank that he boasted he had made her. "I found," writes Boaden, a veteran playgoer, "the younger part of the critical world little aware how much Lady Teazle lost in being transferred to Miss Farren. . . . I am perfectly satisfied that Miss Farren, in comedy, never approached Mrs. Abington nearer than Mrs. Esten did Mrs. Siddons in tragedy." But this opinion can hardly have rendered justice to the attractions of the actress who quitted the stage for the peerage—and became Countess of Derby.

Garrick was fated to have many disagreements and disputes with the actresses who were members of his company. He was incessantly engaged in correspondence now with Mrs. Clive, and now with Mrs. Barry, with Miss Younge, Miss Pope, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Abington, on the subject of their theatrical and professional duties. He rebuked, he condemned, he soothed, he flattered them each in turn. He was, perhaps, too good-natured with them, or he placed excess of reliance upon his power to cajole them into submission; he seems often to have been peremptory in the wrong place, and yielding when he might fairly have resisted. But he prided himself upon his art as a diplomatist; he delighted to be histrionic both off the stage and on it. A manager of a different stamp would probably have quelled the insubordination and small mutinies of his company after another and more decisive fashion. Garrick, however, took great delight, it would seem, in plying a pen that was certainly ready enough; so he interchanged numberless notes with his players, discussing with them the terms upon which they should fulfil their duties. Probably by this method of dealing with them he really encouraged the irregularities of which he complained. With Mrs. Abington his difficulties were undoubtedly very great. An idea unfortunately prevailed that he had great power over the public journals; that he could, indeed,

turn upon any member of his company that offended him the censure of the newspapers. Here is a note addressed to him by Mrs. Abington upon this subject: "Mrs. Abington has great complaints to make to Mr. Garrick respecting a servant in his theatre for very impertinently writing against her in the newspapers last night, only for begging leave to sit in the prompter's box to see one act of a play on a night that she was to perform in 'Bon Ton,' when her head was dressed ready to begin the farce, which was the reason she could not so conveniently go to any other part of the house." Upon another occasion she writes to him: "If the newspapers are to be made the vehicles of your resentment to me I must justify myself in the best manner I can." Garrick replies rather warmly: "I beg that you will indulge yourself in writing what you please and when you please. If you imagine that I in the least countenance or am accessory to any scribbling in the newspapers you are deceived. I detest all such methods of showing my resentment The writing peevish letters will do no business." Presently she is complaining that the characters lawfully in the possession of an actress of her position are yet withheld from her; that she has received a letter from Mr. Hopkins, the prompter, "dictated in the spirit of incivility and misrepresentation"; that her excuses on the score of indisposition are not credited. "You say I was well and in spirits at the rehearsal. Indeed, sir, whoever told you so deceived you; I was very ill and not able to hold myself up in my chair." That she should be accused of "want of zeal for the cause" distresses her acutely, and she begs that Mr. Garrick will not be angry or treat her with harshness, as he will certainly find her a very faithful and dutiful subject if he will condescend to think her worth a very little degree of attention and consideration; he behaves with so much unprovoked incivility to Mrs. Abington that she is at a loss how to account for it; and her health and spirits are so much hurt that she is not able to say what or when she can play.

She was no doubt well aware that her services were very necessary to the theatre, or she would scarcely have tendered resignation of her engagement so frequently or have threatened to retire altogether from the profession a score of years before her retirement actually took place. "If Mr. Garrick," she wrote, "really thinks Mrs. Abington so bad a subject as he is pleased to describe her in all the companies he goes into, she thinks his remedy is very easy, and is willing on her part to release him from so great an inconvenience as soon as he pleases; and only begs while he is pleased to continue her in his theatre that he will not treat her with so much harshness as he has lately done."

Again, she writes that she must decline receiving any more salary if she is to be called on to play to empty benches; and solicits that Mr. Garrick “will give her up her agreement, and not make the *Morning Post* the vehicle of his resentment.” At one time upon a question touching the night to be devoted to her benefit the opinion of counsel had to be sought. Garrick’s replies to the lady evince considerable animation; he is but rarely betrayed into loss of temper. “A little time will show,” he writes to her, alluding to his approaching retirement, “that Mr. Garrick has done essential offices of kindness to Mrs. Abington, when his humanity only and not his duty obliged him. As to your wishes of delivering me from the inconvenience of your engagement, that, I hope, will soon be another’s concern: my greatest comfort is that I shall soon be delivered from the capriciousness, inconsistency, injustice, and unkindness of those to whom I always intended the greatest good in my power.” He describes her as “the worst of bad women” in an endorsement upon one of her letters. He writes to her: “I never yet saw Mrs. Abington theatrically happy for a week together; there is such a continual working of a fancied interest, such a refinement of importance, and such imaginary good and evil continually arising in the politician’s mind, that the only best substantial security for public applause is neglected for these shadows. . . . I am very willing to do you all the justice in my power, and I could wish you would represent me so to persons out of the theatre; and, indeed, for your own sake, for I always hear this tittle-tattle again, and have it always in my power to prove that I am never influenced by any considerations to be unjust to Mrs. Abington or any other performer.” No doubt the lady and gentleman were often very angry with each other, and possibly relieved their feelings by means of polite correspondence, the interchange of reproaches, excuses, and tart expressions.

Mrs. Abington was capricious and troublesome; Garrick was jealous of his dignity as manager. They were together in the theatre for many years, but their differences were frequent, the actress at last communicating with her manager by means of her solicitor. Garrick continued to write to her, however; his pen, indeed, was rarely idle; and he was engaged in correspondence of a like sort with various other members of his company, both male and female. On one occasion, to free himself from the accusation of influencing the press, he produced an affidavit from the Rev. H. Bate (afterwards known as Sir Henry Bate Dudley), the editor of the *Morning Post*, acquitting him of all share in certain articles that had been published in that journal. Mrs. Abington, it may be noticed, was engaged at

Drury Lane upon a salary of £12 per week "with a benefit and £60 for clothes." In those days, however, the Tragic Muse appeared alternately with the Comic, so that Mrs. Abington was rarely called upon to play more than three times a week.

In 1782 she closed her long connection with Drury Lane Theatre—finding perhaps that tragedy too completely possessed its stage—and transferred her services to the rival establishment of Covent Garden, where she remained eight years. Between 1790 and 1797 she was absent from the theatre, and it was believed that her professional career had been fairly brought to a close. But she was induced to return to the stage for a season. "Her person had become full," writes Boaden, "and her elegance somewhat unfashionable; yet she still gave to Shakespeare's Beatrice what no other actress in my time has ever conceived; and her old admirers were still willing to fancy her as unimpaired by time as the character itself." George Colman the younger supplied a prologue to reintroduce her to the public. The opening lines were judged to be tender:—

When Melancholy counts each friend gone by,
True as Religion strings her rosary,
The eye grows moist for many in silence laid
And drops that *bead* which Nature's self has made.

The ravages wrought by Time in the ranks of the players obtain mention:—

Here Death to a chill grave some actor carries,
Here Hymen beckons—and an actress marries.

Can we not, the poet demands, have back to supply these vacancies some favourite of the Comic Muse?

Thalia calls—and Abington appears!
Yes, Abington! too long we've been without her,
With all the school of Garrick still about her.
Mature in powers, in playful fancy vernal,
For Nature, charming Nature, is eternal!

A second address, by another writer, contained such lines as—

Yes, my loved patrons! I am here once more,
Though many kindly say that I'm fourscore;
Perhaps you think so, and with wonder see
That I can curtsy thus with pliant knee,
That still without two crutches I am walking,
And, what's more strange, don't mumble in my talking.

But the actress prudently declined to make such pointed reference to her years and her infirmities. She had arrived at a time of life when

the question of age is an edged-tooled topic better avoided than trifled with. She was “peculiarly desirous,” we are told, of being thought younger than she really was.

The audience received her with great applause. But her return proved to be for one season only. She did not take any formal leave of her public, nor enjoy the honours of a farewell benefit. She was seen for the last time upon the stage on the 12th April, 1799, when she played Lady Racket in the after-piece of “Three Weeks after Marriage,” the occasion being the benefit of Pope, her fellow-player during many seasons.

She survived until the year 1815, by which time, however, the world would seem to have forgotten her very completely. She was not in want—appeared, indeed, to be in comfortable circumstances, although it was understood that she had gambled away a large portion of her earnings; for the ladies of quality in whose society she rejoiced were much addicted to cards and even to dice. Mr. Taylor, of the *Sun* newspaper, in his Records, mentions having seen her, long after her retirement from the stage, attired in a common red cloak, and with the air and demeanour of the wife of an inferior tradesman. Yet at this time she lived in Pall Mall in the enjoyment of a sufficient income. “I never heard,” Taylor writes, “that the theatrical fraternity attended the funeral of Mrs. Abington, as is usual on the death of even the lower order of their community, male and female; neither do I know where she died or where she was buried.” He had seen the actress many times. He was present upon the occasion of her benefit, when, by way of surprising the audience, she undertook the low-comedy part of *Scrub*, playing it recklessly enough, with her hair ready dressed for the character of Lady Racket, which she was to assume afterwards; and he once witnessed her representation of Ophelia to the Hamlet of Garrick, when she appeared, as he judged, “like a mackerel on a gravel walk.” He writes:—“I remember her keeping a very elegant carriage and living in a large mansion in Clarges Street; but as she advanced in life she became less fit for those characters in which she had chiefly distinguished her talents, and, of course, was less likely to secure an engagement with the theatrical managers.” He had met her at Mrs. Conway’s, in Stratford Place, where she was treated with much respect by the company, but she chiefly confined her conversation to General Paoli, who seemed much gratified by her spirit and intelligence. Taylor afterwards dined in company with her at the house of Mrs. Jordan, in Cadogan Place, where she related many anecdotes of theatrical and fashionable life. Of Garrick she spoke

enthusiastically. She was never tired of dwelling upon his merits. "In speaking of the powerful effect of his eyes, she said that whatever expression they assumed, they seemed to operate by fascination; and that in all her intercourse with the world she never beheld eyes that had so much expression, brilliance, and force. She finally observed that, if she might presume to give an opinion, she would say Shakespeare was made for Garrick and Garrick for Shakespeare." This is laudatory evidence from one of whom Garrick had written: "She is below the thought of any honest man or woman; she is as silly as she is false and treacherous."

RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.

BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

PART VII.

IT was at Serle's hospitable board that we met that right "merry fellow," Richard Peake, author of the droll farce "Master's Rival," and who used to write the "Entertainments" and "At Homes" for the elder Mathews. Peake was the most humorous storyteller and narrator himself; so much so that could he but have conquered his overwhelming native bashfulness he would have made as good an actor, or even monologist, as the best. We remember hearing him tell a history of some visit he paid in the country, where he accompanied his entertainers to their village church, in which was a preacher afflicted with so utterly inarticulate an enunciation, made doubly indistinct by the vaulty resonance of the edifice, that though a cavernous monotone pervaded the air yet not a syllable was audible to the congregation. This wabbling, stentorian, portentously solemn, yet ludicrously inefficient voice resounding through the aisles of the village temple, seems even yet to ring in our ears; as well as a certain discordant yell that he affirmed proceeded from the bill of a bereaved goose, pent up with some ducks in the area of a house near to one where he was staying, and which perpetually proclaimed its griefs of captivity and desolation in the single screech of execration—"Jeemes!"—while the ducks offered vain consolation in the shape of a clutter of dull gurgling quack-quack-quacks that seemed to imply "What a fool you must be! Why don't you take it coolly and philosophically as we do?"

It was Peake's *manner* and *tone* that gave peculiar comicality to such things as these when he told them.

He wrote a whimsical set of tales for a magazine, giving them the ridiculous punning name of "Dogs' Tales"; in which there was a man startled by a noise in a lone house that made him exclaim "Ha! is that a rat?" and then added "No! it's only a rat-tat," on discovering that it was somebody knocking at the door. Peake was

odd, excessively odd, in his fun. He told us that when he married, his wife continuing much affected by the circle of weeping friends from whom she had just parted, he suddenly snatched her hand in his, gave it a smart tap, and said peremptorily: "Come, come, come, come! we must have no more of this crying; we are now in another parish, you belong to me, and I insist upon it, you leave off!"

Once, when we were spending an evening at Serle's, he, Douglas Jerrold, and Egerton Webbe—who was an exceptionally clever young man in many ways, but who, alas! died early—happened to be in earnest conversation about Talfourd's account of Charles Lamb, seeming to think that Talfourd overrated Lamb's generosity of character in money matters. We had listened silently to the discussion for a time, but when the majority of opinion seemed to be settling down into a confirmed belief that there was nothing, after all, so remarkably generous in the traits that Lamb's biographer had recorded, we stated, what we knew to be the truth, that Charles Lamb, out of his small income (barely sufficient for his own and his sister's comfortable maintenance), dedicated a yearly sum of thirty pounds as a stipend to help support his old schoolmistress, an act of generosity which, as compared with his means, we considered to be a really munificent gift. Douglas Jerrold, in his hearty manner, instantly exclaimed "You're right, Mrs. Cowden Clarke! you've made out your case completely for Lamb!" And then he went on to quote, with a tone of warmth that showed he did not utter the words lightly:—

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Dear Douglas Jerrold! By a strange chance, years after his death, the "honest chronicler" he had wished for actually had an opportunity of vindicating his fame upon a point in which she heard it impugned, in the light casual way that people will repeat defamatory reports of those who have enjoyed public favour and renown. At an English dinner table in Italy Douglas Jerrold was spoken of in our presence as one who indulged too freely in wine, and we were able to vindicate his memory from the unfounded charge by asserting positively our knowledge to the contrary. Like many men of social vivacity and brilliant imagination, Douglas Jerrold would join in conviviality with great gusto and with animatedly expressed consciousness of the festive exhilaration imparted by wine to friendly

meetings; but to say that he habitually suffered himself to be overtaken by wine is utterly false.

Having mentioned Egerton Webbe, reminds us to relate that a sister of his was married to our early admirable friend Edward Holmes, who, after enjoying scarcely more than two years of happy wedded life with her,—of which he sent us a charming account in his letters to us when we had quitted England,—passed from earth for ever towards the close of the year 1859.

To our brother-in-law Mr. Serle we owe the pleasure of having known yet another accomplished writer,—Mr. John Oxenford, whom we used frequently to see in the boxes at the theatres after his highly poetical and romantic melodrama, entitled “*The Dice of Death*,” had interested us in it and him by its first performances. In wonderful contrast to the sombre Faustian grandeur of this piece came the out-and-out fun and frolic of his two farces, “*A Day Well Spent*” and “*My Fellow Clerk*,” proving him to be a master of versatility in dramatic art.

One of the proudest privileges among the many pleasures we received from Macready was that of writing our name on the free list at the London theatres where he was manager; and we shall not readily forget the exultant sense of distinction with which we wrote for the first time in the huge tome,—that magic book,—which conferred the right of entry upon those who might put their signatures there. Once, as we stood ready to pen the open-sesame words, we heard a deep voice near to us, and saw a lofty figure with a face that had something of undoubted authority and superiority in its marked lines. Voice, figure, face, at once impressed us so potently that we instinctively drew back and yielded him precedence; and when he, with courteous inclination of the majestic head, accepted the priority, signed his name, and went on, we, advancing, saw, traced on the line above the one where we were to write, the honoured syllables—“*Thomas Carlyle*.” It may be imagined with what reverence we placed our names beneath his, and followed him up the staircase into the theatre.

Not very long after that we met him on a superlatively interesting occasion. Leigh Hunt had invited a few friends with ourselves to hear him read his newly-written play of “*A Legend of Florence*”; and Thomas Carlyle was among these friends. The hushed room, its general low light,—for a single well-shaded lamp close by the reader formed the sole point of illumination,—the scarcely-seen faces around, all bent in fixed attention upon the perusing figure; the breathless presence of so many eager listeners, all remains indelibly

stationed in the memory, never to be effaced or weakened. It was not surpassed in interest,—though strangely contrasted in dazzle and tumult,—when the play was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, and Leigh Hunt was called on to the stage at its conclusion to receive the homage of a public who had long known him through his delightful writings, and now caught at this opportunity to let him feel and see and hear their admiration of those past works as well as of his present poetical play. A touching sight was it to see that honoured head, grown grey in the cause of letters and in the ceaseless promotion of all that is tasteful and graceful, good and noble, a head that we remembered jet black with thick clustered hair, and held proudly up with youthful poet-thought and patriot-ardour, now silvered and gently inclined to receive the applause thus for the first time publicly and face-to-facedly showered upon it; the figure that had always held apart its quiet studious course, devoted to patient ardent composition, now standing there in sight of men and women the centre of a thousand grateful and admiring eyes. His face was pale, his manner staid and simple: as if striving for composure to bear an incense that profoundly stirred him, a kind of resolute calmness assumed to master the natural timidity of a man unaccustomed to numerous and overt testimony of approbation; and as if there were a struggle between his desire to show his affectionate sense of his fellow men's liking, and his dread lest he should be overcome by it. As he withdrew from the ovation it was evident that the man of retired habits was both glad and sorry, both relieved and regretting, to leave this shouting, welcoming, hurraing crowd.

There was a public occasion that brought us into contact with several noteworthy men of the time,—the Anti-Corn-Law Meetings at Covent Garden Theatre, and the Anti-Corn-Law-League Bazaar, held there in aid of the funds needed for the promotion of their object. Richard Cobden, John Bright, Charles Pelham Villiers, George Wilson, W. J. Fox, John Bowring (afterwards Sir John), and Colonel Perronet Thompson (afterwards General) were among the chief of these eloquent and earnest speakers. An excellent hit was made by Mr. Fox one night, when dancing was proposed to be got up after the speeches, and some of the demure and over-righteous objected to it as indecorous. Instead of answering their objection he took a most ingenious course. He rose to address the audience, and said:—"I understand that dancing is about to take place, and that some inconsiderate persons have insisted that everybody shall dance, myself among the number. Now any one who looks for a

moment at me must perceive that my figure wholly disqualifies me for a dancer, and would render it entirely unbecoming in me to take part in an amusement that is charming for the young and the slender. I beg you will excuse me from joining you; but pray, all you who enjoy dancing and can dance have dancing at once." Fox had a neat epigrammatic mode of expressing himself that told admirably in some of the Anti-Corn-Law speeches. In one of them, as an illustration that England depends upon France for many luxuries, he said:—"A rich Englishman has a French cook that dresses his dinner for him, and a French valet that dresses him for his dinner."

Of Richard Cobden's delightful society we had the honour and pleasure of enjoying a perfect few days in familiar home intercourse, several years afterwards abroad; he and his wife coming over from Cannes and taking up their abode under our cottage roof at Nice in the most easy, friendly, unaffected way imaginable. Of one Christmas Eve especially we retain strong recollection: when Mrs. Cobden sat helping us women-folk to stone raisins, cut candied fruits, slice almonds, and otherwise to make housewifely preparation for the morrow's plum-pudding—a British institution never allowed to pass into desuetude in our family—while Cobden himself read aloud the English newspapers to us in his own peculiar, practical, perspicuous way—going through the Parliamentary debates line by line: and as he came to each member mentioned we observed that he invariably added in parenthesis the place they stood for, as thus:—"Mr. Roebuck [Bath] observed that if Mr. Disraeli [Buckinghamshire] thought that Mr. Bright [Birmingham] intended to say," &c. &c. It was as though Cobden had made this a set rule, so that he might well fix in his mind each individual and the constituency he represented.

With Colonel Perronet Thompson we subsequently met under very pathetic circumstances. It was by the bedside of a poor young lady in St. George's Hospital, whose friends had asked him to go and see her there while she was in London hoping for cure, and who had likewise been recommended to our occasional visitation during her stay in that excellent establishment. It was by her own brave wish that she had come up to town from a distant northern county, and the visits of the benevolent-hearted veteran were most cheering to her. His steel-grey hair, his ruddy complexion, his bright intelligent eyes, his encouraging smile, his enlivening conversation, shed a reflection of fortitude and trust around her, and made her youthful face kindle into renewed expectation of recovery

as he spoke. The expectation was ultimately and joyfully fulfilled; for she was so completely cured of her spinal complaint as to return to her home able to walk, to resume her active duties, and, finally, to marry happily and well.

It was not long before the last illness of Thomas Hood that I (C. C. C.) met him at the house of a mutual friend, when his worn pallid look strangely belied the effect of jocularly and high spirits conveyed by his writings. He punned incessantly but languidly, almost as if unable to think in any other way than in play upon words. His smile was attractively sweet: it bespoke the affectionate-natured man which his serious verses—those especially addressed to his wife or to his children—show him to be; and it also revealed the depth of pathos in his soul that inspired his "Bridge of Sighs," "Song of the Shirt," and "Eugene Aram." The large-hearted feeling he had for his fellow-men and his prompt sympathy for them were testified by his including me—we having met but this once—in the list of friends to whom he sent on his death-bed a copy of the then recently engraved bust-portrait of himself, subscribed by a few words of "kind regard" in his own handwriting.

While we were living at Bayswater some friends came to see us accompanied by a young lady who, with her mother, was a neighbour of theirs, and in whom they took much interest, from her intellectual superiority and her enthusiasm of nature. She had luminous dark eyes, with an elevated and spiritual cast of countenance; and was gentle and deferential in manner to her mother, and very kind and companionable towards the children of our friends, who had a large family of boys and girls, eager in play, active in juvenile pursuits, after the wont of their race. She seemed ever at hand to attend upon her mother, ever ready to enter into the delights of the child-neighbours; and yet she was devoted heart and soul to the ambition of becoming an authoress, and spent hours in qualifying herself for the high vocation. Some time afterwards we read her most charming novel of "Nathalie," and found that the young lady of the dark eyes and gentle unassuming deportment, Julia Kavanagh, had commenced her career of popular novelist, which thenceforth never stinted or ceased in its prosperous course.

Our pretty homestead, Craven-hill Cottage, Bayswater, was one of the last lingering remains of the old primitive simplicity of that neighbourhood, ere it became built upon with modern houses, squares, and terraces. Of our own particular nook in that parent-nest—the last that we dwelt in together with our loved father and mother, ere they migrated to the Continent for warmer winters—I Leigh

Hunt once said : "This is the most poetical room in a most poetical house." It was a very small abode, and required close packing ; but for people loving each other as its inmates did, it was a very snug and happy home.

We had two houses close by us that contained very kindly and pleasant neighbour friends. One was the house of Mrs. Loudon and her daughter ; the other that of the Rev. Edward Tagart, his wife and his family. So near to us were they that we could at any time put on hat, hood, or shawl over evening-dress and walk to and from the pleasant parties that were given there. Nay, on one occasion, when Sheridan's "Rivals" was got up at Mrs. Loudon's by her daughter and some of their friends, the Mrs. Malaprop, the Lucy, and the David went on foot ready dressed for their respective parts from Craven-hill Cottage to No. 3, Porchester Terrace, with merely a cloak thrown over their stage costumes. The David also enacted Thomas the Coachman, "doubling the parts," as it is called ; so that he went in his many-caped driving-coat over his David's dress. It chanced that he arrived just as the gentleman who was to play Fag was drinking tea with Mrs. Loudon, and she gave a cup also to the new arrival. Afterwards she told us that she had been much amused by learning that one of her maids had been overheard to say : "It's very strange, but missus is taking tea with two livery-servants."

At Mrs. Loudon's house we met several persons of note and name : the Landseers, Edwin and Charles ; Martin the painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," &c. ; his clever-headed and amiable daughter, Miss Martin ; Joseph Bonomi, and his wife, who was another daughter of Martin ; Owen Jones, Noel Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. Milner Gibson, Louis Blanc, William Jerdan, and others.

On one occasion, when Mrs. Loudon gave a fancy ball, a few costumes, among the many very handsome and characteristic ones that gave picturesque variety to the scene, were more strikingly beautiful and artistic—as might be expected—than those of Owen Jones and the Bonomis.

Under Mr. Tagart's roof we had the gratification of meeting one evening Ralph Waldo Emerson, who did one of the company the honour of requesting to be introduced to her and paid her a kind compliment ; while she, be it now confessed, was so occupied with a passage in one of his Essays that she had that morning been perusing with delight, and so longed to quote it to him and thank him for it, yet was so confused with the mingled fear of not repeating it accurately and the dread of appearing mad if she did venture

to give utterance to what was passing in her mind, that she has often since had a pang of doubt that, as it was, she must have struck Emerson as peculiarly dull and absent and unconscious of the pleasure he really gave her.

One forenoon Mrs. Tagart, in her usual amiable, thoughtful way, sent round to say that she expected Mrs. Gaskell to lunch, and would we come and meet her? Joyfully did we accept; and delightful was the meeting. We found a charming, brilliant-complexioned, but quiet-mannered woman; thoroughly unaffected, thoroughly attractive—so modest that she blushed like a girl when we hazarded some expression of our ardent admiration of her “Mary Barton”; so full of enthusiasm on general subjects of humanity and benevolence that she talked freely and vividly at once upon them; and so young in look and demeanour that we could hardly believe her to be the mother of two daughters she mentioned in terms that showed them to be no longer children. In a correspondence that afterwards passed between her and ourselves, on the subject of an act of truly valuable kindness she was performing anonymously for a young lady anxious to become a public singer, Mrs. Gaskell showed herself to be actuated by the purest and noblest motives in all she did. She tried her utmost to prevent her agency in the affair from being discovered; giving as her reason the dread that if it were known it might tend to “injure the freedom of the intercourse” between herself and the young lady in question; adding, “for I want her to look upon me as a friend rather than as a benefactor.”

It was at a party at the Tagarts' house that we were introduced by Leigh Hunt to Charles Dickens: when an additional light and delight seemed brought into our life. He had been so long known to us in our own home as “Dear Dickens” or “Darling Dickens,” as we eagerly read, month after month, the moment they came out, the successive numbers of his gloriously original and heart-stirring productions, that to be presented to “Mr. Charles Dickens,” and to hear him spoken of as “Mr. Dickens,” seemed quite strange. That very evening—immediately—we felt at home and at ease with him. Genial, bright, lively-spirited, pleasant-toned, he entered into conversation with a grace and charm that made it feel perfectly natural to be chatting and laughing as if we had known each other from childhood. So hearty was his enjoyment of what we were talking of that it caught the attention of our hostess, and she came up to inquire what it could be that amused Mr. Dickens so much. It was no other than the successive pictures that had then lately appeared in *Punch* of Mr. Punch himself; two, in particular, we recollect

made Dickens laugh, as we recalled them, till the tears glistened in his eyes with a keen sense of the fun and ridiculous absurdity in the attitudes. They were, Mr. Punch as Caius Marius seated amid the ruins of Carthage, and Mr. Punch swimming in the sea near to a bathing-machine. Charles Dickens had that acute perception of the comic side of things which causes irrepressible brimming of the eyes; and what eyes his were! Large, dark blue, exquisitely shaped, fringed with magnificently long and thick lashes—they now swam in liquid limpid suffusion, when tears started into them from a sense of humour or a sense of pathos, and now darted quick flashes of fire when some generous indignation at injustice, or some high-wrought feeling of admiration at magnanimity, or some sudden emotion of interest and excitement touched him. Swift-glancing, appreciative, rapidly observant, truly superb orbits they were, worthy of the other features in his manly, handsome face. The mouth was singularly mobile, full-lipped, well-shaped, and expressive; sensitive, nay restless, in its susceptibility to impression that swayed him, or sentiment that moved him. He, who saw into apparently slightest trifles that were fraught to his perception with deepest significance; he, who beheld human nature with insight almost superhuman, and who revered good and abhorred evil with intensity, showed instantaneously by his expressive countenance the kind of idea that possessed him. This made his conversation enthralling, his acting first-rate, and his reading superlative.

All three it has been our good-hap to enjoy completely; and that we have had this enjoyment will last us as a source of blest consciousness so long as we live.

His having heard of the recent private performance of "The Rivals" caused Charles Dickens that very evening of our first seeing him to allude in obliging terms to the "golden opinions" he understood my Mrs. Malaprop had won; and this led to my telling him that I understood he was organising an amateur company to play Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," and that I should be only too delighted if he would have me for his Dame Quickly. He at first took this for a playfully-made offer; but afterwards, finding I made it seriously and in all good faith, he accepted: the details of this enchanting episode in my life I reserve till we come to our letters and recollections of Charles Dickens; but meanwhile I may mention that it brought us into most pleasant acquaintance with John Forster, Mark Lemon, John Leech, Augustus Egg, George Cruikshank, Frank Stone, F. W. Topham, George H. Lewes, and, correlatively, with Charles Knight, J. Payne Collier, Sheriff Gordon,

and Robert Chambers. Of those who were fellow-actors in the glorious amateur company further will be said in the place above pre-referred to: but of the four last-named men it is pleasant to speak at once. Both Charles Knight and J. Payne Collier in their conduct towards us thoroughly reversed the more usual behaviour of Shakespearian editors and commentators among each other: for Charles Knight was marked in his courtesy and kindness, while Payne Collier went so far as to *entrust the concluding volume* of his 1842-4 edition of Shakespeare, *which was then still in manuscript*, to Mary Cowden Clarke, that she might collate his readings and incorporate them in her "Concordance" before publication, though she was then personally unknown to him. And when in 1848 she played Mistress Quickly at the Haymarket Theatre, on the evening of the 15th of May, Payne Collier came round to the green room, introduced himself to her, told her he had just come from the box of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, charged with their compliments on her mode of acting the character, and then—with a chivalrous air of gallantry that well became one whose knighthood had been won in Shakespearian fields—added that before taking leave he wished to kiss the hand that had written the "Concordance." This gave her the opportunity she had long wished for, of thanking him for the act of confidence he had performed in previous years, of entrusting one unknown to him with his unprinted manuscript. It is pleasant to record incidents that so completely refute the alleged hostility of feeling that exists between authors; and to show them, on the contrary, as they mostly are, mutually regardful and respectful.

John T. Gordon, Sheriff of Mid-Lothian, was one of the most genial, frank-mannered, hearty-spoken men that ever lived. His sociality and hospitality were of the most engaging kind; and his personal intercourse was as inspiring as his expressions of friendliness in his letters were cordial.

Of Robert Chambers's friendly open-armed reception to those who went to Edinburgh and needed introduction to the beauties of this Queen-City of North Britain, no terms can be too strong or too high. He placed himself at the disposal of such visitors with the utmost unreserve and the most unwearied kindness; and no man was better fitted to act cicerone by the most interesting among the numerous noteworthy objects there to be seen. He shone to great advantage himself while indicating them; for his talk was intelligent, clear, well-informed, and extremely pleasant. He seemed to enjoy afresh the things he was discussing and displaying for the thousandth time; and to be as much interested in them himself, as he

made them doubly and trebly interesting to the person he was guiding.

This allusion to Sheriff Gordon and Robert Chambers brings me (C. C. C.) to speak of the many delightful acquaintances with distinguished men and writers which I owe to the portion of my life dedicated to lecturing. During the twenty-one years that I lectured in London and the provinces scarcely any place surpassed Edinburgh in the warmth and cordiality with which I was not only received in the lecture-room, but welcomed into private homes by kindly hospitable men and women. The two men just named; Lord Murray; John Hunter of Craig Crook (the "friend of Leigh Hunt's verse," to whom was inscribed his lovely verse-story of "Godiva"); John Hunter's talented sister, Mrs. Stirling (authoress of two gracefully moral novels, "Fanny Hervey" and "Sedgely Court"); Mrs. Catherine Crowe (one of the earliest and perhaps most forcible of the sensational school of romancists); Alexander Christie (whose fine painting of "Othello's Despair" was presented, while still personally unknown, to M. C. C., and which still is daily before our eyes in the picture gallery at Villa Novello); Professor Pillans, William Smith, R. Mackay Smith, Henry Bowie, and Robert Cox,—are all names associated with many a brilliant and jovial hour spent in "canny Edinburgh." With Liverpool come thronging pleasant hospitable reminiscences of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Yates (linked in delightful memory as co-travellers with Harriet Martineau in her admirable book of "Eastern Life Past and Present"); and of Dr. (erudite as kindly and kindly as erudite) and Mrs. Hodgson (worthy helpmeet, but, alas, now lost to him!). With Birmingham troop to mind visions of friendliest and constantest Samuel Timmins; of George Dawson, as we first beheld him there, a youth gifted with extraordinary oratorical eloquence; of hospitable Mr. and Mrs. Follett Osler; of obliging and agreeably-epistolary Arthur Ryland; and of Francis Clark and his numerous family, who subsequently sought health in the milder-climed region of Australia. A copy of the *Adelaide Observer* containing a very pleasant and broadly humorous Anglicised iteration of the old French romance-poem of "The Grey Palfrey" (from which Leigh Hunt took the ground-work for his poetical tale called "The Palfrey"), written by Howard Clark, one of the sons of Francis Clark (who is himself no longer living), reached me lately and brought the whole family to my pleased recollection. The Clarks are related to the Hills of Birmingham, the proprietors and conductors of their eminent scholastic establishment of Hazlewood,—so eminent as to have attracted the favourable

opinion of so avowed an authority as the Edinburgh Reviewers. The widow of Francis Clark, and mother of the many children who survive him, is sister to the Hills,—to the eminently intellectual and quite as delightful late excellent Recorder of Birmingham, Mathew Davenport Hill; and to the man among the blessedest benefactors of the human race,—the illustrious and adored re-creator of the postal delivery—Rowland Hill; who has brought socialism—affectionate and commercial—to humane perfection all over the world; who enabled the labourer at Stoke Pogis to communicate with a brother or friend

In Borneo's isle, where lives the strange ape,
The ourang-outang almost human in shape.

Upon an occasion like the present it is interesting to note the intrepid opposition that has frequently been the fate of the most obvious proposals in behalf of popular invention. Who encountered more harrying than the Stephensons of steam-carriage memory? And upon one question of post-office reform, a proposal being made that a steam-vessel might be appointed weekly to carry letters to America, a well-known detonating legislator blared out: "I will promise to eat the first steam-boat that crosses the Atlantic!"

(To be continued.)



A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE,"
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S
FORTUNE," &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IX.

"Haunt me no more, pale ghost, with soulless eyes—
Too soon I loved thee, in forgotten days
When love was youth, youth love, and fields were skies.
Haunt me no more—I walk in wiser ways
Where back no footstep strays."

Thus spake I in my madness : and away
Before my face I saw the phantom fade—
And therefore live I haunted, night and day!
For ghosts have ghosts, and shadows cast a shade—
And these may ne'er be laid.

THAT letter, which Milly had so uselessly written, was now in Abel's hand.

"DEAR ABEL," he read : "We are such strangers to each other that I don't think you will be very much surprised at what I am going to say. Poor aunt died last night after an illness so sudden that I can't yet think she's gone. It is almost more than I can do to think about anything, but I must and ought, and she would never forgive me if I let my own feelings make me put off doing what's right for an hour. I'm not going to complain—don't think that—I only want to say what I ought to have said long ago. I have been told that you consider yourself free. Is that true? I think you might have told me yourself, and not have let me hear it from others : but perhaps I have been mistaken all along. If you still want me, I will not be so wicked as to have let you wait and work for me all these years for nothing—I would try to do whatever is right : that was nearly her last word, and I will, cost what it may. But if you don't want me any more, and if you are afraid of hurting me by saying so, please say so at once, and if it is to be over between us, let it. I can't say more about it now, only things have changed with both of us since we promised one another—if we ever did, and

if it is not only a dream of my own. I don't know how I have been able to write so much. I only want to say if you think you are free, you *are* free, and that we will always be just the friends we only ought to have been, and nothing more. You may think it strange that I am able to write about ourselves now, but I must, and I can't tell you more. I have nothing else to tell you. All the village is mourning for poor aunt, and Mrs. Herrick and everybody has been so good and kind. I wish I had known what she was to me, and had been better to her than I have been. She always did what was right, and never thought of herself, and I will be like her if I can—and then she will know. Your ever affectionate
 "MILLY."

Abel drew a long, deep sigh of relief. The letter, written coldly because it dealt with matters beyond the reach of words, was certainly open to the misconstruction of being an attempt, on the part of a penniless orphan, to bring her lover to the point as soon as she was left without a home of her own. But Abel had his own reasons for recognising its absolute sincerity. His relief was such that he even forgot to be jealous: for love is no necessary ingredient of jealousy, and though he was glad to lose her, it did not follow that he was glad to lose her to a rival. He was free—and it was through his own chivalrous generosity that he was free. But then—how much greater would be the blow if Mr. Deane's letter contained the news he feared!

In an agony of suspense he tore open the remaining letter.

"DEAR HERRICK,—I think fate has taken a spite against me. Not that after the loss of Longworth much is left to be worth minding. But my back is so loaded that straws annoy. A little before the Sessions I had a most preposterous and impudent notice, through some blackguard of an attorney, that I am not the owner of my own estates. Such nonsense I never heard: still it is a worry when I have so much on my mind. I meant to have told you of it when you were at Longworth, but, as you may well suppose, it went out of my head. I am now told that the case is positively to be tried: though how any counsel who is not a fool, or a rogue, or both, can be found to take it up, I fail to perceive. So it is, however. I know 'the last of the Vanes,' as we call him, was a terrible scamp, but it is a little hard that I and mine should be troubled with his wild oats after he's dead and forgotten. They can't possibly succeed—in fact, they haven't a leg to stand on: so, as my loss will leave me no spare cash, I must save what I can on law expenses—for there's no chance of getting costs, I should say. You will be able to manage the case as

well as anybody, and better I should hope than the fool who'll be against you—for fool he must be. So my lawyers will hand the brief to you, and you will have the advantage of appearing, in a case that will draw attention without any risk of a failure at starting. I write from Mrs. Burnett's—we shall all be back in Arlington Gardens in a few days. I have had a very queer letter from Tom, who it seems was away all the night of the fire, and all the next day, and has never been back since. As we were all lodged in different places, everybody thought he was with somebody else, so he was never missed in the confusion. His letter, of a dozen lines, was posted at Eastington, where he says he was obliged to go suddenly. He doesn't say why, and gives no address, and doesn't seem to have heard of the fire. What does he mean? I suppose it's only some confounded cricket match, or jumping match, or some such rubbish, but it's odd he shouldn't have said a word before going: unless what happened between us that unlucky evening put it out of his head too. If it wasn't quite out of the question, I should have the misery of doubting the honour of my own son. But, thank God, that is impossible, blockhead as he seems to be. Really everybody seems bent upon behaving very strangely towards me. I am not well at all. The girls are gone to a relation's for a few days. I will let you know as soon as I am in town. Yours very truly,

“GEORGE DEANE.”

“You will of course let me know at once if you know anything about Tom. I am not the least anxious, but it is no time for him to be from home.”

The breath of relief that Abel had drawn at Milly's letter was nothing to that which he drew after laying down Mr. Deane's. So full was it that he even forgot his alarm, and turned at last with a glow of satisfaction to the brief, whereon was endorsed, “Redchester Assizes: Vane v. Deane,” and the name of Mr. Herrick, with a fee of fifty guineas on the part of the defendant, who, it was clear, had not taken undue advantage of his need to economise.

Here was work for the rest of the evening to prevent his brooding over the troubles and complications of his love affairs. He would get Milly fairly off his mind for good and all, and then begin the world again a free and new man, with a fifty-guinea brief to start from, with Beatrice Deane as the goal, and with a very promising chance of Longworth as a resting-place by the way. It was pretty certain that Mr. Deane was anxious, and did doubt Tom: and how

he would take his anticipated disappointment in his son was also clear. Longworth to be claimed from its rightful owner, Beatrice Deane! He felt already a personal interest in the case, as if his own ancestral castle were being threatened by a usurper: and it was hardly possible that Mr. Deane would refuse to accept as a nephew-in-law one who had not only saved his niece from death but his estate from a gang of thieves. Never had mortal man a chance of throwing himself into the cause of truth and justice with a better will. But first, honour bade him dismiss Milly for ever from his mind.

“DEAR MILLY,” he began: “I can’t tell you how grieved I am at your terribly sad and sudden news. Your poor aunt was indeed more than a mother to both of us—I feel too deeply to find words to say. As to the rest of your letter—well, there can be no doubt that our relations to one another have not been of an ordinary kind. My engrossing work has hardly left me time even to feel. I have often feared I was not acting rightly by keeping you bound to me, and I now make you all the amends in my power. Be free to act and feel as you will. If, as I suspect, your heart has changed, follow your heart, and that only. Love, my dear Milly, knows no law: and law knows little love, I fear. We are both older and wiser now than we once were. Let this chapter of our life be over, and let us begin a new one as friends. If I can give you any help in your present situation, pray count upon me, and, if my engagements allow, I will even come to Winbury if by so doing I can serve you. Be happy in your own way. Ever yours affectionately,
“ABEL.”

There was absolutely no memory left of her having once upon a time been his inspiring muse. His heart was now in his brief, and Milly was never likely to cross his path again. He was generously giving her the liberty she asked for, and there was an end of a silly dream. Milly was not, and had never been. He folded his letter, sat down before his desk, untied the red tape, and spread open before him the brief for the defendant in the case of Vane against Deane.

Often had he heard of the Vanes of Longworth. They had of late seldom been very far from Mr. Deane’s tongue: and the portraits of the young man in the hussar’s uniform and of his sister and heiress were associated in Abel’s mind with almost the first conversation he had ever held with Beatrice, and had been part of his daily life in the

Longworth book-room. The young hussar, as he knew from his general acquaintance with the family history, was one Henry, or Harry Vane, and was the last, though by no means the greatest, of his line. His father was known to the history, not only of his family, but of his time. He was the Right Honourable Horace Vane, Esquire, Magistrate, Deputy Lieutenant, Member for the County, Privy Councillor, and for a short time a Cabinet Minister. From certain memoirs and old journals that Abel had found at Longworth, he learned, on the one hand, that Mr. Vane was an able statesman, a sound speaker, a courtly gentleman of the old school, and an honest man without a stain. On the other hand he gathered that Mr. Vane was a sharp political clerk, a bore in the House, a sort of third-rate beau, and only clean-handed because he was too rich to be otherwise. From which it may be surmised that he had character enough to make both friends and enemies, and enough talent and ambition to be something more than a rich man.

Perhaps that was the reason why his only son Harry was without any of these qualities. Men are generally supposed to marry their opposites, and sons to take mainly after their mothers. At any rate Harry Vane, according to family tradition, grew up into almost the exact opposite of his father, and as likely to cross the latter's soul as malicious fate, who revels in such tricks, could desire. His portrait showed him to be unlike his father even in person, bearing the marks of his strictly feminine inheritance in his mouth and eyes. Whether gentleness is better than strength when the two are not combined is a difficult question to decide. Mr. Vane, being himself strong and not particularly gentle, naturally thought so, and devoted the best part of his strength to the service of his son and of his son's sons that were to be, for whose sake it was notorious that he intended to retire in good time from politics and to die a peer. Ambitious men are invariably thoughtful fathers.

But of course the peerage scheme was mere smoke if Harry was to be the last of the line. The best and richest marriage that could be obtained was an essential part of the plan, and Destiny, always profuse of chances and coincidences when she intends that they shall come to nothing, had generously provided the very match that was required in the person of a young lady who was to Mr. Vane's nearest neighbour what Harry was to him. No more fitting pair could have been made to order. Mr. Vane and Sir George Carr were, though next neighbours, personal friends and political allies, with only just enough difference of interest to make a still stronger alliance profitable for both of them. Charlotte Carr was pretty,

amiable, and attractive, and a very little younger than Harry Vane. As they had known each other from childhood, no leap in the dark was possible. They liked one another : and the course of true love had never run more absolutely smooth.

Harry Vane was likely to make a good and obedient husband, seeing that he had been a good and obedient son ever since he was born. The dangerous experiment of converting the reformed rake was not to be tried by Charlotte Carr. But judge no man till he is dead—and Harry Vane was still half a century distant from his three score years and ten.

That maxim must have forcibly occurred to his father's mind when one day, without the faintest suspicion by way of preparation, he received, from one of the birds of the air that carry such matters, the astounding news that his son was actually married, and not to Charlotte Carr.

He was worse than married, for it was to a girl of the unpromising name of Polly Brown. But her name was not the worst part of her—she was his own sister's own maid.

How such a man bore the shock of such a scandal was not part of Abel's previous knowledge, and it was certainly not suggested in the brief before him. He never betrayed his feelings, rightly holding that a mishap does not become a misfortune until it is published to the world. The birds of the air do not always carry truth in their bills. According to the claimant of the Longworth estates, he took a course that needed only to be stated to be dismissed as a slander upon the character of any man calling himself an English gentleman.

Using all the influence of a strong over a weak mind, all the weight of an authority rendered rebellion-proof by life-long custom, all the force of threats and persuasion, he—it was alleged—compelled his feeble-minded son to write a certain letter to this Polly Brown informing her that his marriage with her was invalid in consequence of a pretended previous marriage with another girl who was alive at the time of the ceremony. The letter, cowardly and cruel in itself, was cruel and cowardly in its tone, hardly excusing his own guilt, but relying upon her love for the writer to keep her from bringing him to the gaol that he deserved. In short, it was asserted that a man like Mr. Vane of Longworth, whose honour was above all suspicion, had compelled his son to accuse himself falsely of bigamy in order to get rid of a wife who stood in his way. It was quite possible that the simpleton of a son had managed to slip into bigamy ; but that his father should have invented a plot based upon his

own son's false self-accusation was simply incredible upon the very face of it.

And yet upon this very assumption the representatives of Polly Brown were seemingly insane enough to rely.

And even if they were not put out of court by the weakness of their own case, Mr. Deane's attorneys were provided with a crushing answer. After some search, they had enabled themselves to produce a certificate of the marriage, after banns, between Henry Vane, lieutenant in the 22nd Hussars, and one Jane Lane, spinster, of some place in Oxfordshire; and to prove that Jane Lane, though dead when Harry Vane some years afterwards married Charlotte Carr, was living when he went through the form of marriage with Polly Brown. All that Abel, therefore, had to do, was to put in a couple of certificates, and win.

This was all plain sailing enough, and Abel was even disappointed to find that his chance of distinguishing himself as an advocate was absolutely nowhere. But suddenly he came to a sentence that for a moment almost petrified him.

“The plaintiff, who sues in the name of Vane, has hitherto been known by that of Emily, or Milly, Barnes, and lives at Winbury, near Eastington.”

CHAPTER X.

If mathematic never errs,
And we may trust geographers,
We must believe them when they say
The straightest line's the shortest way,
And neither round-about nor zig-zag
For scantiest purse or veriest big sack,
Nor more for those who nothing carry
Than envoy extraordinary.
Yet, if Too Late's a cross-grained tune,
A crosser grained, by far, 's *Too Soon* :
And Jack-o'-Lantern's frolics blind 'em
Who trust short cuts, and think they'll find 'em.
So Hannibal marched out to war
At vast expense in vinegar,
Not knowing, when one's once from home,
That any alley leads to Rome,
And that the crab's the wise man's brother
Who one way looks and walks another.

ABEL thought he must have fallen asleep, and was dreaming. It had not proved so easy, after all, to exorcise Milly by a mere stroke of the pen. What could it all mean?

He had barely noticed that the plaintiff's attorney was named

Adams, which is not a very uncommon name among attorneys any more than among other men, but now of course he recognised that of his old enemy, and not only the name, but the hand besides. Clearly Mr. Deane and his lawyers were right—it was a speculative case got up by an adventurous attorney who had somehow got hold of some family letters and had taken advantage of Milly's unprotected condition to make her his tool. And then Milly's own letter to himself—could that have anything to do with a prospect, however absurd, of altered circumstances? But he dismissed that idea as soon as it came. He was a strong believer in the good motives of all men and all women, and he still remembered Milly well enough to be sure that she was as ignorant of the whole affair as he had been till now. Nothing would be easier than for Mr. Adams to take any steps he pleased in her behalf without her being a whit the wiser, and to obtain from her all necessary powers without her knowing what they were. Of course the lawyer's motives in keeping his client in ignorance were his own affair. It was something more than disagreeable to be obliged to conduct a case against Milly, though only in name, and for one flying instant he half thought of resigning the brief into other hands. But then he would have to explain his refusal to Mr. Deane; and he could not do that without telling a lie. "No—I must sacrifice my own feelings in the matter," he told himself. "An advocate is bound to forget himself in his client; certainly not to desert the cause of truth and justice for the sake of a personal scruple. But Milly—ought she to be left in ignorance of the purpose for which her name is being used? My letter is not yet gone. I must think—I must look at the proofs again. Mr. Adams is not a fool, though he does make false quantities. It would be extremely irregular—I hardly know what I ought to do. Who was it that said 'When in doubt as to which of two courses is right, take the more distasteful'? Every course is equally distasteful here."

He returned to his brief with feelings very different from those under which he had opened it. The proofs consisted mainly of old letters and extracts from registers, all of which, standing together and by themselves, made it clear enough that Milly was the representative of Harry Vane and Polly Brown. But, if so, what was it all to the indisputable marriage with Jane Lane, backing up Mr. Deane's actual possession of the land? "This can't be their whole case," thought Abel again: "suppose this should not be such a trifle as Mr. Deane thinks, and that Milly is the true heiress of Longworth after all? No—Adams is no fool." He had admired "Cynthia": and

it is not in human nature to regard one's first admiring critic in the light of a fool.

"I can't write to Milly without some word about all this. It would be underhanded—ungentlemanly. That letter at any rate must not go." He rose from his desk, abstractedly tore it up, and threw the scraps into the fire.

"I must sleep on what, or how much, I ought to tell her," he thought, as he watched the scraps burning, till the clerk had followed the parson. "Night gives counsel; and perhaps something may come to me through the gate of horn. I am not in a thinking mood now. It is terrible even to fancy what the loss of Longworth to the Deanes would mean. They would be left in the depths of poverty—real poverty, such as they have never even seen. What with the building of that house, Mr. Deane has no spare cash, I know, and he has never thought of saving—and the girls' money is charged on the estate, so that everything would go with a crash together. And then the mesne profits, and the costs—and all for the sake of a servant's niece, who would be quite happy and content to remain just as she is, without a change, all her days. There might be a verdict against us after all—few things are improbable; nothing is impossible—except what is likely to be."

Night is the time when impossibilities become possible, possible things probable, and probable things actual. So that, if the time before falling asleep is only long enough, the wildest impossibility turns to the only thing that is sure to happen. That night Abel did not fall asleep very quickly. His mind was much too full; so that, by the regular process of conversion, he pictured, as if they were accomplished facts, the adverse verdict, and the falling of the estate to Milly. The quick-tempered and indocile Beatrice—it was not his fault—did not look quite so lovely in the picture as when he parted from her yesterday, and he doubted, with perfect justice, if she was likely to prove an ideal influence to a poor and struggling man. Her attributes were part of herself; and he could not recognise her away from all the luxuries that as much belonged to her as her voice and eyes. He distrusted her temper and her powers of self-sacrifice when put to the test; and he remembered how it was an essential part of their engagement that she was to be his strength, and not his hers. No poor mortal was ever torn by more conflicting duties than he. Was it not his duty, above all others, to place himself in a position that would enable him to help the Deanes in their need—theirs, who had so warmly, consistently, and without asking for the smallest return, befriended him, when but

for them he would have been without a friend? Had they not done this for him, a stranger in blood, whose name they hardly knew? As the husband of Beatrice, he would but add to their burdens—if he were only a rich man, they need fear no fall.

“I must sacrifice everything—even love itself—to honour and gratitude,” he thought, almost aloud. “If I thought of myself, I should be base indeed. Milly must have a letter without delay; there is just time to catch the day mail. If all goes well, Beatrice is mine still; if ill, I must save her and hers.”

He instantly left his bed, returned to his desk, and wrote to Milly once more.

“MY OWN DEAREST MILLY,” he began this time; for at night the judgment goes to sleep and leaves words to run wild: “Your unhappy news has filled me with sorrow—for you first, and then for your poor aunt, who was more than a mother to me. If she had only lived to be our mother indeed! Why was I not with you in your sorrow? I have been longing to be with you always—but my days and nights and years of work have left me no time for anything but to wish and feel. My own darling, I quite understand you have thought me neglectful and cold—but I am not altogether like other men. But if you think I have ever ceased to love you, you are mistaken indeed. That I have never told you so is proof enough of that, or ought to be. It is true that I have said I consider you free, and I do. But I do not consider myself free, and I have put my trust in your incapacity to change. Wait a little while longer, dearest Milly—and then, if you can really care for me no more, take your own way freely, and I will bear the loss of my life as well as I can. Be patient, and trust me!—Your own,
“ABEL.”

No doubt this letter, the warmest he had ever written, was a great deal warmer and far less prudent than he had intended when he sat down. But with only twenty minutes to catch the post, a man cannot weigh his words, and then, as he wrote, the enthusiasm of his part grew upon him and carried him away. He would have avoided the word “love” if he could, for that suggested a lie, and was due to one alone. But it stood written, and could not be erased without re-forming the sentence, and that would take time. After all he did love her—in a way: and if she laid too much stress upon the word that could not be helped now.

“No—anything, even a lie, is better than that she should marry Tom now. If he marries her, and she loses, I shall have brought

A Dog and his Shadow.

about a quarrel between father and son. And she will not win—she *must* lose. There never was a plainer case in the world. I must save Tom in spite of himself, and I will. It will be something if I have put off the evil. And now I have done all I can. Five minutes still to spare! Beatrice must have a line! *She* must not think me cold. Nobody ever opens her letters, I know, and I must not risk losing her.”

“MY DEAREST,” he went on hurriedly, without even renewing the ink in his pen, “I cannot end to-day without sending you one word. I shall see you very soon—but don’t think I forget you even for an hour. I will do all I can to bring our engagement to a happy end soon—I think of nothing else, and already see my way. No time for a word more. Be patient, and trust me! Your own, A.”

And so Abel, having, with the most generous and self-sacrificing of motives, written two love-letters to two different girls in the same twenty minutes, at last laid down his pen, and reached the letter-box just as it was being cleared. He had passed a day unusually full of calls upon his energy, but, though utterly worn out, he was not dissatisfied with the way in which he had met them. If Milly, after all, had ceased to love him, no harm was done. If she still loved him, or was at any rate determined to be loyal to him, he was able to sacrifice himself for her sake and for that of the Deanes. If such sacrifice of himself was rendered needless, Milly must of course be prepared to sacrifice herself at the altar of genius. If not, Beatrice must be ready to accept his sacrifice of himself on the altar of friendship and gratitude to her and hers. It was he who would suffer, and with nothing but Longworth to console him. It was not his fault that Longworth would persistently cling to him whatever he might do.

CHAPTER XI.

Ah, is this Love that shines as Psyche’s lamp
To show me joy, yet guide me from its star?
They say that Love can sorrow and can sin—
But nobly: for the Seraph’s spirit is his
That wandered, but returned, led by the flame
That still, ’mid outer darkness, burned within.
But when the Cherub, lord of knowledge, fell
From orb to orb, seeking a brighter sun
Than Heaven’s, he turned not back: for all he’d know—
And all can ne’er be known.

“ANNIE,” said Mrs. Burnett, “is it really true that you and Beatrice always tell one another everything?”

"Everything. I suppose you think it's odd for sisters? But we do. Why? Has she been talking to you about her fancy for leaving home?"

"No, indeed! I'd like to hear her talk that nonsense to me. Of course she wants to leave home. Every girl does at her age."

"Oh—I don't mean that"——

"And what's 'that,' Annie? Marrying? No, nor do I mean that. That would be natural. I mean they quarrel with their bread and butter, and the thicker it's spread the more they grumble. You're all a great deal too comfortable, my dear: girls never sat in arm-chairs when I was one of them. It's the unhappy homes, I think, that keeps people's hearts in them."

"Mine is a happy home, and I'm a girl, but I don't want to leave it, I'm sure."

"No—you're vexing yourself about Bee, and your Uncle George, and Tom—you've got other people's troubles on your back, and so much the better for you. Now what is it, Annie? You know what a meddlesome body I am. I like other people's business, I own, scandal and all. It's natural at my age, and if I wearied of gossip I'd send for the doctor. What has happened to Bee?"

"You *have* noticed then?"

"Not being blind, my dear. She's not the same girl: and if she was not bad enough before, with all her frivolities and dissipations"——

"Mrs. Burnett!"

"Yes—for she was just throwing away the best gift God ever gave, and that's joy, for the sake of knowing a few more facts than her grandmothers—but that was nothing to what she is now. Has she looked into a book since the fire?"

Annie was no logician: but in the same breath to blame her sister for studying too much and for not studying at all struck her as being against the logic of fair play, which, thanks to Tom, she did understand.

"All the books were burned," she said, by way of practical apology.

"And a good thing too. Caliph Omar was a great man. I only wish there were more of him. But I see you're not understanding me, Annie—of course she can't read the books that are burned, but I'm meaning that she wouldn't read them if she had them to read. The change isn't in what she does, but in what she is, Annie—don't you see? She killed her own bright spirits long ago, and those are things that never come back again—so whose are those that she's

got in place of her own? Not that they're bright, my dear—reckless is nearer the word. Do you know what 'Fey' means? 'Tis old-world nonsense, of course, but nonsense is not to be scorned, and she's just like what we used to call 'Fey.' I'm half a Highland woman, ye know, by my mother's side, and we see what nobody else sees, as everybody knows."

"What can you mean, Mrs. Burnett?" asked Annie, almost turning pale at this suggestion of superstitious terrors on the part of such a notorious *esprit fort* as her sister's friend. "You frighten me!"

"Just what I want to, my dear. I want to frighten everybody out of their wits: and I've been treated like Cassandra till now. You're a sensible girl, though you never heard of the differential calculus. So listen to me, Annie. When a girl has shut up her heart of her own free will and tried to pull out her brains by the edges till they're wide enough to cover it—as if they were made of india-rubber, or as if ye could cover the heart, that's a big thing, by the brain, that's a small: when she tries her best to ruin her health by working for duty's sake and not for the love of it: when she neglects that complex plant, a woman's body, for the sake of manuring that simple one, a woman's mind—for simple it is, let all the poets and other dunces say what they will: when she begins to puzzle over problems that some few millions of generations, my dear, with Plato, and Bacon, and Spinoza among them, haven't answered—what do you think will become of her?"

Annie stood aghast. "Do you mean," she whispered, too much in earnest to avoid the plain word, "she will—die?"

"Worse, my dear—worse a hundred times! She'll marry the first man that asks her, be he who he may. And he'll be a fool, for there's never a wise man would ask such a girl—unless she has money, and then he'd be a knave as well, as fools mostly are. And she's never said a word to you?"

"Never! But who"——

"Ask her. There are times when confession's the best medicine in the world. People find they're ashamed to speak, and that's half way to being ashamed of the thought too. Perhaps she'll deny, out of pride: but never mind—it doesn't follow she'll be telling a lie. If she denies, out of pride or shame, she's not come to the pass of doing what she'd be ashamed to own."

It cannot be said that Mrs. Burnett was always worldly wise in her counsels, however she might try to give them an air of worldly wisdom. She treated all knots after the manner of Alexander,

without sufficiently thinking of saving the string. She had certainly succeeded in alarming Annie, for Annie knew as well at whom she was driving as if she had named his name. She had not failed to notice the strange change that had come over her sister ever since the night of the fire. Hitherto Beatrice had not been remarkable for adapting herself to other people's ways : now she was amiability personified. But it was not a satisfactory sort of amiability. Annie knew, as well as everybody else, that universal complaisance, when out of character, is generally in the nature of a reparation : and though she never thought of comparing her sister to a servant-girl who does more than her duty because she has something to hide, nevertheless experience gave her the parallel without making it needful to draw set conclusions. They would have been too degrading : but then dissimulation, being a vulgar thing, can hardly complain if it is called vulgar. Beatrice had become too soft and compliant for complete honesty : her tongue had lost its edge, and the growing hardness had died out of her eyes—which now, when she spoke, turned another way.

She had committed no sin : but yet Love had come to her in a very different guise from that in which she had always seen him painted. She had not gone out of her way to look for love, but had kept every approach closed to sentiment, holding in earnest what Mrs. Burnett preached, that sentiment is waste of time. The idea of giving her life into another's keeping was like suicide. But she had dreamed her dreams : and her very abstinence from playing at love had only emphasised sentiment into romance. In so far as love inspired self-sacrifice, it was at any rate a noble madness, and must bring with it the consolations belonging to noble things. Courage, frankness, truth, and honour must go with love hand in hand. And now she loved at last : and, instead of all these, love had brought cowardice, concealment, and even treachery in its train. It was nothing short of treachery in her eyes when she lay down in the same bed with Annie at Mrs. Burnett's cottage and had to keep guard even over her dreams lest they should betray her to the sister whom she would never have forgiven had such a secret been Annie's instead of her own. She sacrificed herself for her lover, and was ashamed of the sacrifice instead of glorying therein. It was even more like treachery to see her uncle silently condemning Tom for only having wished to do what she herself had actually done. Why then, in the name of common sense, did she not speak out and have it over, and rebel against a lover who bade her fill all her days with shame ?

But that has been answered, if her story has been rightly told.

Her greatest source of shame was the cowardice that forbade her to raise her eyes when Mrs. Burnett was by. She had looked forward to defying her, and now all courage was gone. Suspicion had come with the certainty that she was suspected. She had once felt honoured by being allowed to touch Mrs. Burnett's hand; and now her heroine had become nothing more than the intriguing mother of a stupid son, who was interested in keeping off every other man. And yet it was Mrs. Burnett into whose face she dared to look least of all: and it was an intense relief when this divided household was altogether broken up for awhile, and when she and Annie left the ruins of Longworth behind them. But she was not fated to escape so easily. She did her best to avoid a special parting with her hostess, but Mrs. Burnett, instead of watching for an opportunity, forced one.

"My dear," said the old lady gravely, "plain speech is always the best, and I see you've something on your mind. You'll tell me—and I hope you will, for I only want you to say what you mean—you'll tell me to mind my own business. But I won't, and if I've no right to speak, I don't think much of rights, as you know. If Annie asks you 'Is there anything between you and young Herrick?' what will you say?"

Those inveterately plain questioning people, who can make no allowance for circumstances that may make a plain answer impossible! And, alas for courage—Beatrice would have given anything not to be engaged to her lover for that single moment, so that she might be at liberty to say, angrily and scornfully,—“No.” But both “No” and “Yes” were forbidden words to her now.

“What—what do you mean by ‘between us’?” she could only ask, while her burning cheeks more than half answered.

“Has he told you yet he loves you, Bee, and do you care for him? Don't be afraid to speak, dear”——

“I'm not afraid.”

“Then it's true? And why are ye ashamed of loving him, Bee? Is it because he's poor?”

“You own you have no right—should I not speak without asking if—if there was anything I might tell?”

“My poor Bee! If you may tell it ever, you may tell it now. Ye mean to marry him some day, I suppose? You're not one of the girls that think it fine enough to be just engaged, and have a lover of their own to play with—‘keep company with,’—as the maids say? And if ye mean to marry him, why not say so? Secret engagements

are very pretty things in story books and nonsense, but you're not in a story book, Bee; you're real enough—and surely you don't expect to make things smooth by waiting till they come round of themselves?"

"But if there is nothing to"—

"Stop, for truth's sake, Bee! If there's nothing—if ye could say 'No' like a man, and if ye weren't blushing like a white rose! Why shouldn't ye be in love, my dear? I'd be only too happy to see ye over head and ears—'twould do ye all the good in the world, even if it came with sorrow. But what wretched influence is on ye that makes ye want to tell a lie? Only ye can't, and if ye could, ye couldn't to me."

"Mrs. Burnett!" exclaimed Beatrice hotly, taking refuge from shame in anger. "If you must and will know—I am engaged to Abel Herrick—I am proud of it—and what is right for him is right for me. Everybody will know it before long—he has good reasons for silence, and his reasons are mine. I am neither afraid nor ashamed. You have forced me to break a promise—that's all; for I suppose in telling one I have told all the world."

"Eh! Is the lass clean daft?" exclaimed Mrs. Burnett, in a tone that startled Beatrice with its sudden and unaccustomed native breadth, as if she had been stung by a thistle. "Guid guide us a'! Do ye think because I like tales I bear them? What's the whimsies of ae love-sick lass to a' the world? Or to me? Gang your ain gait—I'll not make nor mar."

She had often enough seen Mrs. Burnett vehemently indignant about some public wrong, but this new outbreak of personal anger was the surprise of a hail-storm from a clear sky. Her former heroine fell yet a little further in her respect, as heroes and heroines will when seen too near.

"Please let me take care of myself," she said. "I shall do so very well."

"Then that's more than I can, as I've just shown you," said Mrs. Burnett with a smile, and with the quick blood still in her cheeks. "There—you're quite right; it's neither right nor duty of mine. Only don't ask me to the wedding; I'll only lose my temper again. Poor lassie! Well, there's no good crying over spilt milk, and marriages are written in Heaven, though it's a queer place to write some of them, and silence is golden. But there's better metal than gold, my dear, and so there are better things than silence—and speaking out's one of them. Do you speak out, my dear, whatever he may say; rebellion's a natural right, that no oaths of allegiance or

obedience can vow away. Don't think I care a penny for anybody to know your secret ; but I care a great deal that ye should tell it with your own lips and of your own free will."

"So that my uncle may know everything without her appearing in the matter," thought Beatrice with the suspicion that belonged to her love for Abel.

"And tell Annie above all. No promise can make ye false to her. Tell her before the sun goes down, and then ye'll be yourself again. Thank God, I'm not the mother of girls. There, I've said all I had to say, and more ; so let's talk about other things. Ye're off your books, I know, but here's one you ought to read. It's like to be the book of the day, which is odd, seeing that it ought to be—but I suppose it's being written so ill makes up for its merits and makes it go down."

Beatrice was only too ready to talk about anything else under the sun. "Why, how strange you should give me this !" she said. "It is the very book I was reading when"— She stopped suddenly, for she was on the road that led back to Abel. "Who is it by ? What a splendid fellow he must be !"

"You've found out that, have you ?"

"But who is he ? You know everybody who does anything—why does he hide his name ?"

"That's more than I can tell you, my dear. People mostly hide their names out of vanity of one sort or another, and I own I can't guess what sort of vanity his may be. But shame's a sort of vanity, and I expect he's ashamed."

"Ashamed ! Why, if I had been a man with such a story to tell"—

"Ye'd have blown your own trumpet pretty loud, I suppose, and so would I. Or maybe the printers were short of capital I's, for there isn't one. If it wasn't just impossible, I'd fancy the man didn't see anything out of the common in what it's plain he did, and only told his story straight out because that was part of his day's work—the book was written for a newspaper, ye see. If he'd only been mock modest there'd have been some sort of attempt to look as if he were hiding what he'd done, and if he doesn't think it worth while to brag he doesn't brag of not bragging, which is more wonderful still. Ah, if I'd only half such a son—that could write as ill and do as well ! Poor Dick !—he's been to Africa, too, but he's just slept through it, my dear, for all I can learn. I believe he'd sleep if the house was burning."

"May I take the book with me ?"

"And welcome, my dear. It may teach ye something better than about Africa."

"And what's that?"

"That there's something unnatural about every secret, my dear; and unnatural means sinful, in my tongue. Why should a girl be ashamed of her heart, or a man of his hands? If I ever come to know him, and he won't blow his own trumpet, I'll—I'll blow it for him, that's all."

"But Nature is all one great secret herself," said Beatrice, feeling that she would confess herself guilty if she left Mrs. Burnett in possession of the last word.

"No, my dear; not a secret, but a riddle—and that's a very different thing. When next ye write, let me know when's to be your wedding day, and I'll congratulate—the bridegroom."

Beatrice had managed to put a good face upon the end of this interview. In fact, in spite of her indignation at having had her secret thus forced from her by one whom she distrusted, she already felt half relieved, and longed, far more than Mrs. Burnett guessed, to relieve herself of her whole burden by telling Annie all. But if she did she might as well proclaim her secret from the house-top. Even if she were at liberty to speak, it would be unfair, for her own comfort's sake, to force Annie to bear half her burden. So she lay down once more by her sister's side and said not a word.

The two girls went on a short visit to a relation of their mother's, while the house in Arlington Gardens was being prepared for their unlooked-for return to town, and till their uncle could take them home. Not much need be said of their visit. Beatrice was now so little in sympathy with all outward things, and Annie so out of sympathy with all but home affairs, that an ordinary visit to an ordinary house among ordinary people could not possibly have anything to do with their lives. Letters from Tom were the only events that could befall them here; and these were very few, very short, and very unsatisfactory. He was becoming a mystery; and both Beatrice and Annie suspected that a great deal more had happened in the smoking-room on the night of the fire than their uncle chose to say. His letters, short and hurried even for one who hated letter-writing on principle, assumed that there was as little home news to hear as usual. They were all directed to Longworth, gave none but the vaguest address, and spoke of affairs that would be settled in time and were too long to explain in a letter. Under ordinary circumstances they would have seen nothing strange in the matter. Tom

had often left home before now without explanation, and played at mystery, so that the news of some athletic triumph might come upon them all with the pleasure of a surprise, as the announcement of his scholarship had done. So used had they all once been to these proceedings that they were never less anxious about him than when he was hiding, and quite understood that inexplicable affairs meant a month's training and another cup at the end of it. But his love affair had put a different face upon things, and none are so ready as girls to scent danger where it is possible that a girl may be concerned. It was probably not a Sultan but a Sultana who invariably asked "Who is she?" when told of any misfortune, from an earthquake to a rainy day.

But one morning, when their uncle had run over from Mrs. Burnett's, where he was staying, Annie took courage, and asked—

"Have you had any real news of Tom?"

"No."

"Then—then something has been heard?"

"Didn't I say 'No'? Don't speak of Tom again!"

The three were by themselves, or the question would never have been ventured, so sure were both the girls that something was wrong. Neither, however, had ever dreamed it would have come to such a pass that Beatrice and Annie should be fiercely forbidden by his own father to speak of Tom again. The gathering cloud must at last have burst with a vengeance—and Beatrice had not a word to say. If Tom's guilt were thus visited, how would it fare with her own? But Annie's conscience was clear.

"Not speak of him, Uncle George!"

"No. Never," he said shortly.

"Never speak of Tom? Do you mean—has he married that girl?"

"Good God, no!"

"Then why must we never speak of him? What has he done?"

"What? Why? I'll tell you why. I've written to him twice. Once to the post-office at Eastington, to ask him what in the devil's name he was doing there. To that I got no reply. Well, perhaps he did not call for letters. But then I wrote to his college."

"I hope—Uncle George—you wrote kindly?"

"I asked him what the devil he meant by his behaviour. You wouldn't have me ask him to forgive me, I suppose, and let bygones be bygones, and come home to the fatted calf and bring his wife too?"

"Did he get that letter?"

"It got to him at last, in some round-about way."

"And he has written to you?"

"Yes: that he had proposed and been accepted, and though he couldn't marry all the same—whatever that may mean—he couldn't say that he wouldn't if he could, and couldn't come home unless I chose to receive him under those terms. On those terms, indeed! Why, that was his very offence—his very offence, Annie!"

"Uncle," began Beatrice slowly, while Annie looked from one to the other in desperate inability to understand where the enormity of Tom's offence lay, "I don't understand. You say Tom has proposed and been accepted—doesn't that mean they're engaged?"

"Just so, Bee. And all that juggle about couldn't and wouldn't is nothing but chopping logic and splitting hairs. Yes means yes, and no means no, and nothing can alter them."

"But he says he can't marry—what does he mean?"

"I should think not, indeed. How's a young man that spends hundreds on himself to marry on a hundred and fifty pounds a year?"

It was true then—the very worst had come. Tom had lost Longworth: perhaps at that moment his father's will was signed. And in that case where was Longworth to go? She knew no more of law and business than most girls, but she knew that her uncle might leave Longworth as he pleased, and that, failing Tom, she and her sister were his natural heirs.

Her heart sank with horror at the thought. For Tom to lose his inheritance was bad enough; to lose it for a quibble was outrageous. But for her, the more guilty of the two, to profit by his loss—she could imagine no greater piece of wickedness. Supposing the will to be already signed—supposing anything to happen that would prevent the possibility of its being altered—supposing it to be irrevocable by its nature, as it might be for all she knew of such things—supposing she should suddenly find herself mistress of Longworth because she had been a hypocrite and a traitor! She would reject the inheritance, of course, but that would not help Tom: and if her uncle died to-morrow he would die believing in her. It was she who had once been harder on Tom's folly than anybody, and now his fault was less than her own, for he had disobeyed openly. The web of her concealment was entangling itself terribly. She ought to speak out on the spot—her promise to Abel was surely never meant to extend to this length, and he would surely approve.

The task ought to have been easy, and once upon a time she would have found it so. But there was something in her relation to

Abel that, in an indefinable way, reduced her to a kind of moral chaos. She was determined to be sure that he was right, and was therefore bound to set down her own natural instincts, when they opposed his reason, as rebellious temptations to do wrong. "Therefore," in a girl's hands, is as dangerous as a razor in the hands of a child: and somehow that absolute, unassailable rightness of his had managed, ever since the first moment of their engagement, to be in direct conflict with every instinct that was hers. And honesty is not at home in chaos. She would have to proclaim herself a traitor to Annie, and to have flown in the face of her uncle almost at the very moment in which he had made his views known: her concealment would be proof enough for them that she had known she was doing wrong, and her confession would have been wrung from her, not by her desire to do right, but by the necessity of not doing what was morally impossible. Her uncle had been her father: and in this family to do wrong deliberately and knowingly had hitherto been a thing unknown. It was not easy for the pride of the flock to stoop from her high place and to confess "I have placed myself by my own act below you all." All the household traditions that had surrounded her from the first dawn of memory held her back from even seeming to break them. She felt herself to be the evil angel of the house, importing into its troubles and misfortunes an element of guilt and sin.

Her decision had to be made in a moment: she spent it in wavering, and the moment slipped by. It was in all the misery of self-abasement that she sat down to write her first letter to her lover in order to submit to him a case of conscience that she ought to have settled for herself off-hand. She had often had occasion to write him small notes during the time when he had almost formed part of the family, and this made it all the harder for her to write under conditions that had so suddenly and so completely changed. Milly herself had less difficulty in writing her first real letter to Abel than she. The matter became, under her thoughts, almost too delicate and shadowy to write about at all, and her pen seemed to have lost its power of going straight to the simplest thing. It was not a love-letter in form, for she had none before her to answer: she was writing as to her spiritual director, and, except for the want of a formal beginning, hardly differed from what she might have written to a favourite clergyman, had her new necessity for throwing herself upon something or somebody led her into church grooves.

With absolute and unquestioning confidence that he would see all things as she saw them, she made an opportunity of posting her letter

secretly to the Temple, and felt herself burdened with the consciousness of having done one wrong thing more. The worst part of her offence, in her own eyes, was, next to its treachery, its air of petty vulgarity. That she, Beatrice Deane, should be running secretly to the post, like an idiotic school-girl or romantic housemaid—almost worse than the tragic word, treachery, was the vulgar word, sly. She had not her lover's talent for discovering, under all conceivable circumstances, that whatever he did was done with the purest and noblest motives in the world.

CHAPTER XII.

'Tis naught but the lilt of an auld sang,

As auld as the hills may be :

But there's muckle sooth in an auld sang,

And the hills they daurna lee—

And 'tis naught but the love of a still heart,

As still as the snow may fa'—

But there's muckle love in a still heart

O' the love that's best of a'.

AND NOW she and Annie and Mr. Deane were back in Arlington Gardens. Abel had only answered her letter by a line or two to say that it was impossible to discuss a step of such vital importance as the public announcement of their engagement without a full knowledge of all the circumstances, and by word of mouth. He for one, he said, could not understand such a final rupture between a father and his only son: and if that was impossible, the old reasons for temporary silence still continued. There was not a word in the short letter with which Beatrice could find fault, unless it was too sensible and too unappreciative of the burden that she was bearing for him. He was right, of course, for that she was determined: but the right way seemed bitterly cold. Every day that came felt like a new load. Whenever her uncle left the house for an hour she dreaded that some utterly preposterous accident might prevent her ever seeing him alive again.

But at last Abel found time to call. It was in the evening, after dinner, and her uncle and sister were in the room, so that with her mind full of her own troubles she had to help discuss such trifles as the fire for the hundredth time. She looked to his eyes for an answer to her question, but they gave none, and there seemed no chance of saying a word to him alone. Had they not been engaged she might easily have made a hundred: but she felt as if every look and movement of hers were being watched, and as if it were unsafe

to do or say the most common-place things. Presently her last shadow of a chance seemed gone. "Herrick—I want to talk to you," said her uncle, and carried him off to his study. Her heart beat fast, for she was sure it was to be about Tom. Abel was a lawyer—was he going to be asked to draw up the will? In that case he, like her, would have but one course open to him, and that very night her engagement would be known. Could not she manage to get one word?

It was just possible—she might run down into the hall before them, come upstairs again slowly, let her uncle pass by, and speak to Abel for just one moment on the stairs. Down she went—to be met at the bottom by Captain Burnett, who had just been told they were at home.

She may be forgiven for losing her temper then. He was no longer Sleepy Dick—he was the impersonation of Conscience, determined to enter, whether she would or no. "Then let it all go," she thought recklessly to herself, "let it all come out how and when it will. I must take my chance, and can do nothing more."

This time the Captain did hold out his hand: and when she re-passed Abel on the stairs he was so close to her heels that she could not say a word. The two young men looked at one another in a way that might pass for a bow, and she noticed that Abel's was the more like a bow of the two. Annie had not seen Captain Burnett since his return from his travels, and she welcomed him warmly. He had always been rather a favourite of hers—there was some natural affinity between the girl whom nobody ever thought of because she possessed no self, and the man whom nobody ever thought of because he was generally supposed to think of nobody, himself included.

"And so you have really been all over the world!" said Annie. "How terribly tired you must be! I suppose you do nothing but sleep now?"

"Well, you know, there are beds to be found in most parts of the world. The great advantage of England is that there are no mosquitoes."

"And how did you like Africa? Bee is full of it just now—I suppose you know all about that book that everybody seems to be reading?"

"Africa? No, I can't say I do like it much. - It's very hot, and big, and thirsty—but you know all that, I suppose."

"Are you describing yourself? If you are, you shall have some tea. But if you don't like it, why did you go there?"

"Why do we go anywhere?"

"Business, I suppose—or pleasure?"

"Well, it is certainly one of those that brings me here." He was putting on again that languid tone which to Beatrice was now doubly odious—it had once seemed part of his nature, and she had pardoned him on the ground that he could not help his misfortunes. But now it seemed like the affectation of himself, as if he were not only unable to care about anything but determined to show that he did not care.

"Africa is not all alike," she said, impatiently, while her ears were trying to follow her heart into her uncle's study. "I daresay it is possible to make oneself very comfortable there. Have you seen the book Annie was speaking of? That is my sort of traveller—a man with a purpose in him, not a lounging tourist, but a man who is eager to sacrifice himself for something, if it's ever so small—if it's only a dream."

The Captain's eyes opened full upon her, and for one passing moment she almost thought that a miracle had been performed—she saw the fire of life in their sleepy darkness.

"And what's going on in London?" he asked, more lazily even than before.

"Oh, much the same as usual," said Beatrice. "The fact is I know as little about London as you do about Africa."

"Bee!" protested Annie in defence of the Captain, who she thought was being hardly used. "We have but just come ourselves."

"And I too."

"And where are you going next? Not Africa again?"

"Well—no. But I might. I'm here for the present, any way."

"I really can't make you out," said Annie. "Everybody always calls you the laziest of mankind, and yet you seem to spend your life in wandering about—working harder at doing nothing—are you quite sure you are not the wandering Jew?"

"Well—suppose we say it's my nature. My father was just as easy-going, I've heard, as my mother isn't, so I suppose I take after both of them. One can't account for one's destiny you know."

"Yes, one can," said Beatrice. "Laziness is not a poetical word, so it's called destiny. Of course everybody is destined to do nothing if he doesn't try to do something, and to do wrong if he doesn't take what's right into his own hands. I hate"—

She stopped in sudden confusion. It was her former self

speaking to her out of the past, and its voice startled her—*de te fabula narratur*. What was she doing but yielding to destiny in this sense, and with open eyes?

“You are quite right, Miss Deane,” said the Captain, without showing the least sign that the cap fitted. “By the way,” he said turning to Annie, “do you ever sing still? If you don’t, I wish you would now.”

“I still try—and I will now, if African music hasn’t spoiled you for my old songs. On the whole, though, I think you had better ask Bee. I’m not the *prima donna*, you know.”

“No—please don’t ask me,” said Beatrice. “Captain Burnett and I are old musical enemies, and I own I’m not good-natured enough to commit treason to art, even in my own small way. He is Italian, you know, and I am German to the core, so we feel to one another like Garibaldi and Tedesco.”

“Then I will be English, and keep the balance even,” said Annie, sitting down to the piano. Her sister’s new-born amiability was certainly not upon her to-night, and she had to exert all her own good-nature—not that that was hard—to make the traveller’s first reception in Arlington Gardens a little more like Africa in warmth, and less like the North Pole. The Captain, who was a connoisseur in a languid and operatic style, stood by her and helped to turn over the leaves—he had not troubled himself to answer Beatrice’s sarcasm or to press her to change her mind. Beatrice herself remained sitting in a low chair over the fire, and amused herself by disarranging the coals, thrusting especially at one special piece of black coal whose half likeness to a human profile irritated her nerves. She was angry with herself, and wished that Captain Burnett would take himself off to Africa again for good and all. He was playing that night the part of her evil genius—first preventing her from speaking to Abel the single word upon which their whole immediate future might depend, and then compelling her to use words that had now become hypocrisy.

And yet—though she was not thinking of Dick Burnett, but of the conversation that might be going on downstairs—she felt without thinking that he also was, like everybody else about her but Annie, not wholly what he seemed. It was impossible that any man of such a nature, who seemed to think it too much trouble even to talk, should be consumed with such a demon of useless restlessness without any apparent cause. Many a girl would have pretended to sigh as she thought with a smile, “Poor fellow! he is broken-hearted—and I am the cause.” But even she knew masculine nature a little

too well to be able to find food for vanity. To go to Africa and kill or be killed by lions is a conventional ending for a broken-hearted hero, but broken-hearted men who are not heroes go in general to the proper quarter and have their hearts repaired or else put the pieces on a shelf, lock up the cupboard, pocket the key, and go about their business, or no business, as if nothing had happened out of the way. Who ever knew, personally, a really broken-hearted man? Whatever he might do, however, was certainly nothing to her: even to his own mother it seemed to be immaterial where he went, or when, or why; but then it was true that her son was the only animal, vegetable, or mineral, whichever he might be, in whom Mrs. Burnett found interest impossible. "And no wonder," thought Beatrice, giving another impatient dig at the coal.

Her reverie was disturbed by the turning of the door-handle: and, while Annie was in the middle of a last new ballad and Captain Burnett was practically out of the way, Abel crossed the room to her, alone. She glanced up at him quickly, but, as before, his face told her nothing. He took her hand, and held it, under cover of the music, as long as he dared: she let him hold it passively, though this was not in the bargain, and was a needless addition to her many sins. The touch sent no thrill through her, except of discomfort and almost of annoyance at his taking advantage of turned backs, and she was relieved when he let her hand go.

"What has happened?" she asked in a low tone, which unwillingness to disturb the music would naturally excuse. "What has he said to you?"

"Who? Mr. Deane? Nothing—he has only been talking about the case—that's all."

"What case? Not about Tom?"

"The Longworth claim. Don't you know?"

"I haven't heard. But Uncle George never tells us anything now. The old times are all over—we are a houseful of secrets and troubles. He said nothing about Tom at all?"

"No. But do you say you don't know that a claim has been made to your uncle's estates by somebody professing to represent the last of the Vanes—the grandchild of that cavalry officer in the library?"

"A claim to Longworth!" she exclaimed: but at the same time her heart was lightened of a heavy load. This, and not Tom, might be her uncle's main trouble after all.

"Yes—but you need not be alarmed. It is an idle one. It is a mere attempt on the part of some pettifogging attorney to make a

bill of costs, I should say. Still of course it vexes your uncle. I suppose I ought not to have told you, as he has not, but of course I assumed you knew all about it, and in any case there are no secrets between you and me."

"You have thought of what I asked you—what ought I to do?"

"Let Fortune's gifts at random flee"—

sang Annie, for her listener would not have been his mother's son if she had not been marched at last into Burns,

"They ne'er shall draw a wish from me,
Supremely blest with love and thee"—

But she had but one listener: and if she had three, the other two would have agreed with the sentiment as well as the one.

"What is there to do?" asked Abel. "I have thought over your letter—well. But—you may be quite sure, Beatrice, that your uncle will never disinherit his only son."

"So you think—but the fear of it—the chance that Longworth may come to me and Annie one day! Annie would refuse it, of course, and I should feel it had come to me by a crime."

"A crime, Beatrice?"

"Don't you understand? Why are you keeping our engagement secret at all?"

"Ah—you mean that if your cousin is bent on marrying a girl who is not a lady, you are engaged to—I see."

"How can you turn my words so! As if I meant"—

"It comes to that."

"Whatever it comes to—dear Abel—we must not think of ourselves so much as to risk doing a lifelong injury to Tom."

"God forbid!"

"Then let us speak at once and have it over. Other girls do get engaged secretly I know, and I don't know how they bear it, but it is killing me. As it is, I have not been able to keep it a secret altogether. Mrs. Burnett knows."

"Mrs. Burnett! Good God—then everybody knows."

"No—she will not use my confession against me. You are a man, Abel—you have nothing to go through—but you don't know what I have to bear every day—all sorts of things much too small to tell, but happening always, and great enough at the time. It's like being sent mad by constant water drops. But it's nothing to what I shall have to bear if I rob Tom of his inheritance—I, who deserve to lose it ten thousand times more than he."

"Listen to me," said Abel quickly and impressively, just laying his

hand again upon hers, though less with the touch of the lover than of an advocate who wishes to give all the weight he can to his words. "I quite understand. I am only a man, as you say, but one cannot be a poet in heart without knowing well enough what a girl has to hear and feel. I love you so much that I want to spare you everything. You own I am right—therefore I am. If our engagement is announced now—and your uncle is very bitter against Tom, and all the more because he says so little—you know how he used to be always talking of Tom when everything was well: I say, if our engagement is announced now he will be embittered a hundred times more. He will think we are all in a conspiracy to increase his troubles. Do you think he will pardon Tom because he blames you? On the contrary, your speaking out will harm your cousin more, infinitely more, than your silence possibly can. At worst would it not be far better to help Tom by letting Longworth come to you? You may be sure I would help you do everything for one who has done so much for me."

"Yes—but it would be cheating Uncle George all the same."

"Do you think that I—How cheating, by saving him from doing a great wrong?"

"Would it not be doing evil that good may come?"

"No. And if it were—is it not rank selfishness to care for one's own soul, even, in preference to absolute justice and another's welfare? I can imagine circumstances in which to refrain from doing wrong would be a sin—and there is no question of doing wrong here."

"I would do anything in the world"——

"Of course—and so would I. Just think—in the first place the breach is hopeless: that I know. Quarrels about words always are. That being so, would you, by your own act, put it out of your power to make the effects of the quarrel null and void?"

"Let Uncle George leave Longworth to Annie, then—but not to me."

Hitherto Longworth and generous unselfishness had pulled together so well as to convince Abel that they were inseparable. Their sudden attempt to pull different ways took him by surprise—that there must be some method of making their heads point the same way he was sure. It was terribly perverse on Beatrice's part not to see that as well as he: and he found himself floundering about and compelled to use the same arguments over and over again in order to give the light time to come. It could not be his duty to help Beatrice throw away Longworth without thereby giving it to Tom.

"Beatrice!" he began again, not knowing what he was going to say, but knowing at what he was driving, and taking his chance of getting there, "I have some influence over your uncle, and, for Tom's sake, it must not be impaired. While he lives and while he trusts me Tom's cause is not desperate. I can easily discover what his real intentions are, and if he is bent upon doing what is unjust he shall not do it blindly."

"It would be useless if he did. Neither Annie nor I would touch what ought to be Tom's. You would despise us if we thought of it."

"Longworth must go somewhere."

"If Tom would not take the income, we could save it, and leave everything to his children."

"His children? But if the will settled everything upon Annie's and yours, and in case of failure of issue upon some stranger? My dear Beatrice, there would be trustees and all sorts of things and people that you don't understand."

"Then we would leave Tom everything we saved."

"And to do that you must have Longworth. You are arguing in a circle, you see. And Annie's husband might not see things in the same light as you and I."

"Oh, Abel, I don't know what to do! Of course you are right, and of course I am a fool. What ought I to do?"

"Leave me in a position to make your uncle do justice to Tom before it is too late. Leave me free to prove my birth and win you fairly in the new way that is now open to me. Leave yourself able to do justice so far as you can, if I fail. Be patient for a little while, a very little while. Sacrifice your own feelings for the sake of right and justice at the end. Right and justice are cold words, dear Beatrice, and yours is a warm heart: take away their coldness by putting your heart on their side."

"Then we must be silent still? I must still only bear?"

"For a very little while. Remember, your burden is mine. Whatever you have to bear, I bear too."

"Command me, then."

"I do command you."

"Then—you know best—be it as you will."

Annie had more than once made an attempt to leave the piano in order to interrupt this half-whispered conversation by the fire. She by no means tried to drown it with her voice, but, on the contrary, sang soft songs as softly as she could, trying to catch a word or two here

and there. But she could hear nothing, for her singing voice was clear and high, while Beatrice's whisper was carefully managed and Abel's was of the deep sort that never passes beyond the ears that it addresses. At last she closed her music, and rose. But Captain Burnett detained her.

"Please!" he said, opening the music again. "I don't want to run away, and I must if you stop singing."

"Why, I never heard of such a compliment! If I were Grisi you could say no more."

"It isn't a compliment. I am really very comfortable, and you see Herrick isn't one of my friends."

"I wonder whether he still cares about Bee?" thought Annie's kind heart. "Does he suspect anything too? Poor fellow! I wish she had taken him!—Nor is he a particular friend of mine either," she said. "But don't you think Bee ought to be made to sing? I wonder you asked a grasshopper to chirp when there's a nightingale in the room." It was by these little speeches of mutual admiration that the Deanes had been in the habit of irritating or amusing their acquaintances, and the habit survived the implicit belief in one another whence it sprang.

"Will you sing one more song, if you're not tired? By the way," he said, when this was over, "you say you don't particularly like Herrick. Why?"

"Because I don't. Why don't you?"

"Well—honestly—because your sister likes him a great deal too well. Of course that's nothing to me: when a thing's over it's over: but I couldn't bear to think of your sister throwing herself away on any but the best man going. The best man all round, I mean. A cad may be clever, and well-behaved, and all that, but he's pretty sure to be something more."

Annie smiled with pleasure at what she set down as a sudden outburst of jealousy. If the impassive Captain was capable of being piqued ever so little, he might have a chance still.

"I don't know exactly what a cad means," she said. "It's a great word of Tom's, and seems to mean a great deal, but what it means I don't think he always knew himself—so I won't call Mr. Herrick that till I know what *you* mean. But I do not like him, and never did, and never shall."

"That's because you do know what a cad is, though you can't explain it any more than I. But it's my opinion not one woman in a hundred does know. Is there any mischief done yet? You know what I mean."

"I hope not."

"Only hope not? Then I'm in a deuced awkward fix, that's all. I suppose it's because he saved her from the fire?"

"I don't know. A great deal has happened since you have been gone. We are not the same people you used to know at all. I think we are the most unhappy family in the world."

"So was the countryman's, when the frozen snake thawed," said the Captain, but so much to his beard that she did not hear, while she ran her fingers up and down the keys—loudly now, for it was her turn to keep her conversation from being overheard. Abel would have been the first to be amazed by the suggestion of such a comparison: but then the Captain would have been equally puzzled by the spirit of chivalry that remains unsoiled by any mud through which it happens to be forced to wade. "Please sing just one more song," he said aloud.

The fact was that the Captain wanted to think. And as that, with him, was a slow process, he must be left thinking.

(To be continued.)



TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

Apropos of the recent reburial in Paris of the assassinated generals, Clement Thomas and Lecomte, with funeral honours, Mr. Adolphe Smith, who was present when the crime was committed, being himself at the moment a fellow prisoner with those officers, sends me some interesting notes. Mr. Smith was conducted by his captors to the Rue des Rosiers on the 18th of March, 1871, and bears witness to the efforts made by the officers in command to save the two generals from the violence of the mob. To prevent the threatened lynching the generals were conducted down into the yard, and while they were pushing their way through the crowd a shot was heard and General Clement Thomas fell; whereupon some soldiers of the 88th line seized General Lecomte, thrust him to the wall, and shot him down. There was no trial, ceremony, or deliberation whatever. M. Clement, the author of several popular songs and the representative of the Montmartre district in the Commune, related to Mr. Smith afterwards the following notable story connected with the assassination. "I was walking along the Boulevard Extérieur," said M. Clement, "when I met a workman who greeted me, in tones of the maddest exultation, with the announcement that 'the justice of the people had at last been accomplished.' In answer to my demand for explanations the man told how he remembered following his mother amidst the barricades of June, 1848, when he was only ten years old; how his mother recognised her husband among a band of prisoners near the Place Pigalle; how she heard the immediate order for her husband's execution without trial; how she pleaded in vain at the officer's feet for mercy and for a trial before a proper tribunal; how the officer remained immovable, and how, seeing that she prolonged her farewell embrace beyond the patience of the soldiers, the shots were fired, and husband and wife died together. The boy, thus in a terrible moment made an orphan, remembered the face of that officer, recognised him in General Clement Thomas at the Rue des Rosiers twenty-three years later; was assured upon inquiry that this was indeed the same man on whose order the father and husband and wife were shot down together at the barricades—and he fired the shot which brought down General Thomas and which sealed the fate of the two officers who were the

first victims of the civil war of 1871 and whose assassination has just been made the subject of a solemn celebration." M. Clement told this story, it appears, with all possible seriousness and earnestness, and there appears to be some warrant for it in the fact that General Clement Thomas undoubtedly took part in those informal sentences and executions at the barricades of 1848 which bore a terrible resemblance to the lawless deeds of the Commune in 1871.

WHEN the Vendôme Column was pulled down its history was told, and now that it has been reconstructed its history has been repeated. In each case authorities were agreed that Napoleon I. was the first author of the idea of this column. Mr. Adolphe Smith asks me for an opening in "Table Talk" to point out that this is an error, for in 1793 the National Convention opened a competition for patriotic designs. The decree ran thus: "The cannons taken from the enemy shall be consecrated to the construction of a colossal monument: the people shall be represented by a statue standing erect. Victory shall supply the bronze." In answer to the decree the famous painter David produced the designs, which the Emperor resuscitated after the victory of Austerlitz, characteristically ordering his own statue to be placed on the summit instead of the allegorical figure of "the people." Mr. Smith, who stood in the crowd and saw the column demolished, has preserved many records connected with the event. Among the papers which he has submitted to my inspection is the decree of the Commune under which the column was destroyed, and as I do not remember to have seen it quoted in connection with the rebuilding of the monument, I reproduce it here as a curiously interesting memento of the spirit and feeling which animated the dominant party in Paris in 1871:—"The Commune of Paris—considering that the Imperial column on the Place Vendôme is a barbarous monument, a symbol of brutal force and false glory, an affirmation of militarism, a negation of international right, a permanent insult of the conquerors towards the conquered, and a perpetual attack on one of the three great principles of the French Republic, 'fraternity'—decrees: That the column on the Place Vendôme shall be demolished." The leading article of the *Official Journal*, the day after the column was brought to the ground, concluded by declaring that "if ever any monuments were raised by the Commune they would only perpetuate the memory of some glorious conquest achieved in the field of science, labour, or liberty." Somehow these Communistic views respecting the famous column do not sound quite so shocking to-day as they did in

the year 1871, when we were watching the conflict between Paris and Versailles.

THE phrase "sweetness and light" does not originate with Mr. Matthew Arnold, the prophet of the creed of civilisation known by that title. My friend Mr. Schütz Wilson has just picked it out of Swift's "Battle of the Books," where it occurs in the apologue of "The Spider and the Bee." The spider, students of the works of the great satirist will remember, boasted that the fabric which he spins is produced from within himself, without obligation to external sources; while the bee, acknowledging his indebtedness to nature for the raw materials of his workmanship, points to the superior value of the two products of his industry, honey and wax, "furnishing mankind," he says, "with the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light*." The synthesis reduces Mr. Arnold's philosophy of modern civilisation to "honey and wax;" but Mr. Arnold and Dean Swift's bee concur in the opinion that sweetness and light are the two noblest of things, which seems to indicate that the philosophy takes its name from the apologue.

I DOUBT whether Mr. Annesley Mayne or your Irish correspondent (writes one of my correspondents touching a philological question that has been discussed of late in these pages) has quite fathomed the mystery of why an Irishman should make "meat" rhyme with "late," but should be able to pronounce "meet" as well (or as badly) as an Englishman. The theory of your Irish correspondent seems to assume that the Irish peasant invariably knows how to spell; while Mr. Mayne goes too far in asserting that when the English language was introduced into Ireland the sound of "ea" in "great" was the universal sound of "ea." On the contrary, an examination of the rhymes of Spenser (an Englishman who pronounced English in Ireland at the critical date) tends to show that "ea" at that time denoted a somewhat lengthened sound of "e" in "met," like the sound of the first "e" in the Italian word "bene." I cannot, after some search, find an instance where he uses "great," or any similar word, with its now common and obvious rhymes of "late," "fate," &c. It always belongs to the class of rhymes that includes "threat," "entreat," "seat" (as in Sonnets I. and III.), "head," "stead," "thread," and so on. A full analysis would be out of all proportion to the importance of the question, but the result is that "ea" never rhymes with the long "a" and yet never, demonstrably at least, with the long "ee." In

Shakespeare's 23rd Sonnet "breast" rhymes with "expressed." But when the exigencies of accent or the difficulty of pronouncing the pure "e" sound (as before the letter "r") required a more decided sound, "retreat," for example, might become practically indistinguishable from "retrate" (so^l written), and "appear" would rhyme with "were" or "here," whatever the pronunciation of these may have been. Something approaching to a general rule may be thus stated. The English sound of "ea," as we pronounce it in "dead," ran into the long double "ee" to avoid confusion with another word, as of "wheat" with "wet," "seat" with "set," "beat" with "bet," "meat" with "met," "neat" with "net," "read" with "red," "glean" with "glen," "mean" with "men," "dean" with "den." Conversely, when distinction was gained by retaining the pure sound it was retained, as where "dead" is already distinguished from "deed," "head" from "heed," "bread" from "breed." Your Irish correspondent is doubtlessly right in holding that an Englishman of a later period would, where he had a choice between two possible changes, prefer the thin sound: and this preference would naturally extend itself even where there was no occasion. In general, however, where no change was required no change would be made. But here enters another element for consideration. We English, if we ever had it, have lost the trilled final "r"; and it is impossible to give the old pure sound of "ea" before an untrilled "r." Not only so, but we have almost lost the old pure sound of the long "e" altogether; his pronunciation of a word like "bene" is the brand of an Englishman in Italy. He pronounces it like "bay-ne." Our attempt results in pronouncing "bear"—"tear," like "bare"—"tare," unless we take refuge in our favourite thin sound, as in "near," "clear," &c. Hence our attempt to pronounce some words purely, as "great," "break," &c., ends in "grate," "brake," and so on. But an Irishman can trill his final "r's" and can pronounce the pure Italian "e," and so he invariably pronounces "ea" *rightly*. "Mate" does not represent the Irish pronunciation of "meat": "Mété (with the French accented é) is nearer. An Irishman adheres to the true sound; an Englishman errs partly by an instinctive tendency to literary expediency, partly by a slovenly style of vocalising—just as would be expected from a talking nation on the one hand and a writing nation on the other. By the way, "tea" used to be called "tay"—a clumsy imitation of the continental long "e," and therefore an excellent illustration of the general significance of "ea." The Irishman still says not "tay," but "thé."

ANOTHER correspondent, an Irishman again, favours the theory of Mr. W. Annesley Mayne to the effect that words in "ea" were formerly pronounced, in England, not as we now sound such words as "meat," "treat," &c., but in the same manner in which we still pronounce "great" and "break." As indirect evidence he quotes the words of Falstaff "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion," being of opinion that in Shakespeare's time "reason" was pronounced "raisin," and that hence there was in the sentence a Shakespearian pun now wholly lost to English readers.

NEWSPAPER English — or perhaps I should rather say penny-a-liner's English — is of course an abomination. We all detest "oyation," and "inauguration," and the various other grandiose words which the penny-a-liner uses with such wonderful inaccuracy. But I hear that somebody lately has objected to the word "paraphernalia," as commonly used now, because in its original application it was employed to describe what we might call the *trousseau* or personal and portable property of a bride. But if such an objection holds good, I do not see how we are to express our meaning at all in any words borrowed from ancient tongues. What of such words as "sycophant," and "parasite," and "gymnast," and "angel," and ever so many others, which are taken from the Greek, and which as we use them have hardly any trace left in them of their original meaning? Some of these words, to be sure, may be said to have been perverted from their original meaning by Latin or even by Greek writers before our time; but it is not easy to say what philological statute of limitations marks the precise point where responsibility ceases to exist. It is better not to be too nice—not to be, at all events, more nice than wise. There are some words taken from the Greek, and in very common use to-day, which, if we insisted on having their original meaning brought out, would create some consternation among scrupulous people. Nor does there seem to be much use in insisting too strongly even upon extreme fidelity to the original in the matter of spelling. We have happily got rid, or nearly so, of "Sphynx" and "Syren," but every one writes "Bosphorus" instead of "Bosporus" (or rather "Bosporos"), although our way of spelling it quite extinguishes the connection of the place with the classic legend which gives it its name. Perhaps we must plead to be allowed to write, as Macklin contended that he had a right to argue, even though we do not know Greek.

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THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RED ANGEL.



FOR I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the first born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt will I execute judgment: I am the Lord! And the blood shall be as a token upon the houses where my people are!"

So whispered Jehovah in the ears of Moses and Aaron in Egypt long ago, and the passover lambs were slain, and the Angel of the Lord passed over the houses where the blood was set as a token, and the Lord's chosen were saved, and all the hosts of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt.

So was it in Egypt long ago, and there was safety at least for those the Lord loved. So was it not in France at the opening of this century, for the Lord was silent afar, and there were no Moses and Aaron to lead His beloved out of the wicked land.

And instead of God's passover and the blood of the Lamb upon the dwellings of the people, there was a great darkness, and blood indeed upon the houses, but not of lambs; for on almost every threshold there gleamed a crimson token, not God's token but Cain's;—a token not of deliverance, but of doom.

As a spent Storm flies across the earth, forsaking for a space the havoc it has caused, Napoleon had hastened from Moscow to

Paris, little daunted by the loss of 500,000 men, little heedful of the cries and tears of innumerable widows and orphan children. How had he been greeted by the people of his Empire? With curses and groans, with passionate prayers and appeals? On the contrary, with blessings and acclamations. The cities of his Empire—Rome, Florence, Milan, Hamburg, Mayence, Amsterdam—put their smartest raiment on, and wore lilies in their hair. The public officials flocked in to offer their felicitations. “What is life,” cried the Prefect of Paris, “in comparison with the immense interests which rest on the sacred head of the heir to the Empire?” “Reason,” cried M. de Fontanges, grand-master of the Imperial University, “Reason pauses before the mystery of power and obedience, and abandons all inquiry to that religion which made the persons of Kings sacred, after the image of God Himself!” To this tune, and with even more hideous flourishes, danced, raved, and blasphemed the scented arch-priests of the imperial Baal.

And meantime the heavens opened and buried the Grand Army deeper and deeper under the silent snows; and in every home there was an empty place, in every house an aching heart; and from every ruined home there went up a bitter cry—“We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord!”

But the Lord they who cried meant was not Jehovah, nor the All-unseen and All-merciful, nor any God of the cold heavens whence these snows came covering those dead. The Lord of the broken heart was Napoleon, who usurped the Divine seat, and whispered his awful fiats across a desolated world.

“We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord!”

He brooded in the midst of his city, and his eyes surveyed the silent earth. As a spider in the heart of its web, he lay and waited in the heart of his city. The creature whom Paris had borne in those travails which shook the world, the child of the Revolution which began with the cry of liberated souls and ended with the clang of souls in chains, the soldier fashioned out of fire, the King-destroyer and King-liberator, was now known veritably for what he was—Avatar and lord of Europe, master and dictator of the earth. What wonder if madmen in their frenzy fell praying in his presence, as to very God!

“We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord!”

If he heard, he smiled. If he understood, he smiled also. But we may believe, indeed, that he neither understood nor heard. An Avatar cannot understand, for he has no wisdom; he cannot hear, for he has no ears. He has neither eyes nor understanding, heart, nor ears.

He looks not upward, for he cannot conceive of God ; he gazes not downward, for he cannot perceive humanity. Blind, deaf, irrational, pitiless, terrible, he sits as God—an earth-god, deadly, and born to die.

We shall be answered here that Napoleon was what strange speakers and writers of all times have called a Great Man ; that, being such, he must have been supremely human, as indeed many of his utterances and doings seem to show. The explanation is simple. Great men of a certain sort are great through their very negation of ordinary human qualities. Voltaire was great because he could not revere. Rousseau was great because he was incapable of shame.* Napoleon was great because, as a sovereign, he was perfectly incapable of realising the consequence of his own deeds—because, in fact, he did not possess even an ordinary share of that faculty of verification which is allotted to common men, to men who are in no respect great.

It is curious, as illustrating this truth, that Napoleon, when he *saw* suffering, pitied it. He could not bear to contemplate physical pain in any shape, and like Goethe, he carefully avoided it. As a human being, he had his humanities. As a great man, as the conqueror of Europe, he was simply an ignorant and irresponsible Force, without eyes or ears, or heart or understanding, an automaton moved by a blind and pitiless will to dark designs and ever fatal ends.

They were not far wrong, therefore, though they expressed the truth in an image, who pictured him as ever attended in secret by a certain Man in Red, his familiar, or *κακός δαίμων*. This secret familiar, however, was his own miraculous invention. Napoleon, indeed, was the Frankenstein of the War-monster which he had himself created, and which, from the hour of his creation, never suffered him to sleep in peace.

He might be as God to the people ; to this Monster he was a slave.

“Thou hast created me out of chaos—feed me : my food is human life. Thou hast conjured me out of the mighty democratic elements—clothe me ; my raiment shall be woven by fatherless children. Thou hast fashioned me and fed me, and clothed me in God’s name—find me a Bride, that my race may increase, and inhabit the earth.” And the name of the Bride was Death.

“ We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord ! ”

* Let not these sentences be misread. Voltaire, despite his incapacity for any kind of reverence, was the one good Samaritan in an age of cruelty, of superstition. Rousseau, despite the effrontery of his moral bearing, was a messenger of Divine truths.

Perchance, indeed, he might have heard, perchance he did hear, and hesitated. But the Monster continued, "Quick! more food, for I am hungry; more raiment, for I walk naked in rags; and another Bride, for she you gave me is too cold. Deny me, and I will devour thee: thee and thy seed, and thine Empire, and thy hopes for evermore." So the Emperor cried, in this dark year of 1813, "Peace, Monster! and I will do thy behest." And leaving the *daimon* in the darkness of his secret chamber, he passed smiling forth, amid the worship of his creatures, and flowers were strewn beneath his feet, while music filled his ears. More food was ready—more raiment was being woven. Another ghastly Bride was soon prepared; and the name of this Bride was Slaughter, youngest born of three sisters, whose other names were Famine and Fire.

So Napoleon returned to the Monster and cried unto him, "Be thou my Red Angel, speeding across the land in the darkness of the night; and as thou goest set on each door a crimson mark; and whatsoever house thou markest shall yield up its best beloved to thee and thy Bride. For I am Napoleon! And the blood shall be as a token upon the houses where our victims are!"

"We beseech thee to hear us, O Lord!"

The cry went up, but to what avail? The Evil Angel had flown across the earth, and at dawn the crimson signs were on the doors.

And the number of the newly-chosen children of France was two hundred thousand and ten thousand, and at his call they answered, each in his dwelling; and no passover lambs were slain, but each one of the two hundred thousand and ten thousand presented himself as a lamb for the sacrifice, ere the hosts of Napoleon went out anew from the land of France.

CHAPTER XII.

CORPORAL DERVAL HARANGUES THE CONSCRIPTS.

THOSE spring days were bright at Kromlaix; fish were plentiful, and the people had never known a more promising time. The air was full of sweetness and promise, the heavens were blue and peaceful, the sea like a mirror. Yet the Shadow was creeping nearer, and the dreaded hour of the Drawing of Lots was close at hand.

It was now known for certain that Napoleon had raised up his fatal hand, making the signal of the Conscription.

Previous to this, the hundred cohorts of the National Guards—a

sort of militia, enrolled under the declaration that they were never on any pretence to cross the frontier—had been turned into regular troops of the line; while the sailors and marines of the French fleet had been gathered in from the sea, and from the sea-ports and villages which they occupied, and turned into corps of artillery. Then to crown all came the decree of the Senate granting to the Emperor the anticipation of the Conscription of 1814—a force of some two hundred thousand raw recruits, which, united to the marines and to the youths of the National Guard, would comprise a new army of at least 340,000 men.

There was much public noise and jubilation, much bustling of functionaries and rejoicing of corporations, but by the fireside there was silence and a great dread. It was soon made known far and near that, owing to the great national losses and the immense drain on the lives of the population during the last campaigns, the old pleas of exemption from service were to be disallowed. Only sons were to take their chance with the rest. A rigorous inspection would follow the ballot, and few indeed would escape on the score of deformity or bodily infirmity. Every conscript who drew a fatal number would have to go. As to purchasing a substitute, that would be out of the question.

One mercy was afforded to the people, that of immediate relief from the agony of suspense. The ballot was to take place at once, in the little neighbouring town of St. Gurlott.

The morning of the fatal day came soon, and came with blue skies and white clouds, and the softest of winds upon the sea.

As the sun slowly rose, colouring all the ocean to delicate rose and burning brightly on the little village, a head in a red nightcap was thrust out of the street door of Corporal Ewen's house, and the eyes of the Corporal himself looked with an approving twinkle at the weather.

"Soul of St. Gildas!" he muttered to himself; "it is a good omen. The morning of Austerlitz was not more sunny."

Here, however, he heaved a sigh, and looked down contemptuously at his "wooden leg," of which Austerlitz was the cause.

Then, hobbling into the house, he proceeded with his toilette, shaving carefully, brushing up his best semi-military clothes, polishing his red cheeks till they shone again, and chattering to himself like some invalid daw in the privacy of his cage.

When all his preparations were finished, he sat down, in his shirt sleeves, before the fire—which he had already lit with his own hands—and began to smoke his usual "pipe before breakfast."

He was an early riser, and invariably the first to move about the house and light the fire. He would cook his own breakfast, too, upon occasion, with the skill of an old campaigner.

Hoël and Gildas—the twins—were still snoring in one of the *lits clos* in the kitchen; the other, just vacated by the Corporal, was lying open.

The first to descend the black wooden stairs was Marcelle. She wore her coif, and her face was very pale.

The Corporal turned at her step, drew the pipe from his mouth, and as she came up and kissed him on the weather-beaten cheek, exclaimed quickly,

“*Thou*, little one! But where is thy mother?”

“She sleeps still, and I did not waken her; it is still early.”

Uncle Ewen puffed rapidly, and looked at the fire. It was a fact almost unprecedented to find the busy widow lying in bed after her daughter had risen; but the Corporal almost guessed the truth, or some of it. Bright as the day might seem to him, to *her* it was a day of trouble; and all night long she had been weeping and thinking of her three dead sons, and praying that the good God might spare her those who remained.

“Humph!” grunted the old soldier, glancing at the sleeping twins. “They, too, are sound. Hoël! Gildas! It is time to rise.”

While Marcelle walked to the door, leaning against the doorpost and looking out into the street, the young giants rose and were soon sitting with their uncle by the fire. Presently down came Alain and Jannick, looking very cross and sleepy; and last of all, Mother Derval herself, white as a ghost, and very silent.

Meantime Marcelle stood in the street, watching the little village wake. Brighter and brighter grew the light; windows and doors were thrown open, heads were thrust out, voices were heard; and presently a little girl passed, going to the Fountain, for it was low water. The little girl wore a tight white cap, wooden shoes, and a stiff bright-coloured holiday petticoat.

“How, Marrianic,” cried Marcelle, “art thou, too, going to St. Gurlott?”

“Yes,” answered Marrianic eagerly. “I am going with mother and Uncle Maturin and my brothers. There will be great fun—as good as at the *Pardons*. I must run now, for mother is waiting for water.”

And she ran on down the street, smiling gaily and singing to herself an old Celtic song. The Conscription to her meant a holiday, and she was too young to comprehend sorrow in any shape.

Marcelle sighed. Her enthusiasm for the great cause remained, but somehow her mother's tears had troubled her, and she was thinking very sadly of her three dead brothers,—and yes! of Rohan. She was selfish enough, despite her principles, to pray that Rohan might not be taken. Her first sip of Love had been so delicious, and her nature was composed of such passionate elements, that she could not bear to lose her lover so soon.

The sun was fully up, and Kromlaix, like a great bee-hive, stood in the sunshine, with its inhabitants moving in and out. Nearly all wore their best. The white caps and coloured skirts and embroidered bodices of the women shone gaily in the sun. The men lounged hither and thither, some in coloured cotton nightcaps, some in broad hats of felt; many in loose breeches and *sabots*, but the greatest number in tight trousers, black gaiters, and rude leather shoes. Early as it was, some had already set forth inland, on the road to St. Gurlott.

Re-entering the house, Marcelle found breakfast ready, her mother still stooping over the fire, the Corporal and his four nephews seated round the table eating black bread. Each of the men had also a tin mug before him, and on the table was a stone jug with cider. The Corporal was rattling his mug and addressing "the Maccabees."

"Attention! I drink to the Emperor!"

The others joined with a certain enthusiasm, for the cider was good, and moreover an unusual luxury. Marcelle sat down and began to break a little bread, but her mother did not turn round.

"Mother, mother!" cried Uncle Ewen, with reproachful gentleness, addressing the widow. "Come! thou wilt put us out of heart. Have courage! See now, all the world will not be drawn, and perhaps none of thine. If the worst come to the worst, little woman, thou wilt be proud to serve the Emperor in his trouble, and he may send thee what thou lovest back safe and sound."

The widow's answer was a deep sigh. As for the young men, they looked cheerful enough. They were not sufficiently old to grieve over danger before it came; and besides they all possessed a certain pugnacity and raw courage which the enthusiasm of Uncle Ewen had almost developed into a sentiment.

"For my part," cried Hoël, "I shall take my chance. If I go, I go. It is in God's hands."

"If the drawing is fair!" cried Gildas suddenly, scowling.

The old Corporal struck his fist on the table.

"Soul of a crow! does not the Emperor see to that? And who

doubts the Emperor? What Hoël said was right—it is God that shuffles the numbers and we that draw. He that God picks out should be proud. Look at thy sister Marcelle! Were she a man she would break her heart if she did not go.”

“It is all very well to talk,” said Hoël, “when one is a woman.”

“Bah! then hear me, I who am a man!” said the Corporal, oblivious of the fact that his nephews had heard him almost too often. “This is the way to look at it, mother! When a man’s time comes, when the Angel with the white face arrives and knocks, we must get up and let him in. It is no matter where he hides—on land or sea, here or there—he will be found; it may be to-morrow, see you, it may be twenty years after; it may be when he is a babe at breast, it may be when he is an old stump like me. Well, that is God’s way! You cannot live longer by staying at home if it is God’s will that you should die.”

“That is quite true, Uncle Ewen,” said the widow, “but”—

The Corporal waved his hand with a grim smile.

“Look at *me*, mother! Look at thy good man’s brother, little woman! I have been a soldier—I have seen it all—I have dined on thunder and gunpowder, I—and yet I live. *Corbleu!* I live, and, but for this accursed leg of a tree, as sound as any man. Have I not followed the Little Corporal to Egypt, to Italy, and across the Alps? Was not that red work, little mother? I knew him General at Cismone, boys, and I lived to see him crowned Emperor of France!—and a year after that I lost my leg! A! leg—bah! If it had been the two legs I should have laughed, since it was for the Emperor! But, see you, I did not die—I live to tell you all this. I have had bullets round me like rain, but I was never struck. Why, little mother? Because every bullet is marked by the Hand you know, and not a man falls but it is God’s will.”

In this strain, talking volubly, sometimes addressing his nephews, sometimes turning to his sister-in-law and Marcelle, the veteran endeavoured to inspire the household with confidence and courage. He was to a certain extent successful, and even the mother assumed a certain sort of cheer.

Previous to that day Uncle Ewen had not been idle. Stalking from door to door, wherever he was on friendly terms, stumping along in his old uniform with the cross of the Legion of Honour upon his breast, his nose in the air as if he smelt the battle afar off, his face crimson with enthusiasm, he had canvassed all Kromlaix on behalf of the Emperor. Such enthusiasm is contagious, and the young fishermen began to laugh and swagger as if the Conscription

were a good joke—at all events, they determined not to show the white feather.

So on this bright morning of the drawing of lots all seemed quite festal.

If a quivering lip or a wet cheek was visible here and there, it was soon forgotten in the general display of rustic splendour—embroidered waistcoats, silk-sewn bodices, bright petticoats, snowy caps, ornaments of coarse silver and gold. True, many a poor mother had quietly stolen out in the early grey of dawn to kneel under the Calvary and say a prayer of entreaty to the Blessed One carved in stone in its centre. But now grief seemed all forgotten. There was laughing and shouting as the groups gathered, and more than one man had already been drinking deep.

Fresh and glorious shone the sea, full of the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα—happy and glad seemed the village, with its black boats crowding, like a flock of cormorants, on the water's edge. But over all, dominating the scene, stood the Menhir—black, forbidding, like the imperial Idol looking down upon his creatures.

Out sallied the Corporal at the head of his four nephews.

By his side walked Marcelle, very pale, but dressed in colours bright as May, with a coif like snow, its lappets reaching to her waist, and her feet clad in pretty shoes with buckles. Then came a strain of wild music; for Jannick carried his *biniou*—or bagpipe—tricked out with long streamers of a dozen colours, and Alain was blowing into his tin whistle.

“Forward!” cried Uncle Ewen.

There was a cheer in the street, and the party was soon joined by many young men, friends of the “Maccabees.” Among them came a thin, sinister-looking young fisherman, whom the Corporal greeted by name.

“Good morrow, Mikel Grallon!”

Mikel answered quietly, and joined the party, thrusting himself as close as possible to Marcelle, who noticed his approach with courteous indifference. Her thoughts were elsewhere. She was looking up and down the street for one tall figure, but it was not there.

The Corporal, too, was on the *qui vive*.

“He is late,” he muttered. “Pest on him, to lie a-bed on such a day as this!”

“For whom are you looking?” asked Mikel Grallon, as they all paused close to the old *cabaret*, which was distinguished by the bunch of withered mistletoe hung over the door.

“For another sheep of my flock,” returned Uncle Ewen. “His name is down in the list, yet he delays.”

Grallon smiled significantly.

"If you mean Rohan Gwenfern I fear he will not come. I met him yesternight, and he told me he should be too busy to go—that thou or another might draw in his name."

The Corporal stood aghast. The very announcement seemed blasphemous. "Too busy" to obey the summons of the Emperor! "Too busy" to perform his duty like a man on that day of all days! Soul of a crow! it was stupefying.

But the Corporal shook his head, and would not believe it.

"By the bones of the blessed St. Gildas!" he cried, naming again the patron saint often invoked by his brother's wife, "it is unheard of—it is not true, Mikel Grallon. If Rohan said that, he was mocking at thee. I see it plain, boys! The rascal has stolen a march upon us and hurried on to the town to be first among the fun. Forward! we shall find him there."

Alain and Jannick played loudly, and the whole party turned again up the street. Marcelle said nothing then, but she remembered that, some few nights before, Rohan had hinted that he might be absent. "But if I am," he added, "let thou or our uncle draw for me in my name; it matters little, for the luck will be the same; and if the lot is against me, I shall be as content as if I had drawn myself." He had said this in the twilight, and his voice was firm; and fortunately or unfortunately, she had not seen the terrible expression in his face.

As they left the village and hastened along the road they found themselves with many other groups going the same way—women young and old, aged men, young fishermen, and even little boys and girls. As they passed the church and Calvary, Alain and Jannick ceased to play, the Corporal took off his hat, and Marcelle and her brothers knelt down for a moment.

The little *curé* was standing at the church door, with his *vicaire* (or curate), a spectral young man fresh from college. Father Rolland stretched out his plump hands in blessing, and they hurried on.

The town of St. Gurlott lay a good twelve English miles away, in the middle of a fertile valley, but the road to it was through a waste country of heather and enormous granite rocks, most dreary to the eye. It was an old cart-road well worn in between banks of heather and thyme, amid which glimmered the little yellow stars of tormentil. If one lark sang in the hot blue air all around them, there sang a thousand!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DRAWING OF LOTS. "ONE!"

DESPITE his wooden leg, Uncle Ewen pegged forward gallantly, but after a few miles he was glad enough to take a seat in a rude cart which was jogging along, full of brightly dressed girls, and drawn by two little fat oxen. Marcelle, too, found a seat, while the musicians Alain and Jannick, with Hoël, Gildas, and the rest, followed behind. It was very merry indeed!

Everywhere along the road Marcelle looked for her lover, but he was nowhere to be seen—nor indeed, the maiden thought to herself, any man fit to be his peer.

They had travelled along drowsily for some miles more, and were not far from the town—which was now visible in the sunlight before them—when Marcelle beheld old Mother Loïz Goron clinging to the arm of her son—a powerful-looking youth very plainly attired. As they came up, he begged a seat in the cart for his mother, who seemed spent with fatigue; but as they lifted her up, not ungently, she fainted away.

When she recovered she did not speak a word, but sat staring like one in a dream. She was very weak and feeble, and the mental anxiety and bodily fatigue had been too much for her. Her son walked close by the cart's side, for she still held his hand firmly, and would not let it go.

At last they crossed a rude bridge of wood and entered the district town.

It was the quaintest of little old towns, with odd little houses of granite opening on the narrow streets, and old-fashioned churches everywhere. Every street was crowded, and every church was full. In the market-place, which they soon reached, carts stood full of fresh arrivals, wooden stalls were erected for the sale of refreshment, crowds of men and women were jostling together, and all sorts of scenes were being enacted—from the wailing group surrounding some poor woman whose son had drawn a fatal number, down to the laughing skirmish of boisterous farm girls with their rude admirers. In the corner of the square stood a miserable stone building, in front of which strutted the military officials, in their ridiculous fine plumage. This was the Town Hall, within which the drawing had already commenced.

It must be admitted that few signs of discontentment or grief appeared on the surface. Everything had been done to impart to

the affair the appearance of a gala. Flags were hung out from many of the house-roofs, music was heard on all sides, and everywhere old soldiers and agents of the Government were circulating among the peasantry, treating, chatting, telling stories of the glory of the Empire. Many of the young men who were to take their chance that day were hopelessly intoxicated; a wrestling match had begun here and there, and blows were given and taken. Of all the faces gathered there, only those of the elder women seemed utterly despairing.

Alighting from his cart and heading his little procession, Uncle Ewen soon made his way to the Town Hall. Marcelle clung to his arm nervously, and still looked on every side for Rohan.

Corporal Derval was well known, and way was soon made for him. The officials, always instructed to treat disabled veterans of the Empire with respect, greeted him familiarly, and smiled at his attendant band. If his influence had failed, Marcelle's pretty face would have conquered—for a pretty maid is always a power, and most of all to the heart of a military Jean Crapaud.

"Uncle," she whispered, as she crossed the threshold under the admiring gaze of the "cocked hats"; "Uncle, Rohan is not here."

"Malediction!" cried the old Corporal. "But perhaps he is within!"

As he entered the sacred precincts he took off his hat. Squeezing his way, and drawing Marcelle behind him, he was soon in the body of the hall.

It looked very grand and imposing.

At the upper end of the hall, before a large table on which stood the fatal ballot-box,* sat the mayor—a grim, consequential little man—with the other magnates of the town, and an officer of the line. The mayor had a military look, and wore a blue scarf decorated with several orders. Behind him stood a file of *gendarmes*, all attention. At one end of the table sat a clerk with a large open book, ready to register against each name as it occurred the numbers as they were drawn; and at the other end stood bareheaded a grizzly sergeant of the Grand Army, ready to read the number aloud for the edification of the public.

Each village or hamlet came separately in alphabetical order. As the name of each was proclaimed aloud, those men of the village whose names were on the list came forward personally or by deputy, and drew.

* In many parts of Brittany the ballot was more primitive, and the tickets were enclosed in a simple *hat*.

After this drawing, there was still one solitary chance of escape. A week or so later would come the medical examination, when those conscripts who were disqualified would be exchanged for those whose names came next by number. When the total number from each district had been selected, the Conscription would be over, and the conscripts would march.

Now, the number of men demanded from each hamlet was fixed; so each that came to draw knew the odds against him. From Kromlaix the Emperor demanded five-and-twenty conscripts, and therefore he who drew any number up to five-and-twenty was chosen, while those who drew above that number were free, always providing the whole five-and-twenty were pronounced "fit for service."

The men of Kromlaix had not long to wait before their turn came. The neighbouring hamlet of Gochloän was being disposed of, and as each name was read, sad or glad comments came from the audience. Uncle Ewen surveyed the men critically as they came up one by one, while Marcelle still looked everywhere for Rohan Gwenfern.

At last the officer at the table called out—

"Kromlaix!"

The men of Kromlaix crowded up towards the table, while the sergeant rapidly read over the names, including those of Marcelle's brothers, Mikel Grallon, Jannick Goron, and Rohan Gwenfern, among a long list of others.

The crowd near the Corporal trembled, and those whose names took alphabetical precedence were shuffled to the front. But the old Corporal kept his ground, and stood, with Marcelle beside him and his nephews close behind him, in the very front row.

Now, as we have said, Uncle Ewen was a well-known character, and so the sergeant whispered to the officer, and the officer to the *maire*, and then all three smiled.

"Good-day, Corporal!" said the *maire* nodding.

He knew his cue well, and he was not the man to overlook or snub one of Napoleon's veterans.

The Corporal saluted, and reddened with pride as he looked round on his party.

"You are welcome," said the *maire* again, "and I see you bring us an old soldier's best gift—a nosegay of brave lads for the Emperor. But who is that pretty girl at your side? Surely *she* is not upon the lists!"

At this all laughed, and Marcelle blushed, while the Corporal explained—

"She is my niece, *m'sieu*, and these are her brothers, whose names are down."

The magnate nodded, and the business proceeded. Name after name was called out, and number after number read aloud, while each man came back from the table and rejoined his friends. Many came back quite merry, and, strange to say, many of those who had drawn fatal numbers—those under twenty-five—laughed loudest, from sheer indifference or simple despair.

"Alain Derval!"

Forward stepped Alain, having handed over his whistle to Jannick. He saluted the authorities, and thrust his hand rapidly into the ballot-box, while Uncle Ewen, watching intently, drew himself up his full height, and set himself still firmer upon his legs.

Alain drew out his paper, read it rapidly, and without moving a muscle of his countenance, handed it to the Sergeant.

"Alain Derval—one hundred and seventy-three!"

Alain came back with real or assumed disappointment on his face.

"Just my luck," he whispered to Marcelle; "I would rather have been drawn!"

"Gildas Derval!"

The gigantic twin of that name stepped forward, while those at the table surveyed his proportions with admiration.

"What a man!" whispered the *maire* to his neighbour.

The veteran watched with a grim smile, while Gildas phlegmatically drew his number, and read it quietly. Having read it, he scowled, and did not seem well pleased; but he shrugged his shoulders as he handed it to the Sergeant.

"Gildas Derval—*sixteen!*"

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" said the Corporal, while Marcelle uttered a little cry. Gildas came slouching back, and when the Corporal shook him by the hand evinced little enthusiasm. "But I don't care," he said, "if they draw Hoël also!"

"Hoël Derval!"

The second twin strode out, and as if eager to know his fate, dipped quickly into the box.

A moment afterwards the Sergeant cried—

"Hoël Derval—twenty-seven!"

The Corporal started, Marcelle drew a deep breath. Hoël himself looked dumfounded. Twenty-seven was all very well if the whole previous twenty-five passed the medical inspection; but that was scarcely possible. So Hoël came back and joined Gildas, with a nervous grin.

There was a slight pause here, the clerks writing busily in their books ; and Marcelle whispered eagerly to her uncle—

“ Uncle Ewen !—it is very strange, but Rohan is not here. What is to be done ? He will be blamed, and perhaps punished.”

The Corporal paused.

“ There is but one way !—I will draw for him !”

Marcelle looked down for a moment, then said quickly—

“ No, let *me* !—He made me promise to do so if he did not come.”

“ *Corbleu* !” cried the Corporal. “ But they will laugh ”——

“ Hush !” said Marcelle.

Business was brisk again, and the Sergeant read out loudly—

“ Jannick Goron !”

Goron stepped forward from the crowd, while his infirm mother, white as death, was held forcibly but gently back. He was very pale, and his hand trembled ever so slightly. He drew forth his paper, and without opening it, was about, in his nervousness, to hand it to the Sergeant.

“ Read it first !” the Sergeant said.

The man, with one pathetic glance at his mother, opened, and read in a low voice :

“ Two hundred !”

“ Jannick Goron—*two hundred* !” said the stentorian tones.

Through a blinding mist of joyful tears Goron strode back to his mother, who had fainted away at the good news. Not a soul there begrudged the loving and dutiful son his good luck.

“ Mikel Grallon !”

The fisherman came forward nervously, cap in hand. He was very white, and his little fox's eyes twinkled with dread. He bowed somewhat servilely to the authorities, and stood hesitating.

“ Draw, my man !”

Grallon had drawn before, and had always been lucky ; this did not lessen his present alarm.

“ Mikel Grallon—*ninety-nine* !”

Grallon slipped back to the crowd, and looked delightedly at Marcelle, as if seeking her sympathy in his good fortune. But Marcelle was deathly pale, and with her eyes fixed intently on the box, was praying to herself.

There was another pause ; then, loud and distinct, the name—

“ Rohan Gwenfern !”

No one stirred. The Corporal looked at his niece, she at him.

“ Rohan Gwenfern !” repeated the voice.

"Where is the man?" asked the *maire*, pausing and frowning.

The Corporal stepped forward with Marcelle.

"My nephew is not here, *m'sieu*; he is indisposed; but either I or my niece will draw in his name."

"What sayst thou, little one?" said the *maire*. "His sweetheart, perhaps?"

"I am his cousin," said Marcelle simply.

"And cousin in good French, little one, means often sweetheart too! Well, thou shalt draw for him, and bring him luck!"

All the grim officials looked on graciously as Marcelle put her pretty hand into the box. She let it stay there so long that the officers smiled.

She was still praying.

"Come!" said the officer, stroking his moustache and nodding encouragingly.

She drew forth a paper, and handed it to the Corporal, who opened it, read it with a stare, and uttered his usual oath.

"Read, Corporal!" said the officer, while Marcelle looked wildly at her uncle.

"It is incredible!" cried Uncle Ewen, with another astonished stare. "*One!*"

He handed the paper over.

"ROHAN GWENFERN — ONE!" shouted the Sergeant, while Marcelle clung to her uncle and hid her face upon his arm.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DAY AT SEA.

HAD the Corporal and his party, as they paused in the centre of Kromlaix on their way to St. Gurlott, turned their eyes oceanward and carefully searched the water, they might have perceived far out to sea a black speck, now visible, now hidden in the deep trough of the waves. This black speck was a boat—a small fishing-boat with a red lugsail, which, with the peak set, and the rudder fastened to leeward, rocked to and fro softly, now "lying-to" admirably, again falling off and running along with the calm breath of the morning breeze.

In the stern sat a man, restless-eyed yet plunged in thought; sometimes looking eagerly towards the shore, where the cold morning light glimmered along the crags and on the sparkling roofs of the village; at others turning his gaze wistfully seaward, where far away on the dim horizon line some white-sailed argosy of England might be dimly seen creeping along to the west.

Rohan Gwenfern had risen before light, and launching the little craft, had urged it, with sail and oar, out to sea, until, at a distance of several miles from land, with the sea surrounding him on every side, he could breathe freely and feel comparatively secure. Rocking thus, he saw the village awaken—marked the grey smoke gradually arise to heaven—saw bright movements here and there as of folk astir—and caught faintly the sound of music, mingled with far-off inland cries. He had seen such a picture often, but never with such emotions as this day; he had seen it before with a sweet indifference, but now he saw it with a sickening fascination.

His hair was wild around a face haggard with many sleepless nights; his eyes bloodshot, his brows contracted; but nothing could destroy or even mar the superb beauty of the man. The broad dreamy brow, the beautiful brooding eyes, the firm yet mobile smile, were all there, preserving the leonine likeness. There was no ferocity in his look, but something even more dangerous—the strength of a righteous and unconquerable will.

Yet the man shivered as if with fear; and looked all round him as if expecting to see some unearthly pursuer upspring from the waves; and laughed to himself, sometimes almost hysterically; and wore such a weary, waiting, listening, expectant look, as poor hunted beasts wear when they catch from far away the murmur of voices and the sound of coming feet.

Well, he had thought it all over, again and yet again, and the more he had thought, the more his soul had arisen in determination and in dread. He knew his name was at last on the lists of the Conscription; he knew that the fatal day had broken, and that before night he would hear his doom; and he knew also that his part was chosen—if the worst happened, as he feared, resistance to the death.

He knew with what a power he would be contending. He knew that his country, his fellow-villagers, his own relations, even, perhaps, Marcelle, would be against him; but this did not shake his resolve in the least. He would not serve the Monster of his abhorrence: he would rather die.

It would be most tedious and difficult to describe the long series of thoughts and emotions which had awakened in Rohan Gwenfern's heart his horror and dread of public War; we can do no more than glance again rapidly at the history of his mind. To begin with, he was a man whose life had been very solitary, and in whom solitude, instead of developing morbid introspections, had strengthened the natural instincts of pity and affection. Combined with his extraor-

dinary enjoyment of physical freedom, he possessed a unique sympathy with and attraction for things which were free like himself. He hated bloodshed in any form, and his daily creed was peace—peace to the good God overhead, to man and woman, to the gentle birds that built their nests in the crags, to the black seals that came near to him in the caves and looked at him with human eyes. His immense physical strength had never been exerted for any evil, and even at the inland wrestling matches—whither he had sometimes gone with his gigantic cousins—he had never fought brutally or cruelly. That he rejoiced in his strength is unquestionable; but he had the affections of a man, as well as the magnanimity of powerful animals.

Courage of a certain sort he did not lack; that we have shown already. He had no equal in daring among the cliffs or upon the sea; and his constant explorations, which made him familiar with every secret of that craggy coast, showed even a more adventurous spirit. Yet, the fact is not to be denied, the mere dread of being drawn for the Conscription paralysed him with *fear*—filled his heart with the sick horror cowards feel—seemed to touch the inmost springs of his enormous strength, and make him tremble to the very soul.

Prejudices, passions, and affections such as Rohan Gwenfern felt do not grow naturally in a peasant's breast. Fine as the man was by nature, he would never have felt the subtleties of either love or terror, the ecstasies of either freedom or fear, if he had never known Master Arfoll.

Fresh from the teachings of the poor distracted *curé*, Father Roland's predecessor, Rohan had encountered this other instructor, this peripatetic of the fields and crags. Many a strange lesson had he received secretly while sitting under some lonely dolmen, or in some bright nook on the shore. He had heard the low cadences of the Psalms mingled with strange tales of the Time of Terror, and had followed in his mind, perhaps during the same hour, the mystery of the birth of Jesus and the horror of the death of Marat.

It was thus that Master Arfoll sowed his seeds.

For the most part they fell on barren soil—on soulless natures that could not comprehend. Sometimes, and notably in this instance, they bore fruit that astonished the sower; for soon Rohan's abomination of tyranny and bloodshed equalled that of Arfoll himself, and in the end his horror of the Napoleonic Phantom became deeper than that of any living man.

And the more that Rohan's thoughts grew, the more food they

received. As in a glass darkly, he got bloody glimpses of the history of society ; he saw the white luminous feet of a Redeemer passing over the waters of a world yet unredeemed ; he heard the terrible *persiflage* of Voltaire and the emotional Deism of Rousseau, translated for him by his teacher into pleasant Brezonec ; he was taught to comprehend the sins of kings and the righteousness of revolutions ; he learned to loathe Robespierre and to love Lafayette. This influence from the world without deepened instead of lessening his enthusiasm of physical freedom. Suspended from the highest Kromlaix crag, swimming in the darkest under-cavern where the seals breed, rocking on the waters, he enjoyed his liberty the more because he learned that it was unique. He pictured himself vistas of enslaved generations led by mad and cruel leaders to misery and death, and he thanked the good God who made him a widow's only son.

Slowly, year by year, under Master Arfoll's occasional instructions, he became conscious that Humanity, in the failure of the French revolution, had lost the mightiest of its chances ; that instead of the holy Goddess of Freedom, a mighty Force was dominating France and all the world. With his own eyes, year by year, he had seen the Angel of the Conscription passing over Kromlaix and marking the doors with blood for a sign ; with his own ears, year after year, he had heard the widows wail and the children weep ; with his own soul and his own reason, still more strongly as every year advanced, he had appraised the ruling Force as the Abominable, and had prayed, while yet rejoicing in his strength and freedom, for the martyrs of the Consulate and Empire.

And now perhaps his turn had come !

What mighty, what loving arms are those of the great calm sea ! What a soft beating is this of its solemn heart, as it lifts us in its arms and rocks us on its breast ! The stormy spirit of Rohan grew hushed, as he rose and fell in the stillness of the morning light.

The freedom of the waters was with him, and he breathed now securely. As a floating seagull, now hidden, now visible, the boat rose and fell on the great smooth waves.

He heard the tinkling of the chapel bell, he saw the village astir, he caught the hum of music. Then all was still.

As the hours rolled on, the sea-breeze rose a little, and he let the boat run close to the wind. His eye sparkled and his sense of freedom increased. He almost forgot his fear in the delight of the rapid motion.

Midday came, and still he was upon the water. By this time he had reached a great patch of glassy calm, covered with black masses of guillemots and shearwaters thick as floated seaweed, over which the great gulls sailed and the small terns hovered and screamed. As the boat crept in among them, no bird was disturbed; he might almost have reached them with his hand. He leant over the boat's side, and suddenly, like a lightning flash, he saw the innumerable legions of the herring pass, followed closely by the dark shadows of the predatory fishes, from the lesser dogfish to the non-tropical shark. There was a tremor and a trouble of life all below him; above him and around him, the tremor and trouble too.

As he hung over and gazed, sick fancies possessed him. In the numberless creatures of the ocean he seemed to see the passing of great armies, pursued by mighty legions mad with blood. The mystery and the horror of the Deep troubled him, and he threw up his face to the sunlight. And the predatory birds were killing and feeding, the porpoises were rolling over and over in slow pursuit of food, and half a mile off, a bottle-nosed whale rose, spouted, and sunk.

Before now, it had all seemed most beautiful and pleasant; now it seemed very cruel and dreadful. He was face to face with the law of life, that one thing should prey upon another; and here, in the deepness of his own personal dread, he realised almost for the first time the quiet cruelty of Nature.

Calmer thoughts ensued. After all, he might not be drawn, though the chances were against him, and the Conscription, he knew, had a mysterious knack of picking out the strongest men. God might be good, and spare him yet. Then he went over in his mind the names of fellow-villagers who, like Mikel Grallon, had escaped again and again, though their names had been repeatedly upon the lists. He was yet perhaps too free, and had been so recently too happy, to feel as acutely as Master Arfoll the pangs of others. His emotion was just now that of a strong animal surrounded, rather than that of a beneficent man feeling for his fellows. It did not even occur to him that his escape would be another man's doom; these were subtleties of sympathy he had yet to learn in sorrow. It was a day of anguish and horrible uncertainty. If he knew his fate he would be prepared, but he could not know it yet. He must wait and wait.

He had been accustomed to go for long days without food, and this day he neither ate nor drank. All his hunger and thirst were in his eyes, watching the land. And lo! as chief cynosure in the

prospect, he saw the black Menhir, like some fatal and imperial form towering over Kromlaix, and warning him away from home.

The day declined. A land breeze rose again, and he beat for a mile against it, towards the land; and now the sun had declined so far that the purple shadow of the boat ran beside him on the sea, and Kromlaix was glistening in the rays of the afternoon sun, and he could see the stone Christ standing piteous, high up on the hill.

Suddenly he started and listened, like a wild beast afraid. Then he stood up in the boat and gazed eagerly up the hill, where the sunlight illumined the old church and the white road at its gate. He was alone; not another boat was upon the water but his own. The whole village seemed deserted and still. From inland, however, he had caught the sound of music and of human voices.

Yes, they were now quite audible; they were coming; his fate was known. He shuddered and shivered. The sounds came nearer and nearer; he recognised the sound of the *biniou* and the voices of men singing the national song.

He waited and waited, listening and watching, until he saw the crowd coming over the hill:—Conscripts marching about half-mad with wine, fishermen and villagers shouting, girls in bright-coloured raiment running and laughing, the *biniou* playing, many singing. Over the hill they came, and up to the church gate, and the little *curé* came out and blessed them, asking the news meanwhile. Rohan could see it all. He could recognise the *curé's* black figure among the crowd.

Then they came flying downhill.

His first impulse had been to land and meet them. Strange to say, eager as he had been all day to know the day's proceedings—whether his name had been drawn at all in his absence, if so, who had drawn in his name, and whether his number was lucky or fatal—eager as he had been to know all this, he now shuddered to hear it. The closer the crowd came, the louder the noise grew, the more his heart sickened within him. He saw the children and old women coming out to the house doors, he heard the little village gradually growing busy, he watched the crowd from the town as they marched down nearer and nearer, he heard the murmur of many voices.

Then, instead of hastening to land, he turned his boat's head round, and ran, with a free sheet, out again to sea.

Night had quite fallen, and the lights of Kromlaix were twinkling like stars on the water's edge, when Rohan Gwenfern ran his boat into the little creek below his mother's house.

All was still here, though a confused murmur came from the village.

He drew the boat up the shingle by means of a wooden windlass and rope, placed there for the purpose, and put it safely above high-water mark. Then, still keeping in the shadow of the crags, he approached the door of his home.

As he came nearer, a sound of voices fell upon his ears. He stopped, listening, and while doing so, he became conscious of dark figures congregated round the door. He hesitated for a moment; then summoning up all his resolution, strode on.

In another minute he found himself surrounded by an eager crowd, and as the light from the door fell upon his face, all uttered a shout.

"Here he is at last!" cried a voice, which he recognised as that of Mikel Grallon.

Then another, that of Gildas Derval, cried in stentorian tones:

"*Vive l'Empereur!*—and cheers for NUMBER ONE!"

CHAPTER XV.

"THE KING OF THE CONSCRIPTS."

WHILE the shouts still rang in his ears and the *binion* began to play up outside, Rohan pushed his way into the cottage. The moment he crossed the threshold he saw the kitchen was full of men and women, in the midst of whom, with his back to the fire, stood Corporal Derval declaiming.

On a form close to the fire, with her face covered with her apron and her body rocking to and fro in agony, sat the mother, weeping silently; and round her gathered, some crouching at her feet, others bending over her and talking volubly, several sympathising women.

The scene explained itself in one flash, and Rohan Gwenferm knew his fate; but pale as death, he strode across the floor to his mother's side.

As he went he was greeted with cries articulate and inarticulate. The Corporal ceased declaiming, the mother threw the apron off her face and reached out quivering hands to her son.

"Rohan! Rohan!"

Scarcely looking at his mother, Rohan sternly addressed the others.

"What is the matter? What brings you all here?"

Many tongues answered him, but in the confusion few were intelligible.

“Silence!” cried the Corporal, frowning fiercely. “Silence all! Listen, Rohan! I will tell thee all that has taken place. Malediction! these women—they make one deaf! They say I bring thee bad news, but that is false, as I tell them. Thy name has been drawn, and thou art to serve the Emperor—that is all!”

“No, no!” cried Mother Gwenfern—“he cannot go! If he goes I shall die!”

“Nonsense, mother!” said the Corporal. “Thou wilt live and see him back covered with glory. Ha, ha, boy, thou wilt make a grenadier; the Emperor loves the tall fellows, and thou wilt soon be corporal. Shake hands with thy cousin Gildas. He is drawn too.”

Gildas, who had entered by this time, approached, holding out his hand with a feeble hiccup. It was clear that he had been drinking deep, for his eyes were glazed and his legs most unsteady.

Without noticing the outstretched hand, Rohan glared all round.

“Is this true?” he panted. “Tell me—some one who is *sober*!”

The Corporal scowled. Jannick Goron came forward quietly and put his hand on Rohan’s shoulder. They were old friends and companions.

“It is all over, as they say. God has been good to me and my mother, but thou art drawn.”

There was a general murmur of condolence from the old women, and a wail from Mother Gwenfern. Like one dazed, stupefied, now his fate had come, Rohan stood silent. Several men flocked round him, some sympathetically, others with jests and laughter. Just then Jannick gave a comic scream with his bagpipes, and there was a loud roar of merriment, in which even the conscripts joined.

“Hands away!” cried Rohan fiercely, thrusting out his arms, and adding while the men shrank back before him, “It is false! you are doing this to make a jest of me! How can I be drawn? I was not there!”

The Corporal, who, like the rest, had imbibed a little, replied, with a wink at the conscripts—

“Oh yes, that is all very well, but the Emperor is not to be done in that way, *mon garz*. More shame for one to be skulking in a corner when he should be standing forth like a man! Thank thy good fortune that thou hadst a brave uncle there to represent thee and explain thy absence. It is all right! *Vive l’Empereur*!”

Rohan quivered through all his powerful frame, and glared at his uncle.

"It is the will of God," said an old woman, aside.

"Thou hast drawn in my name!" cried Rohan.

Uncle Ewen nodded, but proceeded to explain.

"Thou wast not there, *mon garz*. Thy duty called thee, but thou wast elsewhere. Well, I would have drawn for thee, but my pretty Marcelle was there, and she craved sore to draw, saying thou hadst bidden her do so if thou wast away. *Corbleu!* how they smiled when the little one came forward and put her hand into the great box. She groped about for a long time—like this!—and I thought to myself '*Parbleu!* she is feeling about for the lucky number.' '*Courage!*' cried *m'sieu le maire*, and she drew it out!"

"Marcelle?"

"Have I not said so, *mon garz!* Ah, she is a brave little one, and brings luck both to thee and to the Emperor. Thou shouldst be proud! Thou art at the head of all in Kromlaix! Thou art King of the Conscripts!—and all through the little hand that drew for thee and pulled out 'number one'!"

"Rohan Gwenfern—*number one!*" roared Gildas, mimicking the tones of the Sergeant of the lists. There was a laugh, and Jannick again performed his ridiculous squeak on the *biniou*.

The drink had circulated freely, and the conscripts, whatever their secret feelings might be, were publicly uproarious. Gathering round the door, and flocking into the room, they loudly called on Rohan to join them, Gildas most vehemently of all. But there was no real joy or enthusiasm there. No woman smiled, and many wept bitterly.

Suddenly the cries without increased, and into the house flocked a troop of young girls singing the national hymn. At their head, Marcelle.

Pale with excitement, with one hectic spot burning on either cheek, she entered the chamber; then, seeing Rohan, she paused suddenly, and looked at him with questioning eyes.

He had not stirred or spoken from that moment when he had uttered Marcelle's name; he had heard the Corporal declaim, and the conscripts cry, in a horrid stupefaction. Now, when Marcelle entered, he only turned his eyes rapidly towards her, then averted them, and grew more deadly pale.

A hard struggle had gone on in the heart of the girl. When first she had drawn the fatal number she had been horrified and stupefied. Then she had reasoned with herself, and her adoration for the Emperor had risen up in her heart, until, carried away by

her uncle's enthusiasm, she forgot her self-reproach, and determined to act an heroic part in all the scenes which were to follow.

Few of the conscripts had taken their ill luck personally to heart, and she did not calculate for any extraordinary resistance on the part of Rohan. True, she had often heard him express his loathing of warfare and of the Conscription; but then, so had the other men of Kromlaix; and yet, when the hour came and they were called, they made merry and went.

"Look, Rohan!" she cried, holding up in her hand a rosette with a long coloured streamer. "Look! I have brought it for *thee*!"

Every one of the conscripts wore a similar badge, and the old Corporal, to complete the picture, had stuck one upon his own breast. All cheered as Marcelle advanced.

Rohan looked up wildly.

"Keep back! Do not touch me!" he cried, with outstretched arm.

"Hear him!" derisively called Mikel Grallon.

"The boy is mad!" cried the Corporal.

"Rohan, do you not understand?" cried Marcelle, terrified by her lover's look. "I drew for thee as I was bidden, and though I did not wish thee to go, God has arranged it all, and thou wilt serve the good Emperor with Gildas and the rest. Thou art not angry, my cousin, that it is so? I had it from thine own lips, and I drew in thy name, and thou art King of the Conscripts, and this is thy badge. Let me fasten it now upon thy breast!"

From the pocket of her embroidered apron she drew a needle and thread and came nearer. He did not stir, but his features worked convulsively; his eyes were still fixed upon the ground. In a moment her soft fingers had attached the rosette to his jacket.

Another cheer rose, and the Corporal nodded, as much as to say, "That is good!"

"And now—forward!" cried the Corporal. "We will drink his health."

There was a movement towards the door, but suddenly Rohan started as if from a trance, and cried in a voice of thunder—

"Stay!"

All stood listening. Mother Gwenfern crept close and gripped his hand.

"You are all mad, I think, and I seem going mad too. What is this you tell me about a Conscription and an Emperor? I do not understand. I only know you are mad, and that my uncle there is maddest of all. You say that my name is drawn, and that I must

go to be killed or to kill? I tell you only God can draw my name, and I will not stir one foot, I—never, never. Hell seize your Emperor! Hell swallow up him and his Conscription! I commit him as I commit this badge you have given me—to the flame, to the flame!"

Furious to frenzy, he tore the rosette from his breast, and cast it into the fire. There was a loud murmur, and Mother Gwenfern wailed aloud.

"Hush, mother!" he said; then turning again to the conscripts and to the Corporal he cried: "Your Emperor can kill me, but he cannot compel me to be a soldier. Before God, I deny his right to summon me to fight for him, for he is a Devil. If every man of France had my heart, he would not reign another day, for he would have no army, no sheep to lead to the slaughter. Go to your Emperor and do his bloody work—I shall remain at home."

All this time he had not once turned his eyes on Marcelle. She now approached him again crying—

"Rohan! for God's sake be silent! These are foolish words."

Still he did not look at her or answer her. Gildas Derval broke in with a coarse oath—

"It seems to me that there is only one word for my cousin Rohan. He is *un lâche!*"

Rohan started, but controlling himself, looked quietly at the speaker. By this time the old Corporal, who had stood perfectly paralysed with amazement and indignation, recovered his breath.

"Attention!" he cried aloud, purple with passion. "Gildas is right, and Rohan Gwenfern is a coward, but he is something more. He is a *choun*, and he blasphemes. Listen, you who are going to fight like men for your country. This man is a *lâche*, a *choun*, and he blasphemes. Mother Gwenfern, thy son is accurst! Marcelle, thy cousin is a dog! He has spoken words treasonable and damnable—he has cursed the holy name of our father the Emperor. And yet he lives!"

The scene had now grown terrible. Rohan stood erect facing his uncle and his other antagonists, but still clasping his mother's hand. Mother Gwenfern, poor woman, could not bear to hear such words uttered of her son, and she cried through her tears—

"Ewen Derval, you are wicked to speak so of my boy!"

"Hush, mother!"

The momentary storm was over, and Rohan stood now subdued, but still terrible.

“Attention !” again cried the Corporal. “We will be charitable—perhaps the boy is not well, is under a charm—we will try to think so, my braves. He may come to-morrow and ask forgiveness of the good Emperor, and pray to be allowed to join you others who fight for your country. If not, mark you, we will come to fetch him ; he shall not disgrace us without a cause. He thinks he is very strong, but what is a man’s strength against ours, against the Emperor’s ? I tell you we will hunt him down if need be—like a fox, like a dog ; and look you, I his uncle will lead you on. . . . Yes, Mother Loiz, I will lead them on ! . . . With or without his will he will join you, remember that ; and if he goes unwillingly, may the first bullet in his first battle find him out and strike the coward down !”

Rohan said nothing, but still stood with a ghastly smile upon his firm-set face. Words were useless now, since the terrible hour had come. There was a dead silence, during which the men gazed savagely enough at the revolter. Then Marcelle crept up, and stood between Rohan and her uncle.

“Your words are too hard, Uncle Ewen, and you do not understand. Rohan did not mean all he said ; he spoke in passion, and then men do not utter their right minds. And he is no coward, but a brave man—yes, the bravest here !”

At this there was a general groan.

“Silence, Marcelle !” said the Corporal.

“I will not be silent, for it is my fault, and it is I that have brought bad luck to my cousin. Rohan, wilt thou forgive me ? I prayed it might not be so, but God has willed it—God and his saints, who will watch over you when you go to war !”

Rohan looked sadly into the girl’s face, and when he saw the wet eyes, the quivering lips, his heart was stirred. He took her hand and kissed it before them all.

An ill-favoured face was suddenly thrust forward between them.

“It is a pity, is it not,” cried Mikel Grallon, “to see a pretty girl wasting all her comfort on a coward, when”——

He did not complete the sentence, for as a lion lifts up its paw and annihilates some impertinent mouse, so Rohan, scarcely stirring his frame, stretched out his hands and smote the speaker down. Grallon fell like a log. A wild cry arose from all the men, the women screamed, Marcelle shrank back aghast, and Rohan strode to the door, pushing his way out.

“Seize him ! hold him ! kill him !” cried many voices.

“Arrest him !” cried the Corporal.

But Rohan hurled his opponents right and left like so many

ninepins. They fell back and gasped. Gildas and Hoël rushed forward, their great frames shaking with wrath. Rohan turned suddenly and faced them at the door, but in a moment they were upon him, hurling themselves forward like two huge battering-rams. It was only for a moment that Rohan hesitated, remembering that his opponents were his cousins and the brothers of Marcelle. Then with a dexterous trick well known in Brittany he tripped up the huge Hoël and grappled with the huge Gildas. Now, Gildas was at no time quite a match for Rohan, and just now he was half seas over; so in another moment he lay shrieking and cursing by the side of his brother.

Then Rohan turned his white face rapidly on Marcelle, and passed unmolested out into the darkness.

Late that night the little *curé*, or vicar, sat in the vicarage before a snug fire. His room was furnished with an oaken table, straw-bottomed chairs, and a bed with dark serge curtains, and ornamented by rude pictures of saints and a black ebony cross on a stand, before which was a low *prie-dieu*. The little *curé* was reading, not his breviary, but a strongly spiced history of the power of the Church previous to the Revolution, when a loud knock came to the door.

Directly afterwards the old serving-woman showed in a man, whom Father Rolland recognised at a glance as Rohan Gwenfern.

The moment they were alone Rohan, who was pale as death, approaching the *curé* and leaning his hand upon the table, said in a low, emphatic, yet respectful voice, "Father Rolland, I have come to ask your help."

The priest stared, but closing his book and motioning to a chair, said—

"Sit down."

Rohan shook his head, and continued to stand.

"I have been drawn for the Conscription. My own hand did not draw the fatal number, and I might perhaps protest, for I was absent at the drawing; but it would be equal—I knew from the first there could be no escape. The Emperor chooses the strong, and I am strong. But my mind is made up, Father Rolland. I shall never go to war. I have thought it over and over; I will rather die. You open your eyes amazed, as if you did not understand. Well, understand this—I revolt, I will not become a soldier. That is as certain as death, as unchangeable as the grave."

Father Rolland had encountered such cases before—many a weeping mother and miserable son had come to him for advice—but

none had spoken like this man. They had come in tears, and gone in tears, resigned. This man, on the contrary, though under dreadful excitement, was tearless, proud, almost arrogant. He stood erect, and his eye never once quailed as it met the priest's.

Father Rolland raised his shoulders and rubbed his hands together.

"You are drawn?—I am sorry for you, my poor Rohan, but you will have to submit."

"There is no exemption?"

"None."

"Although I am my mother's only son?"

"Ah, that is nothing now. Even the lame and deformed are called upon this time. It is hard, but the Emperor must have men."

There was a pause, during which Rohan looked fixedly at the priest, to the latter's great discomfort. At last he spoke.

"Very well, Father Rolland. You have heard my decision. The Emperor will not spare me, my countrymen will not help me. So I have come to *you*."

"To *me*!"

"To you. You are a holy man. You profess to give absolution, to prepare the souls of the dead, to represent God on earth. I appeal against the Emperor to your God, your Christ crucified. I say to Him and to you that war is abominable, that the Emperor is a devil, that France is a shambles. I will keep your God's commandment—that is, I will do no murder. I will not obey the Emperor—that is, I refuse to do wickedness because I am tempted by the Devil. Your God is a God of Peace. Your Christ died rather than raise His hand against His enemies. You say your God lives, your Christ reigns. Let Him help me now! It is for His help that I have come."

It was difficult to tell whether the speaker's manner was quite serious or partly ironical; his tone certainly seemed despairingly aggressive. He stood quite still, always deathly pale, and his voice did not tremble. Father Rolland was staggered. He himself was no particular friend to the Emperor, but such words seemed dreadful under the circumstances. He answered good-naturedly but firmly, with soothing waves of the hand—

"My son, you should be on your knees when you come asking help from God. To the contrite heart, to the spirit that comes in humility and prayer, He grants much—perhaps all. It seems to me you are angry. It is not in anger that Christ should be sought—hem!"

Rohan answered at once, in the same tone.

"I know that; I have heard it often before. Well, I have prayed often, but to-night my knees will not bend. Let me ask you, Father Rolland—you who are a good man, with a heart for the poor—is it right that these wars should take place? is it right that five hundred thousand men should have perished as they did with last year's snow? is it right that the Emperor should now call for nearly four hundred thousand more? That is not all. Are not men brothers? Was not that proved in Paris? Is it right for brothers to murder each other, to torture each other, to wade in each other's blood to the ankles? If all this is right, then, mark you, Christ is wrong, and there is no place left in the world for your God!"

This was terrible. The *curé* started up violently and cried aloud—
"No blasphemy!"

Then standing before the fire and putting on a severe look, he continued—

"You do not understand these things. I do not say that you have no cause for complaint, but as to what you say, there has always been war, and it is in the Book of God. Men are quarrelsome, look you; so are nations; and a nation or a man, it is all one. If a man struck you, *mon garz*, would you not strike him again? And you would be defending your rights? Well, a nation has rights as well as you."

Rohan smiled strangely.

"Is that what your Christ says? Did he not say rather, If a man smite thee on one cheek, hold up to him the other?"

The priest coughed and looked confused; then he cried—

"That is the letter, *mon garz*, but we must look to the spirit. Ah, yes, the spirit is the thing! Now, we are alone, and I will tell you honestly I do not love the Emperor; he has been rough with the Holy Father, and he is not a King by Divine Right; but there he is, and we must obey, all of us—the Church as well as you others. I will give another quotation, my Rohan. 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's.' Now, this is the way to look at it. Your soul belongs to God, and He will watch over it; but as for your perishable body, it belongs in the meantime to—humph!—well, to Cæsar—in other words to the Emperor!"

Rohan did not immediately reply, but walked slowly up and down the room.

The little *curé*, thinking to calm him, said in a low solemn voice—
"Let us pray!"

Rohan started.

"To whom?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"To the good God."

"To whom my soul belongs?"

"Ah, yes. Amen!"

The priest crossed himself and approached the *prie-dieu*.

"But not my body?"

"Not thy body, which is dust."

The priest was about to sink upon his knees, when Rohan placed his strong hand upon his shoulder.

"Not to-night, Father Rolland. I have heard enough. I know now you cannot help me."

"How is that, my son? Come, prayer will soothe your troubled spirit, and let you hear the still voice of God."

"No, I cannot pray; least of all to Him."

"What!"

"Do not be angry, Father Rolland; I am not to be won by fear. You are a good man, but your God is not for this world, and it is this world that I love."

"That is sin."

"Father, I love my life, and my strength, and the woman that is in my heart, and my mother—all these I love; and peace. You call my body dust; well, it is precious to me; and my soul says, 'Other men, too, feel their bodies precious,' and I have sworn never to do any murder at any man's bidding. I will defend myself if I can, that is all; defence may be righteous. Good night."

He was at the door, when Father Rolland, whose humanity was large, and who really detested to behold suffering of any sort, cried eagerly—

"Stay! stay! my poor boy, I will assist you if I can."

"You cannot," replied Rohan; "nor can your God, Father Rolland. He died long ago, and He will never come again. It is the Emperor who rules the world, not He."

Before another word could be uttered, Rohan was gone. The little *curé* sank into a chair, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

At that very hour, while Father Rolland and Rohan Gwenfern were talking together, Marcelle Derval was on her knees in the little chamber already described.

She was alone, the poor weeping mother not having yet retired to rest; and below there was much angry discussion, much

tippling, and much savage denouncement of Rohan Gwenfern. Of course, no one thought that Rohan would seriously think of resisting the Conscription; there was no chance of that, for the country was all on the *qui vive* for deserters, and no boats of any size were putting to sea. For all that, he was *un lâche*, and the tipsy giant Gildas was loudest of all in his denunciations.

But Marcelle prayed, under the two pictures of Our Lady with the Infant and of St. Napoleon. For the soul of her dead father, for the old Corporal and her beloved mother, for her brothers (and chiefly for poor Gildas, who was drawn), and lastly, she breathed the name of Rohan Gwenfern. "Bless my love for Rohan, O Holy Lady, and bring him back to me from the terrible wars, and make him forgive me for drawing his name out of the lists, and grant me now thy grace, that I may never offend more."

Then she looked up, as was her nightly custom, at the picture of the Emperor.

"And O, merciful God, for the sake of Jesus thy Son and our Holy Mother and all the Saints, preserve the good Emperor, for whom my poor Rohan and Gildas my brother are going to fight; and give him victory over his enemies, and bring him back to us safe, as thou bringest *them*. Amen!"

She rose and walked across the room to the window. The moon was shining bright, for it was at the full.

She could see far out on the water the still and vaporous light, and on the housetops it was bright and in the open streets, but the houses cast great shadows.

Presently something stirred in the shadow of the opposite house, and she saw the figure of a man, leaning and looking up at her window.

Love has wonderful sight, and she recognised Rohan Gwenfern.

She crept close to the window and opened it. The moon shone on her snowy coif and bodice, as she leant out whispering softly—

"Rohan! Rohan!"

He had often come to that call, but this time he did not come.

He looked up no longer, but moving forward into the open moonlight, he passed down the street, without once raising his head.

(To be continued.)

ANNE BOLEYN.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE production of Mr. Tom Taylor's tragic play at the Haymarket Theatre, with Miss Neilson in the heroine's part, has made the career and character of Queen Anne Boleyn a topic of discussion in circles which are not often moved by mere historical passion. The issue of Mr. John Brewer's "Introduction" to a fourth volume of his Calendar of State Papers has roused the sedate spirits of the library. Thus, for the moment, light play-goers and heavy antiquaries are engaged in asking the delicate question—Was the mother of Good Queen Bess a guilty harlot or a murdered saint? "A guilty harlot," says the compiler of State Papers; "a murdered saint," replies the dramatic poet. From the days of Wyat downwards the poets have always been on the side of Anne.

Few women in history have so many points to pique curiosity as the second consort of King Henry. In some illustrious female figures the source of sympathy is personal—as in St. Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, and Marie Antoinette; in others it is mainly historical—as in Empress Helena, Queen Elizabeth, and Czarina Catharine. In a few women, alike unhappy and renowned, the personal interest and the historical situation come together, where the woman is the type of a great cause and has to bear the brunt of a day in which the strongest men go down, the burthen of a strife in which the burning and abiding passions of mankind are all engaged. Such women are Joan of Arc, Anne Boleyn, and Mary Queen of Scots. In each there is a lost cause. While men have force enough to fight for creeds and principles, they will wrangle over the fame of women who became through accident the champions of their creeds and principles. Catholics will never cease to abuse Anne Boleyn, nor will Evangelicans learn to tolerate Mary Queen of Scots. Proofs of innocence have hardly any sway over the state of men's opinions. After watching the controversy for many years, I am inclined to think that as the evidence against either lady fades in the light of our better knowledge, the blacker and more venomous grow the charges launched against her purity of life. A Catholic

dares not confess that Anne Boleyn had a single virtue, nor a Covenantant that Mary Stuart lacked a single vice.

In the case of the illustrious woman whose Anglo-Irish face and sparkling eyes are well recalled by Miss Neilson at the Haymarket Theatre, it is useful to observe how the reports against her rose and ripened. Anne was born at Hever Castle in the year 1501; went to France with Mary Tudor in 1514; lived at Paris and Blois with Queen Claude and Madame Renée for seven years; returned to London in 1521, when she was twenty years old; rejected the suit of her Irish cousin, James Butler; became the centre of a Court of wits and poets; fell in love with Lord Percy, from whom she was separated by Wolsey; fled to the Court of Archduchess Marguerite; returned to London at the age of twenty-four; won the love of Henry, but kept him waiting for her hand seven years. She was the delight of every one; courted by wits and poets; and most of all by such good women as Margaret Lee. Not a breath of scandal rose against the sweet and merry girl—in whose veins the blood of St. Thomas of Canterbury mingled with that of Edward the First—until the King wished to marry her, instead of marrying Madame Renée, as the Cardinal desired him. Wyatt, her neighbour and laureate, had sung her praise; the chief note in her character being a happy blending of “brightness” and “soberness.”

Under sun was never yet her peer
Of wisdom, womanhood, and discretion.

In the poet's verse her “gladsome cheer” is always coupled with her “sober looks.” At once grave and arch, her lips were said to “speak without words.” But when the King grew serious, and, rejecting Wolsey's plans for a French match, resolved to marry the Kentish girl, a hundred evil tongues and pens were set to work.

One way to stay the King's project was to defame her to the Pope. Intriguers whispered in Clement's ear that the young English lady, whom the King delighted to honour, was a vile creature, living with her lover in open shame. Clement made inquiries, for the Pope was anxious to do right, so far as he was able, in the face of a victorious Spanish soldiery. Wolsey, though he wished to carry out his match in France, informed his Holiness that the young lady was a person of the most excellent qualities—pure in life, sober in conversation, notable for chasteness, meekness, and wisdom. Clement was satisfied. Catholic writers own so much. “Clement,” says Lingard, “believed, or professed to believe, that Anne Boleyn was a lady of unimpeachable character.” The Pope being satisfied, this point was never raised again; yet in the lower region of the

Papal Court such scandals were of use to both the French and Spanish factions, and the agents of these parties whispered them afresh whenever they had a turn to serve.

Thus, in spite of Wolsey's voucher and Clement's belief, the false charges found a place in Cardinal Giovio's "*Historia sui Temporis*," from which they were copied, during the fierce struggle of the Catholic factions with Queen Elizabeth, by Nicolas Sanders into his "*De Schismate Anglicane*," and by Edward Campian into his "*Narratio de Divortio*." Once spread abroad, not so much from hatred of Anne Boleyn as from a desire to soil and wound her great daughter, they got inserted in more and more controversial books. Sacconay glanced at them in his preface to the reprint of Henry's "*Septem Sacramentorum*," and they were repeated by Dovenzati in his "*Scisma d'Inghilterra*," and by Pollini in his "*Storia della Rivoluzione d'Inghilterra*." From these sources they have passed, in spite of Cardinal Wolsey's vouchers and Pope Clement's beliefs, into the corpus of Church history. Curious readers may turn for an example of the way in which these legends are treated by clerical scribes to the collection by Navaes—"Pontifici da San Pietro," vol. vi. 240.

If any woman living at the same time as Anne Boleyn had opportunities of knowing her well and judging her truly, it was Madame Renée of France. Renée saw her constantly during her residence in the French Court. She had no reason to praise her beyond her due, for Anne was one of her rivals, and prevented her coming to England as Henry's queen. Yet Renée, in a pious old age, when youthful rivalries are forgotten, recalled the image of Queen Anne Boleyn as that of a brilliant, pure, and injured woman. The Anne Boleyn drawn by Mr. Taylor, and embodied with so much grace and sympathy by Miss Neilson, is the Anne Boleyn whom Princess Renée knew in the Court of Paris and the chateau of Blois.

On the other side, the Anne Boleyn figured by the compiler of State Papers is the Anne Boleyn of Sanders and Campian, of Pollini and Navaes: a hideous and revolting creature, a dishonour to her country, and a libel on her sex. In these pages Anne Boleyn is described, without a particle of proof, as "the King's mistress." Her "want of delicacy" is announced; her "guilt" is always assumed: in the manner of the scandalous chronicles which have always followed in the steps of famous and unfortunate Queens. Anne Boleyn was not the first, and Marie Antoinette will not be the last, to suffer from such pens.

“Anne Boleyn never at any time rose above the mistress, and her own equivocal position with the King lowered the whole moral tone of the circle in which she moved.” On what new evidence are these harsh judgments of the compiler based? Some writers are not expected to deal in facts. Giovio never troubled his pen about the truth. Sacconay and Pollini, like the scandal-mongers as a rule, were wilfully blind. Sanders and Campian made their facts as they happened to need them, but these libellers took so little trouble in inventing that the reader only laughed in their faces. Thus, when a libeller tells you that a certain lady is the natural daughter of a certain gentleman, he should be careful not to let you see, on his own showing, that there is only a difference in their ages of six or seven years. This is precisely Sanders' case. Anne Boleyn, says that scandalous chronicler, was the King's daughter by the wife of Sir Thomas Boleyn; and he afterwards shows by his text that she was born in 1498, at which time Henry, born in 1491, was seven years old. In another place, Sanders tells us that King Henry the Eighth being captured by the beauty of Sir Thomas Boleyn's wife, sent Boleyn on a mission into France, in order that he might enjoy that lady's society without the disturbing presence of her husband. What a happiness it would be if every innocent woman had the same means of answering such a charge!

As, according to Sanders, Anne Boleyn was born in 1498, this wicked arrangement must have been made between King Henry the Eighth, Sir Thomas, and Lady Boleyn early in the year 1497. Now, early in the year 1497, there was neither King Henry the Eighth, Sir Thomas, nor Lady Boleyn in existence. Henry, a child of six, was then Duke of York. Boleyn, a boy not clear of his teens, was plain Master Thomas. Lady Elizabeth Howard was still a girl at Kenninghall. Fifteen years had to elapse before Sir Thomas went on his first embassy. Long before he went to France, his wife, the mother of Anne, was dead. If all the details given by Sanders are correct, Henry seduced Lady Boleyn in 1497, some years after she died, and was the father of his future wife when he was six years old.

Of course, Mr. John Brewer is not Nicolas Sanders, nor should I have cited the amusing old libeller but for the fact that he is cited more than once in this Introduction, as though he were some sort of an original authority. Yet Mr. Brewer's own statements in this Introduction are so frequently at variance with facts, even with the facts recorded in his own Calendars, that I feel bound, alike in duty to the woman whose history I have lately written, and to the

public who rely on my carefulness of statement, to give my reasons, citing chapter and verse, for declining to receive this Introduction as a true statement of the case about Queen Anne.

The compiler seems to have brought to his task a radical misconception of the character of Anne—a misconception natural to a man of his extreme opinions—which governs his recitals of facts in a degree, and perhaps a direction of which he is not himself aware. He regrets the Reformation, and hates Anne Boleyn as the instrument by which it was made acceptable to the Crown. "The whole party who now gathered round Anne Boleyn were anti-clerical." This is the Queen's offence. But judgment should proceed on evidence. Now, are the facts about Anne fairly stated in this Introduction? We shall see. In trying this issue, we may pass by all such unfair statements as depend on personal opinions, and about which opinions may honestly differ. We may even pass by all such untrue statements as would need an explanation to make them clear. Such unfair statements and untrue statements abound in this Introduction. Let them rest. Enough, more than enough, remains of a kind that admits of plain and thorough refutation; much of this plain and thorough refutation being supplied by those printed Calendars to which this Introduction is supposed to be a guide.

Begin with what is said of Anne's parents.

Int. p. 218. "Sir Thomas Boleyn, advanced to the peerage in 1525 as Lord Rochford. . . ."

Here are almost as many blunders as words, and all the blunders perpetrated in the teeth of the printed Calendar.

Boleyn was advanced to the peerage long before the year 1525. Under date of April '23, 1523, we read in the Calendar, "Sir Thomas Boleyn, Sir William Sandys . . . have been made barons and summoned by writ of Parliament."—Brewer's "Calendar," iii. 1260.

Boleyn's first title in the English peerage was that of Lord Boleyn.—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 639.

In the year 1525, as a reward for public service, Boleyn was advanced from the dignity of a baron to that of a viscount.—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 639.

These errors of date are serious things. A false date assigned to Boleyn's first creation as a peer might cause a careless reader to infer, contrary to the truth, that Boleyn's peerage grew out of the King's conceit for his daughter. The right date prevents such an inference being drawn, even by a careless reader. It is certain that a public honour granted in 1523 cannot be connected with a love affair which began in 1526.—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 1467.

P. 225. In spite of his owning two peerages, Boleyn is still "Sir Thomas." On the same page, in the same spirit of depreciation, his mother is "Margaret Boleyn." As an earl's daughter, she was always entitled to be called *Lady* Margaret.—Brewer's "Calendar," iii. 364.

P. 226. Boleyn is "a commoner of no distinction and little wealth." Boleyn, at his birth, was heir-general to the earldom of Ormonde and the earldom of Ossory. He had claims on the earldom of Wiltshire and the earldom of Carrick. He had pretensions, through direct ancestors, on the peerages of Rochford, Hoo, and Hastings.—Reilly's "Hist. Anec. Fam. Boleyn," &c., 3.

His father was the lord of Hever Castle, Blickling Park, Rochford Hall, and many other manors.—Orridge's "Citizens of London," 181.

Through his mother, Lady Margaret Butler, he was heir-general to the vast possessions of the Butlers in Kilkenny.—Carte's "Ormond," 1, lxxxiv. How can a man with such expectations be called "a commoner of no distinction and little wealth" ?—Brewer's "Calendar," i. 977.

In this entry, to which I refer as a true statement of the facts of Boleyn's descent on the Irish side, Mr. Brewer calls Lady Margaret "Mary" Boleyn. This error is corrected in a later volume.—Brewer's "Calendar," ii. 323.

P. 229. Anne Boleyn is said to have been "sacrificed by thoughtless and greedy parents."

When the King married Anne Boleyn, the young queen's mother had been dead no less than twenty-one years.—Howard's "Memorials of the Howard Family," 12.

P. 230. "Notices of him (Boleyn) are numerous, but from none of them is it possible to glean the slightest insight into his character."

It may be hard to "glean an insight" from anything ; but, surely, it is not difficult to see in the Epistles of Erasmus a very clear as well as very noble outline of Boleyn as a Christian, as a scholar, and as a man ?—See Knight's "Erasmus," 245.

P. 233. "Her mother was fully cognisant of the advances made to her daughter."

Fourteen years before the King made any advances whatever to Anne Boleyn, her mother had been laid in the tomb of "all the Howards" in Lambeth church.—Tanswell, "History of Lambeth," 97.

P. 246. "In 1525, he (Boleyn) alone, of all the commoners of England, was made a baron at the creation of the Duke of Richmond."

Again a group of errors, tending to the false suggestion that Boleyn's public honours were connected with the rise and progress

of the King's amour; yet each example in this group of errors is corrected by texts in the printed Calendar.

In 1525 Boleyn was *not* a commoner of England.—Brewer's "Calendar," iii. 1260.

Boleyn was *not* made a baron at the creation of the Duke of Richmond.—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 639.

The peerage of Rochford was *not* a barony, and when Lord Boleyn received that dignity he was created a viscount.—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 639.

P. 312. "Knight was, therefore, compelled to remain at Foligni until the beginning of December, when he received from the King by a chaplain of my Lord of Rochford (probably Cranmer). . . ." The town here called Foligni was, of course, Foligno. The messenger was not Cranmer, Cranmer being then at Jesus College.—Morice, "Anecdotes of Cranmer," 238-40.

P. 348. "Lady Elizabeth Boleyn" is mentioned in 1528. Lady Elizabeth had been dead about sixteen years.—Howard's "Mem. Howard Fam.," 12.

Rochford's second wife was not of noble birth, and was never Lady Elizabeth. It is a mistake, not of titles only, but of persons, confusing Anne Boleyn's mother with her step-mother. This serious error, like that of Boleyn's peerage, runs through the whole Introduction; colouring and discolouring the narrative at every turn. Attention to the printed Calendar would save a reader from this confusion of persons, as until Boleyn got his peerage the second Lady Boleyn is always "Elizabeth, his wife," never the *Lady* Elizabeth, his wife.—Brewer's "Calendar," iii. 364.

I pass by many other blunders touching Anne Boleyn's family, in order to come at once to those which more imperiously affect the character of Anne herself.

A wise old saw tells us that the first fact about every man is his birth. In this main fact the date is a primary element. If we are asked to judge the most trivial words and acts of a man, we want to know when he lived and the age at which he is supposed to have said such and such words, to have done such and such things. Age means responsibility. A date is the key to our knowledge of nearly every other circumstance. Words which would need no explanation in a boy of fifteen might need a great deal in a man of twenty-one. Acts which in a child of thirteen would only provoke a smile, might look extremely odd in a grown-up woman of nineteen. A few years make the whole difference. A man may do things at twenty which he is not free to do at twenty-one. At twenty a lad

may get into debt without much fear. At twenty-one his getting into debt may bring him into unpleasant connection with his county court. And what is true of ordinary men and women is true, with deeper emphasis, of extraordinary men and women. The date of a man's birth is a key not only to events, but to character. Napoleon's falsification of the real date of his birth is the best key to his whole career.

In the case of *Annè Boleyn* the true dates are of supreme importance, since a number of debated questions as to her early training, her relations to her mother and grandmother, her appearance at Court, her residence abroad, her early love affairs, her place in the royal household, and her first acquaintance with the King, all turn in some degree on the period of her birth.

P. 226. "Anne Boleyn was born in 1507."

The authority quoted for this untrue statement is "Camden, a competent authority on such subjects." Now Camden was not a contemporary of Anne Boleyn, nor were his "Annals of Elizabeth" published until more than a century after Anne Boleyn's birth. Neither is it likely that Camden made the mistake. The wrong date is not found in Camden's text—only on the margin of one page—and it was most likely put there by a printer. In the second edition it was expunged—even from the margin.—Camden's "Annals," ed. 1625, Pref., c. 2.

The true date of Anne's birth is so clearly established that the discovery of a parish register could not make it safer. Lord Herbert, the special historian of her time, tells us that Anne left England for Paris in the year 1514, in the train of Queen Mary, and returned from France in the year 1521, when she was "about the twentieth year of her age." If Herbert's dates are correct, Anne Boleyn was born in 1501.—Herbert, "Reign of Henry VIII.," 51, 285.

The accuracy of Herbert's dates is sustained by all contemporary evidence. King Louis says he retained Anne Boleyn after Queen Mary's departure from France in 1514, for the service of Queen Claude.—See "Lettres du Roi," ii. 547. Du Tillet describes Anne Boleyn as being left at the French Court by Queen Mary when she returned to London, and as staying in that Court until the year 1521.—See his "Receuil des Guerres et Traictez," 156. Lancelot de Carles says Anne Boleyn went to France with Queen Mary in 1514, and stayed in that country after Mary's return, as maid of honour to Queen Claude.—See his "Epistre de la Roynne d'Angleterre," 4. In Gibson's "Accounts" for 1521, Anne is mentioned by name as being at the English Court.—Brewer's "Calendar," iii. 1559.

It is therefore clear from all contemporary records that Anne left Paris in 1521, and, being then in her twentieth year, was born in 1501. *Id.* "Mary Boleyn was the elder sister."

Much of the scandal which hangs about the name of Mary Boleyn turns on the question of her age, and an assertion that she was older than her sister is essential to the existence of that scandal. Sanders, and writers who adopt his theory, describe Mary Boleyn as being the King's mistress long before Anne came to Court and took the royal libertine by her younger face and fresher charms. The fiction of Mary's prior birth is a necessity of this theory, and the theorists assume it to be a fact. Where is the proof? Here:

Id. "As her sister Mary was already married before her, in 1520, to Sir William Carey, we must infer that Mary was the elder sister."

If the reader cannot see the logical necessity for such an inference, I may not help him, my business, for the moment, being confined to statements of fact. In the two lines just cited, there are two statements, both of them untrue.

William Carey, husband of Mary Boleyn, was *not* Sir William Carey; he was simply Mr. Carey, in which condition he lived and died. "Mr. Carey is dead."—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 1932.

Of greater moment is the "inference" as to Mary's priority. That this inference, so oddly drawn, can be clearly and promptly rejected is due to the accident of these young ladies having been co-heiresses to many titles and estates. Their relations to each other have been settled by legal and official antiquaries engaged in recording wills and patents, not in censuring action and traducing character. Here we stand on the most solid ground. Against the "inference" by Mr. Brewer, I place the result of all the best researches of legal and genealogical inquirers.

Dugdale finds Anne Boleyn the elder sister.—"Baronage of England," 11, 106.

Banks finds Anne the elder sister.—"Dormant and Extinct Baronage of England," 1, 755.

Weever finds Anne the elder sister.—"Ancient Funereal Monuments," 514.

Carte finds Anne the elder sister.—"Ormond," i. lxxxiv.

Bloomfield finds Anne the elder sister.—"History of Norfolk," 111, 628.

Morant finds Anne the elder sister.—"History of Essex," i. 270, 281.

Clutterbuck finds Anne the elder sister.—"History of County of Hertford," iii. 95.

Nicolas finds Anne the elder sister.—“Historic Peerage,” 514.

To these great authorities I might add the name of Miss Reilly, who wrote her “Historical Anecdotes of the Families of Boleyn, Carey, &c.,” from private pedigrees and other family papers; but the list is already long enough and decisive enough. Nicolas, who made a study of the case in connection with the Berkeley Peerage, found that Anne Boleyn was the elder girl, that on her father's death the Irish earldom, which had been settled on Boleyn's heirs-general, descended, through Anne, to her daughter, Queen Elizabeth, and that, after that queen's death, all claims to these Irish honours fell to the Carey family, from which they passed, through Elizabeth Carey, to the Berkeleys, in whom they are now suffered to rest.—Nicolas' “Historic Peerage,” 261, 402, 514.

The only scrap of evidence cited by Mr. Brewer in support of his “inference” is a petition of George Carey asking for the Earldom of Ormonde on the ground that his grandmother, Lady Mary, was older than the queen's mother, Lady Anne. Mr. Brewer overlooks the capital fact that Carey's claims were not allowed. Carey was so ignorant of his pedigree as to describe Mary Boleyn as the daughter of Lady Margaret Butler, who was, in truth, her grandmother. But his petition to Burghley taught him better. Carey left an only child, Elizabeth, who married into the Berkeley family, carrying into that house her Irish claims. A full pedigree of the Carey family was inscribed on her tomb in Canford church: “Here lieth the body of Elizabeth Lady Berkeley, daughter and sole heir of George Carey Lord Hunsdon, son and heir of Henry Carey Lord Hunsdon, son and heir of William Carey and the Lady Mary his wife, *second* daughter and co-heir of Thomas Boleyn Earl of Ormonde and Wiltshire.—Collins' “Peerage,” iv. 23.

Thus, if any facts in history are established beyond the reach of “inference,” these two facts are established—Anne Boleyn was born in 1501, and Mary Boleyn was a younger sister of Anne.

P. 235. The wrong year is used as “a means of dating” Anne's first letter—the child's epistle to her father—written in fairly good French, but spelled in queer, phonetic form. This wrong year “enables” Mr. Brewer to misdate this epistle after Anne's return from France, and thus to sneer at her “accomplishments.” The letter was written in 1514, when she was thirteen years old and had not yet been in France.—Ellis, “Original Letters,” 2, s. ii. 10-12.

P. 237. “Henry thought the dispute might be ended by marrying Anne to Sir Piers Butler.”

Henry never dreamt of marrying Anne to Sir Piers Butler. Piers

was then a married man with a grown-up family (Carte's "Ormond," i. lxxxvi.). Wolsey's proposal, which Henry adopted, was, as the Calendar shows, to marry Anne to James, eldest son of Sir Piers.—Brewer's "Calendar," iii. 369.

Id. "He wrote to Surrey, her uncle, then in Ireland, to inquire whether the Earl of Ormond, the father of Sir Piers, would consent to the match." Not only was Sir Piers out of the question as a match for Anne Boleyn, but his father was not, and never had been, Earl of Ormond. The father of Sir Piers was Mr. James Butler, a distant kinsman of the old peer, Boleyn's grandfather.—Carte's "Ormond," i. lxxxv.

P. 244. "In the estimation of those about her she never rose above the mistress." Not a particle of proof is adduced, though it is matter of evidence that the two best judges of her conduct, Wyat and Cranmer, respected her character even more than they admired her accomplishments.—Wyat's "Life of Queen Anne Boleyn" and Alersse's "Letter to Elizabeth, Sept. 1, 1559."

P. 245. "Had nothing but her lively airs and thoughtless gaiety to recommend her."

More than once Mr. Brewer quotes the French epistle, which he post-dates seven years, but he always omits the one decisive indication of her character as a true woman—the passage in which she expresses her desire to live a "holy life," according to her father's wish.—Ellis, "Orig. Lett.," ii. 12.

P. 254. "She had been proposed by the King himself for the son and heir of the Earl of Ormond." Two blunders repeated.—Brewer's "Calendar," iii. 744.

Id. "Whether, but for this letter, the King would ever have thought of a divorce, it is needless to speculate." The letter was by Wolsey, and is dated by Mr. Brewer July, 1527. But Mr. Brewer's "Calendar" shows that the divorce was in agitation in the previous year. Moreover, in another part of this very Introduction, he writes, "Unquestionably in 1526 matters had so far advanced that Clerk was only watching his opportunity to urge the divorce at the Court of Rome.—Brewer's "Introduction," p. 247.

P. 255. "No other man . . . would have indulged in the unreserved familiarities with which he treated Anne Boleyn. Nor would any woman of purity or delicacy have permitted them." Not a particle of evidence exists to show that in 1527 there was any undue familiarity. Anne was chiefly living at Hever Castle, and Henry's love letters to her prove beyond question that the King was kept very much at bay.—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 1468.

P. 258. "The King was resolved upon a divorce. His letter to Anne admits of no other meaning. No other wise could he fulfil his promise . . . that she alone should bear his name."

In the King's letter there is not one word about her bearing the King's name. There is no mention of his name at all. Henry simply says that if Anne will only confess that she loves him he will give her the name of his Darling (French—*Maitresse*) and to no other woman.—Harl. Misc., i. 192. The translations which appear in the Calendar have no suggestion that Anne "should bear his name."—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 1466.

Id. "He did not at that time (1527) urge the plea of conscientious scruples or the dread of a disputed succession."

The pleas of conscience and a disputed succession were both urged by the King at that time. (See Mendoza's letter to Charles, July 17, 1527, and Wolsey's letters to Henry, July 1, 5, 1527.)—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 1466, 1470.

P. 327. "She (Anne) had neither royal blood in her veins . . ."

Anne Boleyn had royal blood in her veins, and that through more than one stream. She was descended through the Butlers and Bohuns from Edward the First.—Carte's "Ormond," i. lxiv.—and through the Howards and Mowbrays, from the same royal stem."—Nicolas, "Historic Peerage," 351—2.

Id. "Nor, except her pre-contract with Ossory or Percy, was there any legal impediment to her marriage."

Anne never had a contract with Ossory.—"State Papers," i. 91—2. The Irish kinsman to whom the King had wished to marry her, was Mr. James Butler, son of Sir Piers Butler.—Brewer's "Calendar," iii. 744.

P. 374. "Anne Boleyn caught the infection . . . The Court was immediately broken up, the King dislodged in great haste, and retired to Waltham."

The Court was not broken up in consequence of Anne falling sick, nor did the King dislodge in great haste; all the arrangements had been made for moving to Waltham before the sickness appeared.—"Heneage to Wolsey," June 11. It is evident from the King's letter to Anne that her attack came on after his departure.—"Harl. Misc." 1, 191. In this case, as in some others, Mr. Brewer has followed in his text the jokes of Du Bellay (*Le Grand*, "Preuves," iii. 129) instead of the safer guidance of his own "Calendar."—See Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 1912 and 1924.

P. 382. "The King might excuse himself . . . no such justification is available for her mother."

Her mother had been dead for sixteen years.—Howard's "Mem. Howard Fam." 12.

P. 386. "On the death of the Abbess of Milton, in the time of the sweating sickness, John Carey, the brother of Mary Boleyn's husband, was anxious to secure the vacant appointment for his sister . . . Her promotion was warmly espoused by Anne."

Cecilia, Abbess of Milton, did *not* die during the pestilence. Du Bellay says the sickness first appeared on the 14th day of June, and Cecilia died on the 23rd day of April.—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 1853.

It was *not* John Carey, but William Carey, husband of Mary Boleyn, who pleaded for his sister.—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 1855, 1931.

It was at Anne's request, "to do your pleasure," are the King's words to her, that Henry gave orders that Carey's sister, who turned out on inquiry to be unfit for the post, should *not* be elected to the post.—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 1960.

P. 412. "Up to this time, although Anne Boleyn had a separate establishment in the palace . . ."

Anne had no separate establishment in the palace; in fact she always lived in her father's apartments; Lord Rochford having been Treasurer of the Household since 1523.—Brewer's "Calendar," iii.

P. 436. "The divorce was extremely unpopular, except with the immediate friends of Anne Boleyn."

On this point there happens to be decisive and unimpeachable evidence the other way, duly set forth under proper date in the "Calendar," and overlooked by the compiler of that "Calendar." On the 17th of October Cardinal Campeggio wrote these words to Salviati for the Pope's private information:—"This matter has come to such a pass that it can no longer be borne . . . and *all the kingdom* take so much interest in it that they will wait no longer." The original is even more emphatic (see Theiner, "Vetera Monumenta," 570); but these decisive words are Mr. Brewer's own translation of Campeggio's text.—Brewer's "Calendar," iv. 2099.

P. 448. "They had anticipated marriage, unless Du Bellay is guilty of a calumny."

Unless! Du Bellay was not only a great gossip, but a public opponent of the King's match with Anne. He was in England to prevent that match, and to get the English king for Madame Renée. His pen was always quick in Anne's disservice; but this gossip and enemy nowhere goes so far in "calumny" as to say that Henry and Anne had "anticipated marriage." He says the King "ait ap-

proché bien près de Mademoiselle Anne," and he indulges in a joke as to what might happen under certain circumstances; but we happen to have a measure of what Du Bellay means by "very near." A year later, when Wolsey surrendered Durham House to Lord Rochford, and Anne came to reside there, Du Bellay wrote:—"Mademoiselle de Boulan à la fin y est venue, et la le roi logée en fort beau logis qui le fait bien accouster tout auprès du sien" (*Le Grand*, "Preuves," iii. 231). Durham House was "near" the palace, but the theorists imagine that Anne was under the royal roof, and separate from her family.—Lingard, "Hist. Eng.," vi. 198; Strickland, "Queens of Engl.," 11, 204. Mr. Brewer seems to have fallen into the same mistake.—"Introduction," 448.

Have I not quoted enough to prove that, so far as Anne Boleyn and her parents are concerned, this "Introduction" is no safe guide to the historical treasures in the Record Office?

A reader who wishes to gain a true and vivid impression of Queen Elizabeth's mother will do wisely to cast these calumnies, whether old or new, behind him, and to go and see Mr. Tom Taylor's noble play.



THE TOKEN OF THE SILVER LILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

PART II.—ETHELWYN—(*Continued*).

WHEN, 'twixt the ceaseless battle of his thoughts
And ardour of his wish, there was begot
A fancy that did deck itself in gay
And hardy colours . . . no phantasm of
A fevered brain, but something possible
As daily bread ; and as a seed that's cast
On stony places, and with favouring wind,
And rain, and dew, creeps into lovely life,
So thro' his barren musings ran a gleam
Of golden hope, and gave to him the power
Of living in the future, not the past—
A healthier life . . . As one who leaping on,
Seeing his goal, and knowing what he seeks,
Is wiser and more happy than the one
Who stands mid-way and turns his longing eyes
Back to the hedge-rows and fair meadow lands
Of his lost kingdom . . . so in Ethelred
His fresh hopes quickened and with wholesome stir
Melted the snows that clung about his life.

One day

He called his daughter to his side. She came
Slowly—into her love had grown much fear ;
And the old worship, like a starvèd life
That dies, not by its own desire, but for
The cruel lack of sustenance, had gone
Out of her soul—She knew she could not please
His eyes, or heart, or ears—she was a weed,
No more, no less to him, and oft she wished
To have the old days back when he was but
A dumb and gentle shadow that she called
"Father" . . . The one sweet word had seemed to her
To have such tender meaning, and to hold
Such joys within its grasp. . . . Ethelred caught

Her arm, and set her fronting him, and laughed
 Harshly, as over her he ran his eye,
 Keen as a falcon's. "Madam Pink-and-White,"
 He said: "Stand still, and do not speak one word,
 Till I have made an inventory of
 Your charms! This hair—'tis pretty glittering stuff,
 Like woven sunlight—then your eyes, as fine
 For colour and for shape as could be found
 'Twixt this and France—complexion, superfine!
 Most aptly mingled in its red and white;
 Lips that are fresh as roses—here and there
 A dimple to give spice! A head that's set
 Well on your shoulders—luckily you've not,
 As women often have, a lovely face
 Marred by a sloven's form—and then, your ears!
 Dainty as shells, pink tipped, as exquisite
 As new sunned pearls . . . and then your waist,
 And bust, and shoulders, round and delicate
 As Aphrodite's . . . arms that look more meet
 For clinging than for fighting . . . slender hands,
 Dimpled—a foot with instep arched as high
 As Spanish woman's—then your voice, as low
 And gentle as the note of cushat dove—
 I think that's all. O! you're a pretty piece,
 And so men's eyes will tell you . . . listen, girl!
 All women with such beauty as is yours
 Have many lovers, and wed *one*—some please
 Their fancy, making choice for their own selves;
 Others obey their parents—you this last,
 For I do destine you to be the wife
 Of no poor fool who sighs and prates of love,
 And hath not reputation at his back,
 Nor has in battle proved himself to be
 Of noble stuff. . . . So now, I warn you, girl,
 To take no puling fancies in your head
 Concerning this and that. When I have found
 A knight to please me you may go and choose
 Your marriage gown—your nay will be as yea,
 For you will do my bidding." She looked up,
 Pale as the dead, into his frowning face,
 And said no word; for in his eyes she read
 Her doom . . . and, clear as daylight stretching out,
 She saw the murdered future and the end.

PART III.—HAROLD.

A knight came pricking thro' the shining wood,
O'er which the dew, not yet drunk by the sun,
Glittered like fairies' tears ; and as he rode
He cast his bold bright eyes about, and marked
Approvingly the radiance of the morn,
And sniffed the pure fresh air, and hearkened to
A thistle's throbbing voice that filled the wood
With trembling music. As it ceased he cried—
"Others can sing, my bird, as well as you,
If not so sweetly"—and his voice rang out
Gay and impetuous, and echoed thro'
The newly budding glades. This was his song,
Bright as the opening day—

"O ! the morning is not so bright
Or fair as the thoughts in my mind,
And my heart is as light, as light
As thistledown blown by the wind.
For fresh as the silvery glisten
Of dew-drops on yonder spray
Are the hopes that flower, I wis, in
My heart's gay garden to-day.
For my love I go forth to woo her,
(None so young or so sweet as she)
With prayer and passion to sue her
To cast but one kind look on me.

"Her face is fashioned of flowers,
Two violets stand for her eyes,
Carnations and lilies their bowers
Have made in her cheeks—Cupid flies
From dimple to dimple, alighting
Upon her sweet, warm, ruddy lips,
Nor recks of the charms he is slighting,
Sly rogue ! as he joyfully sips
From that exquisite cup till swooning,
(O ! would I might swoon e'en as he !)
He falls on her neck, importuning
She'll let him, poor captive, go free.

" Her shape is slender and stately,
 As foxglove that grows by the side
 Of river, the which she's lately
 As looking-glass used in her pride.
 And whisper, O leaves, as she passes,
 And echoes, sing low and repeat
 How fairer than White-flowered grass is
 The snow of her hurrying feet !
 And the sighing West Wind he woos her,
 (O ! would I might woo e'en as he !)
 And the song of the thrush pursues her
 As the meadow a-down goes she !"

He ceased, as in the distance he espied,
 Dark in the sunlight, frowning, lichen-clad,
 Ethelred's fortress. Drawing rein he paused
 To view it, and the jocund laughter died
 From off his lips. " You hold my weal or woe,
 My jewel or my bane," he said, and dashed
 Suddenly on, as though he longed to put
 His fortune to the touch, and so had reached
 Ere many moments the great castle gates.

Ethelwyn, who, the long, long winter thro',
 Had watched from turret window, with her face
 Set to the path by which the news should come
 Of how the battle fared, saw him approach,
 And marked his eager bearing and the rush
 That seemed to bear him onwards, and cried out—
 " Gilbert ! 'Tis Gilbert !" In the wide, wide world
 There was one man, and only one to her,
 Therefore this must be he. . . . Over her eyes
 A great mist crept, and blinded her, till thro'
 Its darkness she could scarce perceive his shape,
 Or see his features . . . 'twas enough to her
 To know him living, feel that he was near,
 Close to her hand . . with a long sobbing sigh
 (Like a tired bird who, having lost his way,
 Lights on his nest before he knows of it)
 She pushed the casement wide, and looking down
 With a delicious laughter on the lips
 Parted to welcome him . . . saw, looking up,
 Not Gilbert, but another.

A woman's hands unbarred the massive door
And flung it wide. Beneath her brows she glanced
Askance at him, for strange as cuckoo's song
In winter, or spring buds beneath the snow,
Was sight of man and horse. He, dazzled by
The radiant, joyous beauty of the face
That for a moment's space had flashed on his,
Then changed as suddenly as landscape whence
The sunlight has died out, stared at her, mute,
Then said—"I come by order of the King
With messages unto Earl Ethelred."

And when into that presence he was brought,
And saw the mighty wreck that had hurled back
Death, as a fortress that, by shot and shell
Ruined, defaced, and gutted, holds itself
Frowning, erect, defying still the foe,
He knelt before him with such reverence
As rarely man to any other shows
Than his liege king; but Ethelred said—"Rise,
Sir Knight, I am not worthy you should kneel
Before me—speak, what news? My ears do burn
With itching curiosity . . . the Danes!
Hath the King ousted them? Methinks your face
No harbinger of evil is—'tis bright
As flowers in May. . . . O! do not speak if you
Tale of disaster bring. . . . What? It is good?
The King is safe?"

"My lord, he sent me here
To bring the great good news how gloriously
Himself hath won the day and driven back
The base invaders, so that English air
Is rid of them . . . the struggle hath been long
And desperate: a hundred times his fate
Has trembled in the balance. Now, secure,
He home returns, and in three days at most
Your men will have arrived, a scanty band
To wring your heart, for life blood ran as swift
As swollen river, in those hand-to-hand
Encounters, when, with lust and slaughter fired,
Th' invaders fought like madmen—none could stand
Against their onslaught, but the dogged will
(That men call pluck, but rather seems to be

A sheer and cold persistence that pursues
 Its way in silence, uttering no boast,
 Dependent on no spurt of fiery
 Passion or bravery—indifferent to
 The accident of circumstance, time, place—
 A dormant faculty that leaps to life,
 Armed and watchful when occasion bids—)
 Opposed by our stout Britons wore them out,
 And finding that their strength was futile as
 Breakers that dash against a granite wall,
 At last they turned and fled. My lord, I bring
 Despatches from the King. I will withdraw
 That you may now peruse them."

But the Earl cried

"What! will you take no thanks? O! were I King
 I'd give you such a guerdon for this news
 As should outbeggar every noble gift
 That ever man received. . . . I'd ransack all
 My kingdom till I found your heart's desire
 And laid it at your feet. . . . What day is this
 And hour? For I will mark them in my heart
 With jewels, and the tablets of my mind
 Shall bear imprinted on them till my death
 This happy date, and in the very grave
 I think my fleshless bones will stir and thrill
 When year by year the anniversary
 Of this white day shall come. . . . now I my ways
 Shall go unto the river that will quench
 This tiny spark of life unfearing, since
 I leave my master safe. . . . Sir, pray you now
 Pardon my ecstasies . . . if you were set
 Beyond the echo of news, good or bad,
 Of some adventure in the which you'd cast
 Your naked heart and left it there to die
 Or live, according to the issue o't,
 You would be stunned as I with sudden joy
 On coming in full brightness face to face
 With its assured success. . . . I am not rich
 Or powerful, nor can I avenge the wrongs
 Of they whom I call friends, yet there may be
 Some slight rude favour that you would not scorn
 To take at my poor hands . . . meanwhile I do

Beseech you that you will remain our guest
In this rough castle ; though I am tied here
A puppet host, I have a wife and girl
Who will attend you—naught but womankind
You'll see about ; may be you'll like the change
From bearded faces to the red and white
Contours of those soft, pretty, feminine
Creatures . . . trust me I did when I was young—
Now you must sit at table, meat awaits
You down below ; but tell me by what name
Shall I address you ? 'Tis a noble one
And famous, or I read not countenance."

The stranger answered : " My own chrissom name
Is Harold of the Fells, but I am called
By some the Silver Knight because I wear
'Broidered upon my sleeve the Fleur-de-Lys
Of France, my mother's country. But you err
In thinking I am famous—such small meed
Of glory as my paltry deeds have won,
Grows dull indeed before the brilliancy
Of your great mem'ry . . . ever in the camp
And in the watches round the picket fires,
A thousand tales of your rare chivalry
From lip to lip are bandied, and again
Take rarer colours in the uttering . . .
And I, aflame with envious eagerness,
Have felt myself no better than a child
Who plays at soldiers, and in mimic fight
Thinks he knows all, nor has the rudiments . . .
For when I made some feeble little stir,
Men praising me would say below the breath
' Ay, but he cannot match our Ethelred ! "

" You flatter like a woman," said the Earl,
Half frowning, but as dear as honey dew
Unto the bird was memory to him . . .
And there is no more subtle flattery
On earth than this, to know that by the world
We're not forgot, though we're apart from it.

Margaret entered. She had scarcely reached
The summer of her days—no blooming rose
Was fairer, fresher, lovelier than she ;
And Harold, starting back in wonderment

Thought, "Be the daughter half so exquisite
 My heart is lost" . . she came up to the side
 Of Ethelred, who drew her hand across
 His lips and said, "My wife, I have some news,
 Some glorious news to tell you, but I pray
 You give a welcome to this noble Knight,
 Ere I with it acquaint you": as she turned
 He loosed her hand as grudgingly as though
 It were a jewel that a thief might see
 And covet, and his rugged face grew soft
 And tender as he watched her welcoming
 With such fair courtesy their guest,—she was
 The precious casket in the which was bound
 The perfume and the sweetness of his life,
 The one gay tinted flower to bloom within
 His chill grey garden, and on her alone
 He poured the riches of his passionate
 Strong nature out . . less was he of the stuff
 To make a tender father than to be
 A faithful, jealous lover, cleaving to
 One woman: warm as sunshine unto her,
 Cold to all others.

Left alone, he broke
 The seal of the King's letter: "Ethelred,"
 (It ran) "I send our great and happy news,
 By messenger most sure and speedy—since
 Yourself did set such bright ensample to
 Our youth, I have not seen so fair a flower
 Of chivalry as he—his daring deeds
 Stand out as bold and signal from the ruck
 Of common men's, as did your own in those
 Never to be forgotten famous days
 Gone by . . but not to set him up a mark
 For admiration have I sent him—you
 Have a young daughter, in her heart as yet
 No fancy can have grown—you want a son,
 Cast in your own great mould, to take your name,
 And bear it gloriously, in whose strong hands
 Your honour will lie safe as in your own—
 Just such a one is Harold of the Fells:
 Further I do commend him unto you
 As husband for your daughter. I had feared
 (Seeing he wore a Token) that his heart
 Was pre-engaged, but when I hinted on

What quest I sent him he was eager as
A swallow scenting summer to be gone,
So potent is your name, my Ethelred,
And such great value has it in men's eyes. . .
And now farewell. I shall be with you ere
The summer wanes, and with my own lips tell
You all the story of this bitter war
And my hard-won success.

Alfred the King."

From the Earl's hand the letter fluttered down
And lay across his feet. Thus, lost in thought,
He sat awhile, then shouted out "What! Ho!
Who passes there?" A woman servant came
And asked his bidding. "Get you gone," he said,
"Unto the turret-room, and if you find
My daughter there, bid her come here at once—
At once, I say." Alone, he muttered to
Himself, "'Tis well, I like his sunny face
And his bold words, no mealy-mouthed fool
Is he or palterer. If he's as brisk
In action as in ways he'll not let grass
Grow 'neath his feet . . . I like his trick of voice
And manner—such a son mine might have been
Had not the girl spoiled all. Well, well, she'll make
Some slight amends for her unconscious fault,
Poor pretty trembling soul! Methinks I have
Been somewhat harsh with her—we'll see to that—
Not that she'll notice much my ways and looks
With this brave wooer by . . . strange that these girls
So ready are to leave their parents, all
The things they value and are used to, for
A stranger of whose habits, mind, and heart
They're ignorant as babes . . . What, are you there,
Madam? Come hither. So . . . you're pale . . . what's this?
Are you in love? You will be fathoms deep
To-morrow at this hour. Come, pretty one—
For you are pretty—not a doubt of it—
Nor yet a doubt that you'll be told of it
A hundred times a day . . . I have some news,
Some tender, perilous news, to break to you
That will in your young virgin heart awake
All sorts of tremors, doubts, delicious fears,
And palpitations, send hot blushes to

Your delicate cheeks, light up those lovely eyes
 With expectation . . . What ! You stand as mute
 And pale as snow at Christmas . . . one would think
 My news were your death warrant. Do you guess
 What 'tis, you silly Madam Pink-and-White ?”

She forced her poor pale lips into a smile,
 And timidly put out a hand and laid
 It on his two, with some such instinct as
 Makes a lone dying animal look up
 Piteously into the cold cruel face
 Of him who kills it . . . he glanced down upon
 The slender, girlish fingers, and picked out
 The third of her left hand. “ Ah, ha !” he said,
 “ ’Twill look the better when a gewgaw shines
 Upon it : not a charm but’s capable
 Of being advertised by finery,
 Let folks say what they will. But come, this news !
 It cools in keeping. Pay attention, girl :
 It touches you most nearly. I have found
 A husband for you, such a one as maid
 Might sigh and weary after all her days,
 Nor look upon his features nor his form
 Save in the glass of her fantastical
 Imaginings—so proper, handsome, bold
 A man I never saw ; you are in luck
 To win him, other women will be fit
 To murder you thro’ ranc’rous jealousy,
 And count their lords and sweethearts poor indeed
 Beholding him. You’ll know what ’tis to have
 That pleasant, natural, and womanish
 Pride in your husband that’s the root of all
 Wifely obedience : your fastidious taste
 Pleased at the same time that your heart is touched,
 So that in time you’ll grow as dotingly
 Fond of him as a love-sick maiden who
 Marries her fancy.” “ God !” she breathed, and slipped
 Behind his chair to hide from him her face
 And snatch one moment’s space . . . “ Girl, are you there ”
 Cried Ethelred, half turning in his seat,
 Wroth at the strange complexion of her ways ;
 But as he spoke there entered Margaret,
 And at her side came Harold of the Fells.

(To be continued.)

JOHN FORSTER.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

REMEMBER being awed by the presence and lofty manner of a gentleman living in Lincoln's Inn Fields—between walls of books—to whom my father presented me when I was nine years old. I was going away to a school in France; and my father, who was taking me across the Channel, had called on his friend to say "Good-bye." The lofty gentleman was kindly withal. He laid his hand upon my head while he talked to my father, and presently selected a book from his loaded table (to me there seemed to be nothing but books in the room), wrote my name in it, "with the best wishes of John Forster." This he handed to me with a grand manner, saying: "I hope you will attend to your studies. You must come back to us, William, quite a Frenchman." If I left Mr. Forster's presence deeply impressed with the conviction that he must be some very great man indeed, I was also very sure that he was a kind gentleman. The impression of the boy was correct. Under the grand, blustering, domineering manner there lay a warm and true heart; or Mr. John Forster had not commanded the close friendship of the foremost literary men and artists (among them being some of domineering and irascible spirit) of his day. It is of John Forster in the midst of his literary friendships that I propose to string together some notes; and it is because the stories about him that circulated among his friends generally refer to the majesty or arrogance of his manner that I insist in the beginning on the fine qualities which lay unharmed under it. The manner bore a strong resemblance to that of Macready on the stage; so that when Forster played Kiteley with the Dickens amateur troupe he was accused of servilely imitating the great tragedian, of whom he was known to be a passionate admirer, and the most enthusiastic and at the same time discerning critic.* I played a minor part with the great company; and remember the infinite amusement we derived from the great tragedian airs which our Kiteley maintained throughout the rehearsals, and in the greenroom. He insisted upon having the best dressing-room, and on the night of the performance, upon holding himself

* In the *Examiner*.

aloof from the rest of the company. When the late Duke of Devonshire came to the theatre he brought with him a basket of superb Chatsworth pines and grapes as an offering to the company. Mr. Forster was shut up in his own dressing-room, and the basket was opened and tasted in his absence—an offence to his dignity of first tragedian, who should have been prayed to select before his humble *confrères*, which he seriously resented—or as seriously as Dickens, my father, and Mark Lemon would permit.

After the performance our Kitley was sweeping grandly out of the theatre, when my father said to Dickens: "Take care, or he'll go home with Mrs. Macready."

No man ever had a warmer affection and a higher respect for another than Charles Dickens had for John Forster. Indeed, the frequency with which Dickens had recourse to Forster's judgment, the fear in which he seemed to be when he took an important step unsupported by the concurrence of his friend, are made so manifest in his life as written by his friend, that many of Dickens's near and dear friends have been inclined to protest that they cannot admit the impression conveyed to the public to be the true one. Dickens was of more adventurous and independent spirit than he appears reflected to the public through his correspondence with Forster; and this would have been manifest had the biographer shown his subject in his intimate relations with others as well as himself. There exists a rich and varied Dickens correspondence which Forster would not touch. Who that knew Dickens well can conceive a picture of him to be complete that does not include some of his correspondence with the gentle and beloved Maclise, with Stanfield, with Leigh Hunt, with Ainsworth, with Douglas Jerrold, with Talfourd, Laman Blanchard, Wills, Charles Kent, and many others less known, but not less esteemed by Charles Dickens? In Forster's "Life" he stands alone near Dickens's heart, and the rest of the figures upon the canvas are but background to the two dominant figures.

We are admitted to feel the intensity of the friendship of which Dickens was capable. We become witnesses of the workings of his heart, of the boisterous, uncontrollable vitality of his nature, of his intense self-respect, and his thorough belief in his own genius and his solemn duty towards it; but we know him not (through the biography) in the various lights which his many close friendships cast upon him. We catch no glimpses of him as the adviser (and how earnestly and wisely and affectionately he could counsel a fellow creature in a strait!). He is always the advised, and he has but one adviser. That shown to the world in this attitude he is exhibited in one not

natural to him, the correspondence and material discarded or unsought by Mr. Forster would have abundantly proved.

A letter from Dickens to Laman Blanchard, addressed from 48, Doughty Street, lies before me. In it Dickens says: "I am writing to you with a sad heart, for I have just indited a few lines to poor Chatfield,* to whom I should have written long since but for Forster's confounded assurance that it would be better not." I remember a fierce word encounter between Dickens and Forster on the stage of Miss Kelly's theatre. Forster had gone on insisting that everything should be done according to his light, until he had exasperated his friend to an outburst, in which Kitley received a volley of very hard words descriptive of his intolerable hectoring and self-sufficiency. The quarrel lasted till the morrow—but not beyond; for the affection between the two was too deep to let it live twenty-four hours. I cite these points only in illustration of a phase of Dickens's character which does not appear in Forster's biography, and by which Dickens suffers. Seen through his biographer's spectacles, Dickens is a timid man, leaning for ever on another; whereas he was an intrepid, self-reliant worker and thinker. His eye, his voice, his manner, his gallant bearing on great occasions, proved this to all who knew him.

Dickens loved the high character, and thoroughly respected and trusted the opinion of his friend and biographer; he also delighted to contemplate his gorgeous manner when dealing with the smallest things, the imperial air with which he asked his famous servant Henry for his coat, the mighty look of command with which he hailed a cab.

Forster succeeded Dickens in the editorship of the *Daily News*, and many were the stories of the new editor's grandeur of address and autocratic bearing towards subordinates which speedily circulated through Whitefriars. The printers' boys trembled as they approached him; the sub-editors were under the spell of his majesty. Poor Knight Hunt, who afterwards became editor of the paper and died in the harness, had scores of stories of the high and mighty chief to tell. But the story that held its ground in every part of the establishment was that of the cabman who called for the editor at two in the morning to convey him home to Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cabman found it difficult to make the office porter understand whom he wanted. When described as the stout gentleman, the porter replied that there were several stout gentlemen in the editorial department. Was he tall or short?

* The artist.

"Neither one thing nor t'other," the cabman answered impatiently. "You know who I mean—I mean that there harbitrary cove."

The porter went direct to Mr. Forster's room, and told him his cab was waiting.

That Mr. Forster's "tremendous manner" was in no degree the consequence of a harsh or hard nature was shown in the devotion with which his personal attendants served him. The zeal and veneration with which his servant Henry waited upon him during many years were noticed by all his friends, and wondered at by some, for when Mr. Forster had an attack of gout (and he suffered cruelly in this way) his irascibility was indeed difficult to bear. But Henry never appeared to notice the storms that raged over his head. He kept quietly to his task; never answered the word of wrath, never showed by his manner that it had been uttered, and never permitted it to abate in the least degree his veneration for his master.

One day, at dinner, there was not soup enough to go round the table. The host, in his sternest manner and deepest voice, said—

"Henry, you see there is not enough mulligatawny."

Henry said quietly in his master's ear—"Please, sir, there is no more soup." Whereupon Forster turned with a tragedy air upon his man, and growled between his teeth—

"No more mulligatawny, Henry! LET THERE BE MORE mulligatawny!"

Henry paid no attention to the outburst, but went quietly on with his service. The storm, he knew, had spent itself. The blind devotion with which Henry did his service was illustrated on one occasion when his master had a dinner party. During the dinner Henry was nervous, and made two or three blunders. His master chafed and fumed, and cast angry glances at his servant; but the poor man could not settle quietly to his duty. At last, when the dessert and wine had been placed upon the table, he stole timidly behind Mr. Forster's chair and said—

"Please, sir, can you spare me now? my house has been on fire the last hour and a half."

The group of literary men and artists of whom Mr. Forster was the friend and adviser loved, in the summer, to meet at Thames Ditton for an afternoon in the fresh air, and a dinner by the banks of the river, and a drive to London in the cool of the evening. On one of these occasions, when Count d'Orsay was present and sat next Forster, the waiters were remiss, and the gaiety of the dinner-table was suffering in consequence.

Count d'Orsay ate cold butter with his flounders. In a quiet tone he said to one of the attendants—"Waiter, a slice of cold butter." But no cold butter came. Patiently and amiably the Count presently repeated his request, and again he was doomed to disappointment. Forster had overheard the Count, and seen the neglect with which he was treated. It was too much for him. Waiting his opportunity to seize upon the neglectful attendant, he turned fiercely upon him, and in a voice of thunder said—"Gracious heaven! waiter—a slice of cold butter for the flounders of the Count!"

The roll of the rounded sentence set the table in a roar; and Forster was not the least amused of the company—for he could laugh at his own outbursts heartily.

As—at Dickens's table, one day, when somebody asked the host how many children he had.

"Four," said Dickens.

Whereupon Forster interrupted, with an air of great authority—

"Dickens, you have five children."

"Upon my word, Forster," Dickens expostulated, "allow me to know the number of my own family."

"Five, my dear Dickens," was the firm rejoinder.

When it was proved that four was the correct number, Forster gave in with a laugh.

These touches of eccentric authority were a source of infinite amusement to all Forster's friends, but especially to Dickens, whose sense of humour was always alive. He used to describe an inspection he had made of some improvements Forster had effected in his chambers, in his happiest manner. Between his bedroom and his sitting-room Forster had contrived a dark, narrow space, to which he directed his friend's attention.

"What is that?" Dickens asked.

"That, my dear Dickens," Forster answered, with all his grand manner—"That is my plunge bath!"

So much for the eccentric side of Mr. Forster's character. Its higher phases were even more remarkable. There must have been something of commanding excellence in the young man who, owing nothing to fortune or to powerful friends, came up to London, and while yet a youth took his place among the leading literary men of his time. So completely had he established his position in 1837 (he was then twenty-five) that he then became engaged to L. E. L., who was at the height of her fame and courted by hosts of admirers.

The story of this engagement is a very melancholy one. While it

existed rumours detrimental to the lady's character got abroad ; and were so systematically concocted and so widely disseminated that it was resolved to force the slanderers to speak out, to trace the slander to its source, and so to end it. L. E. L. herself insisted ardently on this inquiry. We are told that the refutation which the evil report met, in the course of the investigation, was as effectual and complete as it was possible to be. What followed is described in Blanchard's "Life of L. E. L." :—

"What should follow, then, but the fulfilment of the marriage contract? As there was not the slightest scruple previously, on his (Forster's) own account, in the mind of the other party to that contract, so not the slightest scruple remained now as an impediment. The bare existence of such a scruple would, of course, have been fatal to her peace and happiness. There was none affecting her honour in the remotest degree. Yet the contract was broken off by her. However strong and deep the sentiment with which she had entered into it, she had the unflinching resolution to resist its promptings ; and in the spirit of the communication at this period, between her and the gentleman to whom she was engaged, it is not difficult to perceive that the same high-minded feeling on both sides, the same nice sense of honour, and the same stubborn yet delicate pride (neither, perhaps, discerning in the other the exact qualities that governed the conduct of both) so operated as to dictate a present sacrifice of affection, and the avoidance of a contract under the circumstances which had so controlled the parties to it."

The shock was very heavy to poor, delicate L. E. L., who had a brave and turbulent spirit housed in a gossamer frame. From her sick room she wrote to Mr. Forster the decision her proud spirit dictated :—

"I have already written to you two notes which I fear you could scarcely read or understand. I am to-day sitting up for an hour, and though strictly forbidden to write, it will be the least evil. I wish I could send you my inmost soul to read, for I feel at this moment the utter powerlessness of words. I have suffered for the last three days a degree of torture that made Dr. Thomson say 'You have an idea what the rack is now.' It was nothing to what I suffered from my own feelings. I look back on my whole life—I can find nothing to justify my being the object of such pain ; but this is not what I meant to say. Again I repeat that I will not allow you to consider yourself bound to me by any possible tie. To any friend to whom you may have stated our engagement, I cannot object to your stating the truth. Do every justice to your own kind and

generous conduct. I am placed in a most cruel and difficult position. Give me the satisfaction of, as far as rests with myself, having nothing to reproach myself with. The more I think, the more I feel I ought not—I cannot—allow you—to unite yourself with one accused of—I cannot write it. The mere suspicion is dreadful as death. Were it stated as a fact, that might be disproved; were it a difficulty of any other kind, I might say, look back at every action of my life—ask any friend I have; but what answer can I give, or what security have I against the assertion of a man's vanity, or the slander of a vulgar woman's tongue? I feel that to give up all idea of a near and dear connection is as much my duty to myself as to you. Why should you be exposed to the annoyance—the mortification, of having the name of the woman you honour with your regard coupled with insolent insinuation?—you never would bear it.

“I have just received your notes. God bless you—but—

“After Monday I shall, I hope, be visible; at present it is impossible. My complaint is inflammation of the liver, and I am ordered complete repose—as if it were possible! Can you read this? Under any circumstances, the

“Most grateful and affectionate of your friends,

“L. E. LANDON.”

L. E. L.'s marriage with Governor Maclean, of Cape Coast Castle, and her tragic death, happened within little more than a year from the day when the foregoing was written to Mr. Forster. It has been often said, by many who knew the betrothed, that L. E. L. was piqued at the resignation with which Mr. Forster received his dismissal. That a feeling which was not love prompted her to accept the suit of Mr. Maclean was evident to all her friends. It is probable that the authoress of “The Vow of the Peacock” expected her lover to treat her with extravagant chivalry; to refuse his *congé*, though given again and again; to listen to no reasoning away of his love, and to worship his mistress only the more passionately for the dark clouds that had settled over her head. Whereas she was met by a man of honour who, while maintaining the completest faith in her innocence and remaining ready to marry her, was sufficiently master of himself to defer to her arguments when she showed cause why their engagement should be at an end.



THE PRUSSIAN BUREAUCRAT.

BY HERBERT TUTTLE.



WE know him in Germany as the "Geheimrath," and by that name I shall speak of him. For "Bureaucrat," if a little more English in appearance, is neither familiar nor full of vivid meaning to the English reader.

There are "Räthe," or Raths, of various kinds, marked by prefixes and suffixes; but while colloquially these are all abbreviated into "Geheimrath," the Geheimrath is yet a rank and distinction by itself. It is most adorned when unadorned. It is a title, and implies a certain position in official circles; but it corresponds to no functions. There are "Privy Councillors," and plenty of them, in Prussia, but there is no Privy Council.

Let us look at the Geheimrath in the first instance as a man and a citizen rather than as an official and a tyrant. Many men, without surrendering this title, have lifted themselves far above the official, and thereby above the social, level which it suggests. Goethe was a Geheimrath, and so, I believe, was Alexander von Humboldt. Count Harry von Arnim is a Geheimrath, and at his trial a year ago I was much struck by the reverent tone with which the clerk, in reading the despatches from the Foreign Office, rolled off in the address the order of the prisoner's titles—Count Harry von Arnim, Imperial German Ambassador, Real Privy Councillor, Excellency, in Paris. The superscription on the envelopes would have answered for a police pass. There is the name, the nationality, the rank, the office, the title, the "predicate," and finally the residence. Another worthy official whose acquaintance I early made and have often renewed through the press is Herr Eck. The name suggests an angular person with whom contact, either physical or intellectual, might be dangerous; but in the press the approaches are so prolonged, and the abruptness of the collision is so modified by a preliminary list of titles, that all chances of accident are averted. Still it awakens a sense of incongruity when one reads in a journal a paragraph about "Königlich Preussischer-Wirklicher-Geheimer-Ober-Regierungs-Rath-und Director im Reichskanzler-Amte—Eck." A different and perhaps higher order of architecture is sometimes furnished by this official himself. He cannot

fairly be held responsible for the attenuated form which the newspapers give to him, but he takes his revenge upon them and serves the cause of symmetry by signing documents with titles and sub-titles arranged like an inverted cone, of which his name forms the monosyllabic but not inelegant apex.

I return to the Geheimrath in general. The process of abstraction by which I have tried to reach that public type has long been familiar to the Germans themselves. With them he stands for the secular majesty of the State. He is the highest form of political authority with which they come immediately and as equals in contact. Between the Ministers whom the inspired choice or the prudent favour of the King has admitted to his councils, and the great army of clerks and messengers, the Geheimrath appears to the public as a benevolent intermediary. He holds the symbols of a consecrated power in hands of flesh and blood. It is rumoured that he guards secrets of State. It is supposed that he has communication with Ministers. But it is known that he is fond of whist and beer. The mystery which surrounds his official duties encourages the awe and respect of the multitude while shielding him from its vengeance : and his sympathy with the humbler conditions of life endears him to the popular heart.

The term Geheimrath is here used, not in the technical sense of a fixed rank, but in harmony with a custom which applies the name to an entire class of public officials who have passed a certain grade in the civil service. In this sense the Geheimrath stands not alone for the majesty of the State which he serves, but also for the dignity of the order to which he belongs. He is the representative of a class, and as such he is quite as familiar in literature, in art, and in the drama as he is amid the realities of social life. This fact he owes to no peculiarities of dress or manner. Even on the stage he is distinguished by no special shabbiness or elegance of toilet, by no favourite cut of the beard, and by none of those extrinsic details which make up a Jew banker, for instance, or a French barber, or any other familiar friend of the playwrights. It would seem that this personage is of all others the one which would most try an actor. The traits with which he may be presented are so few and so subtle ; his own individuality is so wrapped up in his class, which is dull and prosaic ; he is, in spite of his fraction of authority, such a harmless and inoffensive person, that all the conditions of a permanent stage character would seem to be wanting. Yet to a German audience he never needs an introduction. Accepted without any comic qualities by a stage where

comedy is yet in its infancy, he is met with the mild formality that we show to a man whom we feel to be an acquaintance but cannot call a friend.

In a sense which does not commit one to any dangerous system of philosophy it may be asserted that the *Geheimrath* is a necessary product of Prussian civilisation. I wish to avoid a vicious truism. Nothing is more common with a certain class of writers than to refer all social and political phenomena to the doctrine of necessity, and thus indolently to take refuge in advance behind a meaningless formula. The *Geheimrath* claims no such favour. It is possible, at least in thought, that a different combination of the early elements of Prussian society, a less capable or less honest race of kings, other forms of external pressure modifying the action of internal circumstances, might have produced a system of administration unlike the one that exists; but in the development of the country as it actually did proceed the bureaucracy seems to be quite as essential as any of the other factors. The *Geheimrath* himself would perhaps say with worthy pride that he presided at what Professor Ranke calls the "Genesis of the Prussian State." Such a proposition depends upon the point or epoch which is taken as the "genesis"; for at the time when Prussia passed from a colony into a State the civil service and the military service were probably administered by the same rude hands. Under the Great Elector, and more completely under Frederic William I., the man with spectacles and dull grey clothes relieved the trooper in the collection of taxes. When Prussia passed from a feudal principality into a monarchical State, and the introduction of a standing army required a corresponding class of civil servants, the *Geheimrath* became a fact and a power.

At the same time the form which the civil service took was strictly conditioned by the form in which the State itself issued from feudalism. The institutions of feudalism have given way throughout Europe to two great forces. Monarchy or democracy—the concentration or the diffusion of power—have everywhere superseded the forms of a system in which there were too many rulers for strength and not enough for freedom. In France both forces have acted. She has vacillated between monarchy leagued with the *noblesse* against the people, democracy directed by the people against the monarch and nobles, and monarchy leagued with the people against the *noblesse*; but the result for her is the possession of the best social system in Europe.

Nothing analogous to this has occurred in Prussia. The traditions of the old Roman freedom, which were never quite extinguished in

France, an extent of country which made a minute despotism impossible, and the early growth of a liberal literature were as anti-feudal causes long wanting. She has had no Richelieu to break the spirit of the nobles, and no revolution to pulverise the elements of society. A Duke of Burgundy or a Simon de Montfort on the one hand, and a Cromwell or a Napoleon on the other, have yet to appear. In the absence of a splendid aristocracy Prussia had only a multitude of petty provincial knights, who were too weak for rivals but too proud and spirited for vassals of the Crown; and with their aid, but not against their opposition, the transition into a modern State was made.

The key to such a solution was of course the army. If the knights could receive in exchange for petty sacrifices of sovereignty the control of all the higher posts in the military service, and for their sons the assurance that the army would remain a close aristocratic institution, the obstacles to a settlement were half surmounted. To the high military posts, too, were added the higher charges of State—the governors of provinces, for instance, and the foreign legations. The immediate Ministers of the King were commonly selected from their ranks. But while these reservations were only tacitly understood, or were only supported by the social traditions of the State, the compensations gained by the Crown were of a substantial and positive sort.

This was undoubtedly the most critical moment in Prussian history. The control over justice and over the public finances gave the Sovereign a power which has too often been acquired only to be misused. If the kings had been prodigal and dissolute princes, if they had been surrounded by a society impatient of probity and fond of corruption, they would have sold justice to the rich and powerful and farmed out the revenue to greedy favourites. To the honour equally of the nobles and the kings the seeds of a better system had been early planted in their robust natures. The former pursued their military and other duties with conscientious zeal; while the Crown organised the civil service on the most practical rules of efficiency. This service offered, of course, only humble routine work. It fell naturally into the hands of the *bourgeois*, but it soon developed a class quite as distinct as the military class. Training, with its results in capacity, was rigorously insisted upon; and with such exceptions as the royal interest demanded or the royal conscience permitted the test of merit was fairly and successfully applied.

It takes a great many years and much hard work to produce a

Geheimrath by this system ; but the seed is either very numerous or very thrifty, for the number of men who have reached official maturity is beyond count. Hence it is natural that they should also enjoy great social influence. They are the *Dii minores* of Prussian life. Not every worthy burgher can have an ambassador or a general or a minister at his table, but a Geheimrath may almost always be obtained. If the distinguished man also possesses the title of "excellency" the effect upon the other guests is the more profound. As a rule, however, they are true to their gregarious instincts, and in their dissipations, in their tastes, in their habitations, affect one another's society and follow a common example. There is a district in Berlin called the "Geheimrathsviertel." There are restaurants and beer-halls which are frequented almost exclusively by them, and where it would be safe at a venture to address any guest as privy councillor.

I have one of these semi-official "locals" now in my mind. I have sometimes gone there to study the political world in its hours of modest relaxation, and perhaps to meet some ferocious and hardened face which I should recognise as the author of my tax-rate. It is a low, dark, irregular room, which has been made by tearing down the partitions of what was once a dwelling. In the summer there is a little garden in the rear, but in the winter there is neither ingress for fresh air nor egress for foul smoke. On each wall are hung horizontally two large oval mirrors which look like pairs of gigantic spectacles, the resemblance being in each case increased by suspending between them the bust of some existent national hero. Through the smoke, which is faintly transparent, may be seen in one corner of the room a long table, or rather several small tables ingeniously built into one, around which with beer and cigars are seated the delegates of the civil power. Their minds seem to be full of ideas, which they are discharging simultaneously into a common reservoir. Every member of the circle is talking, and nobody listens except the little waiter, who perhaps recognises in one of the guests the former owner of his threadbare coat. About ten o'clock the assembly breaks up for the evening, to be renewed twenty-two hours later. The regularity with which they come and the grave respectability that they impart make the Geheimraths always welcome guests, and atone in a measure for a rather moderate consumption of beer and a dignified insufficiency of fees.

This prudent economy is characteristic of the Geheimrath in all the relations of life. A new publisher in Stuttgart, Dr. August Auerbach, a son of the novelist, issues almost exclusively transla-

tions from American literature ; and one of the first books in his list is the "Autobiography of Dr. Franklin." The book has literary value, and Dr. Auerbach may not have aimed at any special preference of his countrymen. But if Hegel or Kant are philosophers of the school and the closet, the great philosopher of German common life is certainly the quaint old author of "Poor Richard," the philosopher of thrift and industry and economy. Kant's rule of morals was, "Let your acts be such as may be taken for universal rules"; Franklin's was simply, "Live within your means." This latter maxim, taken in its broad and enlightened sense, and not as cynical spendthrifts have perverted it, is the secret of that German frugality which is so much derided. To ridicule this is to ridicule the financial stability of German States, for which the world has still some respect. But the people themselves create an impression of meanness instead of prudence by a singular preference for divided instead of aggregate outlays. The Geheimrath as he takes his morning walk would not think of squandering ten silbergroschen on a beggar, but he will give two silbergroschen to each of five beggars and not feel the cost of his charity. When he is upon his summer travels he will not buy a glass of wine at a station, but he will divide its price between two cups of coffee at two successive stations without a pang.

The subject of summer travel, into which I have drifted, is a sea not to be fathomed or explored in a day. What athletic games were to the Greeks, what the sports of the amphitheatre were to the Romans, what bull-fighting was and still is to the Spaniards, these, and more than these, is the summer excursion to the German of moderate means. In the "Beamtenwelt" this annual expedition has an importance second only to the cares of office. The fiscal, if not the calendar year, dates from the end of one vacation and the return home, to the beginning of the next and the departure. At the same time this universal exodus must not be charged to a universal and frivolous love of pleasure, but rather to a custom or habit—*penes quem jus et arbitrium*—which has long enjoyed the sanction of law. Now, no other being—not even a Chinese clerk—is in the same degree as the German bureaucrat a slave of routine. The summer excursion, the fortnight away from the heat of the city and the scene of labour, is an affair of routine ; but as complex motives urge him to the effort, it happens that while a feeling of duty moves his willing conscience his fancy easily creates for him the theory of a hygienic necessity. Health as well as comfort is supposed to exact the sacrifice.

Thus there is not one *malade imaginaire* in Germany at this season, but thousands. Some of them have daughters whom, like Argan, they might not be unwilling to marry to promising young doctors—*afin d'avoir dans leur famille les sources des remèdes*—but not by any means to restore them to that state of health which would survive the summer without a voyage. Nor would the young ladies themselves take part in such a disastrous conspiracy. They are themselves a part of the pilgrimage, and in many cases a part of the excuse for the pilgrimage; and they share with no less enthusiasm than their father the delights of mountain air and the beneficial effects of hot mineral baths. A person of some importance, the Geheimrath's daughter is also a person of some marked peculiarities. Less sprightly than her American sisters, less handsome than the English, and less graceful than the French, she surpasses them all in the number of languages that she has, or blandly assures you that she has, at her command. Greek and Latin she may not know, for they are studied only by the "emancipated." Before the war of 1870 had revealed to such young persons the flippant and noxious character of French literature, they gave their chief attention to the language of Racine and Corneille; but since that revelation they have taken to English with great energy and enthusiasm. It has even lately become the fashion to dabble in Italian. -

The rôle of the mother in the domestic play is determined in a measure by the age and temper of the daughter. If this latter be of tender years or tender nature; if while in possession of all the conditions of matrimony except a lover she wants spirit herself to correct this defect; if her physical or mental charms, which are apparent, need to be supplemented by the disclosure of more substantial ones which she holds in reserve but cannot herself avow—in this case the tact, and prudence, and resolution of the matron are quite indispensable. If, on the contrary, the daughter be on the edge of despair, which causes temerity—or quite in the abyss itself, which leads to indifference—her part is reversed. A shyness almost painful gives way to a self-assertion which inspires respect and awe. She is no longer the tender ward of the party, but its leader and patron, before whose calm authority and masterly tactics her parents retire in modest, admiring submission. At this period in her life it is her lot and her pleasure to secure the best places in the railway carriage, and to bribe the head waiter for favourable seats at the *table d'hôte*, while in smaller companies she claims for herself the head of the table, and presides over the gastronomic and the æsthetic proceedings with an equal and ready grace. On such occa-

sions she will quote Schiller with great facility, and even recall from her school-girl readings passages from Byron and Alfred de Musset.

The Geheimrath himself takes but a remote interest in these domestic intrigues. While the daughter is adjusting her schemes against some particular man, or the mother with a more sweeping atrocity is conspiring against the sex in general, the father, not so much in ignorance as in a dignified indifference, is smoking his cigar on the balcony, and wondering what would become of the State if he should cease to be. In order to heighten the gravity of this last contingency he will perhaps hint at the possession of some great secret of State, which the initiated know that he first learned two days ago through the *Kreis-Anzeiger*. He had concealed from the uninitiated the source of his news by carefully clipping the item from the single copy of the paper which circulates among his fellow guests. On the other hand he never reveals secrets which he does not possess. He will look profoundly wise when the higher political topics are broached; and at the mention of Bismarck or some other great statesman he will stroke his breast as if he shared with them the mutual advantages of an acquaintance; but he never gratifies the general curiosity by indiscreet revelations. The obligations of unofficial intercourse are, however, less strict. After dinner, when the coffee is served, the Geheimrath will mention his intimate friend Baron von Spitznase, and under proper encouragement disclose many facts about that illustrious nobleman, which could be known only to one from whom he withholds no secrets. I do not mean to suggest that the Geheimrath is an impostor. On the contrary, he is the soul of honour, and would never consciously practise on the credulity of others. But under the influence of that flattery which sycophants never withhold from the great, he comes to cherish a false estimate of his own importance; and once started on this course, it is easier for him to advance than to retreat.

If the bureaucrat does somewhat exaggerate to others and to himself the pathological importance of his annual excursion, it cannot be said that his enjoyment of the same is unreal or unnatural. One thing may be safely asserted—there is no other people so well fitted as the Germans by culture and temperament to enjoy the beautiful in nature. The grand and sublime—a Mont Blanc, or a Niagara, or a Vesuvius—the manifestation, as it were, of the majesty, the power, the passions of the elements—appeal less strongly perhaps to them than the more peaceful charms, which correspond to their own subdued feelings and deep introspective natures. They

possess that finer poetic spirit which does not measure its ecstasies by the height of the mountains that rise in the distance, or by the breadth of the river that rolls along to the sea. The tiny rivulet feeling its way among the hills of Silesia, the peaceful valleys of the Hartz, the idyllic beauties of the Saxon Switzerland, of the Thuringian or of the Black Forest,—these are recognised by the quick eye of the educated German, and viewed with a quiet rapture which the professional tourist never feels. To the practical and resolute spirit of the cockney and the Yankee the world owes better hotels, better railway carriages, better guides and other material reforms, which are not to be decried. But this is all. When the inscrutable will of Providence suffers them, with their vulgar and impious utilitarianism, to intrude into solitudes where nature must be wooed with the soft voice, the loving heart, and the reverent soul, they only disturb the enjoyment of others, without themselves learning to feel its serene and exquisite charm.

No sketch of the Geheimrath's virtues is complete which does not include, as one of the most useful and most constant, if not the most picturesque, his official fidelity. This is in effect a compound virtue. It may be analysed into a traditional honour, inherited from his ancestors, an acquired integrity, the result of education and discipline, a class faithfulness or *esprit de corps*, and a personal and conscious honesty. A cynic might observe that with all these sources of fidelity an unfaithful man could be little less than a madman. It is indeed true that the checks and guards of an elaborate system, the little play afforded to a random and dissolute ambition, and the rigorous discipline which prevails, would keep the service pure, even if a member here and there were not above reproach. This one may concede, and it is the glory of the Prussian bureaucracy; but it does not modify the tribute that must be paid to the bureaucrats themselves. The honest administration of a system may not imply, but it certainly does not exclude, the personal honesty of those who administer it.

Let us be just to these faithful servants of the Prussian Crown. To them quite as much as to the army the State owes her progress in the past and her position to-day; and at a time when parliamentary institutions, by dividing the source of final authority and by opening new fields for ambitious talent, are slowly destroying a system to which unity of control and the command of the best capacity are indispensable, the most radical critic will not refuse the proper homage. It becomes every true Liberal to believe that Prussia is slowly passing from a lower into a higher form of national

life. Even if the distribution of power among a multitude of councillors seem at first to involve a corresponding dissipation of the national strength, it will prove in the end, unless all accepted political principles are false, that a despotic unity of purpose and action is giving way to an elastic democracy in which reflection tempers without crippling impulse, and a rational patriotism becomes the safe support, because the final arbiter, of dynastic fortunes. But the old system was wonderfully efficient. From the King, who regarded himself as the first servant of the State, down to the lowest menial of the offices, the same spirit of zeal, of discipline, of integrity prevailed. Every official before he died hoped to see his son started in the same course over which he himself with so much toil had passed. "I'm going, madame," the Geheimrath would say to his wife—like the Major in Dickens's Christmas story—"I'm going to make our child a Calculating Boy." In the same way every year produced a new instalment of calculating boys, who followed their fathers and their ancestors along the laborious path of the civil service, making a little progress now and then, until, with advanced years and failing strength, they too accepted their pension and retired to a well-earned rest. They are inflexible martinets in their official habits, prosaic and pedantic in the use of their disciplined minds, reserved, formal, stiff, often gruff and rude in their treatment of innocent laymen, but penetrated with a lofty sense of duty such as the Roman Republic always had at her command, but which modern peoples have too often revealed only in great national crises.

The vices of this bureaucracy are perhaps better known than its virtues, but they too demand a brief notice. It was not so much against the Crown, which by itself was almost powerless, as against the vast machinery of administration by which its power was made absolute, that the political agitation and the outbreak of 1848 were directed. When some one observed, in the presence of Professor Gneist, that the March Revolution was a failure because it stopped short of the throne, that distinguished jurist replied, "No! It was a failure because it left the old bureaucracy intact." Dr. Gneist seems to take the English administration for his ideal—at least he has written a history of it, full, it is said, of vast and varied misinformation. He seems, moreover, to have modified somewhat his views of the Prussian system. Advancing years and the judicious favour of the Government have opened his eyes to merits and beauties in the bureaucracy, and he has not scrupled to accept the presidency of the Verwaltungs-Gericht.

This institution itself hints at one of the most objectionable

privileges of the bureaucrat—his exemption as an official from the ordinary responsibilities of the citizen. What he says and does *ex cathedrâ* are beyond the reach of regular tribunals. An offending tax-gatherer, for instance, may not be prosecuted before a justice of the peace, but complaint can be made to his superiors, who in dispensing justice are governed not by the common penal code, but by the rules of the service. There is an investigation, but no trial. The presumption being always that the accused is a persecuted person, and the accuser a malicious foe of society, the proceedings are quite arbitrary and often *ex parte*. The vengeance of a vindicated official having so many opportunities for mischief, and the course of justice being in general so prolonged and uncertain, a citizen with a real grievance will reflect long before he makes a complaint. Like the military aristocracy, the civil aristocracy has its own courts, chosen from its own members, and with their prejudices, of course, in favour of this class. It is but just to say that this vicious system is administered with tolerable fairness. In the more practical branches of the service, and among the lower officials, the examination of complaints is fairly prompt, and such satisfaction as is in any event to be expected is perhaps as sure as by the ordinary criminal processes. It may even be conceded that in the interest of administrative order the under officials ought within certain limits to be free from vexatious criminal suits. In many cases not they themselves, but the system under which they act, is responsible for their misdemeanours.

It remains not the less true that the system is a despotism. It is a despotism of the grossest sort, one which proud and spirited men least easily bear—that of nominal servants against the very society whose contributions assure them their daily bread—that of clerks, and copyists, and accountants, and tax assessors. Edmund Burke said we could not ask of tyranny that it be just, but we had a right to expect that it be imposing. In a declamatory play which once had attraction for young orators, the indifference of the degenerate Romans is moved by a comparison of the imperial splendour with the “horde of petty tyrants” with which they were now afflicted. There is something grand, picturesque, imposing in the power of a Russian Czar. But from this to the tyranny of Prussian bureaucrats is a long descent. Like the Russian system, the Prussian makes its power felt everywhere alike; but, unlike the Russian, it fills with contempt those who tremble before its power. Its master ought to be a Philip II. of Spain, as described by Mr. Motley. It is one of those dull, patient, plodding, ignoble tyrannies, whose sceptre is the

pen instead of the sword, and which by a thousand petty cruelties revenges itself upon society for the obscurity of its birth and the poverty of its appointments.

Finally, it exalts mediocrity and curbs the development of political talent. From its foundation to the present day it has produced but one statesman of the first order, Baron von Stein; and upon him, after his genius had lifted him above its demoralising routine, it waged relentless and successful war. Prince Bismarck is in no sense a creature of the bureaucracy. At the beginning of his career he was indeed in danger of surrendering to its clumsy embraces, and renouncing the real, earnest, manly battle of life; but an accident or a miraculous prudence saved him for diplomacy, for legislation, for statesmanship, for Prussia and for Germany. And as the bureaucracy hated Stein, so it hates Bismarck, with all the calculated fervour of a mathematical nature. It was natural that there should be no harmony between the two. The Prince has substituted in the departments that come under his immediate control, for the mediæval maxim that all public servants answer only to the King, the wholesome principle that they are the subordinates of a responsible Minister; and, as in the case of Count Harry von Arnim, he has claimed, and with great trouble enforced his claim, that he shall be served by officials who are acceptable to himself.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

Edited by his Literary Executor: W. McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

IV.—A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Christmas Eve.

ANOTHER visit from Mrs. Maynard in great distress of mind. Her husband is inexorable, and means to carry into effect his long-meditated purpose of removing from his dwelling her only sister, because she is eccentric and melancholy, and having her placed in confinement in a private asylum many miles from town. The poor soul, my visitor tells me, is usually gentle, unobtrusive, noiseless, given to music and reading; fond of her fernery and devoted to the teaching of a favourite bird the mysteries of vocalisation. At intervals a deep shadow seems to fall upon her, as from some fearful and hated object passing through her memory, which comes unbidden and unbidden goes again. My anxious and unhappy visitor evidently understands the nature of this haunting image, but through delicacy refrains from describing it to me; and with truly feminine tact eludes approach to every subject that she apprehends may lead up to questioning on my part that she is not prepared to meet with unreserve; and this I cannot help perceiving, although I have repeatedly endeavoured to set at rest her apprehensions, by careful disclaimer of the least wish to know any incident of family history that she does not think fit spontaneously to impart. In truth, it is difficult enough to do one's duty under such circumstances without doing more; and the more is pretty certain to be much too much for any good purpose. It is easy to say, Don't listen to recitals of domestic trouble, or confidential cravings for advice in personal perplexity. Where the sense of actual crime brings a delinquent to your sacerdotal feet receive him in your vestry with your surplice on; adjure him to make reparation if he can, and bid him go and sin no more; but here let your ghostly counsel end, and never take the responsibility of giving specific advice as to the future, outside the strict letter of what all recognise as right and wrong. This, of course, is the clearest way for keeping out of difficulties and shirking

some of the less obvious burthens of one's office ; and after some experience and much thought I must own that I see no absolute rule upon the subject fit to follow ; and that the truest wisdom seems to lie in dealing with each case cautiously but candidly as it comes before us, not hoping to escape always some share of blame for mistake, trying only to do the best possible for the saving of moral life actually in danger.

Mrs. Maynard and her daughters (now approaching womanhood) have for some time been among my constant hearers. The quiet but refined taste of her attire has recently contrasted more than formerly with theirs, which pardonably begins to show not excessive but emphatic evidences of resolve to be in the fashion. I think I see ambition in their eyes, especially those of the eldest ; and from many little traits and circumstances I am led to surmise that from their father they have had many a hint if not actually an incentive to look socially upwards rather than around. Occasionally I hear of their accompanying him in excursions out of town. When their mother is not of the party, her sister (who is not very much older than the daughters) comes with her to evening service ; and though I cannot say that I have myself been able to distinguish her voice, others have done so, and been struck with its silvery and sympathetic quality and with that rarest of characteristics in congregational music : the expressive articulation of the words. But upon all occasions she avoids making acquaintances ; and beyond a silent and courteous recognition, when I have sometimes called in Park Street, I have seen nothing of her in private, or learned from any one save her sister what might enable one to form an opinion of the state of her intellect and temper. I fear that naturally Mrs. Maynard—who has brought her up and cared for her with maternal care, loving her, as she says, ever since they were left parentless, with more affection and solicitude than she can tell—depicts her disposition in the most favourable colours, and extenuates more generously than judiciously her faults. She can do anything with her, from the perfect ascendancy she has now over her too susceptible nature, by kindness and firmness delicately intertwined. For days and weeks she seems to dwell in the calm of early sunshine, easily pleased and amused and undisturbed apparently by regrets or wants. She has not been known at any time to betray a thought of harshness or aversion, towards any of the household ; and by its limited circle she is content that the sphere of her harmless life shall be bounded. When the thunder cloud lowers, as it does sometimes suddenly over her hapless head, the watchful eye of motherly sisterhood quickly

perceives it, and hastens to afford the shelter of her sympathy till the peril of the storm be past. It is not always possible to combine the performance of this duty with that of the ordinary obligations appertaining to the mistress of a family. Mr. Maynard—who, as far as I can judge, is a respectable, busy, matter-of-fact man, without sentiment of any kind, or much feeling—does not disguise his vexation at his wife's occasional absence from table, and the sending of an apology when he wishes her to accept the invitation, "all on account of that crazy creature, whom she thinks more of, he believes, than of any of her own children." He probably believes nothing of the kind, except when he is put out for the moment at breakfast; and if when he returns home at seven Mrs. Maynard is ready to receive him with pleasant looks and words, and if the dinner is not overdone, and the new horse is reported to have gone perfectly in harness in the afternoon, he forgets his petulance about the poor recluse upstairs, and thinks his helpmate should forget it too. Unhappily for her own peace poor Mrs. Maynard keeps all his words of complaint and threat regarding Lucy, and ponders them in her heart. Having never actually disobeyed or thwarted him, she shrinks from having to do so should the emergency ever come. Yet she cannot preserve her self-possession when she contemplates its coming. And when her fancy realises the horror of witnessing the removal by stratagem or force of the helpless being whose preservation from loneliness and misery has been her daily care for years, all her equanimity vanishes, the habitual ties of obedience snap in twain, and the yielding wife is forgotten in the good and courageous woman. "I have never told him, but sooner or later I will, that Lucy shall not be sent away, and if"—at the unuttered thought her fortitude breaks down and she is overwhelmed in grief and agony.

Moderate and temperate words are of little avail while the paroxysms last. I have witnessed two or three of them and know what is to follow. I own that now I have a selfish, cowardly dread of the question sure to be put to me in broken accents—"What am I to do? tell me, do tell me what I ought to do." I am not ashamed to write it down that when first asked this touching question I felt only as if I were choking, and with great difficulty regained the self-possession needful to give any weight to advice. What I said on the spur of the moment matters little, but it amounted to no more than a variety of suggestions as to the improbability of the dire extremity she feared ever actually arising; and the possibility of some alternative being hit upon that would provide for the safety and comfort of her sister without their separation.

But scenes like these and others I have heard of set one thinking ; and I have reasoned myself into the belief that we should try whether something may not usefully be done and therefore ought not to be tried through the medium of public exhortation. To keep awake the conscience of well-to-do and well-behaved people it is needful occasionally to quit the generalisms of warning and to fix attention on exceptional sins of selfishness or inhumanity which more or less beset us all. The good that may be done by such appeals is not measurable by the percentage of wrong actually done in decorous households, in most of which the occasion has never arisen, and whose members know not themselves how far they would yield to the evil whispering of temptation should the time of trial come. It may never come ; yet even then preventive admonition is not thrown away. Sound opinions on questions of social duty are impalpably communicated in the moral air we breathe ; and none of us know how much we are indebted to the sustaining right-mindedness of friends and neighbours in keeping us right-minded too. When making money by the theft and sale of Negroes was first denounced in pulpit and on platform, there were right reverend prelates and right honourable politicians who called it bad taste to introduce disputable topics of the kind in the house of prayer. From of old, the moneyed interest and all who appertain unto them, or ask them to dine, have ever been in favour of winking hard in the temple and letting things established be. Everybody did not buy and sell blackamoors ; only a comparative few : why talk at a small section of the community or at individuals ? Much better keep in the higher latitudes of abstract morals and general virtue, where nobody in particular could feel hit or hurt. Was not slave trading enjoined by Queen Elizabeth, encouraged by Cromwell, and defended by the Government of George the Third ? You might call it cruel and barbarous if you liked, but was it not notorious that very respectable people had made fortunes in this way ? And just look at the handsome sums they subscribed for the Infirmary. Better leave Parliament to settle these matters ; and keep to the mystery of original sin, the evils of a bad temper, and the uncertainty of human life : as if poor, struggling, tempted, sorrow-stricken, or way-worn humanity were to be comforted or purified by any number of homilies after this pattern. Happily the disciples of Clarkson and Wilberforce, whether in broad brim or cassock, thought not so. It was not to the opulent and noble slave traders they talked when they talked at them. It was the surrounding indifferentism of the community that had to be stirred and warmed, enlightened and organised, by precept upon precept, and line upon line,

before a national reproach could be put away. How long it took and how many adjurations to touch with true pity and true piety first one and then another congregation, here a constituency, there another, by degrees a politician or two, while Cabinet Ministers in both Houses yielded more slowly, it would need long to tell.

It was to the uninfluentials mainly their appeals were addressed. Individually powerless these proved collectively irresistible: for herein lies the magic and might of the democratic element, that its concentrated weakness is strength.

Something of a like revolution in public morals was wrought within our own recollection by unauthorised objurgation and popular interdict with regard to duelling. No public man in our grandfathers' time could hold his ground in public life if he refused to meet in mortal combat the firebrand or the scapegrace who chose to fix a quarrel on him about anything or nothing. Royalty, nobility, fashion, the mess-room, and the House of Commons, all concurred in cutting the man who refused to fight, and thirty years have not elapsed since a brave and gentle soldier feared to decline the challenge of his own brother-in-law about a trumpety squabble, and fell mortally wounded by that brother's hand within the sound of St. Paul's bell!

Pitt, when at the zenith of his power, dared not refuse to meet Tierney in a quarry-hole, and risked a life on which the fate of Europe hung, for equivocal expressions used in debate; while sanctimonious Speaker Addington looked on from a distance trembling with anxiety, but not venturing to interpose. Canning and Castlereagh, quarrelling in Cabinet about the inefficiency of an expedition, fired at one another at the appointed signal with deadly aim. Grattan, as an old man, bade his son on entering Parliament speak boldly what he felt to be the truth, and keep his pistols loaded. The Duke of Wellington, when Prime Minister, thought it incumbent on him fourteen years after Waterloo to send a message to a blatant blockhead like Lord Winchilsea on account of a political impertinence; and on a Sunday morning the spectacle was beheld of England's most illustrious son staking, at five-and-twenty paces, his life against that of a man for whom neither sect or party cared a jot. There is still living a member of the House of Commons to whom a hostile message was sent by a noble marquis for having said in debate of a Bill sent down from the Upper House that its worth might be estimated by that of the peer who had introduced it there. Sir Robert Peel, when Secretary for Ireland, offered to travel from Dublin to Calais to have the pleasure of a shot at O'Connell. Jeffery, accompanied by Horner, could not refuse to give Tom

Moore satisfaction at Chalk Farm for a disagreeable article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and their seconds being bunglers at loading the pistols, walked up and down chatting pleasantly enough, as the morning was cold, till interrupted by the police: and thenceforth they were the best of friends.

Who in England would fight a duel now? Yet the marvellous change was brought about not by statute or by statesmanship, nor by orders of the day from the Horse Guards, but by the indomitable persistency of a moral revolt inspired by appeals to Christian principle. I well remember being severely reprimanded by a very reverend divine for a fling I had when a curate in a garrison town at the sinfulness of what were called "affairs of honour"; for I "ought to have known that one of the magistrates present had exchanged shots with a bishop's brother only the year before, and nobody who knew the difference and was really fit to judge of such things thought he could have done otherwise." Thank God, I was not convinced, and I kept up a dropping fire in my own way against the ruthless practice so long as it endured.

But are there not other barbarities allowed by law and sanctioned by authority in Church and State, as palpable and prevalent as those we have seen put down? The palpability may be denied, and the scope of the prevalence questioned. The old Greeks flung their deformed infants out of doors by night, that they might perish before they had the faculty of recognition or speech to upbraid their parents for their selfishness. We threaten to hang for infanticide, no matter how helpless and desperate the poor unwilling delinquent. But are we not more heathenish than the heathen in our conventional mode of dealing with the weak or mis-shapen, not in body but in mind? And are not our utilitarian statutes more pagan in principle and practice than those of Lycurgus, in that they encourage the nurture of children till they are of an age to crave sympathy, to long for love, and to writhe under repulsion and humiliation—justified on no other plea than that it is economical and convenient so to disregard the first law of being. "Shall a mother forsake the fruit of her womb?" I took the passage for my text three weeks ago, desiring to startle my hearers into consciousness of the immorality which society sanctions in the treatment of what are called the insane: and ever since I have been undergoing a species of private cross-examination by all sorts and conditions of men, who don't like my doctrine because it hits them hard in a sore place; and by not a few women desolate and oppressed, who beseech me to tell them how they may contrive to rescue from imprisonment the helpless

ones, the care of whom they have been unwillingly forced to resign.

Some of these interrogatories have been harrowing in the extreme. Curious instances of the mischievousness of madness, and pitiable recitals of the helplessness of those who are called half-witted, have come before me; and I am obliged to own that there may be and that there are cases where exceptional restraint is unavoidable and seclusion necessary. But the more I hear of the habit in practice of confounding all who are not "quite right in the head" with the very few, comparatively speaking, who are dangerous and "clean daft," the more utterly selfish and abominable it appears to me; and the more demoralising the legislation that stimulates the growth of the evil by providing without stint splendid-looking bastilles for the ever-increasing victims of our *lettres de cachet*. Silently and certainly the struggling classes of society are induced to fling into these receptacles, built and maintained at the public expense, the weak ones of the household, who, if there be any piety in pity, any virtue in mercy, have claims inalienable and ineffable on the family solicitude. Year by year we see these gigantic structures rising, with castellated summits and grim portals, in the suburbs of our towns, and as fast as they are raised they are filled. The people are taught to cast off their burthen and duty, as respects the partially impotent or occasionally crazed. The sufferers are made away with ere they know whither they are going; incarcerated at the bidding of those who are most bound to protect them against injustice; consigned to hard and often harsh custody, along with a crowd of dejected and distracted creatures abandoned and banished like themselves; and doomed to find their most earnest appeals for liberation met by the turnkey's supercilious smile or threatening frown. I have looked into a sad variety of cases brought under my notice in the course of my ministry; and few have been the exceptions where anything like criminal or destructive perversity could be shown to exist. My experience abundantly confirms a recent official statement, that not more crimes of violence are committed by those who are indiscriminately called mad, than by an equal number of the sane. Wickedness and destructiveness must of course be baulked of their prey. The difference of treatment between the unconsciously demented and the deliberate evil-doer must turn on the question of their mental accountability. But it is the mere cruelty of indolence, worthlessness, or worldliness, to say that the majority of weak-witted creatures or sufferers from sentimental or nervous monomania are lunatics fit to be caged in the same menagerie with the intractable

and untameable creatures who are utterly bereft of reason. The perversity and persistency of incoherence on one particular subject are no doubt very provoking to unfeeling common sense. Social ambition is fretted and mortified by the imputation of "madness in the family;" and the greed of gain chafes at the unproductiveness of harmless youth or mourning age dreaming or weeping away life in solitude. Yet there is no falsehood greater than that which confounds eccentricity with lunacy, and incoherency on some particular theme with permanent and entire loss of understanding.

It is only of a piece with the older but now obsolete falsity which in our grandfathers' time was held to be orthodox truth, that the children of Africa were justly doomed by Heaven to serve as cattle for the white men through all generations, to punish the impiety of Ham.

(To be continued.)



RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS
KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.
BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

PART VIII.



T Newcastle I met with the scholarly John Adamson, author of "Lusitania Illustrata"; and on my way thither I encountered a being of whom I cannot do other now than linger a few moments to speak. My most amiable and earliest northern friend, Henry Barry Peacock, of Manchester, hearing that I was engaged at Newcastle-on-Tyne, recommended me to pause on my journey thither at Darlington, where he would introduce me to his cousin, Beddoes Peacock, the medical professor of the district. This was one of the most interesting events of my social intercourse in life. In the first instance, I was introduced to a pale, bland, most cheerful-looking, and somewhat young man, lying out upon a sofa, from which he did not rise to greet me. His manner and tone of reception were so graceful, and so remarkable was the expression of an un-common-place pair of eyes, that I felt suddenly released from the natural suspension of an immediate familiarity. He first of all explained the cause of his not rising to receive me. It was, that he could only move the upper part of his frame. His coachman and "Total-help" lifted him from sofa to dinner-table; and, finally, to his night-couch, which was a regular hospital water-bed. This is the most indefinite outline (for the moment) that I can give of the daily course of action of this most intensely—most attractively engrossing being, who fulfilled a constant series of medical, and (if requisite) of even surgical practice. With all his impedimental difficulties, so thoroughly, so profoundly esteemed was Dr. Peacock that his patients—lady-patients included—submitted to his being brought by his coachman to their bedside. This is a bare glance at his then course of life: with equal brevity I inform my readers that in his younger days he was a very active and athletic sportsman, ready for every action required, from the chase of the otter to the stag-hunt. One day, by some accident—the particulars of which (for evident

reason) I would not require of himself—two men were in danger of drowning—one trying to save the other, and both being unable to swim—Dr. Peacock darted into the water, bade them be quiet, and hold back their heads. They were fortunately near enough to the bank for him to pull them within their depth, and he saved both. Whether from the noble service he then performed, or whether from some indescribable cause unknown to himself and his scientific brethren, he, shortly after this heroic act, was seized with the calamitous affection above described. My own opinion is, that the attack was indigenous; for his sister was prostrated with the same complaint; and every day, when he went out professionally, he always drove by her house; and she, expecting him, was always lying by her window, when they *cheerfully* nodded to each other. I have known very few individuals—not exclusively devoted to literary studies—who possessed so decided an accomplishment in high-class conversation: he was, of course, in education a classic; and for poetic reading he had a passionate fondness. Upon receiving a presentation-copy of "The Riches of Chaucer," he acknowledged the gift with a sonnet, which I feel no appreciator of poetical composition will read without a sympathetic feeling:—

Full many a year, to ease the baleful stound
 Of blows by Fortune given, in mood unkind,
 No greater balm or solace could I find
 Than wand'ring o'er the sweet oblivious ground
 Where Poets dwell. The gardens perfum'd round
 Of modern Bards first kept me long in thrall:
 On Shakespeare's breezy heights at length I found
 Freshness eterne—trees, flowers, that never pall,
 Nor farther wished to search. A friendly voice
 Whisper'd "Still onward! much remains unsung;
 Old England's youthful days shall thee rejoice,
 When her strong-hearted Muse first found a tongue:
 'Mongst Chaucer's groves that pathless seem and dark
 Wealth is in store for thee."—God bless you, Clarke!

BEDDOES PEACOCK.

4th June, 1846.

When I was at Carlisle nothing could exceed the frank hospitality of Robert Ferguson, then Mayor of that ancient city and fine border-town; and he subsequently gratified me by a presentation-copy of each of his valuable and interesting books—"The Shadow of the Pyramid," "The Pipe of Repose," "Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains," and "The Northmen of Cumberland and Westmoreland."

If it were only for the sterling sound-headed and sound-hearted people with whom my lecture career brought me into delightful

connection, I should always look back upon that portion of my life with a sense of gratification and gratitude.

We were never able to indulge much in what is called "Society," or to go to many parties; but at the few to which we were able to accept invitations, we met more than one person whom it was pleasure and privilege to have seen. Westland Marston, Robert Charles Leslie, Clarkson Stanfield, Sydney Dobeil, Henry Chorley, Mrs. Newton Groeland (with whom our acquaintance then formed has since ripened into highly-valued letter-friendship), and Miss Mulock, we found ourselves in company with; while at John Rolt's dinners we encountered some of the first men in his profession. It had been our joy to watch the rapid rise of this most interesting and most intellectual man, from his youthful commencement as a barrister, through his promotion as Queen's Counsel, his honours as Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Judge, Sir John Rolt; and always to know him the same kindly, cordial, warm-hearted friend, and simple-mannered true gentleman, from first to last. Whether, as the young rising barrister, with his modest suburban home,—where we have many times supped with him, and been from thence accompanied by him on our way home in the small hours after midnight, lured into lengthened sittings by his enchanting conversation and taste for literary subjects,—or whether seated at the head of his brilliant dinner-circle at his town-house in Harley Street,—or when he was master of Ozleworth Park, possessed of all the wealth and dignity that his own sole individual exertions had won for him,—Rolt was an impersonation of all that is noble and admirable in English manhood. With a singularly handsome face, eyes that were at once penetrating and sweet, and a mouth that for chiselled beauty of shape was worthy of belonging to one of the sculptured heads of Grecian antique art, he was as winning in exterior as he was attractive from mental superiority; and when we have sometimes sat over the fire, late at night, after the majority of his guests had departed, and lingered on talking of Purcell's music, or Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" or any topic that chanced for the moment to engage his thoughts, we have felt John Rolt's fascination of appearance and talk to be irresistibly alluring.

The mention of two great artist-names reminds us of the exceptional pleasure we have had from what intercourse we have enjoyed with celebrated artists. While one of us was still in her childhood, John Varley was known to her father and mother; and one or two of his choicest water-colour pictures are still in careful preservation with us. There is one little piece—a view of Cader Idris—on a small square

of drawing-paper, that might easily be covered by the spread palms of two hands, which is so exquisite in subdued colouring and effect of light on a mountain-side, that William Etty used to say of it that it made him wish he had been a water-colour painter instead of a painter in oils. Once, when John Varley came to see his friend Vincent Novello, he told of a circumstance that had happened which excited the strongest sympathy and bitterest wrath in the hearers. It appeared that a new maid-servant had taken for kindling her fires a whole drawer-ful of his water-colour sketches, fancying they were waste-paper! He was very eccentric; and at one time had a whim for astrology, believing himself to be an adept in casting nativities. He inquired the date of birth, &c., of Vincent Novello's eldest child; and after making several abstruse calculations of "born under this star," and when that planet was "in conjunction with t'other," &c., he assured Mrs. Novello that her daughter would marry late, and have a numerous family of children, all of whom would die young. The daughter in question married early, and never had a single child!

Another charming water-colour artist known to the Novellos was William Havell; one of whose woody landscapes is still in treasured existence, as well as a sketch he took of M. C. C. in Dame Quickly's costume. Holland, too, the landscape painter, was pleasantly known to me (C. C. C.); and on one occasion, when I met him at the house of a mutual friend, he showed me an exquisite collection of remarkable sunsets that he had sketched from time to time as studies for future use and introduction into pictures.

At one time we knew William Etty well. It was soon after his return from Italy, where he went to study; and we recollect a certain afternoon, when we called upon him in his studio at his chambers in one of the streets leading off from the Strand down to the Thames, and found him at his easel, whereon stood the picture he was then engaged upon, "The Bevy of Fair Women," from Milton's "Paradise Lost." We remember the rich reflection of colour from the garland of orange lilies round the waist of one fair creature thrown upon the white creamy skin of the figure next to her; and Etty's pleasure when we rapturised over the effect produced. He was a worshipper of colour-effects, and we recollect the enthusiasm with which he noticed the harmony of blended tints produced by a certain goldy-brown silk dress and a canary-coloured crape kerchief worn by one of his visitors, as she stood talking to him. It was on that same afternoon that he made us laugh by telling us of an order he had to paint a picture for some society, or board, or company, who gave him

for his subject a range of line-of-battle ships giving fire in a full broadside! Etty roared with laughter as he exclaimed "*Me!* fancy giving *me* such a subject!! Fancy *my* painting a battle-piece!!!" He said that the English, generally speaking, had little general taste or knowledge in art, adding: "You must always take an Englishman by the hand and lead him up to a painting, and say, 'That's a good picture,' before he can really perceive its merits."

Of Leslie we entertain the liveliest recollection on an evening when we met him at a party and he fell into conversation about Shakespeare's women as suited for painting, and asked us to give him a Shakespearian subject for his next picture. We suggested the meeting between Viola and Olivia, with Maria standing by; seeing in imagination the charming way in which Leslie would have given the just-withdrawn veil from Olivia's half-disdainful, half-melting, wholly beautiful face, Viola's womanly loveliness in her page's attire, and Maria's mischievous roguery of look as she watches them both.

Clarkson Stanfield lives vividly in our memory, as we last saw him, when we were in England in 1862, in his pretty garden-surrounded house at Hampstead. He showed us a portfolio of gorgeous sketches made during a tour in Italy, two of which remain especially impressed upon our mind. One was a bit taken on Mount Vesuvius about daybreak, with volumes of volcanic smoke rolling from the near crater, touched by the beams of the rising sun; the other was a view of Esa, a picturesque sea-side village perched on the summit of a little rocky hill, bosomed among the olive-clad crags and cliffs of the Cornice road between Nice and Turbia.

(To be continued.)



A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE,"
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S
FORTUNE," &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIII.

Thou know'st him not, Balthasar. He is one
Who cannot blush, because his heart is red
With all the blood that flies to brazen brows.
An hypocrite is he, who pays to Vice
The homage due to Virtue : he will shrink
From honourable praise, as if 'twere writ
That honour is dishonour when 'tis crowned.
. Ay, he would find
In very martyrdom no thorns but one,
And that—its palm.



HE rest of the evening was dull enough. Beatrice went to the piano of her own accord at last, and played scraps in order to prevent general conversation. She had fairly thrown off all responsibility, and everything must now go either its own way or as Abel chose to guide. Annie, as she looked from one to the other, was anything but pleased : and the less so as Captain Burnett, so soon as the general circle was restored, lapsed even more utterly than before into the affectation that he had laid by when he was alone with her at the piano. He seemed perversely bent upon showing himself to Beatrice at his very worst, or at any rate in the character that she thought most disagreeable. Can he possibly be shy? thought Annie. Or can Bee actually have offended him? He did not, however, let Abel's presence drive him away, so she began to hope that he might be intending to outstay his supposed rival. But he disappointed her again. When Abel said good night the Captain said good night too.

"Bee," began Annie, half timidly, as soon as the two young men were gone,

"I wish people wouldn't stay so long. I'm going to bed—I'm tired."

"Bee—has anything happened that I don't know? Do tell me, please. There's nothing I wouldn't tell you."

The dreaded question had come at last. "What makes you ask that now, Annie? What was Captain Burnett saying to you between your songs?"

"My dear Bee, he cares for you still."

"He's more stupid than I took him for. I'm not worth caring about—I wish he would care for you, Annie. I do like him—in a way. Though he has been a soldier I really believe he is a good young man, and I know you are a good girl. You would both go happily through life, singing Italian duets together in thirds all your days."

"How can you talk like that, Bee! He cares for you, and you know it: and yet you seem to take a pleasure in making him miserable."

"What's a man worth who can be made miserable by a thing like a woman? If he is miserable, he deserves to be."

"I know you look down upon all men, Bee. But"——

"But I look down on women still more. And as for Captain Burnett, would you have me treat him kindly? It would be flirting with him, in the very worst way. He ought to be cured of his folly, and I ought to make myself as disagreeable to him as I can."

"That isn't the way to cure men."

"Well, I don't know much about it, I own. I never walked the hospitals—I mean the ball-rooms. Good night, Annie. I've had enough of everybody to-night to last me a year."

"Something has happened, I know. And oh, Bee, it must be something very strange if you keep it from me."

"Don't vex me, Annie, please—you know I've been wretched for weeks—and I told you why long ago. Don't ask me anything more now. If I seem close and secret, I have good reasons. Don't be anxious, there's a dear girl. There is nothing you won't know at the proper time."

"No—you told me you were tired of home: but I'm talking of days, not weeks ago. You were only discontented then, but now you are miserable. And I'm as certain it has to do with Mr. Herrick"——

"I'm not miserable—I'm happy—at least I shall be, when we all are. Don't vex me now: my head is splitting. Good night."

"Good night, dear.—Good-bye."

"Good-bye?"

Yes—good-bye."

* * * * *

"Which way are you going, Mr. Herrick?" asked the Captain, lighting a cigar.

"To the Temple. That's not your way, I suppose?"

"For the present. I want to speak to you."

"By all means."

"It's about that fire that we were talking about in the train. You said you saved Miss Deane in your sleep. Should you be very much surprised to hear that you never saved her at all?" There was scarcely a shadow of affectation about Sleepy Dick now—Abel could hardly believe him to be the same man.

"What do you mean? I told you"—

"Well?"

"That I can tell you nothing about it. I have not thought of it since, and I can tell you no more now."

"Well—I have. And I have come to the conclusion you made a mistake. I'm sorry to disturb a pleasant illusion, but others have been thinking about it as well as I. You ought to be told that you no more saved Miss Deane than you saved me."

"You seem to know a great deal more about it than I do, certainly. Who do you suppose saved Miss Deane, then? A spirit?"

"No—a pair of legs, a tree, and a pair of arms. There's neither merit nor miracle, for the thing was as easy as this cigar. I—I happened to be passing, and I carried Miss Deane out of the fire. Forgive me for not telling you sooner, but I really hadn't the heart to disappoint you. You seemed to think so much of a trifle that it would have been a shame."

It is hardly possible to be credited by universal consent with an act of heroism without coming to regard it as one's own property, or to believe that universal consent, even if contrary to the evidence of one's own senses, can possibly be wrong.

"You!" exclaimed Abel with more amazement at the Captain's impudence than comprehension that he was being accused of imposture. "Are you joking? And I do not call it a trifle to have saved Miss Deane—or anybody."

"Nor do I—now. But I never joke, and I never dream. I wouldn't even have mentioned it, only I think you ought to explain."

"So I would, if I could believe that you had saved her, and yet held your tongue without any reason. Pardon me, but if you never dreamed before I think you must be dreaming now. I never said I saved Miss Deane. I don't say it now. Only it was nobody, if it was not I."

"I never could learn logic. But aren't you drawing upon 'if' rather extensively? I don't say 'if' at all. I know."

"And suppose I say I know?"

"You won't—you are a logician, and would never fly in the face of the best reason going."

"And what's that?"

"It would be a lie."

Abel, though the blood rushed to his face at the mere mention of a thing of which he was incapable, was bewildered to such an extent by at last hearing a spade called a spade that he knew not how to answer. He was not the first man, as many could have told, who on the rare occasions when this sleepy soldier roused himself felt in the presence of a master.

"Of course you understand me," went on the Captain with cool politeness. "It would be the height of insolence on my part to suppose you will let anybody think of you what isn't true. You will thank me, I am sure, for enabling you to put matters right. In return I will only ask you not to mention my name. You are not losing any real credit, for the whole thing was as easy as the alphabet, and I don't want to be made a lion of for doing what was really nothing at all."

"I am really puzzled," said Abel, abstractedly. "It is really becoming a curious study in psychology."

"Quite so," said the Captain.

"You save a girl from a great fire: you let another man be thought to have done so: you say nothing. That is strange. But if it is consistent with any theory of human nature, your speaking now must be inconsistent: and if speaking is consistent, your silence must be obviously absurd. We are on the horns of a dilemma."

"Perhaps there is a third horn."

"Pardon me—a dilemma can have but two horns."

"Well then, this can't be a dilemma, for you have certainly forgotten one thing—that a thing's being very absurd doesn't prevent its being true."

"There I differ from you. And as it is for me to judge, I certainly shall not commit the absurdity of telling a story which no reasonable being could possibly believe."

"Well—it will be deucedly disagreeable—but if you won't, I suppose I must, that's all."

"And you would expect to be believed?"

"People generally believe what I say. And if they didn't, it would be true, all the same."

"And why have you made this strange explanation to me?"

"That's my affair."

"Perhaps I know the reason even better than you. Shall I tell you why?"

"By all means."

"I will show you I have not studied magic, as well as logic, for nothing. You think I have too much influence with Miss Deane, to whom you made an offer of marriage on the gravel path just under the terrace at Longworth on the twenty-seventh of February exactly four years ago at half-past eight in the morning. You were refused. If you care to test my clairvoyance farther, I can tell you the very words that passed between you. And now, finding that I can give no clear account of what happened during the fire, you think you will be able to destroy my credit by making a blind tool of me, and without your hand being seen in the affair. Have I not read your thoughts? It is just as well that I can, or I might have believed your story. But now I can only come to the conclusion that if I am dreaming you are—well, dreaming too."

He drew a long breath after this speech. Its logical coherence satisfied, almost convinced, even himself: and the part of the clairvoyant pleased his imagination. He had not the least wish to avoid a quarrel with the man whom of all others he detested, and rather courted the occasion.

"Holloa!" exclaimed the Captain, stopping short in the act of relighting his cigar. "You seem to be pretty wide-awake for a somnambulist. So you're a clairvoyant too—who was the medium, the spirits or the key-hole? You're quite right though—I do think you have a great deal too much influence over Miss Deane. Indeed I'm sure of it now. Perhaps you can put my immediate thought into words?"

"I should not be very far out if I tried, I dare say."

"Well, I won't give you the trouble. I'm thinking that I was wrong to call you a cad. I ought to have called you a black-guard."

"What! You intend me to give you a chance of shooting me? Then I do give it you, and the sooner the better."

"And I refuse."

"Then—and you call yourself a gentleman?"

"No, I don't. I leave it to other people to call me so, and I hope they do."

"They won't much longer, though. They will call you a coward."

"Names are nothing—it's the people who give them that matter."

You don't seem to understand. If a gentleman—to use your word—wanted me to fight him for calling him a blackguard, I would swallow the absurdity of nineteenth century duelling and go through all the farce of Calais sands. But then you see I could never have called a gentleman a blackguard, and I should be owning that I had if I went out with you."

"You mean you have a right to insult people as much as you please and go scot free?"

"Quite so."

"You shall be posted in every club in London."

"My good fellow, do talk sense. You know I shan't be anything of the kind. I don't even know how it's done."

"This is intolerable. You are leaving me nothing to do but horse-whip you."

"I can't prevent your trying, certainly."

"We are to be enemies, then."

"Not at all. I choose my enemies for much the same qualities that I choose my friends. I only want you to understand one thing. I am the only one who seems to know what your dreams are worth. You are utterly wrong in thinking that I have any pretensions to Miss Deane. But I mean to stand by her all the same, and I'll save her from such as you if I have to go through a thousand times worse than fire."

Abel cursed his ill luck in not being provided with an answer on the spot. But he soon consoled himself. "I never imagined," he thought, "that a blockhead could have so much cunning. It is clear enough why he wants to hide his own name. Even if I were certain that I had not saved Beatrice it would be cowardice, and nothing else, to say it because I was ordered—bullied into saying it, indeed. And who am I that I should set up my doubts against the logic of circumstance? If I did not save her, nobody saved her—and she is saved. Why he was at his mother's cottage under the bedclothes: at two in the morning people don't happen to be passing by. Is he afraid of being suspected of causing the fire? The idea of a man saving the life of a girl he loves and holding his tongue!" The more he thought of it, the more convinced was he that the Captain, for his own purposes, had deliberately lied, and that he had had no more to do with the saving of Beatrice Deane than the man in the moon. Otherwise he would not have come to Abel, but have gone straight to Beatrice and claimed his laurels. "He save her from such as I! It is well that I have been able to save her from such as he."

But in one respect the man of fact and the man of fancy, he who slept without dreaming and he who dreamed without sleeping, were equally wrong. Beatrice had not given her soul into Abel's hands because he had saved her body. The true history of that gift had been the history of years. The Joiner in the play was right in giving supreme importance to uneventful days, and all that the fire had done was to burn in their passing, marks indelibly.

CHAPTER XIV.

The tailor had a single eye,
And ~~oke~~ a single soul:
When others strained at half a lie
He swallowed up the whole.

So trustful-hearted he had grown,
So honest to the core,
That when the lie was all his own
He trusted it the more :

And no waste inch he made an ell,
As wicked tailors do—
For, not by theft, but miracle,
From ell to yard it grew.

MR. DEANE'S obstinacy had its heroic side. The burning of Longworth was an all-sufficient reason for its being built up again in greater perfection than before, with all the old blunders corrected. It was not now for Tom that he was building, but for honour's sake—the honour of a man who had once committed himself to the impossibility of giving in. If he gave in about Longworth, or anything else, there would be a loop-hole left for giving in about Tom—he would be unable to defend his stubbornness on the ground that "I never gave in since I was born." "If there is any truth at all in old proverbs," thought Mrs. Burnett, as from the safety of her cottage she watched the building, "and they contradict one another so desperately that exactly one half of them *must* be true, then Deane's heirs ought to be Solons, on the principle of Who build houses for Whom to live in. So it won't be Bee, anyhow. There's not much of the Solon about her now—unless it's a Solon goose." Which unnatural as well as unnatural pun showed that Mrs. Burnett's heart must have been sorely troubled indeed about Bee.

The owner of Longworth took up his quarters at the cottage on the frequent occasions when he left the passive discomfort of Arlington Gardens to forget it as well as he could in the busy idleness of bricks and mortar. These are the material whence the inartistic

mind endeavours to draw the consolations of art by creating to order some new living thing. Mrs. Burnett was interested too, in spite of herself, for, after all, a house is something real. But she was still more interested in the question of who was to be the soul of this elaborate body—that is to say, who was to live there in time to come.

“Who,” she asked one evening after dinner, with her usual contempt for tact, “is to be master of all this fine place when you and I are lodged in the kirk-yard? I hope ye’ve done nothing yet to hurt Tom?”

“We’re not going to die yet awhile, Mrs. Burnett. You talk of it very coolly.”

“Why not? I’m not good Christian enough to want to die, so I must be content with thinking of it coolly. You are a good Christian, I know, so I dare say you don’t understand my want of hurry to get to heaven. And of course, being in such a hurry, ye’ve made it all right for Tom?”

“Tom has made his own choice, with open eyes. I won’t force Longworth upon him against his will.”

“Who’s to have it, then?”

“I’ve made my own arrangements, Mrs. Burnett, and they are just ones. Forgive my saying it’s not usual to ask people questions about their wills. There’s something sacred about a will.”

“Of course it’s not usual, or I wouldn’t have asked it.”

“Why do you want to know?”

“Because I want to know as much as I can before I die. I’m past seventy now, and though I’m younger than when I was seventeen, one can’t go on getting younger for ever. Ye’ll tell me, I’m sure. If ye don’t ye may outlive me, and then I’ll never know.”

“You seem to think life and death a very amusing thing, Mrs. Burnett—I can’t say I do. I’ve left Longworth to my niece Beatrice. Are you satisfied now?”

“All to Bee? Poor lassie!”

“Of course. I couldn’t split the estate. It would be destroying all the work of the family for centuries—and such a house even on a moderate estate would be the laughing-stock of the county. Annie will be treated as a younger son, and be much better off than most of them. Are you content now?”

“Not at all. Ye’ve done a very stupid thing. I wonder who’ll Bee marry? Any way, she’ll have a wide choice, if not a very varied one. She’ll be just a dove among the hawks”——

"I hope to see both my girls married happily—and to give them away, too, in spite of your prophecies."

"I hope so too. How would ye like young Abel Herrick, now, to be master of Longworth, and to represent the Vanes, and the Eliots, and the Deanes?"

"Well?" asked Mr. Deane sharply, "and what harm would it be?"

"Guid guide us!" exclaimed the old lady, relapsing once more into her native breadth of tone. "Why, I meant to have scared ye out of your seven wits—and ye can't talk coolly of death, and yet ye can of marriage, though it's so often the greater ill!"

"What if he were, I say? You think I'm blind, Mrs. Burnett, I see, because I don't interfere. That's like all women—we don't talk about everything we see, and so they think we're blind. What have you to say against Herrick? There may be a cloud about his origin, and it may be in the shape of a bend sinister for aught I know—but I hope you know me better than to think me such a prejudiced bigot as to—as to— Birth is all very well, Mrs. Burnett, but I've never been one to put birth above character or brains. I approve of the young man in every way, and if you knew him as well as I do you would approve of his sentiments on every possible subject. "When Adam dolve and Eva span, Who was then the gentleman?"

"His sentiments? No doubt—I rarely meet with people of whose sentiments I don't approve. But I don't approve of your quotation. 'Twas written by a rebel, and ye might as well ask When men and swine lived on acorns, Where was then *pâté de foie gras*? And yet ye can't deny that there is such a thing now, and that it's a very good thing too."

"You are a woman of genius, Mrs. Burnett. I value your opinion most highly. And I should think you would be the first person to approve of my hope that Longworth may fall into the hands of one who will not only worthily carry on the traditions of an old house, but who is fitted to found one of his own. Since the time of Horace Vane we have had everything but genius: but what mayn't we become from such a stock as Abel Herrick and Bee? Of course Bee's husband must take the old names."

"Guid guide us!"

"Have you any reasonable objection? If so, I should be glad to hear it. Herrick saved Bee's life, you know, and has been like a son to me—more than my own."

"Any objection! I object to any man's cutting off his own son

with a shilling for the sake of a stranger, whatever the cause may be. And I do object to young Herrick, if ye really want me to speak my mind."

"And why?"

"For the very best of all reasons—because I do."

"I should have thought you were the last person from whom the woman's reason would come."

"'Tis the only reason for everything—the root of all science and all philosophy. Why does an apple fall? Because it's bound to obey a law. And why's it bound? If ye can get farther than because it is, ye'll be wiser than Newton. The farther science goes, the surer it is to find the woman's reason's the deepest, after all. It's only babies that keep on asking why, and why, and why."

"Nevertheless justice is justice—and neither philosophers' reasons nor women's reasons can support vague accusations against a man when there's nothing to lay hold of. I'd like to know where we'd be at sessions, Mrs. Burnett, if we went by women's reasons."

"Just where ye are. Would ye give your cause, if it was the very best, to an unlucky advocate? And what's luck but liking? Or would ye have living evidence, that ye judge of by instinct, dried up into seelogisms and settled by professors of logic in their class-rooms?"

"Well, all I can say is that if my own cause is not decided by the logic of justice, I'm a ruined man."

"And so you're building your new house on logic? Ah, Mr. Deane, 'tis apt to be a sandy foundation. But 'tis ill to be croaking like Cassandra—only I hope for logic's sake the pursuer is not a pretty girl?"

"If she is, she won't be called—and the real claimant is a pettifogging thief of an attorney. Nothing can go wrong. Attorneys are pests, Mrs. Burnett—my own is an honest and respectable practitioner—but it's quite true that all the rest are rogues."

"Yes—I've always heard that there's but one honest lawyer in the world. Everybody tells me so, so it's lucky that everybody just happens to have got him. Well—I'll own if ye like that I've nothing particular to say against young Herrick, but that he's he—my Sabidius, my Hylas, my Dr. Fell. Only I thought 'twas the question of birth that had set ye against Tom? And I thought ye agreed with me, that a *mésalliance* is just the devil?"

"Question of birth? Question of fiddlestick. I beg your pardon, but that's what I mean. It was a question of—of—in fact it was a question of"——

"Well?"

“Of obedience, Mrs. Burnett—of a deliberate intention to obey me in the letter and not in the spirit—of honest straightforwardness and gentlemanly conduct.”

“Ah! To think my friend Tom should not act like a gentleman—that’s sad indeed.”

“Madam!”

“I say, to think Tom should not act like a gentleman.”

“Tom is incapable of acting otherwise than like a gentleman. When I said gentlemanly conduct I meant—confound it—I beg your pardon—don’t you understand what I mean? I mean he chose to act as he would have acted if he wasn’t a gentleman. Either he or I must give way, and is it the place of the father to give way to the son?”

Mrs. Burnett shrugged her shoulders like a Frenchwoman and said no more. In spite of her want of tact she saw that only harm could come of irritating with reason a man who could not alter his acts without admitting that he had been in the wrong.

At the same time, despite all she could suggest to the contrary, Mr. Deane could hardly be accused of reckoning without his host in counting upon the absolute security of Longworth. His lawyers themselves were as certain as their profession allowed them to be, and Abel, having made everything safe for everybody in every event, was confident. He carried his brief down to Redchester with a becoming sense of his responsibility as a champion of the right, and as if he were really engaged at last in a tournament with his lady’s colours for a cognisance. And although these happened on this occasion to be woven but of red tape, the principle was the same.

He had not been a social success among his circuit brethren. He was, and felt himself to be, among them but not of them. He had never yet been able to catch the affectation, or rather tacit convention, of treating everything from its comic aspect in order to make in any way bearable the atmosphere of suspense, disappointment, and jealousy that exhales from horse-hair and bombazine as naturally as from rouge and stage spangles. The Barrister is a popular character in modern romance, because no man knows so well as he, from wide and often bitter experience, that it pays to keep one’s sunny side turned to the world. Abel’s standing and age naturally placed him socially among those to whom chaff had as yet to do duty for the bread of life, and he was not at home among young men at any time. He neither smoked, nor played whist, nor had any sort of prestige, nor had the art of making a dull hour less dull. He only had a sort of reputation for being a deep student because he spoke

little, and for having something in him because he showed nothing outside.

"Longworth's near here," said one of his chance companions in a carriage-full of barristers on their way from the last assize town to Redchester.

"Deane's place?" asked another. "Unlucky devil—first to have his house burnt down and then not allowed to play Marius peacefully among the ashes. I suppose there'll be no end to Redchester this time."

"Is it true that the plaintiff has brought down Martin special?"

"So they say."

"Quite right, too," broke in the Thersites of the circuit, from whom an ill word was the straw that showed a favourable wind. "Why should anybody come among us when he can go elsewhere?"

"You shall be brought before mess, and fined for slander. Who's going to lead on the other side?"

"Oh, Coggs, of course," said Thersites. "He's a prophet—in his own country."

"No he isn't—he told me so," said another. "I'm rather interested in the cause—young Deane was at St. Kit's with me, and a capital fellow he is too. I should be awfully sorry if he came to grief in any way"——

"Then if it's not Coggs, it's Barnard. He's a prophet everywhere—except in his own country. They know him there."

"No," said Abel with dignity. "I lead for Mr. Deane."

"The deuce you do! Then all I can say is, my young friend, your work's cut out for you. You and Martin!—why, it'll be David and Goliath."

"You might as well add which won," said Abel.

"I congratulate you, Herrick," said the first speaker good-naturedly. "I'd have given something for such a chance of showing what was in me when I was your age. I went circuit ten years before my voice was heard."

"It's a dead case, I suppose?" asked Thersites, not good-naturedly.

"They don't seem to think so," said Abel, "if they've brought down Martin." But the news had not made him feel comfortable. This bringing down one of the leaders of the Eastingtonshire circuit looked like real fighting, and as if there were something behind. In that case to meet a man like Martin single-handed would be a serious thing.

"Excuse me, sir," said a voice from the corner of the carriage.

“Do I understand that you lead for the defendant in *Vaue versus Deane*? May I ask the pleasure of your name?”

“The young gentleman’s name is Mr. Herrick,” said Thersites, with a bland smile, for he scented an attorney. “We are congratulating him on his maiden brief”——

“Herrick! By jingo, if I didn’t half think so! Well, this is a coincidence. Don’t you remember me? Adams, of Eastington. Why it’s as rich as Divus! But what’ll a certain young friend of ours say? I thought”——

“I remember you very well, Mr. Adams,” interrupted Abel, with an appearance of condescension, but with an uncomfortable recollection that the lawyer had once made him ridiculous before, and a nervous dread that he was on the point of making him ridiculous again before a company that would be only too happy to draw material for badinage from any man’s discomfiture. “I am very glad to renew our acquaintance. As for the rest, my knowledge of the parties to this cause is an old and forgotten story now.”

“Well—*Sic viter est*. I’m sorry you’re engaged—in the case I mean, Mr. Herrick. I should like to have shown you *I* don’t forget old times. When I’m an old buffer I should like to say I gave Lord Chief Justice Herrick his first brief, you know.”

A thick pile of paper was projecting from one of his pockets: and at this half announcement that it was still unendorsed, a flutter ran through the carriage, and the face of Thersites wreathed itself in amiable smiles. Mr. Adams knew as well as the rest what was going on below the surface, and looked round with impartial benignity. Even so does a flutter pass round a ball-room when it suddenly becomes aware that the quiet young man in the corner is a rich young bachelor with a heart in his pocket waiting for endorsement to somebody. Nobody dares speak, but everybody is ready to be spoken to. Some people idly and ignorantly ask why barristers, like women, wear false hair. The reason is obvious—it is to distinguish the sex of the only profession that must coyly wait to be wooed, and may make no advances save under the rose.

The talk still went on: but it was no longer for the common benefit. It was for the admiration of the vulgar young man in the corner. Even Herrick, being engaged, was no longer an immediate object of jealousy, and to be friendly with him might be a passport to the heart of the attorney who did not forget old times. “They think something of me already,” thought Abel, “and they will think something more of me before I have done.” Mr. Adams took the brief from his pocket, smiled, opened it, and read a few words. Then

he carefully closed it, laid it on his knee, and suspended over it the point of a gold pencil case.

"There's one of you gentlemen named Moss comes to Redchester, isn't there?" he asked of the company in general. "Rather a rising fellow, ain't he?"

"Very good—very good indeed—first-rate—in horse cases," said Thersites affably: just as a young lady might say of another, to a man who hated music, "Charming indeed—on the piano."

"A capital leader!" said another warmly: which being translated meant "You want a junior, so he won't do for you."

"He's a Jew, isn't he?" asked Mr. Adams, as if whispering a piece of disgraceful scandal.

"H'm!" said Thersites, "so they say."

"Thank-you. Then, I think—I don't think I can do better than call on Mr. Moss. Lucky fellows are Jews: and a man that can lead a horse case, by jingo, can do anything. He's the man for me. Ah, here's Redchester. Good day, gentlemen—good day, Mr. Herrick—we meet at Philly-pi." And so, chuckling over what he no doubt considered a practical joke of the first order, he bustled across the platform as if he had not a moment to lose.

"A sharp fellow that," said Thersites, half admiringly. "I hope Martin will like his junior—and I'm sure he'll like his learned friend on the other side. Martin likes easy winning, and will be glad to get away soon," he explained as soon as Abel's back was turned. And this was Abel's first taste of that professional fame which looks so much like glory when far off, and so sadly like envy when near.

Abel went straight to his lodgings, where he found Mr. Deane's card lying on the table. He sat down to write to Beatrice, and was in the middle of his letter when "a person" was reported as wishing to see him.

"Show him up at once," he said, opening his one brief before him and throwing his letter under it. But it was neither attorney nor attorney's clerk. It was a shabby looking elderly fellow, with blotched and pimpled face—in a word Cornelius Boswell, umbrella-mender to the Queen, three years older and thirty years more disreputable looking than when he frightened Milly on the bank of the canal.

Abel looked up angrily, and saw that his old client was very far from sober. He lurched forward when he meant to bow, and when he recovered himself supported himself by the back of a chair.

"Ah, sir," he said, "if you want to see that uncommon article a grateful man, look at me! Good evening to *you*, sir. I'll never forget how you got me off in this very town when if I'd been on the jury I'd have found my own self guilty, innocent as I were."

"And I suppose you want to show your gratitude by asking for half-a-crown? Take it then. There—and now be off with you."

"Well, sir, I won't refuse the half-crownd; if gratitude's uncommon, half-crownds is uncommoner. But 'twere not for the half-crownd's sake I come. No, sir—don't think it of me. The fact of it is, sir, a young friend of mine—a young man, that is, for one can't be too careful of one's morals in this here evil-speaking generation—he's got into a bit of trouble, through not taking my advice, sir, and that's to keep clear of the drink whatever you do; and I want to express my gratitude by axing you to get him out again."

"I can't help you there. You must go to an attorney."

"Ah, but you see a lawyer, he'd want to see the colour of ten bob—and my young friend's capital's so tight locked up he can't touch it: and mine's invested in my trade. No, sir"—

"Then let him instruct one of the barristers from the dock."

"Very good, sir. And you'll do the dodge for him like you did for me. I want to give you a chance of extinguishing yourself, that's what I do, and the fact is, I've been touting about among all the friends of all the rascals in Redchester: and there's lots of'em. You'll have ten guineas out of the dock to-morrow, as sure as my name's Boswell—what do you think of that, eh? 'Ten guineas for eleven cases: for I expect you'll give me that there one little one in? I mean to see you a trying of prisoners myself, sir, afore my turn to kick the bucket comes."

"Confound you—do you want to ruin me? I've given up criminal practice. Be off with you, and don't worry me any more."

"Well—that aren't how you spoke when you gave me a sovereign once at Longworth for half a word when a young lady was standing by. Nor how you spoke when I axed you to get me off for nothing. But if you aren't afraid any more of what I'd never have done, bless you, for fifty sovereigns, all the better say I. Ah! I want is to see you getting on—extinguishing yourself, sir, as I said afore. I think it's hard you won't do nothing for me, but if that shows you're getting on I aren't the man to put a spoke in your wheel. I'm proud of you, I am. What be this, now?" he asked with half tipsy familiarity, as he took up the great brief and examined

it closely. "V, A, N, E—Vane. Ah, I can read like a book—I've been parish clerk in my time. 'Vane'—ah, that puts me in mind of many a thing, just like an old smell. 'Twas when a Vane was tied up I last said Amen. 'Mr. Herrick, Fifty Guas'—Aren't that law for fifty guineas? Heart alive, to think of your getting fifty-two pound ten all in a lump—that beats hurdle-making, or school-mastering, aye, or bellus mending. That's the game—keep the ball a-rolling—go ahead, sir, and the header you go the more you'll please me."

"Lay down those papers—you don't know what mischief—But what Vane? What do you know about Vanes?"

"What do I know about Vane? Lord bless you, I married him, that's all—and enough too. Leastways we did, our parson and I. Now you're talking like a respectful gentleman, and I'm glad to see you looking so well. It does my old heart good, and we'll be happy yet, says the song."

"What Vane was it?"

"What Vane? Why, a sort of kin to my curate, and an Oxford scholar he were, and used to come a-fishing down my old parish, and a-putting up at Widow Lane's."

"Widow Lane's! And what was your parish?"

"Corfiel', by Woodstock. Ah, I do like talking of old times, once in a way. I'm a travelling tradesman, but there's no place like home, and when I think of Corfield, though 'tis an ungrateful place and didn't know a good clerk when they'd got him—well, I feel as if I'd got a cinder in my eye. And you know the parson that was in my time, old Parson Markham of Winbury that is now. He's one of your ungrateful ones too: I got him his living, and when I claimed acquaintance he sent me about my business for a vagabond. But never mind. We'd none of us do much good if we looked for gratitude."

"Never mind your quarrels with the parson. I want to know about this marriage."

"Now, sir, will it help you up a peg if I tell you the whole story? If it will, I'll answer any question you like to ask, and if you want any special answer you say the word. I only want to see you at the top of the tree."

"I don't see why you should take such an interest in my affairs. But I do want an answer, and that the true one."

"The real truth? The real genuine article? All right, sir. I can tell the truth with any man, if I like, and more too. You see, sir, this Master Harry Vane was just as rich and as soft as a good Christmas pudden: and Widow Lane was as sharp as scissors new

ground. Of course Master Harry got soft on her daughter, as was natural : and the mother comes down on him and makes him promise to marry, I expect, before he knew where he were. So what does he do but to go to Parson Markham, that was but curate in charge then, and says he, Look here—I want to marry a young woman that the governor at home would cut up blue about, I can tell you. You do the trick for me, and hold your tongue, and you shall be Vicar of Winbury on my honour as a gentleman.”

“ I suppose he refused ?”

“ No, sir—he weren’t such a fool. ’Twas but mutual accommodation, and he had a heap of debts, and nothing to pay ’em. He was a regular parson of the old sort, mine were, and he used to do things would make you stare, when he was young. Well, they settled it between ’em, and then Master Harry comes to me, and says ‘ Boswell, would you like to earn twenty pounds ?’ Well, I did, and I said so, like a man. ‘ Then,’ says he, ‘ the parson’s going for a holiday. You get the fellow that does his duty—which weren’t much trouble, by the way—to publish the banns of marriage between Peter Piper and Lucy Lockit, or whatever names you like, so long as neither’s mine, and I’ll tell Jenny and the old woman I’ve got a licence, and the trick’s done : for I’m not such a soft as to quarrel with my bread and butter for e’er a petticoat in the world,’ says he. We were uncommon thick in those times, Master Harry and I, for I was a young chap too, and knew a long sight better than he where the trout lay. Well, sir, you know when a man’s uncommon soft he’s pretty safe to be uncommon sly—by way of dispensation I suppose.”

“ And you mean to tell me you abetted a false marriage for twenty pounds ?”

“ Begging your pardon, sir, no. I wouldn’t have done such a thing, not for fifty pound.”

“ You refused, then ?”

“ No, sir. I did it for a hundred pound. If the parson got his pickings—for he’s Vicar of Winbury at this hour—why shouldn’t the clerk, I should like to know ? And what did it signify to a soul ?”

“ And was this shameful fraud actually carried out ?”

“ Begging your pardon, sir, it weren’t shameful at all. ’Twere shameful of the parson, may be, to try and deceive a poor benighted governor, and of Widow Lane to come over a poor young man, so ’twere quite right of me to mar mischief, and I did too. I gave up some names to the new parson three Sundays running, and when the

old 'un came back I palavered him over into thinking everything had been done as proper as could be, and that weren't hard, for he never troubled his head about parish business, and left it all to me. He was getting hard of hearing, too, and didn't like it: so he'd make believe to hear plain anything you pleased, if you knew his deaf side."

Abel knew Parson Markham's peculiarity well enough: but he was no longer attending to the details of the story. "Good God," he was thinking, "can this be their case—can they possibly have proof of the falseness of the marriage on which we rely? It is lucky indeed that I am not taken unprepared. To whom have you already told this monstrous story?"

"Never till this blessed minute, sir. And I wouldn't to you, only I know you wouldn't get a poor chap into trouble for what's by-gone, and I want to shove you up a peg—that's all I want to do."

"That's very fine. Did you ever hear the name of Adams?"

"Fancy asking a parish clerk if he'd ever heard the name of Adam!"

"Adams—Adams, of Eastington?"

"Will it shove you up a peg, sir, if I say I know him well?"

"Never mind that rubbish. You say you can tell the truth if you please."

"Then I never have, sir. Eastington aren't much on my line."

"And he must not," thought Abel. "The fellow is a lying sot, no doubt, but it is a tale a jury might be made to believe—and Heaven knows what other evidence theirs may be. Beatrice's whole future depends upon me—I must deal with this fellow myself: etiquette was not made for emergencies. This obvious lie about a false marriage must be stopped before it can do harm.—You say you are grateful to me for having got you out of trouble, and you seem ready to do a good deal if it is worth your while. Can I trust you—if I make it worth your while?"

"You may, sir—with untold gold."

"Go to Mr. Reynolds the lawyer. Tell him I sent you, and that you were present as a clerk when Mr. Harry Vane was married to Jane Lane. I shall know what you have told him, and if I find you have not told him a word more, you shall have five pounds. You will be summoned as a witness on a trial here, and will have your expenses over and above the five pounds, but you will not be called into the box"—

"I'm an old bird, sir, and you're a young 'un. Let me give you a

bit of counsel—never you show your hand to any man you wants to buy. I see you want to buy my silence : and maybe the other gentlemen might think it worth more than five pound. Lord bless you, sir, there aren't a lawyer in all England has a trick I aren't up to. But look you here, sir—I aren't above five pound, and I'll take 'em kindly. Just for the sake of shoving you a peg up I'll do whatever you arsk me and arsk no questions : so don't you be afraid of me"——

"Perhaps I am sharper than you take me for, Mr. Boswell. I'm not afraid of you. If I choose to buy your silence, as you call it, for a day or two, it is to have the power of using the truth more suddenly and crushingly when the time comes. There is nobody else would give a penny for your silence or your chattering either. And remember this—I offer you the five pounds to reward you, not to buy you. I buy you by having it in my power to have you punished for falsifying a marriage register. Anybody else will offer you the punishment without the five pounds, as you know very well. If you say another word the five pounds shall be five farthings."

"I beg your pardon, sir—I beg your pardon indeed !" exclaimed the tinker, rubbing his hands with glee. "You did disappoint me, sir, terrible : I thought you'd turned out green after all. But you'll do, sir—you'll do. Di'mond cut di'mond, and I'm only too pleased to be cut by you. All right, sir—you trust to me, and if ever there's another peg I can push you up, say the word. But 'tis hard, sir, to be called names by you. You may call it falsifying a registrar, but it was right and proper what I did, and how could I help it if doing what were right meant a hundred pound?"

Even so, how could Abel help it that the great cause of truth and justice invariably meant Longworth? It was certainly not for him to answer the tinker's question, nor did he answer it. He only thought, "How interest does blind men to the plain line between right and wrong—I should scarcely be surprised if this drunken sot dreams that he is an honest man."

CHAPTER XV.

From flesh I loosed my spirit's part,
 And gave my heart the whole :
 Unto my soul I gave my heart,
 And unto thee my soul :

And thou hast given me back the heart
 That thus I gave to thee :
 But the lost soul whereof 'twas part—
 That giv'st thou not to me.

BEATRICE knew perfectly well, better even than Annie, what her sister meant by her impulsive "Good-bye." It was the sign that she was to be henceforth held by those who were dearest to her to have started on a different path from theirs : an upward path it might be, but seeming downward to them. That of course must be part of her fate : Love is nothing to a would-be noble nature without its martyrdoms. As to her secret, that was gradually telling itself : but this was small relief, since its melting away of its own accord only made the pain of the martyrdom greater while depriving it of the pride that comforts a willing martyr.

So there was nothing left but to let things drift and steer themselves, or rather to throw the reins on the horse's neck, like a rider lost in a wood, and trust to instinct to find the way out again. Chance was the horse's name : and she forgot that she was riding double with one who would not let the reins fairly alone, but insisted on pulling them now this way, now that, according to the blundering dictates of blind reason. In such cases Chance, like any other steed, is apt to turn restive, and almost any trick might be expected from him.

Her uncle was now at Redchester, thinking, as clients will, that his presence on the spot when it is not wanted was a satisfaction to himself, a help to his advisers, and an advantage to his cause. He was not at all anxious about the result, but still even the bare idea of losing Longworth, especially under such a conjunction of circumstances, was a nervous thing, and he could not sit down and wait quietly at home, as of course a philosopher would have done. So Abel was right in thinking, when he wrote from Redchester, that his letter ran no risk of inspection as it lay upon the breakfast table. Beatrice was invariably down long before her sister—originally from the vanity of imitating Mrs. Burnett in details, as if ways of working are the ways in which work is done, but now under the influence of a troubled conscience, so that she

might anticipate everybody by taking a first look round. There seemed to be no end to the meannesses of which she was daily driven to accuse herself. They were trifling enough, but an ermine will die of what would be regarded as absolute cleanliness by many a nobler and wiser animal.

But for once Abel reckoned without his host. It looked like chance, but it was in truth the natural and inevitable result of masculine ignorance on his part, that, as he could not realise her troubled days, he could not realise her sleepless nights, nor, therefore, the debt she owed to nature of sooner or later over-sleeping herself some morning. On the day after his interview with his friend and patron the tinker, Annie came down and found herself alone in the breakfast-room. She was so astonished at her own prodigious feat of early rising that she looked at the clock before looking round the table for letters—her conscience at any rate was absolutely clear. It is no doubt a terrible gap in her story that she had no love complications of her own to trouble her: but so it was, and so it seemed likely to be. Her family was as yet her husband, and it is possible that not even the smile which Tom, though he had carried off her laughter, had left her, nor even her three hundred a year, was a sufficient set off against the necessity of having to marry, not only her, but her formidable sister into the bargain. But that is only a passing attempt to account for what would be unaccountable were not the marriage register that is kept in the skies a chronicle of all unaccountable things. She herself never speculated on the matter, and amused herself with looking forward to the career of old maid, just as still younger children think it rather pleasant than otherwise to fancy that they are fated to die young. When the clock had fairly shown her, not that she was early, but that Beatrice was late, she made the tour of the table.

There was not much to be seen: and nothing that immediately concerned her. By Beatrice's plate lay three letters—one from her uncle; one which she took up for a moment and threw down crossly, for she knew the writing, and the time was over when she would have disregarded a letter from Abel to her sister as probably some answer from a teacher to a pupil's question. There was, however, an odd look about the third letter. It was addressed in a hand that looked something like Abel's, and yet did not: if it was his—and it was not likely that there would be two letters from him in one morning—it had been scrawled at a gallop. It had also been directed queerly in the first instance—to Miss Beatrice Deane, Longworth, near Eastington—the very town from which Tom's hurried letters came. Were it not

for the handwriting, which was very far indeed from being Tom's, she would have been unable to wait for her sister to open it, and as it was she had to curb her impatience and conquer temptation. It was natural, in consequence of the wildness of the address, that it should be soiled, covered with unusual postmarks, and scrawled all over with strange notes and initials. She was poring over it, with itching fingers, when Beatrice came down at last hurriedly, as if by coming downstairs two steps at once she could overtake time.

The talk of last night was still in her mind, and Annie noticed that she gave a nervous glance round, at the letters first, and at the clock afterwards.

"All are for you, Bee. One from Uncle George, one—for you—and one from—I'm almost sure it must be from Tom. Only he's scrawled it in such a hurry that he directed it to Eastington, where I suppose he was writing it, and it's ever so many days old. Open it at once—who knows what mayn't have gone wrong from its being so long on the road!"

Beatrice took the letter and tore it open without looking at the direction.

"Is it from Tom?" began Annie: but she stopped before she had finished the last word of her question.

Beatrice was gazing hard at the letter, with a blank look as if her senses were leaving her. She held it almost clenched in her hands, and she was breathing as if each breath were pain and labour. Her eyes moved fast along the lines, but as if drawn on against their will by some horrible charm. Annie had seen such a look in pictures, though she knew not when or where or what it meant apart from the unreal world of tragedy, and she followed her sister's eyes in horrible suspense, waiting for a word.

At last Beatrice suddenly turned round, crumpled up the letter in her hand, and seemed about to throw it into the fire. But she only let it fall on the floor. Annie gave a startled cry as her sister let her arms fall heavily by her side and almost reeled against the wall, where she stood, with pale face and hunted-looking eyes, as if it were the chance support alone that kept her from fainting and falling. Annie ran to her and put her arm round her waist. But Beatrice almost shook her off, sat down on a couch, and clasped her head with her hands.

"What is the matter, Bee?—Can't you speak to me?" asked Annie, forgetting the letter. "Is it only a faint, or do you feel very ill? Let me help you upstairs again—you had better lie down till the doctor can come. Can't you tell me what you feel?"

"I'm not ill," said Beatrice at last in a hoarse whisper. "Where is the time-table?"

"What time-table? What do you mean? Please, please, Bee, let me take you upstairs. You know me, don't you? You know what I say?"

"I'm not ill at all—I only felt faint for a moment. I want the time-table. I must see Uncle George at once—I must not lose an hour. Who can tell what may not happen if—if there is any more delay? I must go to Redchester—there can be no post till tomorrow, and then he might not be there, and I must not trust to the post—after—what has become of my voice? Can you hear me? Tom is not—is not going to marry—that girl."

"You know what you are saying? That letter is from Tom?"

"Find me the time-table, quick: while we are talking the next train may be gone."

"Shall I read the letter? But what is it?—I am afraid."

"Yes—read it: it will not hurt you. But I must find the train."

Annie, without taking her eyes from her sister, picked up the crumpled letter, and, braving its possible effect upon herself, began to read:—

"MY OWN DEAREST MILLY,—Your unhappy news has filled me with sorrow—for you first, and then for your poor aunt, who was more than a mother to me. If she had only lived to be our mother indeed! Why was I not with you in your sorrow? I have been longing to be with you always—but my days and nights and years of work have left me no time for anything but to wish and feel. My own darling, I quite understand you have thought me neglectful and cold—but I am not altogether like other men. But if you think I have ever ceased to love you, you are mistaken indeed. That I have never told you so is proof enough of that, or ought to be. It is true that I have said I consider you free, and I do. But I do not consider myself free, and I have put my trust in your incapacity to change. Wait a little while longer, dearest Milly—and then, if you can really care for me no more, take your own way freely, and I will bear the loss of my life as well as I can. Be patient, and trust me!—Your own,

"ABEL"

Morals are best left unexpressed. But here is one that is more important than ninety-nine out of a hundred—Let no man try to catch the post with two letters, when he has barely time to write one

of them, at four o'clock in the morning, and when he is half asleep into the bargain. If he does not manage to make a worse blunder than a careless address, he may thank his good luck, but his prudence by no means.

We know what the feat of writing two love-letters with the same pen had meant to Abel. It had meant self-devotion, self-sacrifice, chivalry, gratitude, and the prudence without which heroism is of no avail. To a calm spectator it would have meant little, though that little, as far as it went, might not be particularly complimentary to the writer. It is not by any means certain that some young ladies in the place of Beatrice might not have simply and wisely put such a document behind the fire, knowing that when a man becomes engaged he has probably to get rid of an entanglement or two by eating a certain amount of dirt, and that he would not be particularly worth getting unless somebody else made it difficult to get him. But Beatrice, eminently unwise in her generation, knew nothing of the wilful blindnesses that make the world run smoothly. When she met this letter face to face she was met by the sudden revelation that she had thrown her whole soul at the feet of one who—she could not even finish the thought, or realise what he had done. She had sinned bitterly according to her light, far more than many a woman who has outwardly done infinitely more wrong. Sin is not to be measured by deeds. We may smile at the morbid extravagance of her shame for a secret which in the world of romance and sentiment is considered an interesting virtue; but nevertheless she could have done no more and no worse in her heart if she had disgraced her home for Abel before the world.

Comprehension almost failed her. Could it possibly mean that he whom, after a knowledge of years, she had crowned her king and her hero, and even more than these, who had called her his inspiration and his muse, and gone through fire for her, had been guilty of the miserable trick of loving one girl for herself and another for a wretched three hundred pounds a year? If so, it was not the loss of an illusion or of a dream: it was the loss of the firm rock to which she had clung as the only refuge from illusions and dreams. It was shamefully incomprehensible: and yet it seemed to be only too hideously and flagrantly true. But this was not all—the most unlearned of her sex could not have felt more like a mere woman. The moral confusion into which she had been rushing headlong, and with a determination to close her eyes, displayed at last its true colours. It was even less disgust at the incomprehensible conduct of Milly's lover than overpowering jealousy of poor Milly

herself that took possession of Beatrice in the first moment of reading this hideous letter. She had been torturing her conscience, not that her lover might win her in triumph, but that he might put off for a little while longer the evil day for his heart when he would have to submit for his greed's sake to put on her gilded chains. The shame she had hitherto borne was peace itself beside the self degradation that covered her now. Were intellect and culture in a woman not merely despised, but accounted mere dross without their gilding? Was even man's intellect a mere slave of passion? And was she, Beatrice Deane, who had committed nothing less than suicide for a man's sake, to be tricked by this Milly's lover into throwing away her whole heart and soul as chance appendages to a few gold coins?

Commonplace and ignoble as the cause may be, it was one of those tragedies of the heart that use no words. It was one of those sudden shocks that have before now been known to kill some stronger hearts and many stronger minds. The death of love is sad and may be terrible: but this was the death of self-love, which complicates such death with unspeakable agony. Happily for her she was not alone when it came, so that the needful effort for self-suppression, her first of outward duties, gave her strength to bear the second shock of the blow. As it was, she had almost given way.

But pride was not conquered yet. Annie must now know much, and would guess more; but no living soul must ever know all she had suffered for so unworthy a cause. Her first coherent thought was, "Thank God, there is still something left that I can do!"

Annie read the letter with as much attention as she could spare from her sister. "What is this?" she asked, bewildered; "what does it mean—who is it from—who is it to? What has it to do with Tom? Why does it make you want to see Uncle George?"

"Have you forgotten what Tom told us? It is to that girl, Milly: and it is signed Abel—Abel Herrick, that means. Don't you remember Tom said that she is engaged to him? You see that letter shows it is true. The letter must be returned, and Uncle George must know that Tom will not marry her—he must know it at once, while there may yet be time."

"Of course—but"——

"You would not say 'but' if you knew all I know. One day's delay might make all the difference between whether Tom is to lose his inheritance to you and me. I should never forgive myself"——

"To you and me?"

"Whom else would Uncle George make his heirs? I know you'll

think it horrible to talk and act as if we were going to be left orphans to-morrow, but anything is possible, Annie—even what is impossible—and anything would be better than our robbing Tom”——

“If there is a chance of that—you are right, Bee : we must not lose an instant. Why have you always been so secret with me? Oh, Bee, have you really cared for him? What a wretched family we are—have you found the train?”

“There is one that starts in an hour—I have no time to lose. Don’t talk to me now: help me to get ready at once”——

“No: you must not go. I will be ready and off in ten minutes”——

“I must go. You can come too if you like, but things may have to be said that only I can say—and I could not stay here and do nothing—and in short I *will* go. Don’t take it into your head that I’m going to fancy myself broken-hearted or any of that nonsense. I’m nothing of the kind, and don’t mean to be—of course I know what you think, but you will soon see that you’re wrong. If we are a wretched family it must be our own fault in some way, and nobody shall be miserable any more if it depends on me. I haven’t cared for anybody—at least I don’t care—only it was hard to find that there’s nobody worth caring for. No—it’s not hard to grow wiser. Come—we must be quick: I’m stronger than you now, and when we’re once at Redchester you will see how little I care for anybody—or anything—except making everything right between Uncle George and Tom.”

Her effort to speak bravely with her hoarse whisper, and to cover the last shreds of her secret with the poor remains of her pride, was too much for Annie, and she burst into tears. She could not understand it all yet: she could only realise that her sister had been so unhappy as to give all the freshness and fullness of her heart to a man who could give her nothing in return, and she could only let her own heart bleed for her sister’s shame. Such a confession, she felt, was not to be made in open words, even to the most sympathetic ears. She did not and could not realise that Beatrice was undergoing the sharper agony of not having merely had her heart refused, but of having desperately tried to sacrifice her soul for the sake of indulging her womanhood, and of having thrown both heart and soul away. When love sorrows grow tragic in their intensity, we may be sure that some deeper and more complex passion is treading the stage in his disguise.

Annie wisely made no farther opposition to her sister’s journey.

She was plainly enough unfit to travel, but more plainly unfit to stay at home. Her morbid impatience to do something at once demanded indulgence at any peril. So Annie in tears and Beatrice in dull and silent energy made their preparations and were well in time for the train.

The journey proceeded without adventure, and even without fellow travellers, until they reached the junction from which Tom had left the main line when he ran a race with himself to Winbury. Here a smart-looking young man, with an impudently self-satisfied face, a red hyacinth in his button-hole, and a long black bag in his hand, entered the carriage after passing the window two or three times as if in search of one that suited him. He seated himself in the farthest corner, took out a gold pencil case, and began busily to make memoranda in a pocket-book. He hardly looked at his fellow passengers, but Annie, who was habitually observant of little things, noticed that he stared once or twice at their small luggage in the rack over their heads. But this might be merely an accident of abstraction.

Presently, however, he put away his pencil and pocket-book, smiled genially, and looked, to Annie's disgust, as if he was inclined for a little conversation to pass the time.

"I see we're all booked together, miss," he said to both indiscriminately. "You're for Redchester, and so am I. Very fine weather for the country, isn't it?"

"Very," said Annie, in a tone calculated to discourage him, and absorbing herself in imaginary memoranda.

But she little knew with what an experienced ladies' man she had to deal. "Your friend—or sister?—doesn't look very well, I'm afraid, miss," he said. "She must take care she don't catch cold. I hope it's nothing serious? Yes—I should say you *are* sisters. You're not much alike, but there's a strong family look all the same. Very curious things likenesses are. Not that they're always to be relied on: it's only the other day I was taken for the Right Honourable the Earl of Lisborough, and I assure you that I'm not aware of any relationship to his lordship, unless it's very far away. Do you know many people about Redchester? I was there for an hour or two yesterday, and it seems rather a nicish sort of a town. You might know something about my business there. You'll find Redchester uncommonly lively this go—the Assizes, you know. Of course you've heard of Vane *versus* Deane?"

"We are not going to the Assizes," said Annie frigidly.

"No? You see that little bag? Well, Vane *versus* Deane's all in there, just as one of you young ladies might carry your crotchet

things. But p'raps you don't take any interest in professional matters? The opera, now, I should say, was more in your line. A wonderful thing is music—it's all the go now: nothing but oratorios and penny readings everywhere. It refines the masses—not a doubt of it. I don't sing much myself, for it ain't professional, but we have a capital institution in Eastington, and I tip 'em Horatius Cockles every now and then—out of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' you know. Do you admire the Lays, miss? Or p'raps you prefer 'Locksley Hall'? That's by Tennyson: the Lays are by Macaulay. Pr'aps you know something about Eastington, though? You gave a sort of a look as if the name hit you somewhere? It's a rising place. Pr'aps you know my friend Miss Baxter's school—college they call it now? I know lots of her young ladies, though I can't quite call to mind the pleasure of meeting you?"

Annie had glanced at Beatrice. Objectionable as the young man might be, and one to be kept at arm's length, he knew Eastington, and therefore might know something about Tom.

"We don't know Eastington," she said more politely, so that Mr. Adams no doubt began to plume himself for the thousandth time upon the invariable success of his powers of fascination. "But we have a relation who has been a good deal there."

"Ah—then we have a mutual! There's nobody in Eastington doesn't know me and I don't know."

"He is a Mr. Eliot."

"Eliot? Eliot? Well I can't exactly—By jing—By Jupiter Ammon, though, I do! So Mr. Eliot is a relation of yours? Well, then, I never—that's all!"

"Is he in Eastington now?"

"I b'lieve not: he's at Cambridge, isn't he, when he's at home? A very nice young fellow, and all his wits about him, I should say, and a crack bowler I've heard. We had a little passage at arms, once—quite in good temper, you know—and I took quite a liking to him. He knows which side his bread's buttered, I should say, and when he's a bit older—but that's neither here nor there. So you're relatives of my friend Mr. Eliot! Allow me to introduce myself—J. Adams, of Eastington, where everybody knows me. Miss Eliot, I presume?"

Impudence is power: and Annie, having once laid aside her armour, was obliged to give up her name—which, after all, could do no harm.

"Miss Deane," she said. "Mr. Eliot is a cousin of ours."

"Deane! Not Vane *versus* Deane?"

Annie felt she had let him go too far : but it was her fault in the first instance, and having opened the talk on her own account, could not withdraw her courtesy.

“ Mr. Deane is my uncle.”

“ Ah, then, that’s why you’re going to Redchester—let a lawyer alone for finding out things ! Well, miss, all I can say is I’d give a good many hundred pounds at this minute to be engaged for the uncle of nieces like you two. I’m ready to hope we shall be beat after all. There’s one thing I may say, that if ever a client had the satisfaction of knowing he’ll be fought fair, your good uncle’s the man. You won’t bear malice, I’m sure—if my client’s beat after this delightful conversation there’ll be nobody gladder than I. So my friend Eliot is a nephew of old De—of G. Deane, Esquire ?”

“ He is his son. People are often puzzled by the difference of name.”

“ Then—By jingo !”

So much energy he threw into his exclamation that his powers of making himself agreeable at last seemed to fail him. He relapsed into absolute silence, and stared for the rest of the journey at the lantern, biting his pencil case. When the train reached Redchester he left the carriage without even saying good morning.

“ How could you think of speaking to that man ?” whispered Beatrice. “ How can we tell what mischief you mayn’t have done ?”

“ I suppose it was silly of me—but I thought we might get some news of Tom.”

“ Well, it can’t be helped now.”

“ I don’t see that we can have done much harm—he did not seem very wise. Are you very tired ?”

“ Nobody is what he seems. I am not tired at all. I wish Longworth was still standing, Annie, and that we were going there.”

She was looking nervously round the platform, in fear of seeing Abel. But he was fortunately not there, and they met with no farther adventure till they reached the inn where their uncle was staying.

Of course Beatrice wished to find her uncle alone : and of course therefore she found him with the person of all others whom, next to Abel, she did not wish to see—Mrs. Burnett. And not only was she with him, but a stranger was also there—an old gentleman in a shabby shooting coat and a large white neck-cloth.

“ Bee—Annie !” exclaimed Mr. Deane. “ What has brought you here ? There’s nothing wrong at home ? Or is it your idea of

taking a holiday? Well, I don't want you, but as you are here, we must make the best of you. The case is fixed for to-morrow. This is your Uncle Markham, who is to be called for us if we want him—and I'm sure I hope we shan't.—Uncle Markham," he shouted as loud as he could, "these are your great-nieces—Beatrice—and Annie. My brother's children."

"You needn't shout so," shouted back the old Vicar. "I'm not deaf—your mother's children: I can hear. Your half-sisters, eh? Very nice girls, I dare say. When does this confounded case come on?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Eh? You needn't whisper—it's no secret, I suppose? I shall be glad when it's over, that's all I know. The place smells of Whiggery, and the people talk with such a vile accent one can't understand a word they say. It's very hard I can't be left alone, with a whole parish on my hands."

Beatrice felt that Mrs. Burnett's eyes were upon her, and was afraid to speak for fear the sound of her lost voice should betray her to the enemy. She wished to say something to her presently, but not now.

"Uncle," she said, while Annie went to speak to Mrs. Burnett, "I want to tell you why we are here. There's nothing wrong: it is—good news."

"You needn't whisper—that old uncle of ours doesn't even know one is speaking unless one shouts like a boatswain. He is a terrible infliction: but I suppose it must be borne. I only hope Herrick will not want to call him."

"Never mind my voice, Uncle George—I suppose I've caught cold. It's about Tom."

"About Tom—and good news?"

"Yes—he is not going to marry that girl, I know."

"So do I! I should think not indeed! But what do you know?"

"I know that she is engaged to another man."

"Ah—that's what 'can't' means? But what do you know?"

"A letter came to me this morning—by accident. Tom told me, though I didn't believe it—it was on the day of the fire—that it was so. But I didn't believe it then—at least not afterwards."

"What letter?"

"A letter to the girl from the man who is engaged to her."

"And how on earth should such a letter come to you? and why didn't you believe Tom? And why have you said nothing to me?"

She had not made up her mind as to how she should answer these inevitable questions. She pressed her lips tightly together, though what answer they were to hold in she did not know.

"I can't show you the letter—it is not for us to see. It must go to the right owner."

"But you can say who it's from?"

"It is to Milly"——

"Yes, that was the name. And from"——

"Abel Herrick."

"Herrick—No!"

"It was misdirected, or put into a wrong envelope, and so came to me. But it is quite certain that Tom will never marry the girl, and that is enough"——

"Enough that he can't?" he said so loudly that the Vicar half turned his head. "No. Then it's worse than I took it to be. It must be that he won't say 'Won't' out of sheer rebellion and dogged perversity. When he says 'Won't' I'll take him back, but never before. But as to Herrick—I must see about that, Bee. I believe you're making some mistake there."

"Please, uncle—No. He must not think we are meddling with his affairs."

"Nonsense. He must think what I please. Give me the letter—I'll go to his lodgings now."

"Please, uncle—for my sake—no. And for all our sakes, for poor aunt's sake, forgive Tom. What does it matter about a word?"

"I have forgiven Tom. Do you think I'm angry with him? But I must be firm. Tom has chosen to quarrel with me, not I with him. He has chosen with his eyes open. But for your sake—so that's the way the wind lies!"

That was the bitterest speech she had ever heard, for it laid her whole secret bare. But a bitterer by far was to come.

"I thought there was something going on," he said. "Fathers and uncles are not quite so blind as they're supposed to be in plays. If I made the mistake of seeing too much, I'm sorry for it, that's all. If you've been mistaken, Bee, so have I."

That was the bitterest speech she could ever expect to hear. Even her cowardice had been thrown away.

"Well, never mind," he went on. "It's rather in Herrick's favour than otherwise that he has not made love to an heiress because he is engaged to a poor girl. He hasn't spoken to you, of course, or I should have heard. He's chosen like a fool, but it is

the folly of a gentleman. He shall not suffer for preventing Tom's making a fool of himself too."

"And Tom?"

"Don't ask me—ask him. He has his own fate in his own hands. If he holds out about a word, it shows he won't come round. If he cared one penny for me he would swallow the dictionary. It was very silly for you to come down if you have nothing more to say. But I'm glad to know the truth about Herrick—very glad indeed."

"You won't say anything to him?"

"I shall say—well, I shan't say anything till the cause is over. He must keep all his head for my affairs till then. You've done quite right to let me know all about yourself—thank God things went no farther. I don't mean you would, but girls do make geese of themselves sometimes. I am very, very glad Herrick has behaved so well. I must leave you now—I must ask Reynolds how we are getting on."

Beatrice was fairly driven to despair. Even her journey had been made in vain—she could do nothing, and all that had outwardly happened was that she had been idiotic enough to lose her fancy to a man who had returned it to her like a gentleman. It was idle to waste more words about Tom, unless he could be persuaded for his own sake to learn a little worldly wisdom. As for herself, it did not take long to make up her mind now. She crossed the room to Mrs. Burnett, where she was talking to Annie, and said—

"I am going to tell you to do something for me, Mrs. Burnett—not ask you."

"What is it, my dear? If I do it, will you do something for me in turn?"

"I can't bear to be wasting my life any more. I've worked so hard to learn that I ought to be able to do something, even if it's small. I haven't got to earn my own living—I wish I had—but I can work as if I had to, and I will. You must know of some hard work that a woman can do—I don't mind what it is so long as it's hard. I'm not ambitious—I only want to work for the work's sake now."

"My dear? I must know first whether your want is foolish or wise. If it is wise, as the work-fever may be, I can tell ye nothing, because ye'll soon find what ye're looking for a long way better than anybody can show ye. But if it is but a heart-ache, or a head-ache, just bide till it goes by."

"Try me, and see."

"I'll do that. If your want of hard work's worth its salt, it'll keep

a night. Go now and lie down, which is what I was going to make ye do in my turn. If ye sleep all night, and are ready for a good breakfast in the morning, and have got back your voice again, we'll see. If not, I'll have nothing to do with murder. For that's what it'll be. I see ye're going through more trouble of some sort, my dear, than I've known, thank God, in more than seventy years—but then I never went a hundred miles without my breakfast, as Annie says ye've done to-day. There—talk to me to-morrow, my dear—I'll be your doctor for now."

"Quite right, madam!" shouted the Vicar, whose ears were opened by Mrs. Burnett's penetrating tones. "You're the only man, woman, or child I've met with many a long day whom it's some pleasure to talk to. To go without breakfast *is* murder, as you say—and that's what the Whigs are bringing us to, with their cheap claret and their penny papers. That's their breakfast, and it's trash, madam. What can you expect when one of my own parishioners, a common hurdle-making rascal, that I kicked out of my own school, must parade about in a wig and gown, and call himself esquire? The Whigs 'll be making him Lord Chancellor next—one of old Crook's boys Chancellor!—They say we're going to the dogs, madam. It isn't true: we're gone. And it's to nothing so respectable as the dogs, madam. It's to the devil. Able Harry, Esquire—I hope he'll put me in the box, and we'll see what he has to say then for his penny papers, and his education, and his steam-whistles, and his air balloons. I'm in for the gout, and it's all through those pettifogging Whig Eastington lawyers that write for the *Mercury* dragging me here—yes, madam, the Whigs are answerable for everything, gout and all."

Beatrice allowed herself to be taken care of: but she had vowed that not another day should pass without her taking her own life once more into her own hands, and throwing away her dream of womanhood for evermore. Whatever she might say, she believed her heart to be broken, not by the tender hand of love, but by shame for herself and for him who had made her forget that she was Beatrice Deane.

(To be continued.)

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

THOSE who, before arriving at these pages of gossip, have read the interesting notes and personal recollections of the late John Forster for which I am indebted to Mr. Blanchard Jerrold will, I am sure, forgive me for introducing here a page or two on the same subject derived from other sources. My friend Mr. S. R. Townshend Mayer has furnished me with a number of letters and memoranda of much interest illustrative of salient points in Mr. Forster's character. "We are told," says Mr. Mayer, "that John Forster's distinctive position in the history of English literature is that of the friend of great men; but he was also the warm and generous friend of men of letters less fortunate than Bulwer, Dickens, or Landor. There are many passages in unpublished letters of his in my possession addressed to Leigh Hunt affording abundant proof of his disinterested kindness. Here is a letter which could be written only by a man of good heart and generous feeling. It is interesting as evidence of the early age at which Forster was a familiar figure in the best intellectual society in London, for it bears date a full generation ago, when the writer was barely twenty-seven:—

"Elm Place, Elstree, Herts, August 11th, 1839.

"MY DEAR HUNT,—Did you need a line from me to know that I rejoiced in the news you sent me? I dined at Holland House last Sunday, and talked of you to both Lord and Lady Holland as those only can talk who know you as well as I do. It was very pleasant to hear all they said, and some things I reserve for you *till we meet* as a mixed surprise and pleasure. I have since received the enclosed from Lady Holland, which I forward to you at once. I received it *here* yesterday. It had been sent to Lincoln's Inn Fields. I am staying with Macready again for a few days, and hope to report of your play when I return. Tell me that you receive this safe.—Always, my dear Hunt, your affectionate friend,

"JOHN FORSTER.

"Landor inquires after you, and sends warmest regards.

"Towards his early friends," adds Mr. Mayer, "Forster was affectionate as a woman, keenly sensitive to any supposed variation of feeling towards himself, and demonstrative in expressing his own, as in this letter:—

"MY DEAR HUNT,—I am obliged to leave home, fearing (some minutes' since I was anxiously hoping) that you may come. You are 'not made of marble,' and I know that 'you'll forgive me.'

"I expected you between 11 and 12—was not that the hour named by us at first? Under this impression, though having an engagement of some standing to take me away at two, I did not write to fix some other day, because I wished very much to see you, and thought we would at least have time for a chat together, and that possibly I might even prevail with you to go where I am going—on the railway with a friend of yours and mine.

"I had it also in commission, my dear Hunt, which I hope you will allow me to execute as well by letter, to use the friendliest compulsion with you on behalf of your friend Talfourd, who is most anxious to secure your presence at 56, Russell Square, to-day at six o'clock, to a quiet dinner with ourselves and a friend or two. I hope you will come, for I am under a heavy promise to Talfourd to use very lively persuasion to you. Yet will you need none, if your health says yes. That it may do so I most heartily wish—for more important reasons than the seeing you to-day, great as the pleasure of that will be to us all. Talfourd only came to town on Monday, and got up the dinner last night—so you will forgive his not writing.

"The notice of the *Examiner* was poor but well-meant. Indeed, Hunt, when I sit down to say anything of you, a great many feelings which ought to make what I say the best in the world make it, in expression at least, the worst. Here, however, and always, I can write myself, in two or three words, all that I wish to be known by you, my dear Hunt—your ever affectionate friend,

" JOHN FORSTER.

" 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Wednesday, August 9, 1837, half-past one.

"Forster's fine critical taste and judgment," continues Mr. Mayer, "were always at the service of his friends, not only in polishing and revising work when done, but in choosing suitable themes and the happiest mode of treating them. Many of the Eastern tales so beautifully versified by Leigh Hunt were suggested to him by Forster, as in a letter dated '58, Lincoln's Inn Fields, February 18, 1850.' He had been asking whether Leigh Hunt's 'Godiva,' which he read in manuscript, could be spared for *Household Words* :—

"I would not on any account withdraw from the magazine what you had promised. Dickens, when I tell him, will be thankful to you all the same. But you ask if you can do anything new in time for him. And that reminds me that there is a story told by Jeremy Taylor which I have long wanted you to throw into verse. I think you know it, but here it is. It is the conclusion of his 'Apology for Christian Toleration.'

"The story, which Forster proceeds to tell, was thrown into grand dramatic form by Leigh Hunt as 'Abraham and the Fire Worshipper,' and appeared in the first number of *Household Words*, March 30, 1850; being afterwards included in the 'Stories in Verse,' by Leigh Hunt, published by Routledge in 1855. The poem fully justifies the concluding words of Forster's letter :—

"Now, my dear Hunt, I think this is a text on which you might preach a divine and enduring sermon in verses worthy of the moral.

"These Eastern stories, the finest of which, 'The Inevitable,' is inscribed to John Forster, were originally written as dialogues between him and Leigh Hunt, showing the part the former took in their conception. The form was ultimately changed, for some good critical reason, no doubt, but to Forster's regret, as the following expostulation shows :—

"This *Giafar* strikes me as the most *perfect* thing of this kind that you have done! It is charming. I would not change a word. But are all those vivid little histories of thought and passion to leave the dramatic framework in which I had a place I prized so? Let us discuss that among other things. And that we may, bring with you what we once read together in the *Rose and Crown*."

To these extracts Mr. Mayer adds the following fragment of the "dramatic framework" just referred to :—

Hunt. Tell me a story, Forster.

Forster. Well, there lived

A woman once who loathed her husband.

H. Pleasing.

F. Pungent. 'Tis olives for the wine. Well, Hunt,
She loathed her husband, and she loved his cousin.

H. Happy dog! To be loved of one that loathed.

F. He was, for he escaped her.

H. Pardon me,
My interruptions were but freaks of comfort.
I am all ears.

F. The story merits it,
As you'll allow.

Then begins the story, of which Mr. Mayer has as yet found but two folios among the MSS.

Referring to that air of "pomp," and that manner of "a tragedian off the stage," mentioned in one of the obituary notices, my correspondent quotes an amusing *mot* of Douglas Jerrold's :—"They say, Forster, that *Macready* imitates *you*." Forster's peculiarity of manner appears to have rendered him somewhat unpopular among those who, not being his personal friends, were brought into relations with him as a Commissioner of Lunacy and as a journalist. "At the *Examiner*," says Mr. Mayer, "messengers with proofs have been known to contest outside his door as to who should 'bell the cat,' as they put it. The severity of his own early struggles may have had a somewhat perverse influence upon the tone and temper of the man in prosperity. The following passage, from an unpublished letter to a lady long since dead, written I think in 1831, bears witness of the time when as yet he had little assurance of the uninterrupted prosperity which he enjoyed during the greater part of his life. The

letter was called forth by an appeal on behalf of a family in pressing need :—

“I am a young man, on my way to the English Bar, with no property save in my own personal exertions and the kindness of my friends. My expenses at the Cambridge University and subsequently here in London have been very great, and—why should I hesitate to tell you?—have swallowed up all that I could really call my own. A month or two ago I paid to Chitty—the special pleader—the last hundred guineas I had at my disposal, and within these few weeks have been much harassed for ready money, from the failure of a magazine in which I was concerned. These things have taken away from me the power of answering your note as I could have earnestly wished.

“Forster, with characteristic energy,” adds Mr. Mayer, “goes on to suggest a carefully arranged and business-like plan for assisting the family on whose behalf his correspondent wrote, pledging himself to an unlimited expenditure of time and personal interest to carry it out. Few busy men have worked so hard for other people, or so freely used personal influence on their behalf, as he did.”

AN author contemporary with Mr. John Forster throughout his whole career, and well acquainted with most of the famous men in whose circle the great biographer moved, furnishes me with a batch of rough memoranda and observations which I am sorry I have not space enough left to do justice to. Remarking upon the good fortune which in so many instances attended upon Mr. Forster's close friendship with eminent men of letters my correspondent says :—

When his friend Albany Fonblanque gave up the active editorship of the *Examiner* the nearest and most natural successor was John Forster; when his friend Charles Dickens retired from the chair of the *Daily News*, at his elbow stood the very able and well practised John Forster to drop into the seat; his friend the late “Barry Cornwall” having received the appointment of a Commissioner in Lunacy, the Secretaryship was speedily conferred upon John Forster, who also, on the retirement of Mr. Proctor, dropped softly into the Commissionership itself at £1,400 a year; and finally, from the intimate relations of an executor to a wealthy publisher, who had withdrawn from business with a fortune of £40,000, it seemed quite a natural and graceful thing that John Forster should become the husband of the widow.

Like Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, my correspondent recalls the time of the “splendid strolling” of the Guild of Literature and Art through the provinces, and says the “pompous airs” and “dogmatic exactions” of Mr. Forster were sometimes laughed at and occasionally resented by others of the brilliant amateurs of the company, when the wit of Douglas Jerrold would often put him out of countenance though all else failed. The impression seems to have existed that Forster cut down and cut out from the performances effective little speeches and

bits of action which fell to various members of the troupe, in order to increase the importance and effect of the parts belonging to his own share. Robert Bell, for example, who was a gigantic Irish gentleman of considerable histrionic talent, was to play the part of an Irish porter, with a few humorous and pointed lines to speak ; but Mr. Forster reduced the speech to a mere half-dozen words. At literary dinners, and especially at those pleasant little gatherings given in by-gone years by Mr. Proctor at his chambers in Gray's Inn Square, there were not many, says my correspondent, more hearty or hilarious than Mr. Forster ; he often stood up with Laman Blanchard and recited scenes from Shakespeare, and he has even been known to "unbend" so far as to rise to his feet and extemporise a comic dance to the sound of distant music, his somewhat unwieldy form lending itself curiously to the designedly absurd effect of the performance.

FROM the Red Sea I receive, a few hours before going to press, a letter from Mr. Senior, on his way to Brisbane in the new steamship *Queenland*, in which he promises to send me from Singapore what seems likely to be a very interesting little batch of "Red Spinner" notes and observations on animate and inanimate nature, made on the voyage from the North Sea to the Indian Ocean.

THE New York *Nation* is very angry with "a certain number of English critics" who cry up Walt Whitman as the great or the only American poet. The *Nation* includes in its anger "the solitary American" who agrees with the aforesaid critics—Mr. M. D. Conway. I am not going to reopen the controversy as to the merits of Mr. Whitman ; but suppose the critics alluded to were right — which I do not affirm—and suppose Englishmen had found out the merits of an American poet whom Americans in general do not admire or even acknowledge, would there be anything very surprising in that? Do not the Americans boast of having discovered some of our great men for us before we knew them? The late Charles Sumner used to say that America discovered the genius of Carlyle and taught Carlyle's countrymen to admire it. Macaulay's essays were reprinted in America before the author himself thought them worth reprinting here. Mr. Herbert Spencer was famous in the United States while yet his own people in general knew nothing about him, and he has now twenty times more popularity in America than in England. Why, then, must they be necessarily in the wrong who, being English critics, think they see in Walt

Whitman what American critics do not yet perceive in him? It is quite true, however, that Americans in general do not admire Walt Whitman, and are rather angry at the raptures with which some English critics surround his name. Indeed the American public would hardly have known of his existence but for the English press. Some few years ago, when the admiration for Whitman was at its height here, a friend of mine was travelling in the States. A distinguished American poet, whose name is known to everybody, was once accompanying my friend on a trip in the lovely waters that surround New York. They passed Long Island, and my friend, fresh from London and Walt Whitman, gazed with special enthusiasm on the shores of "fish-shape Paumanok." He told the poet so. The poet looked blank. "Walt Whitman, you know," my friend said, somewhat disconcerted. "Who is he?" asked the poet in full innocence. The truth came out. He had never until that moment heard of Walt Whitman. Another American poet, who is a famous critic and scholar as well, found a recent sojourn in London made a little tiresome by the fact that people always kept asking him whether he knew Walt Whitman and Mr. Stanley, and appeared to think that his only title to notice as an American must be his acquaintance with Walt Whitman and Mr. Stanley. A London friend suggested to him as a mode of retaliation that if Mr. Browning or Mr. Tennyson should ever visit America the American poet should set on people to ask him whether he knew Mr. Gibbs and the Amateur Casual.

ON the question of the old pronunciation of the word "tea," referred to in the course of the gossip in these pages on the Irish method of sounding words in *ea*, a correspondent calls my attention to the fact that *tea* is pronounced *tay* at the present time by Cheshire yeomen and farmers, and by the same classes in the adjoining parts of Shropshire. He further recalls the lines from "The Rape of the Lock," not yet quoted in this little controversy :

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

ON reading in the "Recollections of Writers," in our last number, Mrs. Cowden Clarke's charming description of Leigh Hunt's private reading of his "Legend of Florence" and of his appearance on the stage at Covent Garden to receive the congratulations of the audience on the success of the play, Mr. S. R. Townshend Mayer

kindly forwarded me the following unpublished letter from Mrs. Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley to Leigh Hunt, which corroborates Mrs. Clarke's pleasant impression of Leigh Hunt's reading by the valuable and distinguished testimony of the author of "Sartor Resartus." The postmark of the letter bears date Oct. 24, 1839:—

DEAR HUNT,—I heard from Mr. Carlyle that your play was accepted, but your note gives me the further pleasure of the agreeableness of its reception. The green-room, that Purgatory before bliss or the other thing to saturnine or umbrageous spirits, will be a Milky Way, all sprinkled with dancing stars, to your free-hearted disposition and witty mind. God speed you through all!

I send you a letter I got from Percy to-day. He thinks the pit the most influential position, I fancy. Rothwell resolves to go and to give the aid of his Irish enthusiasm. You must and will succeed. . . .

I delight in your having got among these kind friends. Carlyle says you read your play so exquisitely, so much better than any one ever read before, that you must enchant.

Let me hear how you progress, and believe me yours truly,

M. W. SHELLEY.

Putney, Wednesday.

I am glad to learn that among the Shelley MSS. in Mr. Mayer's possession he finds the material for clearing up some vexed questions touching the text of Shelley.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1876.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GOOD MAN'S BLESSING.



N a bright sunny day, about a week after the drawing of lots in the town of St. Gurlott, there gathered, in a green field twenty miles away, a strange group. In the centre sat an elderly man, with a book in his hand, reading aloud in clear and even tones. Gathered around him, some looking over his shoulders, others seated on the ground—a few indolent and indifferent, most attentive—were eight human figures.

The reader was Master Arfoll ; the rest were his Pupils.

The eldest was a good-humoured but stupid-looking peasant of about five-and-twenty, who wore a broad beaver hat and an old-fashioned rusty suit—black jacket, loose black breeches, and black gaiters. He sat with his mouth and eyes wide open, a model of stupidity and curiosity. Next to him was a slender youth of eighteen, with close shaven hair, like a *kloärek* or religious student ; but he too was a farm labourer, or farmer's son. Next to him, two plump stolid girls of fourteen, with bright skirts, enormous coifs, and *sabots*. Then two clumsy and ill-favoured boys. And finally, looking over Master Arfoll's shoulders, a little boy and a little girl of six—the most comical little figures imaginable ; the boy clad exactly like the adult peasant—in a black suit, tiny *sabots*, and a broad-brimmed hat ; the girl with an enormous coif, the broad ends of which reached to her waist, a black bodice, a very stiff black skirt, and black stockings

terminating also in wooden shoes. The children looked as solemn as a little old man and woman, the girl with her hands folded primly on her bosom, the boy with his little hands stuck firmly in the waist-band of his *brazou-bras*.

Inland, scattered here and there, sometimes surrounded by fir trees, more often not sheltered at all, were a number of little farms, from which these pupils came. The green field in which they sat was part of a great plain of heath and gorse, interspersed with broad green pieces of pasture, and stretching along the low granite cliffs of the sea. All was very calm and still, and Master Arfoll, from the knoll where he sat, could trace the sea coast for many miles away, the blue capes stretching dim in the distance, the cream-white surf breaking in sandy bays, the dark blue waters moving softly under the shadows of the wind.

Here and there on the plain rose a menhir* or dolmen; others lay overthrown among the furze. Not twenty yards from the knoll a moss-grown dolmen—so high that a tall man might stand within it erect—cast its dark shadow on the grass.

Master Arfoll ceased; then he turned smiling to the little maiden, and said—

“Now, little Katel, read after me!”

The girl came closer, put her little face close into the book, and followed Master Arfoll's finger as it slowly traversed the lines. It was the New Testament she was reading, translated into modern French. When she had read a verse, with much blundering and confusion of Brezonec and French proper, the teacher patted her on the head.

“Good,” he said, and Katel blushed with delight.

Then the little boy tried, with less patience and less success. His French was utterly unintelligible.

“Take time, my Roberd!” said the teacher. But Roberd, although he took time, fared no better than before.

Presently, when the adult peasant came up to try, it was worst of all. His pronunciation of the letters was barbarous, and the smallest word of one syllable was beyond his powers. Nevertheless, he seemed to take great delight in the pursuit of knowledge, and when the other pupils, particularly little Katel, laughed outright at his blunders, he only grinned and scratched his head with the utmost good-humour.

* A *menhir* is an upright solitary stone; a *dolmen* is a chamber formed by a large stone placed erect on two upright stones, the sides being left open; and a *cromlech* is a collection of *dolmens*.

It was a scene for a painter. The sun shone brightly on the happy group, and softly touched the careworn lines of Master Arfoll's face, and lit up the quaint costumes of his pupils ; while all around him it gleamed on fields and farms, and on the great plain of furze, and on the twinkling sea. Ever and anon a white sea-gull, sailing in from the cliffs, passed softly over their heads ; and right above the dolmen, rising ever higher and higher, a lark was singing.

Then Master Arfoll took the old weather-beaten book, and turning over its worn leaves, read a part of a chapter, translating it rapidly aloud into melodious Brezonec. It was the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke, and the part he read was the parable of the man who gave a great supper.

All listened eagerly ; it was a story, like one of the tales told at the *veillée*, and they hearkened open-mouthed. When he had finished he said suddenly—

“ My children, let us pray ! ”

All knelt around him, from the peasant to little Katel, who fingered meanwhile a little rosary of oaken beads that hung over her white stomacher.

This was Master Arfoll's prayer—

“ Pour forth, I beseech thee, O Lord, Thy grace into the hearts of these Thy children ; that they, when the time comes, may know Thee and not Antichrist ; may feel Thy Divine assistance always with them, may recognise Thy truth and Thy knowledge, nor come and go upon the earth even as brute beasts of the field. Enlighten them, since they need light. Amen. Teach them, since they are willing to be taught. Amen. Strengthen them, that they kneel not to any graven Image or to any wicked Man. Amen. May their souls through life know the great gospel of love and peace, and may they meet at Thy great Supper, when the days of their life are done. Amen, Amen ! ”

At every repetition of “ amen,” little Katel crossed herself vigorously. To none of the scholars did the prayer seem different from other prayers, though Master Arfoll extemporised it, as was his custom, with profounder meanings.

Then all rose, and clustered round Master Arfoll in the sunlight.

“ That is enough for to-day,” he said, with his hand on little Katel's head. “ To-morrow we will meet here, my children, at the same hour.”

“ Master Arfoll ! ” cried little Katel.

“ Well, little onc ? ”

"Mother is angry that thou hast not stayed with her since thou camest to Traonili. She bids me tell thee that she hath a pair of leather shoes for thee, and more."

The schoolmaster smiled kindly.

"Tell thy mother I will stay with her to-night."

"Nay, that is not fair," cried out one of the older girls. "You promised Aunt Nola to stay with us."

This vehemently, but with a curtsey.

"We will see, we will see," said Master Arfoll nodding his head. "Now, hasten home, for the noon-day *angelus* has already sounded. Goodman Penvenn, till to-morrow! ~~3~~ Patience! You will be a scholar yet!"

The last words were addressed to the eldest of the class, who grinned a delighted reply, and in a thick *patois* pressed the schoolmaster soon to visit his brother, Mikel Penvenn, on whose farm he was a labourer.

A minute more, and the "school" was scattered: Penvenn making his way straight across the plain, the young girls and the lad walking slowly this way and that, the two young boys running with shouts and cries across the fields, and little Katel and her brother trotting hand in hand to the nearest farm.

While the schoolmaster, with a dreamy eye, is watching his little flock retreat, it may be well to explain the peculiarities of his strange vocation.

Before the great Revolution, Brittany had been full of itinerant teachers, educated by the Church, who travelled from village to village, and from farm to farm, teaching children the Latin prayers, the *Angelus Domini*, and the Catechism. They were generally men whose hopes of following the priesthood had been disappointed. Their lives were hard, their food the commonest, their whole profession allied to mendicancy. Their lessons were given at all hours and under all conditions. Sometimes in the fields, in the intervals of labour; sometimes in the stable and cowshed; sometimes under the Cross in the highway; sometimes within but oftener without. Their pay was miserable, six sous monthly from each family, or value for that amount. Besides this, they had perquisites and presents,—bacon, honey, linen, measures of corn. They were welcome to bed and board, wherever they liked to stay, and had a certain honour among the ignorant people; for an odour of sanctity hung about them, seeing that they had been reared in the bosom of the Church. They travelled thus from village to village till they were too weak to travel any longer afoot; then some of them, in their age,

contrived to procure an old mule or donkey to bear them, feeding it on the fields or in the deep roadsides ; and finally, when they were quite decrepit and beyond imparting the little they knew, many became professional mendicants, begging their bread from door to door.

With the fiery breath of the Revolution, these itinerant schoolmasters were scattered as sparks, and most of them disappeared forever. During the later years of the Empire, when it was most the cue of Napoleon to appear as the father of religion and the establisher of a new and holy *régime*, numbers of them reappeared following their old vocation.

At the time of the Revolution, Master Arfoll must have been about thirty years of age ; but none in that district of Brittany remembered seeing his face before about the beginning of the new century. His first appearance was as a grave elderly man, who wore upon his features the mark of some terrible trouble, and many of his utterances were so wild and peculiar that his sanity was often called in question. None knew if he had ever studied in any Church seminary. None knew whether or not he was a Breton born. It was generally reported that he had been a dweller in one of the great cities, and that there, during the years of Terror, he had known such experiences as had turned his hair prematurely grey.

However that may be, the people knew him and loved him. A good man, whatever his opinions, disarms opposition ; and besides, Master Arfoll never paraded opinions. He was welcome at nearly every farm-house and little cottage ; and when hospitality failed him, he had black bread in his wallet and could find cresses in the brook. His life might be called hard in a certain sense, but it was nevertheless the life of his desires.

The scholars were soon out of sight, and Master Arfoll turned his face towards the sea. He had been "sowing his seed," and he felt happy. A gentle light slept upon his careworn face as, holding his Bible in one hand, and with both hands behind his back, he moved past the moss-grown dolmen.

He was passing by, when suddenly he heard a sound behind his back ; at the same moment, a hand was placed upon his shoulders. He turned quickly, and there, as if sprung from the very bowels of the earth, stood Rohan Gwenfern.

Not at the first look did Master Arfoll recognise his pupil ; for already the man was cruelly changed. His hair was wild and his beard unshaven, his eyes bloodshot and sunken, his face careworn

and pale. It does not take many hours of hunting to turn a human being into an animal; and already Rohan had the wild listening look of a hunted thing. He seemed almost like a man uprisen from the grave; for his clothes were torn and covered with damp loam, one sleeve of his jacket was rent and his arm bare to the elbow, and to crown all, his feet were bare.

His height and powerful frame betrayed him most. Moreover, despite his wild appearance, he was still physically beautiful. The head was still that of a lion; the hair still golden, the eyes still full of their far-away visionary leonine look.

"Rohan!" at last ejaculated Master Arfoll, half questioningly, for he believed Rohan to be many miles away, and could scarce believe his eyes.

"Yes, it is I!" answered Rohan, with a quick forced laugh, as if in mockery of his own appearance; and he added, shaking the hair from his eyes, "I was hiding within the dolmen, waiting till you were done with your pupils. By St. Gildas, it was a gloomy tomb that, for a living man! I thought you would never have done."

He laughed again. There was a curious restless recklessness in his manner, and his eyes instinctively looked this way and that, all round him.

The schoolmaster placed his hand gently on his arm, looking anxiously into his face.

"Rohan? How is this? What has happened?"

Rohan set his teeth together and answered the look.

"It has come as I feared—that is all."

"What has come?"

"The Conscription."

"That I knew. But then?"

"And I am drawn!" answered Rohan. "Ten days ago was the drawing, and the day before yesterday was the medical inspection. A week since old Pipriac and a file of soldiers called to pay me their first visit. Unfortunately, I was not at home, and could not entertain them."

He laughed again, a laugh full of fierceness and fear. All was now clear to the schoolmaster, and an infinite pity filled his heart.

"My poor Rohan!" he said, softly. "I have been praying for thee ever since we parted, and it has come to this. It is a sad fatality, my son, a sad fatality. And thou art in revolt—God help thee, for it is terrible!"

Rohan turned his face away, to hide the mist that clouded his

eyes. These tender words shook him like a charm. He turned suddenly and took both the schoolmaster's hands within his own.

"I knew that it was coming, and it came, though I did not attend the drawing, and the number was drawn in my name. When the conscripts returned, I defied them and the Emperor; some one reported that I was refractory. A message came commanding my appearance at Traonili. I did not go. Another; and I stayed at home. After that it spread, and they came to arrest me. My own friends were worst, for they could not bear that they should go and I should escape. Four days ago they hunted me from home. I laughed at them, for I knew the ways a thousand times better than they. Well, I was in despair: I thought of thee. I have walked two nights following thee and asking after thee. Yesterday I was nearly trapped in a strange village out there. I had to fling away *sabots* and to run. A soldier caught me by the sleeve, as you see. It is hot work, Master Arfoll. It is so they hunt wolves in the Forest of Bernard."

He spoke rapidly, as if fearing and deprecating any censure. At every sentence his friend's face grew paler and graver. At the end he sadly shook his head, and was silent. Rohan continued—

"I questioned at night, when they could not recognise me, and I found you were in Traonili. This morning I followed you, always hiding when strangers appeared, for they might know. When you came this way I saw you were not alone, and I hid yonder and waited. I was in dread that you might accompany them up to the farms. Then I sprang out, as you see!"

The plain was solitary, and they walked on side by side seaward. The sward was soft and green beneath their feet, the furze all around them grew breast high, finches sang on every spray, and many larks sang overhead. Here and there grew bunches of primroses, and wild violets were stirring under the sod. Beyond, the sea was sparkling, and the purple shadows of the capes stretched out far away.

"Speak, then! what am I to do?"

Master Arfoll started, for he had been plunged in deep thought.

"My son, it is terrible!—I am stupefied—I cannot advise you, for I see no hope."

"No hope?"

"Only one."

"And that?"

"To deliver yourself up to the authorities and crave forgiveness. Men are precious now, and they will rejoice over thee. Otherwise I see no way. If they find thee afterwards it is death."

Rohan made a scornful gesture.

"I know that ; but in any case I can die, and they shall not take me alive against my will. But say, is this your advice, that I should give myself up?"

"I see no other way."

"That I should become a soldier of the Emperor?"

"If it is against thy will God will acquit thee. Rohan, it is a man against the world."

"Go on !"

"And even in battle thou mayst serve God. Thou wilt bear a weapon, but it will be thy fault if it takes any creature's life ; and then, thou mayst come back living when all is done."

Rohan listened with downcast eyes.

"What more?" he asked.

"No more. I know no other hope, my son."

"Can I not escape?—out of France?—to another country?"

Master Arfoll shook his head and pointed—

"That way lies Vannes ; that way Nantes ; that way Brest ; and between these towns thousands of villages. On every road-side, at every *cabaret* they are watching for deserters."

"If I could reach Morlaix, where there are ships !"

"It is impossible. From hence to Kromlaix is the loneliest part of Brittany ; all the rest is full of eyes. No disguise would save thee, for thou art a man in a hundred. Thou hast felt it already. They would discover thee, and then—no mercy !"

Rohan seemed not in the least astonished. He had not questioned Master Arfoll with the air of a man having much hope left : rather like a man who had weighed all his chances and knew them well beforehand. When the schoolmaster had finished, Rohan said quietly, looking up—

"To yield myself up ! To become a soldier of the Emperor ! Well, that is not the help for which I came."

He paused, and then continued rapidly—

"My father—for you will let me call you that!—you do not do me justice ; you think I am weak and infirm of purpose ; you advise me as if I were little Katel yonder, or her brother, or any child. That is not fair ; for I am a man. When a man swears an oath before God it is that man's place to keep it or die. My father, do you remember that night when we watched the women at the Fountain, and when I asked you, would a man be justified?"

Master Arfoll inclined his head in assent. His eyes now sought

Rohan's face with a new astonishment, for he saw there a soul in open revolt with nature against the inhumanities of man. He felt rebuked, for indeed he had given his counsel as to any common creature, hoping and instructing for the best. But now he was reminded, as in many a happier day he had been reminded before, that Rohan Gwernfer was no common creature, but one made in the most unique mould of nature, and as fixed in revolt as Napoleon himself in power.

“Yes, you remember!” continued Rohan. “Well, your counsel was unkind, for it bade me break my oath. I said I would never become a soldier; that while breath filled my body I would never cause another creature's death; that I might be killed, but that I would never kill. The time has come, and I am to be proved. You say there is no escape. Well, as I said before, I can die.”

All the wild recklessness had departed, and he spoke now in a low voice, solemnly and gently. His tones and looks were not to be mistaken; they expressed an indomitable will and purpose. Master Arfoll's seed had borne fruit indeed. It was the Pupil now who taught and admonished the Master.

Tears were on Master Arfoll's cheeks, and Rohan saw them—saw them and trembled at them, though there were no tears on his own. They walked slowly on till they came to the edge of the cliffs, and saw beneath them the sea rolling in on dark ribbed sands. Then Rohan sat on a rock close to the edge, and, leaning his cheek on his open palm, looked seaward.

Presently he said, quietly, with the air of one fisherman making a remark to another—

“There will be wind to-night, and rain. Look at that bank of clouds creeping up in the south-west.”

Master Arfoll did not reply; never had he seemed so reticent. After a pause, not changing his attitude, Rohan spoke again.

“Master Arfoll, you are not angry?”

Angry! With those tears still gathering in his eyes, with that tender trouble still lingering on his face! He turned to Rohan and answered him, placing one hand on his shoulder.

“I am angry with myself. To be so weak! to feel so helpless! to know such things are done, and yet be unable to lift a hand! My son, I deserved your rebuke, for you are right and I was wrong. It is wrong to acquiesce in evil, even to save one's life. It is accursed to draw a sword for that man, even though France itself is threatened. I weep for thee as for my own child, to see thee so troubled, so pursued; but I say in my heart ‘God bless him! he is right!—he is

a brave man, and were I indeed his father I should be proud of such a son.' ”

Long before the words were finished Rohan had arisen to his feet. Stretching out his hands, with the tears now for the first time gathering in his eyes, he cried—

“ My father, you have spoken at last, and it was for those words I came.”

He stood trembling, with the sunlight playing on his hair, and on his face a look which, if seen in a poet or a musician, would be called inspiration.

“ I came for those words ! All are against me, save my mother and thou ! all are against me, even the one I love best in the world. A good father would rather have his son die than live dishonoured ; and thou art my good father, and to go to war is dishonour, though they think it glory. Thou hast made me strong, my father—strong and happy. Give me now thy blessing, and let me go ! ”

Master Arfoll started and trembled.

“ My blessing ! Rohan, it is not worth giving ! You would say so, if you knew all.”

But Rohan had sunk upon his knees, looking up to Master Arfoll's face.

“ Bless me, my father ! Thou art the only good man I know ; men say too thou wast once a Priest. Your words, your love have made me what I am, and your blessing will make me better and stronger still. You have told me that I am right, that God will approve me, that I shall be justified. Now bless me, and leave all the rest to God.”

He bowed his head ; and then and there, touching his hair with gentle hands, and uplifting a pallid face to heaven, Master Arfoll blessed him. Worse blessings have been given, even by Saints well known in the Calendar.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PRAYERS OF TWO WOMEN.

THE drawing was over, the medical inspection had taken place, and the conscripts of Kromlaix knew their fate.

Gildas Derval passed the inspection with flying colours ; and being by this time fully plied with brandy and martial inspiration, he swaggered about like a very veteran.

Now, it so happened that the wish of his heart was granted, and

Hoël was a conscript too. Hoël had drawn "twenty-seven," and as two of those who had drawn lower numbers turned out unfit for service, not to speak of Rohan who was *non est*, he was enrolled and passed among the fatal twenty-five. The Corporal was in his glory, the twins full of bravado, the mother disconsolate. And in a few days they would receive their tickets, and have to march.

Meantime, the hue and cry had begun for the refractory "number one."

A body of *gendarmes* from Traonili, headed by old Jacques Pipriac, were scouring the village day and night, while the conscripts were aiding them as far as lay in their power. All in vain. After the first attempt made to arrest him, Rohan was invisible.

"Malediction!" cried old Pipriac to poor Mother Gwenfern one day, as for the fourth or fifth time they searched her cabin. "Could I but lay my hand on him, he should sweat for it. Thou hast him hidden—deny it not! Out with him! A thousand devils!"

And they prodded the mattresses with their bayonets, and turned out cupboards too small to conceal a dog, and looked everywhere into most unlikely places, while Mother Gwenfern, looking on, cried bitterly—

"Ah, Sergeant Pipriac! I never thought you could be so cruel to his father's son!"

The Sergeant, a little one-eyed, hook-nosed martinet, very fond of the bottle, twirled his grey moustache and scowled. He had been a great friend of her husband, and his present conduct seemed ungrateful.

"Malediction! one must do one's duty. Mother, thy son is a fool; and were I not after him, there would be others far worse to do the job! Come, let us have him, and I vow by the bones of St. Triffine that he shall be pardoned, and become a brave soldier of the Emperor."

And while one of the *gendarmes* pushed his head up the chimney, and another held his nose over the black swinging-pot, as if expecting to find the fugitive there, the mother answered—

"I have told you he is not here! I do not know where he is! Perhaps he has found a ship, and gone to England!"

"*Tous les diables!* to England!"

"Yes, Sergeant Pipriac!"

"Bah! that is not so easy, and he knows better than to trust himself in a land of wild beasts. No, he is here. I know it—I smell it as a dog smells a rat. Malediction, that the son of my good comrade Raoul Gwenfern should turn out a coward."

The widow's pale cheek flushed.

"He is no coward, Sergeant Pipriac."

"He will not fight. He creeps away and hides. He is afraid."

"It is not that. My Rohan is afraid of nothing, but he will never become a soldier."

The old fellow snapped his fingers.

"If I had him here, I would read him a lesson. Ah, if he would but take example by his two brave cousins, Hoël and Gildas. Those are men, if you like! each could strangle an ox! And their uncle, the Corporal, Mother Gwenfern—there's a man!"

Turning to his file of *gendarmes*, he cried—

"Shoulder arms! march! the fox is not here!"

Then turning again at the door, as if still twitted by his conscience, he cried—

"Good day, Mother! but mind you, we shall come again; it is not our fault, but the Emperor's orders. Take my advice, and persuade him; in another day it will be too late. Now, then—march!"

They were gone, and the widow was left to her lonely reflections. She sat silent by the fire, thinking. She was a tall woman with ashen grey complexion and grey hair, and long ago she had been told by a physician up in the town that her heart was diseased. She was the half-sister of Margarid Maure, who had married the fisherman Derval, brother of the Corporal; and being a very quiet, retiring woman, given to her own thoughts, she had seen very little of her sister or her children. People thought her unsociable and melancholy. Indeed, her whole heart was filled with her love for her only son.

When she told the Sergeant that she was ignorant of Rohan's whereabouts, she only spoke the truth. She had not seen her son for several days, and she was almost hoping that he had made good his escape to some safer district. Poor woman, she little knew how thickly the country was covered with snares and traps for deserters, and how impossible it was to elude the vigilant eyes of the public officials.

From the beginning she had almost regretted Rohan's deliberate and terrible revolt. Everybody said it was cowardly. Even his own blood-relations turned against him; the whole village talked of him in no flattering way. Twenty times in a day the gossips brought her news which frightened her, and made her poor heart beat painfully, and her lips grow blue. No one thought Rohan could escape for long; and when he was caught, he would be shot like a dog.

Far better, she thought, had he gone at once, and trusted to the good God for help. Many had gone and come home safe enough ; witness Uncle Ewen, who was covered with old wounds. Her heart was hard against the Emperor, but only as, in days of trouble, it had been hard against God. And the Emperor was like God—so great, so very far away !

She sat listening to the wind, which was rising that afternoon, and to the rain, which was beating against the door. Crouched near to her, with its eyes closed in the sleepy light of the fire, was Jannedik, the she-goat, her boy's favourite, and now her only companion.

It was a small room, rudely furnished with coarse oaken table and chairs. The floor was of earth, the black rafters stretched overhead. On the wall hung fishing and fowling nets, a fowler's pole and hook, &c. ; and pasted near the fireplace was a coloured print similar to the painting in Notre Dame de la Garde, representing shipwrecked sailors on a raft, kneeling all bareheaded, while a naked child, with a halo round his head, came walking to them on the sea.

The afternoon was very chilly and dreary, and where she sat she could hear the sea moaning as it does when stormy weather is coming.

Presently Jannedik rose, pricked up her ears, and listened. She had quick ears, had Jannedik, and would have been as good as a watch-dog, if only she could have barked her warnings.

She was right ; some one was coming. Presently the latch moved.

Mother Gwenfern did not turn round at first ; she was too used to the neighbours coming in and out, and she thought it was one of them. But when Jannedik, as if quite satisfied, sank down again on the hearth, Mother Gwenfern moved on the form, and saw her niece Marcelle, taking off a large black cloak which was wet with rain.

They had only met once since that scene on the night of the drawing, and then Mother Gwenfern had been very angry and bitter. Seeing now who it was, she turned very pale, and her heart began to palpitate, as, with no greeting, she turned her eyes again upon the fire.

“It is I, Aunt Loïz !” said Marcelle softly. She was very pale.

There was no answer. The widow still felt her heart full of anger against the Dervals, and she was very indignant at seeing Marcelle.

“I could not bear to think of thee sitting here all alone, and though my uncle did not wish it, I have come over. Ah, God, thou art lonely ! It is dreadful when all the world is against one's own son.”

The widow stirred in her chair, and said, still looking at the fire—

“It is still more dreadful when one’s own blood-relations hate us most. It was an ill day when my sister Margarid married a Derval, for you are all alike, though Ewen Derval is the worst. Some day, when you marry, you will know what it is to suffer like me, and you will pity me then.”

Hanging her cloak against the wall, Marcelle came nearer and sat down upon the form by the widow’s side. The widow shrank away a little, but said nothing. Marcelle, too, fixed her eyes upon the fire, and leant forward, warming her hands as she continued to speak.

“You are unjust to me, Aunt Loiz. I pity you now—ah, God, how I pity you! Uncle Ewen pities you, too, and he is so vexed and sad that he hardly tastes a morsel. Our house is nearly as sad as this, for Hoël and Gildas are both to go, and mother does nothing but cry.”

It was a curious sight to see those two women—one so old and grey, the other so fresh and pretty—sitting on one form side by side, not looking in each other’s faces, but both, whether speaking or listening, only looking at the fire. Jannedik seemed to have her own opinions on the subject, for she rose quietly and put her large head between Marcelle’s knees.

There was a long silence, and the wind and the sea cried still louder outside. Finally the widow said in the same low voice—

“Why have you come, child? What has brought you here at last?”

“Ah, Aunt Loiz, can you not guess? I came to ask after Rohan—whether he is still safe.”

The answer was a short, hard, bitter laugh.

“So! Well, he is safe, if you desire to know. You may go back to those who sent you, and tell them that much from me. Yes!” she continued, her voice rapidly rising in anger, “I know well what you come for, Marcelle Derval. You wish to find out where my poor boy is hidden, and then betray him to Ewen Derval and his enemies. You are a fool for your pains, and may God punish you for your wickedness, though your mother was of my blood!”

Marcelle was a high-spirited girl, and it is doubtful if she would have borne as much from any other woman in the world. Strange to say, she was now quite gentle, and only put her hand on her aunt’s arm, saying—

“Don’t! don’t speak like that, for the love of God!”

Something in the tone startled the widow, and turning, she saw

that Marcelle's eyes were blind with tears. She gazed in wonder, for Marcelle was not given to the melting mood.

"Marcelle, what do you mean? Why do you cry?"

The tone was sharp, but the look of the speaker's face was kinder. Marcelle rose, trembling.

"Never mind! You think I have no heart! Well, I will go, for you do not trust me, and I have no right to vex you. But if you knew! if you knew!"

She turned as if to go; but the widow, reaching out her lean hand, restrained her.

"Marcelle, speak!"

Marcelle stood moveless, and still trembling, looked into her aunt's face.

"Then Rohan has never spoken, Aunt Loiz? Well, I made him promise not to tell!"

"I do not understand!"

But the widow, from the new light on her niece's cheeks, was beginning to understand very well.

"I love Rohan, Aunt Loiz! I did not know it till lately, but now I love him dearly, and I cannot bear to hear you say such hard things of me,—for he has asked me to be his wife!"

The widow uttered an exclamation. The declaration did not surprise her so much in itself, for she had often had her suspicions, but it was startling as coming at that moment and under those circumstances. She looked keenly for a long time at Marcelle, who hung her head, and went alternately red and pale. At last she said in a more gentle tone than before—

"Sit down, Marcelle!"

Marcelle again sat down by her side, comforted and strengthened in so far that her confession was over. Then came a longer silence than ever; for the widow was in her own mind going over the past, and wondering over many things, in a waking dream. Marcelle was beginning to think her angry, when she said, in a low voice, as if talking to herself—

"If you love him as you say, it is strange that you brought him no better luck!"

This was a home-thrust, for Marcelle had often thought the same herself.

"It is strange, as you say!" she cried. "Ah, God! it was terrible to me, for I had prayed to draw a lucky chance. Aunt Loiz, I did it for the best. He bade me draw; and he was not there; and if none of his kin had appeared for him, the black mark would have

been put at once against his name. Uncle Ewen saved him that, for he spoke up and said he was ill. And now, Aunt Loiz, if he would only go! Uncle Ewen has influence, and Rohan would be pardoned; excuses could be made; ah, if he would only give himself up at once! Hoël and Gildas are both going, and he would have company. We two would pray for him night and day while he was away, would we not, Aunt Loiz? Ah, if he would be wise!"

By this time the women were close together, holding each other's hands, and both were weeping. It was blessed, the widow now felt, to weep a little with one who loved her son, when all others were against him.

But she cried, between her tears—

"No, it is impossible!"

"If I could only see him and speak to him! But he is so hard to understand. Ah, God! to hear every one, even the children, say our Rohan is afraid—it almost breaks my heart."

"He is not afraid, Marcelle!"

"That is what makes it all so strange. I know he is so brave, braver than all the rest; and yet, look you, he does not act like a man. When the Emperor calls for his children, he stays. When all the others take their chance fairly, he keeps away. When his number is drawn, he hides—he who is so strong. What can I answer, when Gildas and Hoël say that he is afraid, and even Uncle Ewen cries shame upon his name?"

"He is so headstrong! and Master Arfoll has filled his head with strange notions."

"You are right," cried Marcelle, eagerly; "it is Master Arfoll that is to blame. Ah, he is a wicked man, that, and no friend to the good Emperor, or to God."

Thus the two women conversed together, till the ice between them thawed, and they were quite reconciled. Mother Gwenfern had never doubted that Rohan was mad to resist the imperial authority, and much as her heart ached to think of parting with him, the dreadful uncertainty of his present fate was still more painful. About Master Arfoll, too, she was agreed, as we have seen. She could not understand that extraordinary being, and in her superstition she had often looked upon him with absolute dread. He was too clever to be a safe adviser for her son, and he never went to mass or confession, and men said he had been guilty of strange deeds in his youth. Ah, if her poor Rohan had never met such a teacher! So thought she; and so thought the excited girl at her side.

So by-and-by it came to pass that Mother Gwenfern was holding

Marcelle's little hand between her own trembling fingers, and softly smoothing it, with tender words.

"Thou art a good girl," she said, "and I could wish no better for my daughter, if that could be. It was not thy fault that Rohan spoke to thee in that way, instead of first speaking to me; men do foolish things for a girl, and Rohan is not wise, the good God help him! O, my son, my son!"

And she began again to weep bitterly, rocking herself to and fro, while Marcelle tried in vain to comfort her; nay, not wholly in vain, for there was solace in the touch of the soft young hands, in the sound of the gentle voice, in the very breathing and presence of one who loved her boy. The two hearts throbbed together, as hand clasped in hand the women wept together; and presently sinking down on their knees, while Jannedik, the goat, blinked great brown eyes in astonishment, both women prayed that the man they loved might cease his mad purpose, might come in and yield to the inevitable decree, might trust himself in the hands of the good God, who would preserve him for them throughout the war.

By such prayer, by the prayer of those nearest and dearest to him, is a man often softly drawn away from an immortal purpose; where power and strength might avail nothing, tears and a little love avail much, to shake the soul's sense of some pitiless duty. An infant's little hands may thus draw the just man from justice, the righteous man from righteousness; for justice and righteousness are alike awful, while to stoop and kiss is sweet. When a man's house is armed in affection against him, when, instead of help and a sword, he finds on his own hearth only febleness and a love that cannot understand, strong indeed must be his purpose, supreme indeed must be his faith, if he walks still onward and upward to the terrible heights of God.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GUINEVEVE.

WHEN Marcelle emerged from the widow's cottage, her tears were all dry, and she walked swiftly through the rain in the direction of the village. The wind was still rising upon the sea, and the sea, although it was still calm, had that indescribable hollow concussion which is only to be heard previous to stormy weather. The fishermen were drawing their flat-bottomed boats up higher, and carrying their nets and ropes within doors for shelter, while a few strong old men in their nightcaps and blue guernseys were stolidly smoking in

the rain and nodding their heads out at the sea. The tide was three-quarters flowed, and all the fountains were long covered.

Instead of turning inland up the main street of the village, Marcelle kept her way along the wet shingle, until she had to thread her way among the *caloges*, or upturned boats converted into houses and stores, which clustered on the strand just above high-water mark. Most of these *caloges* had iron funnels to let out the smoke; and on their roofs, or keels, thick slimy grass was growing, and on more than one of the roofs goats were contentedly grazing. Many of the doors were closed, for the wind blew right into them, but in one or two men lounged, or women sat busy knitting, or picturesque children crawled. This was the lower village, exclusively devoted to the fishing population, and quite inferior in social status to the mere solid village above.

Marcelle soon found what she was seeking,—a stone cabin built just above these amphibious dwellings, and newly thatched. Here, in the shelter of the doorway, a girl sat in an old-fashioned armchair, busily teasing and carding wool, and singing to herself in a low undertone one of those strange old songs still popular in Brittany:—

THE WHITE BIRDS.

I heard a white bird singing by the sea,
I cried "O white bird, hither and sing to me;"
My white bird came, and sweet in a *sons* sang she—
"The birds are merry making nests in May."

Her breast was white, my true-love's breast is white,
Her eyes were like my Nina's, black and bright;
My bird was dainty and dear as my heart's delight,
And sang so gladly, that my heart was gay.

I kissed my white bird's mouth with kisses three,
"Ah would my love were still and kind like thee!
We'd build a nest together beside the sea,
When birds are merry making nests in May."

My white bird rose and left me ere I knew.
Three times she hovered round me as she flew,
Then went a-winging over the waters blue—
"Come back," I cried,—but she was far away!

I climbed the hill and found my true-love's door—
My love was there, and dancing on the floor;
Her parents cried "Begone! come hither no more—
Our bird is busy making a nest in May!"

I called a curse upon my heart's delight,
I cursed her parents and her bridegroom bright,
I cursed the *basvalan* in my heart that night,
For he, false thief! had lured my love away.

I heard another white bird by the sea—
“ I hate thee, white bird—thou art false as she !”
She did not heed, but sang full merry and free—
“ Sweet birds are merry making nests in May !”

I heard a sigh behind me on the shore.
I turn'd and saw a young maid weeping sore!
“ What ails thee, lass ?” I said, and o'er and o'er
She cried, “ My false love left me yesterday.”

Her breast was bright, her eyes were bright and clear,
I tried to comfort her and give her ch  er—
At last I sigh'd, and whisper'd into her ear
“ Sweet birds are merry making nests in May !”

I saw again that white bird hovering round,
I heard him uttering the same sweet sound.
I thought “ A white bird lost and a white bird found ;
Tho' one maid flies, another maid may stay.”

Smiling, I saw my little maiden stand,
As straight and fair as any lily-wand :—
I kissed her lips, and led her home by the hand,
When birds were busy making nests in May.

Such was the ballad, chanted rather than sung, in the melodious dialect of the district, with the strange weird droning cadences peculiar to Celtic music.

Looking up as she sang, the singer saw Marcelle.

“ Welcome, Marcelle !” she said, quietly using the usual Breton greeting.

“ God be with you, Guineveve !” answered Marcelle smiling ; then standing in the doorway and looking down at the busy fingers she added, “ How is Mother Goron ?”

“ You would say she was ten years younger,” answered Guineveve ; “ she sings about the place at her work, and she will never rest, and she prays for the Emperor every night, because he has not taken Jannick away.”

A faint colour came into the girl's cheeks as she spoke, but her face, seen in its tight snowy coif, was still very pale. As she sat there, in her dark dress with the white stomacher and sleeves, in her blue petticoat and stockings and leather shoes with buckles, you would have said, had you been a Kromlaix man, “ That is the girl I could dance with from night till dawn of day.” Her form was so plump and pretty, her feet were so neat, and to crown all, she had such a lovely face, that a stranger would have lost his heart to her at the first glance. But Guineveve, though perfectly made and without any deformity, had never been able to walk properly, because she had

some mysterious trouble of the spine. She could just move along, holding on to some one's arm, or touching some support, but that was all. When she wished to go out into the sunshine, she had to be carried and set down in a chair.

She was not Kromlaix born, but was a native of Brest. When she was a child only a year or two old her parents died, and Mother Goron, who was a distant relation, brought the little one back with her from Brest, where she had been on business concerning a pension she inherited from her husband Jacques Goron, who was a marine and died in the lazaretto. From that day, Mother Goron brought up Guineveve as her own child, with her only son Jannick. But it was discovered very soon that Guineveve would never walk upon her feet, that she was hopelessly and incurably—well, not a cripple or absolutely lame—but without the power of using her limbs in erect motion. Strange to say, this did not interfere with full physical development; and she slowly grew into a lovely maiden, “divinely pale,” but without one trace of emaciation or disease. And she was very happy, though sometimes she envied the people who could walk and run. Her fingers were never idle. Sitting in her chair (which old Cadou the carpenter had made expressly for her) she knitted, spun, sewed, and even assisted Mother Goron in the cookery of the house.

She had a blissful face, with large soft-lidded dark eyes, pale soft cheeks, and ripe smiling lips; and she was as fond of merriment as any girl in the village. God had been good to her, and given her, instead of motion, a lovely voice; and when she had learned all the old country *sônes*, and the ballads of love and romance, and the other ballads too of brightness and mirth, she sang them as none other could. No *veillée* was perfect without her; they carried her up always to the June festival, and she was the gayest there. As to her tongue when she talked, it was both sharp and sweet; for sweet as was her nature, she was a match even for the *bazvalan* when he tried to pass his coarse jokes upon her.

Just now, however, she was sad enough, for she and Mother Goron had just emerged from a great terror, and she was talking to one whose trouble was great.

“What news?” she said, looking up quickly after a pause.

“None. Aunt Loiz does not know where he is. He has not been near home for many nights, and she is growing afraid.”

“It is very strange.”

“He is quite desperate and mad. I sometimes shudder, for he may have drowned himself in his rage. If I could only speak with him!”

They were talking, of course, of Rohan ; but the personal pronoun was quite enough, as the girls were in each other's confidence, and understood one another.

"Gildas is to go?" said Guineveve presently.

"Yes ; and Hcël."

"Even then, your mother has Alain and Jannick ; and then there is Uncle Ewen. But it is terrible for the woman who has only one. If the Emperor had taken Jan, mother would have died."

"But Aunt Loïz prays that *he* may go !"

"That is different ; ah, she has courage ! If I had a son my heart would break."

"She is grieving too," answered Marcelle ; "it is the way of women. For my part, if I had a son and he was afraid, I should never love him any more. Think how terrible it would be if the good Emperor were served so by all his children, for whom he has done so much ; he would be massacred, and then what would become of France ? If Rohan were in his right senses, he would not hide away."

"Perhaps he is afraid," sighed Guineveve. "Well, it is no wonder !"

Marcelle set her white teeth together, and trembled.

"If I thought it was *that*," she cried, "I should hate him for ever and ever ; I should then die of shame. What is a man if he has not a man's heart, Guineveve ? He is no more than a fish in the sea, that flashes off if you move your hand. No, no, he is brave ; but I will tell you what I think—Master Arfoll has put a charm upon him ; he is bewitched !"

Marcelle did not speak figuratively ; she literally and simply meant that the schoolmaster had affected Rohan by some diabolical art.

"But Master Arfoll is a good man !" cried Guineveve.

"You may think that if you please, but I have my own thoughts. They say he was once a Priest, and now he is friends with no Priest but Father Rolland, who is friends with everybody. He knows cures for men and cattle, and they work like magic. I was told once up in St. Gurlott that he had the evil eye."

Guineveve shuddered, for she too had her superstitions,—how indeed could she avoid them, reared as she had been in so lonely and uncultivated an atmosphere ? So when Marcelle crossed herself, she crossed herself too ; but she looked up with a sad smile saying—

"I do not believe that of Master Arfoll ; and you must not say so to Mother Goron—he did her a great service long ago, and she

thinks he is a saint, as pure as one of God's angels. Ah, yes, he has the face of a good man!"

Marcelle's eyes flashed, and she was about to repeat her charges even more angrily, when Jannick Goron walked hurriedly up to the door. He paused surprised at seeing Marcelle there, and then turned smiling to Guineveve, whose face kindled at his coming.

"Welcome, Jan!" said Marcelle.

Goron looked this way and that as if fearing an eavesdropper; then said in a low voice rapidly—

"I have news, Marcelle! He is not far away!"

Marcelle was about to utter a cry, when he placed his hand upon her arm.

"Hush! come within, for the rain is heavy;" and when they were standing inside, with a full view of poor old Mother Goron bustling busily before the fire, he added, "He was seen at Ploubol yesterday, and a man recognised him, and he was nearly taken. He struck down the *gendarmes*, and that will make his case worse. There is no escape; he must soon be caught. He was last seen going in the direction of Traonili."

Marcelle wrung her hands in despair.

"Ah, God, he is lost—he is mad."

"Have you seen the proclamations?" asked Goron, in the same low voice. "Well, they are posted up along the road, and there is one on the church-gate, and another on your own door. They forbid one to give shelter or succour to any deserter on pain of death; they say that every conscript who has not answered to his name will be shot like a dog; there is to be no mercy,—it is too late."

Goron was deeply moved, for he was the one man in Kromlaix of whom Rohan had ever made a friend. In his character and his whole bearing there was a nobility akin to that of Rohan himself. And who that saw the quiet light in his eyes as he looked at Guineveve could doubt that he too loved and was loved in return?

It was a strange love, this of Goron for his foster-sister. In Kromlaix a woman was sought for her wealth and for her strong hands, more than for her beauty, which was altogether a minor consideration; and any other man of Kromlaix would have laughed at the idea of wedding a helpless and portionless creature. From the first, however, Goron had made up his mind. He would marry Guineveve, and she would sit by his fire, and with his own loving hands he would guard her and bear her, and no saint in its shrine should be more helpless and adored than she. He had wrought like a slave and saved money for years, with this dream in his heart; and

every time the Conscriptio spared him he lifted up a rejoicing heart to God.

When Goron mentioned the proclamations against deserters Marcelle's heart went sick.

He had not told her, however, of the sight he had seen with his own eyes—old Corporal Derval himself, pipe in mouth, accompanied by the *gondarme* Pipriac and followed by Hoël and Gildas, strutting forth and sticking up with his own hands the paper that was now to be seen on his own door!

Marcelle was not one of those maidens who wear their hearts on their sleeves; she had martial blood in her veins, and was quite capable, literally and figuratively, of "standing fire." But this gnawing terror overpowered her, and she felt faint. All the memory of that happy day in the Cathedral of St. Gildas swam before her; she felt the embracing arms, the consecrating kiss; and then she seemed again to behold her lover as he had appeared on the night of the Conscriptio, wild-eyed, vehement, blaspheming all she held holy and sublime. It was curious, as illustrating the tenacity of her character, that she still stubbornly and firmly refused to believe that Rohan, in his extraordinary conduct, was actuated by the ordinary motives of cowardice and fear. She chose rather to think him the victim of some malignant fate, some diabolic spell such as "wise men" like Master Arfoll knew how to weave, than to dream that he acted under emotions which, in her simple idea, could be only both treasonable and base. True, she remembered with a shiver his old expressions concerning the Emperor, but these she always persuaded herself were uttered when he was not in his "right mind."

She did not speak now, but leaning her forehead against the door gazed drearily out into the rain. All the beautiful dream of her young love seemed blurred and blotted out by mist and tears.

"Marcelle," whispered Guineveve, taking her hand softly, "do not grieve; all will be well yet!"

There was no answer, but a heavy sigh, and the pale, firm face wore an expression of fixed despairing pain.

"After all," said Goron, sympathetically, "he may be pardoned, for the Emperor wants men. If he would only come in—even now!"

Marcelle was still silent, and presently she kissed Guineveve on either cheek, and held out her hands to Goron.

"I must go now," she said quietly. "Mother will wonder where I am."

Slowly, under the rain that was ever falling heavier and heavier,

she moved through the streets of the village. She saw nothing, heard nothing—she was wrapt in a dream ; though to look upon her as she passed, with her firm lips and her quiet eyes, with her cloak wrapped round her, and her foot as firm yet light upon the ground as ever, one would scarcely have thought that she had any care.

Yet the great Sea was rising and crying behind her as she went, and before her soul a storm was spreading, more terrible than any sea.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE STORMY NIGHT.

ROHAN GWENFERN's well-trained eyes had not deceived him. The bad weather was coming, and that afternoon it came.

Parting from Master Arfoll, who slowly retreated up to the peaceful farms among which he was then dwelling, Rohan pursued his way along the brink of the crags. Between him and the inland the yellow-blossomed furze grew a tall man's height, and more than once, to find a path, he had to crawl down and creep like a fly along the very face of the crag, which was touched here and there by the sun to rosy light, with silver glimmers of mica and felspar. The further he went the solitude grew lonelier. Not a soul was to be seen on that dizzy path, which wound slowly out to the great promontory of Pointe du Croix.

The expression of his face was now quite calm. The wild, hunted look had vanished, to be replaced by a sad self-possession ; for as the dark waves broke at his feet, as the white gulls hovered over his head, as the goats of the crags walked slowly and fearlessly from his path, he felt the companionship of Nature, the happiness and freedom of a solitude that was not solitary, of a loneliness that was not quite alone. He had always loved such joys ; now he loved them almost to madness, for he was a man against the World.

He was in revolt against his fellows. He had refused to follow the Phantom that was beckoning his generation.

Instead of being bound like a slave in a soldier's livery, and carrying a soldier's butchering load, he was free—he could move and live as he pleased, and if necessary he could die as he pleased. Not a sea-bird on the wing, not a seal softly floating in the watery empyrean, was more justified than he. The heart of Earth throbbed with him—he could feel it as he threw himself down on the soft green grass. The living waters leaped and rejoiced with him ; he could see them glancing for miles on miles with rhythmic joy. The air exulted and blew joyfully upon him ; he drank it with slow

heavings of the breast, and his strength grew. It was something, after all, to be a Man. It was more, to be admitted to the sacrament of Nature, partaken of by all those creatures and creations which bemoan the cruelty of Men.

The last touch of this sacrament came from a good Man's blessing. Before that was given he had been weak and afraid; now he came back to Nature, happy and resolved.

Yes, momentarily happy; for persecution brings its happiness, when it draws forth the untold treasures of courage and self-confidence that hide in a human breast. Rohan Gwenfern had always felt himself superior to his fellows; since, let us admit it at once, he combined with his natural beneficence a fierce animal pride. He was not common, nor felt like mere slaves of the sword or the plough. Revolt developed this pride to a passion. He loved the frightful odds against him, and he was ready to meet them.

These were the thoughts and feelings that kept his heart up for many a mile, and made him almost forget his mother and Marcelle; but as the afternoon darkened, and the weather began to change from sunshine to a thin dreary rain, he began again to be conscious of desolation.

By this time he had reached the utmost verge of the promontory of Pointe du Croix.

It was desolate as Death. The rain was now falling heavily. A slate-coloured mountain of water rose over the point, turned to livid white, hovered, and broke in a fourfold cataract right over the outmost rocks. The sound was terrible, like the sound of innumerable chariot wheels, like the roar of a thousand cannon. On the extremest place of safety sat in rows hundreds of cormorants, both black and green; and although the cataracts of foam broke momentarily close to their webbed feet, many were asleep with their heads beneath their wings.

Here Rohan sat and rested, far away from mortal view. The cormorants below sat within thirty yards of his feet, but none heeded him. Two ravens, a male and a female, passed constantly to and fro above his head, wheeling in beautiful circles, and hunting the cliffs like hawks for prey; often they wheeled so close that he might have struck them with a stone.

Presently he drew from his breast a piece of black bread, and began to eat. He looked round for water, but none was near; so he caught the rain in his hollowed hands, and drank it, and was refreshed.

All this was nothing new. Hundreds of times he had done for

sheer pleasure what he now did from sore necessity. Never, however, had solitude possessed so keen a zest.

It was here, seated alone on the promontory of Pointe du Croix, that he conceived his plans. When he rose and walked again, his ideas were all matured, and he turned his steps eastward, to his native village.

When night fell it found him walking before a wild storm of wind and rain on the desolate tract of moorland called Vilaine. Not a habitation was to be seen, not a sign of humanity in any form. Herds of wild cattle crouched together in the rain, and on the edges of the crags ran flocks of wild goats. Lines of menhirs covered this plain, like lines of giants petrified, and as the wild rain smote upon them, and ran like dark tears down their jagged cheeks, they seemed coming to life and stirring in answer to the Spirit of the Storm.

Amidst these stony phantoms Rohan fled. Fortunately, the wind was at his back and smote him on. Sometimes he paused to shelter in the shadow of a menhir; then after a time he hastened on again.

The night grew blacker and blacker till he could scarcely see a yard along the plain. The rain fell in torrents and the wind shrieked. Overhead there was a confused motion and murmur—

*Dant etiam sonitum patuli super æquora mundi.**

—the sound of the clouds roaring over the waters of the wide-spreading upper world. On his left hand, a motion and murmur no less terrible—that of the storm-vexed sea sounding upon its shores. Heaven and ocean seemed confusedly mixed together, as in the awful Promethean tempest.

Ξυντετάρακται δ' αἰθὴρ πόντω!

Woe to the traveller on the plain of Vilaine that night, if he had been any other than Rohan Gwenfern.

But Rohan fought his way as if by instinct. He had more than once been on the great plain before, and he knew by the situation of many of the menhirs how to steer his course. Soaked to the skin, drenched so terribly that the wind tore off parts of his dress in strips, bareheaded and barefooted, he rushed along, as a boat with rent sail flees before the wind.

Suddenly he paused and started back.

* Luc. de Rer. Nat. vi. 108.

A flash of crimson light arose from the very edge of the ocean illuminating the darkness.

At first superstition seized him, and he shrank afraid; but in a moment he recovered himself, crept forward, and looked again.

The flash continued, now coming, now going, like the gleam of a lighthouse lamp.

Suddenly, instead of turning away, he ran forward in the direction of the light. The rain fell heavily, the storm shrieked, but he saw all clearly soon—a great crimson fire burning on the very edge of the crag, and sending a wild stream of light out upon the tempestuous sea.

He crept closer and saw distinctly, surrounding the fire, some dozen figures running round and round like the imps of an Inferno.

An ordinary Breton would have crossed himself and flown; and indeed such an apparition, seen in such a solitude and on such a night, might well appal even the stoutest heart. Rohan was not so daunted. He paused and looked, and now, wafted on the wind, he distinctly heard voices.

Then crouching down almost to the ground, he crept fifty yards closer still, and gazed in horror once again.

Close to the edge of the cliffs—held down by ropes attached to enormous stones—stood a huge cage of iron, in which burnt a fire of bog-oak, bushes of furze, and dry sods of peat; and surrounding it, as the flame leaped and darted in the wild breath of the tempest, were some seven or eight men and two or three old women. Some running round and round the cage momentarily shut out the light from the sea; others sat on the grass glaring at the flame, their features horribly illuminated; and one *groach*, or old woman, like a very Witch of Endor, was leaning forward over the flame and chattering wildly as she warmed her skinny hands.

Within a few yards of this group stood a low menhir partly sheltering them from the torrents of rain, and crawling up close in the shadow of this, Rohan listened and watched.

“Bad luck to Penruach this night!” said a voice. “It is too dark out there even to see our fire.”

“That’s as St. Lok wills,” croaked the old woman. “If he means to send us luck, the luck will come.”

Rohan shuddered. He knew his company now. The creatures on whom he gazed were fishers from Penruach, whose wrecking propensities even the severe laws passed after the Revolution had never been able to extinguish, and who regarded every passing ship as legitimate plunder. This St. Lok of theirs, by whom the old

crone swore, had been a wrecker too; for, if tradition was to be believed, he was an antique Christian who spent his time in luring to destruction the ships of infidel invaders, and who was presently canonised for his pains.

Outside the point of vantage where this group gathered, stretched for miles one neck of fatal reefs, partially covered and partially submerged. Dark as the night was Rohan could see the flashing of foamy breakers far out to sea; and wherever the horrible light from the cage fell, in one long stream across the water, it shone only on the whiteness of broken foam or on black edges of rock.

Rohan hesitated. He knew and loathed the horrible work the creatures were about, but he was also cognisant of his own danger and wished to act with caution. His resolution was soon taken, and he acted upon it at once.

"Lok! Lok! send us a ship!" cried another woman, using the first line of an old distich. "St. Lok is deaf, it seems!" she added bitterly.

"Don't cry so loud, mother," cried a man. "'Tis enough to waken the dead. Come, drink! Luck to St. Lok, and luck to the men of Penruach!"

A bottle was passed across to the woman, and she raised it to her lips. As she did so a wild shriek, startling and shrill, broke upon the night. All, men and women alike, leaped panic-stricken to their feet.

"See!" shrieked a man. "*An æl du! an æl du!*"*—and he pointed at the menhir.

On the very top of the stone stood a gigantic figure waving its arms with an unearthly scream. Its form seemed misshapen and bloody, its face glared horribly. Elevated so high, it seemed unspeakably terrible, and the boldest man there was panic-stricken.

"It is St. Lok himself!" shrieked one, flying past into the night.

"*An æl du! an æl du!*" said the others, stumbling, shrieking, flying, scattering themselves like foam into the darkness.

In a minute the place was deserted, and Rohan, with a wild laugh, leaped down. His stratagem had succeeded. By fixing his hands and feet in the fissures of the stone, he had slowly attained its summit, and emerged upon the awestruck sight of the wreckers. Not without some peril was this accomplished, for the sea was shrieking beneath his feet, and one false trick of the wind might have cast him over.

Springing down upon the cage, he seized it with all his strength,

* Breton name for "the Devil."

loosened it from its ropes and stones, and cast it over into the boiling sea. For one moment it illumined the waters, then it sank and disappeared.

The darkness that followed was so complete that Rohan, whose eyes were blinded by the light, could at first distinguish nothing; and overwhelmed by the fury of wind and rain, he cast himself upon the ground.

Rising, presently, when his eyes were accustomed to the darkness, he silently pursued his way.

CHAPTER XX.

“THE POOL OF THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.”

THE conscripts of Kromlaix soon knew their fate. For a few days after the medical inspection the order to march arrived. They were to go thence to Traonili, from Traonili to Nantes, and thence, after having joined their regiments, right on to the Rhine!

The experiences of the previous year had not brought the Emperor wisdom, and his struggle with Destiny was about to commence on a more enormous scale than ever. The loss of 500,000 men, with all their arms, ammunition, and artillery, had not daunted or even discouraged him; for he had merely uplifted his finger, and legions had arisen to take their place. Meantime, Prussia and Russia had shaken hands, and the Tugendbund had been formed, and all Germany had arisen. On the 16th of March previous to the Conscription, Prussia had declared war; and now the patriotism of the Teuton youth was bursting forth like a volcano. At the head of this host stood the bigot Blucher, pupil of the great Friedrich. As if this were not enough, Sweden too had joined the confederacy against Buonaparte. And already the French had evacuated Berlin, and retreated on the Elbe.

Our story at present, however, concerns not the movements of great armies, but the fortunes of humble individuals. The summons to march had come, and the Derval household was as busy as it was troubled. At last came the eve of the departure, and the conscripts were to set forth, all together, at earliest dawn.

There was a busy gathering that night in the Corporal's kitchen. Sergeant Pipriac was there, with his little eyes red with brandy; Mikel Grallon and several other friends of the twins had gathered to drink a parting glass. The mother was busy upstairs, turning over and fondling for the last time and packing up in bundles her sons' clothes, and weeping bitterly, while Marcelle tried in vain to comfort her. In many houses that night there was such weeping.

The twins sat moodily enough, depressed at heart now the time had indeed come. Even Uncle Ewen was out of spirits, for after all he knew the terrible odds of war, and he was very fond of his nephews.

"One thing you will escape, *mes garz*," he said, puffing his pipe quietly, "and that is, all the hard words of the drill-sergeant. You are soldiers ready-made! 'Eyes right,' 'eyes left,' 'first position,' 'second position,' 'present arms'—bah! you know all that by heart, for you were bred in a soldier's house. They will be pleased with you for this, and you will get on, you will thrive. There is another thing you must know. When you are receiving cavalry, don't dig into your man in the old way—like this!—but turn your elbow and give a twist of the wrist—like that!" Here the old burnpowder illustrated the action with his stick. "That is the trick of it, and you will soon learn."

"I suppose so," said Gildas gloomily. "The Russians and the Prussians can play at that trick too!"

"When you have once smelt powder, it will be prime," returned their uncle, "and the best of it is, you will do that at once. There will be no delay, no worry—you are going straight to the Rhine—straight into the midst of the fun."

"I wish I was going too!" sighed Alain; "it is like my luck."

"Come, come," cried Hoël, "thou wast pale as death that day of the drawing, and would have given thy right arm not to go."

"I did not know then that you two were going."

"Thy turn will come," said the Corporal; "and thine too, Jannick. I will give you another wrinkle, youngsters!" he continued, turning again to the others, "make friends with the corporal and with the sergeant too, if you can; a glass of brandy goes a long way, and few of them will refuse. Don't waste your money on the sutler woman by treating all your comrades, like mad conscripts; but treat the corporal if he is willing, and, look you, you will have a friend in need. Don't be frightened at first by his gruff ways—address him with humility, and he will be satisfied; treat him, and he will be pleased."

"All right, Uncle Ewen," returned Gildas, holding up a glass of brandy. "Here's his health, whoever he is!"

"I myself have seen to your shoes, *mes garz*," continued the Corporal. "Two pairs each, but neither new—soft as silk to the feet, and the best leather. I have known many a conscript go lame before he reached Nantes by starting in new shoes. Then there's your knapsacks! You will find them irksome at first, but the true

trick is to strap them tight into the small of the back, not to let them hang loose as foolish conscripts do."

Uncle Ewen gave his instructions very quietly ; for the life of him he could not help feeling dull. The company were all very quiet, and the younger men seemed to regard the two twins as lambs in fair prospect of being slaughtered. Mikel Grallon was the only one that laughed. Boisterously, again and again, he clapped the twins on the back, and offered his hand, and clinked glasses with them. But drink had no effect that night in lighting up their hearts. They knew their mother was in tears upstairs, and that Marcelle was grieving too. They saw plainly enough that Uncle Ewen's talk was forced, and that even Sergeant Pipriac was sorry for them in his rough way. They were going to "glory" for the first time, and they would a great deal rather have stayed at home.

Late that evening, while the company in the kitchen were drinking, smoking, and talking, Marcelle quietly left the house and walked up the road which led out of the village.

The moon was at the full, but vast clouds driven by a high wind obscured its rays, and the night was very dark. Showers of rain fell from time to time, and between the showers the moon looked out at times with a wan, wistful face.

Running rather than walking, with nothing but her ordinary indoor costume to shield her from the showers, Marcelle rapidly made her way up the hill, passed the church with its churchyard and calvary (in passing which she crossed herself eagerly), and then, some hundred yards further, turned out of the road across an open heath. She was by this time breathless with speed, and her eyes looked from side to side timidly, as she pursued her way through the darkness. The path was obviously familiar to her, and though she tripped several times she never lost her way. Once indeed she stopped perplexed ; but just then the moon looked out in its fullest brilliance, and she ran on again in the right direction.

By this time she had left the village a mile and a half behind. She was in the midst of a lonely heath thickly strewn with grey granite stones, with here and there little clusters of dwarf fir trees and wild furze.

Another shower came, blotting out the light of the moon, and the wind moaned very desolately. Still, with quickly palpitating heart, Marcelle crept on. When the moonlight appeared again in full brightness, she had found what she sought.

Towering above in the moon rays was a colossal granite Cross,

looking up to which she could see the body of the Christ drooping the head and gazing into the gloom. Clustering all below it were wild shrubs, monstrous weeds, darnel and nettle and foxglove as high as a man's breast.

Marcelle trembled as she looked up, crossing herself rapidly. Then creeping forward to the base of the Cross she found a basin of blood-red granite, cracked across, but still capable of holding the rain and dew. It was brimful from the recent showers, and its contents resembled blood.

Now this solitary basin, called in the dialect of the country the "Pool of the Blood of Christ," was very holy in the eyes of the villagers—more holy even than the wells for holy water in the church itself; for surely as the dews of Heaven fell into that basin they possessed the property of Christ's own blood and could heal sickness where the sick one had much faith. That was not all. It was a common superstition that if a man or woman went thither when the moon was full and dipped into the basin any portion of any article of attire or of anything to be worn about the body, that portion of inert matter would become "blest," and have the power of warding off danger and even death from the wearer. Only one condition was attached to this blessing—that the "dipping" must be done in complete solitude and be kept a secret from all other living beings.

Creeping forward and kneeling on her knees, despite the rank weeds that clustered round her, Marcelle said a short prayer; then drawing from her breast two medals, passed both into her right hand and dropped them softly into the granite basin.

Trembling with terror, she closed her eyes and repeated a prayer for the occasion, mentioning as she did so the names of Hoël and Gildas.

When she had finished she again slipped in her white hand and drew the medals forth.

"Christ be with me!" she said in Breton, thrusting them eagerly into her bosom.

The medals were of copper and each as large as a crown piece. They had been given to her long ago by the Corporal, and she had religiously preserved them; but now, when the twins were going away, she meant to give them one each without explaining, of course, that they possessed a special "charm." They were handsome perforated medals, and, attached to a string, could be hung unseen over the heart. On one side of each was the laurelled image of the Emperor, on the other the glimpse of a bloody battle, with the inscription—AUSTERLITZ.

Her excitement had been great, and directly her task was over she turned away. Suddenly, ere she had gone many yards, she heard a sound of footsteps behind her.

She turned again sharply, but the darkness was great and she saw nothing. Crossing herself again, she began to run.

That moment she again heard the footsteps behind her.

She stopped in terror and looked back. The moon gleamed out for an instant, and she could distinctly perceive a figure, earthly or unearthly, following close behind her.

A less courageous girl, under the tension of such emotions as Marcelle had felt that night, would have fainted; indeed there was not another woman, and scarcely a man, in Kromlaix who would have ventured alone at such an hour, as she had done, to the "Pool of the Blood of Christ." Marcelle was terror-stricken, but she still retained her senses. Seeing the figure approaching, she fled again.

But the figure was as fleet as she, and she heard its footsteps coming behind her nearer and nearer; she ran and ran till her breath failed; the feet came nearer and nearer, and she could hear a heavy breathing behind her back.

With a tremendous effort she turned, determined to face her ghostly pursuer. Close to her, with his face gleaming white in the moon, was a man, and before she could see him clearly he spoke, he in a low voice uttered her name.

"Marcelle!"

She knew the voice instantly as that of her lover; yet strange to say, though she had longed and prayed for this meeting, she shrank away, and made no answer. The moon came out brightly and illumined his figure from head to foot. Head and feet were bare, his form looked strange and distorted, the hair fell in wild masses about his face. He loomed before her like a tall phantom, and his voice sounded hollow and strange.

"Marcelle!—have you forgotten me? Yes, it is I;—and you are afraid!"

"I am not afraid," answered Marcelle, recovering herself; "but you startled me—I thought it was a ghost."

"I was resting yonder, and I saw you come to the 'Pool of the Blood of Christ!'"

Marcelle's reply was characteristic.

"You saw me! Then you have broken my charm."

"Not at all," answered Rohan, very coldly; "I do not know your errand, and I could not see you when you knelt. It is a cold night for you to be abroad. There, you shiver—hasten home."

He spoke as if there was nothing between them, as if he were any stranger advising another. His voice rang cold and clear. She answered in the same tone.

"Hoël and Gildas are going to the wars to-morrow, and that is what brought me here. They will wonder why I stay so long."

She made a movement as if to go. He did not stir a step to follow her. She turned her face again.

"It is strange to see you here; I thought you were far away. They are looking for you down there."

Rohan nodded.

"I know it."

"There is a watch upon your mother's house day and night, and upon ours too. There are *gendarmes* from St. Gurlott in the village, with Pipriac at their head. There is a paper posted up on the houses, and your name is upon it; and there is a reward."

"I know that also."

Still so cold and calm. He stood moveless, looking upon her as if upon the tomb of a lost love. She could not bear it any longer: casting away her mad pretence of indifference, she sprang forward and threw her arms around his neck.

"Rohan! Rohan! why do you speak to me like that?"

He did not resist her, but softly disengaged her arms, as she continued—

"We did not know what had happened—I have been heart-broken—Gildas and Hoël are going. They are mad against thee, all of them. It is terrible!"

"But *thou!*"

The endearing second personal pronoun was in requisition at last.

"And I—my Rohan, I have always been on thy side. They said thou wast afraid, but I told them they spoke falsely. They are all angry with me for defending thee. Kiss me, my Rohan! Wilt thou not kiss me?"—and after his cold lips came down and were quite close to hers, she cried—"Ah, my Rohan, I *knew* thou wouldst be wise. It is not too late, and thou wilt be forgiven if thou but march with the rest. Come down, come down! Ah, thank God that it is so! Uncle Ewen will intercede, and Gildas and Hoël will shake hands; it will be all well!"

She looked up in his face with passionate confidence and hope, and as she finished, kissed him again with her warm ripe lips. With those white arms around his neck, with that fond bosom heaving against his own, he stood aghast.

"Marcelle, Marcelle!" he cried in a heart-broken voice.

"My Rohan!"

"Do you not understand *yet*? My God, will you not understand? It is not that—it is not that I have changed my mind. I cannot come down; I will never give myself up, alive!"

There were no warm arms around him now. Marcelle had drawn back amazed.

"Why, then, have you come back to Kromlaix?"

"To see *thee*! To speak to thee once more, whether I live or die!"

Trembling and crying, Marcelle took both his hands in hers. His were icy cold.

"Thou wilt come down! For my sake, for thy Marcelle! Ah, God! do not break my heart—do not let me hear them call thee coward. And if not for my sake, for thine own. Thou canst not escape them; they will be after thee day and night; thou wilt die. Mother of God, Son of God!—yes, die! My Rohan, the Emperor will be good to thee—come down!"

"And go to the war?"

"What then? Thou wilt come back like Uncle Ewen; all will look up to thee, and know thee for a brave man."

"And thou?"

"Wilt be thy wife, my Rohan! I swear it, dear. I will love thee, I will love thee."

"But if I die?"

"Then I will love thee more, and I will wear crape upon my arm till I am old, and I will never wed another man. Thou wilt have died, my brave soldier, fighting for the Emperor. Thou wilt wait for me in Heaven, and I shall come to thee and kiss thee there."

There was passion enough in her voice, in her words, and in her kiss, to have swept away like a torrent any common man's resolve. Her tones, her arms, her living frame, all spoke, all were eloquent in Love's name, as she clung around him and drew him on. He shook before her impetuous appeal; his heart rose, his head swam, and his eyes looked wildly up to the cloudy moonlit heaven.

But he was firm.

"Marcelle, it is impossible. I cannot go!"

"Rohan, Rohan!"

He tottered as if overpowered, and held his hand upon his heart. His whole frame trembled; he seemed no longer a strong man, but a shivering, affrighted creature. Before he knew it he had sunk upon his knees.

"I cannot go—it is an oath. Farewell!"

She looked at him fixedly as if to read his very soul. A terrible thought had flashed upon her.

"Rohan, speak! for God's sake, stand up and speak! Is it true what they say—that you are *afraid*?"

He rose to his feet and looked at her strangely.

"Speak, Rohan!"

"Yes, it is true."

"That you are afraid! That you are a"—

"It is all true," he answered. Had it been day she might have seen a strange smile on his tortured face. "I will not serve the Emperor, I will not go to war, because—well, I am afraid."

He did not explain his fear, for, had he done so, she could not have comprehended. He continued—

"It is best that you should understand at once, for ever. I will never fight as soldiers fight. It is against my heart; I am all perhaps that you say. Were it otherwise, Marcelle, I think your love might tempt me; but I have not the courage to do what you bid me. There, you are shivering—it is so cold. Hasten home, Marcelle!"

Her heart seemed broken now. Not in anger, not in wrath, did she turn upon him; she stabbed him with the crueller pain of tears. In those regions, where physical daring is a man's mightiest dower, a coward is baser than a worm, fouler than a leper of the old times. And she had loved a coward!

Had she been wiser in the world she might have guessed that he who brands himself with an ill name is not always the fittest to bear it. But she was not wise, and his own confession, corroborating the assertion of her kinsmen, appalled her.

Almost unconsciously, still in tears, she was creeping away.

"Marcelle, will you not give me your hand again? Will you not say good-bye?"

She paused, but said nothing. He seized her hands, and kissed her softly on either cheek.

"Farewell, Marcelle! Thou canst not understand, and I do not blame thee; but if evil comes to me, do not think of me in anger. Perhaps God may be good, and some day you may think better of me. Farewell, farewell!"

He had turned away sobbing, when she caught him by the arm, crying passionately—

"They will find thee; they will kill thee—that will be worse! Where art thou going? Where wilt thou fly?"

"God will help me to find a refuge, and I do not think they will find me. Keep me in thy heart!"

Then he was gone indeed.

An hour after that strange meeting Marcelle was back in the cottage trying to comfort her mother. It was midnight when Hoël and Gildas got into bed and fell into heavy sleep. They were to rise before dawn. The Corporal sat by the kitchen fire, pipe in mouth. He was to sit up till the hour for summoning his nephews, and then afterwards to see them a short distance upon the road.

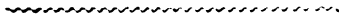
Meantime Rohan Gwenfern was wandering through the darkness like a dreary spirit of the night. Shaken to the soul by that last interview with her he held dearest in all the world, yet as resolved as ever in his despairing resistance against an evil fate in which she seemed arrayed against him, he flitted to and fro, he scarce knew whither.

The passionate love in his heart fought fiercely against the cold ideal in his soul. He could feel Marcelle's embraces still; for kisses less sweet, he knew, many a man would have given his salvation.

He had not slept for two nights and days, during which he had been creeping back to Kromlaix. The rain was still falling, and with every shower the night seemed to grow darker. Sick and wearied out, he crept back to the Cross, and there, resting his head against the stone, partially sheltered from the rain by the stone figure above, and entirely hidden by the weeds and furze which rose above his head, he fell into a heavy sleep.

And as he slept he dreamed a dream.

(To be continued.)



MONARCHICAL SPAIN.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.



ON CARLOS is a fugitive in London. King Alfonso makes triumphant progress through the Spanish provinces. Don Carlos, type of Divine Right, has left his loyal peasants and gallant troops to make their own terms with a conquering army, with the simple legend—Hope. He sheathes the sword, but bids his partisans wait for the new day when God shall deign to smile once more on Catholic and Monarchical Spain.

Señor Castelar is in Madrid ; almost as much alone as Marius in the ruins of Carthage. Castelar has found a seat in the new Chamber, but the eloquent Republican is alone. Some months ago he was the first man in Spain : equal to MacMahon in France and Grant in the United States. He had a strong majority in the Cortes. Day and night his ante-rooms were thronged by crowds of friends and suppliants. In spite of Prim's sarcasm, his Republic was evidently peopled by Republicans. He has fallen : but he has not taken leave of Hope. Señor Castelar proposes to abolish oaths. So many have been broken in his day that he begins to doubt the wisdom of promoting perjury on the largest scale and in the governing class. Why swear to serve the new King loyally ? Nobody will keep his oath. Every member of the Cabinet, every general in the army, is forsworn already. Almost every man of high position has sworn allegiance to King Fernando, Queen Christina, Don Carlos, Queen Isabel, King Amadeo, and the Republic. Why exact more oaths ? Alfonso wants more swearing, and must have it ; but Señor Castelar, like the fugitive Don Carlos, treats the new Government as provisional, and bids his followers—Hope.

Spain has entered on her septennate—with power to cut down the provisional King at any moment. Are the extreme factions right in treating the new order as a provisional state of things ?

During the last days of King Amadeo I sat down to dinner with a party of public men—some writers, some deputies—at the house of M. Louis Blanc, in the Rue Rivoli. We were much excited by events in Spain and France. I was about to start that evening for Madrid, partly on a mission of business, partly for the purpose of

historical research. Louis Blanc proposed to travel with me as far as Poitiers ; being advertised to speak at a great political banquet on the following night at La Rochelle. Our traps were packed. Our friends had met to say *Adieu*. But there was doubt in every mind, if not on every face. M. Thiers was reigning at Versailles, supported by Rurals and Orleanists, on a tacit understanding that he was to use his power as President to strangle the Republic of which he was the nominal chief. M. Gambetta had been silenced ; and the question was whether the Government would suffer M. Louis Blanc to address a public meeting in La Rochelle. When we were finishing our coffee a commissioner came in with a message from the telegraph office for our host. He read the message in silence—read it more than once—then, without a word of comment, handed it to me, and asked “What answer shall we send ?”

I saw the thing was grave, and scanned the words with care. The message came from La Rochelle, and put the facts in this curt form :—

Banquet interdicted.
Shall we hold it ?
Will you come ?

My mind was clear, and so I found was that of my host. As senior deputy for Paris, he was bound to show some deference to the civil powers, even though he thought them wrong in their repressive policy. He should refrain from going to La Rochelle : but as a French citizen he might advise the Rochellaise to hold their banquet—in a private way, so as to give the Government no right to interfere.

That night I left for Spain, leaving my host in Paris. Two days later I was at Burgos in a clerical fold and Carlist camp. Like every town in Spain which boasts a big cathedral and an ancient chapter, Burgos is thoroughly Catholic and monarchical, and political passion was at fever heat. The clericals, pure and simple, were disgusted by the passing of a civil marriage Act. The Carlists were in ecstasies at the Republicans being crushed in favour of a foreign prince. The Liberals, then in power, were offending both the populace and the hidalgos : the lower classes by removing saints and crosses from the public streets ; the old slave-owning aristocracy by emancipating negroes in all the Spanish colonies. Not many months ago Don Gutierrez de Castro, governor of the city, had been murdered in the cathedral—in open day, and in the presence of Father Rodrigo Justo, Archbishop of Burgos. Castro had been ordered by his Government to make a list of artistic treasures in the cathedral.

When he came, with two attendants, the archbishop raised a cry of "Thieves!" a priest let in a mob, who flew at him and pushed him up and down till one of them felled him with a hatchet, on which he was dragged to the foot of the stairs, kicked into the street, trampled in the mud, gouged, slit and slashed, and finally chopped into pieces. Castro's murderers were still unpunished. One fellow had been condemned to death, but he was still alive, and only waiting for his party's advent to receive a pardon, and a pension, for his crime. A reign of force is favourable to deeds of blood, and Carlist agents openly proclaimed a reign of force. A friend in Burgos showed me a manifesto, issued by no less a personage than General Cabrera, Conde de Morella (who has since gone over to the enemy), in which pacific means and reasonable methods were renounced as useless lumber, and a conflict of the sword was openly proclaimed:—

I shall not ask people to give us votes. We want no votes. Our efforts shall be made—our victories shall be won—in other fields. The field of battle is the field in which we put our trust. We mean to cut our way to empire by the sword.

Such were Cabrera's words. This system suited members of the ancient aristocracy of Spain.

Yet clerical and Carlist Burgos had an active group of Liberal thinkers at her council board. A majority of the city councillors were Liberals. Burgos has two public squares; one of these squares was then called Plaza Prima; the other, Plaza de la Constitucion Democratica—not simply Plaza de la Constitucion, as in many other cities, but Plaza de la Constitucion Democratica.

Some days later I was at Valladolid, the most important town in Old Castille. On sauntering from the Fonda de Siglo to the public square—in other days called Plaza Mayor, then called Plaza de la Constitucion—I read on several posts a placard printed in the largest type, announcing a Republican meeting:—

League of Republicans!

President:

Señor Orense.

A public meeting will be held . . .

Then came the place, the hour of opening, and a list of speakers. Seeing a friend in the square, I asked him whether King Amadeo had left Madrid.

"Not yet, I think; at least we have not heard the news."

"But how," I asked him, pointing to one of these placards, "can

you hold a Republican meeting in your city, while a King is reigning in Madrid?"

"My friend," he answered, with a smile of pity for my ignorance, "we men of Old Castille are not governed by Madrid. That city is in New Castille. We have our own parochial and provincial rights. We had these rights while yet Madrid was nothing but a royal hunting box." The Old Castillian's tone was high and sharp. After a moment's pause, he added:—"Yes, it seems a saucy sort of thing, no doubt, for the Republicans to call a meeting by such placards; but we Republicans are very bold just now—holding with Castelar that our motto should be *Justice and Audacity*."

"Audacity?"

"Justice and Audacity," replied my friend. "Why not? Justice and Audacity means no more than courage in doing right. Is that a sin? Have you not a saying in your language—Be just and fear not?"

"No one interferes with you?"

"The clergy interfere. Cardinal Moreno, Archbishop of Valladolid, hurls his pastorals at our head. He hates us; for he hates liberty; most of all he hates religious liberty. Just glance at one of his pastorals."

I ran the paper through, and found my friend had marked these words from Cardinal Moreno's pen:—

There is another evil which these wicked men would plant among you. This evil is religious liberty. The natural and legitimate offspring of religious liberty is the wish to bring all the false religions of the world into Spain. They have begun to carry out this infamous design. Even in this pious city of Valladolid there are heretics who circulate tracts and pamphlets and sell garbled and corrupted Bibles.

Turning to my friend, I said—

"But the Government leaves you free?"

"The Government of Zorilla," he replied, "is busy seeking for a foreign loan. If Gomez finds the money, they may hold their seats another year. If not . . . Meanwhile we hold our meetings, and prepare for *what may come*."

That night I wrote to Paris these words:—

France is a republic: Spain a monarchy. A Republican deputy is prevented addressing people living under a President in La Rochelle; a Republican deputy is *not* prevented addressing people living under a King in Valladolid. Which country is nearer to a real republic, France or Spain?

No Frenchman will admit that Spain, the country of St. Dominic and St. Ignatius, is more likely than France to adopt and hold Republican principles.

A French Conservative—such, for instance, as the Marquis de Franclieu—would reject this theory as out of nature. “Spain a republic!” he might cry, “that Spain which is the fortress of monarchical ideas and religious sentiments! Why, sir, if Spain is anything apart from other countries, she is Catholic: her ancient rulers bore the name of Catholic, and the Catholic system is opposed on a divine and never-changing principle to every kind of democratic rule. A Catholic believes in kings, and not in mobs; in birth and grace, and not in cant and guile; in princes chosen and anointed to their office by the Holy Spirit, not in presidents chosen in the wine-shop and invested in the street. Spain likely to become a republic! Why, sir, Spain is still distinguished in the family of nations as the one country left in which to be loyal is to be religious, and to be religious is to be loyal, in which men have not yet divorced the two parts of the Divine command—to love God and obey the King.”

A French democrat—such, for instance, as M. Louis Blanc—while ready to admit that Spain has many merits, as becomes a member of the Latin triad, would reject the notion that a country chiefly known as being the birthplace of the Inquisition and the Society of Jesuits is likely to outstrip France—enlightened, revolutionary France—in the great race of republicanism.

“You talk of Spain,” this democrat might urge; “but where is Spain? I know men who call themselves Catalans, Navarrese, Castillians, and the like; but not one man who calls himself a Spaniard. Spain is not yet a country, still less a commonwealth. She is no other than a bunch of provinces, divided from each other, less by mountain ridges than by hostile laws, and customs older and stronger than those hostile laws. These provinces have no cohesive power, no centre of political life. Each province stands apart, not caring what may happen in the rest of Spain. Each province prates about her ancient rights, enjoyed when she was still an independent State. Each province has a capital of her own—an old and sacred capital, in which her bishops lodged, her Parliaments sat, her princes reigned. These capitals despise Madrid, a town of yesterday, which has not yet attained the dignity of being an archbishop’s see. Spain has her revolution yet to make, her national unity to win.”

All that these critics urge is true, and even trite. Spain is a land of contradictions, where extremes, and nothing but extremes, agree to meet. Spain is in one sense the most changeable—in

another sense the most unchangeable—country in the world. She changes her ministers and kings, but not her habits and amusements. She may suspend the public liberties, but she will not suspend the public lotteries. She may banish a dynasty—she will never banish her bolero. She may abolish her Constitution, but she will not abolish her bull-ring. There she is water, here she is rock. In the comparatively stable part of Isabel's reign, the first twenty-five years, she had forty-seven Prime Ministers—an average of nearly two a year. In the same period she had seventy-eight Ministers of the Interior—more than an average of three a year. In those twenty-five years of royal government she had no less than five hundred and twenty-nine ministers! But on the other hand, she steadily refused to change a single habit or improve a single pastime off the face of the earth. "My people," said Charles the Third—Charles was a Bourbon and a foreigner—"hate improvements as a schoolboy hates being washed."

When Amadeo quitted Spain for Portugal, Castelar's policy of Justice and Audacity prevailed—a Spanish Republic was proclaimed.

A few months only had elapsed since General Prim had said, in his oracular way, that Spain might make a Republic, if there were any Republicans in the country. Europe had received that gibe as evidence that there were no Republicans in Spain; yet, on the morrow of Amadeo's departure, all Madrid, in fact all Spain (with the exception always of the Basques and Navarrese), proclaimed the Republic.

Unhappily there are two forms of Republic—the unitarian and the federal. There is a unitarian republic in France, a federal republic in Switzerland. All those who thought that Spain should follow in the wake of France were anxious for a unitarian republic. Those who hoped to lead their country back to monarchy—that is to say, all the partisans of King Amadeo, Don Carlos, Prince Alfonso, the Duke de Montpensier, Marshal Serrano, and a tribe of less known pretenders—wished to have a unitarian republic, with a single Chamber meeting in Madrid and exercising sovereign powers. The true Republicans—Orense, Castelar, and Figueras—were in favour of a federal republic; in the first place, because a federation suited the great diversity of races, dialects, and customs to be found in Spain; and in the second place, because a system based on parish freedom and provincial life could not so easily fall a prey to sudden onsets by a military chief.

Madrid, like Paris, is in favour of a unitarian republic. Seville,

Barcelona, Cartagena, and Toledo are in favour of a federal republic. The Convention were unitarian; and when the cities which opposed this principle rose in favour of provincial liberty the army was employed to put them down. The Carlists took advantage of this civil strife; Don Carlos entered Spain, declaring he had come to save it; and the smoke of battle soon began to roll along the Pyrenees.

At length the truth was clear, that the great cities of Spain were not prepared for unitarian principles; and then a federal republic was proclaimed and federal ministers installed in power. All moderate men were satisfied by these arrangements, but a section still held out in Cartagena, and were only crushed by overwhelming force, just as the Carlists have been still more recently overcome by overwhelming force. Cabrera understands his cause—the field of battle is the field in which a Spanish soldier, of whatever party, puts his trust!

A moderate Government will always have their enemies in front and flank.

Spain is partly theocratic, and the theocratic principle is centralisation. Spain is almost entirely parochial, and the parochial principle is decentralisation. Centralisation offers a Spaniard national unity; decentralisation offers him local independence. These opposing principles are rooted in his mind, the first finding nourishment in his ecclesiastical system, the second finding nourishment in his provincial franchise. *Fé y Fueros!* At his altar he is ready to accept a king; in his town hall he is disposed to try the good old plan of governing himself.

I may depend on which of these two principles shall prove to be the stronger in the majority of Spaniards at a given moment whether a theocracy or a republic shall arise in Spain.

The theocratic principle is far from being dead.

At Avila, the birthplace of Santa Teresa de Jesus, a rock-built city, rising like another Zion from a mountain ridge, with walls and gates as strong and perfect as those of Jerusalem, I met a friend, Fray Pascual, once a monk, and still connected in a lay capacity with the Church. As we were walking round the ramparts, Fray Pascual put the matter in this way:—

“ You wish to know our country? You must study her religious life. You may do so in Avila with illustrations in every tower and street. Here is the stone from which Archbishop Carillo hurled the effigy of Enrique

the Liberal, and put an end to the system which had tolerated Jews and imitated Moors. Below there, in the valley, in yon field of rocks, lies the Monastery of Santo Tomas, built to gratify Torquemada the Inquisitor, and celebrate the introduction of the Holy Office into Old Castille. In yonder crest of buildings stands the house—you know it by the white mark—in which the Patroness of Spain was born. My country has achieved some things, no doubt—has written books, won victories, and planted colonies—yet her history is mainly in the Church. I am no bigot; but the story of our theological progress fascinates me, just as the story of your colonial empire fascinates me. I am present in both cases at the birth of worlds! Each nation has her own appointed task on earth: one working out her strength on temporal things, another giving up her heart to spiritual things. You are a trading people; we a sacerdotal people. It is yours to deal with science; it is ours to care for souls. You have the world: we have the Church.”

“All nations surely have the Church?”

“Yes: that is true,” he added, “as a portion; but we Spaniards have it as a principle. Tell me, in a word, have we not given the Latin Church these things—and many more:

1. A celibate priesthood,
2. The practice of auricular confession,
3. An Immaculate Mother of God, and
4. An Infallible Pope?

Nay, have we not supplied the Church with instruments as well as practices and principles? What country gave her the mendicant orders and the preaching orders? What nation helped her to the Inquisition? What people endowed her with the Society of Jesus? You, an Englishman, may not approve our contributions; you will not deny that Spain has stamped the Latin Church with some of her peculiar marks?”

“No man,” I answered, “would dispute such facts.”

“That seminal virtue is not spent,” Fray Pascual added. “We can still supply the Church with dogmas, ministers, and saints. Let us go down into the streets and see *the Saint*.”

“*The Saint*! You mean Teresa?”

“Ha! You are a stranger,” he replied. “I mean the glorified lady who was once no more than our Seraphic Mother—Santa Teresa de Jesus, Patroness of Spain. She has become *the Saint*. Gregory the Fifteenth canonised her; Philip the Fourth adopted her as Patroness of Spain; the Cortes named her Generalissima of all the Spanish forces; but the people go beyond their teachers, and endow their

patroness with a dignity beyond the reach of other saints. In their belief Teresa stands apart. All other holy men and women have their personal names. St. Peter is St. Peter, and St. Catherine is St. Catherine; members of a glorious company; yet still surrounded by celestial peers. Teresa reigns alone, even as Mary reigns alone. It is a kind of freedom for a sinner to pronounce her name. A Spaniard seldom does so. If he goes to her shrine he kneels to La Santa; if he asks her for a blessing, he appeals to La Santa. In his zeal he fancies that his favourite has no equal either in the heavens above or in the earth below."

"Generalissima of all the Spanish forces! Is she not invading Santiago's rights?" I ask Fray Pascual.

"She is; but then you see she is a female saint. A semi-Oriental race, we like to have a female in our front. You know how warm has been our homage to the Virgin, as the Queen of Heaven?"

"Is there no fear lest Mary should be thrust aside, like Santiago, by this modern saint?"

"Your men of science," said Fray Pascual, with a curious shrug, "call that sort of change Evolution—survival of the fittest, eh? You see, La Santa has some great advantages. She is a native of the soil, and Spaniards love their local deities. She is the Bride, and brides are nearer to the bridegroom than his kith and kin. We judge the unseen by the seen. A man forsakes his mother for his bride."

We dropped into the public square in front of the cathedral gates. It was the day appointed for La Santa's festival, and pilgrims were winding through the narrow lanes and underneath the city walls. Led in and out by priests and acolytes, these bands were passing from her chapel to her convent, from her convent to her garden, from her garden to her altar in the cathedral. We, too, passed into the holy fane. This pile is usually a gloomy place: a fortress rather than a temple; standing on the highest ridge in Avila, and built into the city wall, with one of the great towers for lady-chapel, and a roof machicolated and embattled for defence. But on that festive day the chancel was ablaze with lights, the nave and aisles were musical with psalms. An image of La Santa was enthroned. Her raiment seemed of costly stuff; a crown of gold lay on her head; her neck and arms were tricked with gems. A crowd of eager and excited worshippers cried to her in every mood of passion, from the highest note of rapture to the lowest accent of despair. The pilgrims of the day were mostly peasants from the ravines of the Grados and the Guadarama; lean and swarthy men, ill-clad, ill-fed, ill-taught; attired in brogues of hemp, red sashes, and yellow blankets, like their fathers of the

fifteenth century who had fought against the Moors and driven literature and science out of Spain. In every fevered eye and scowling brow you caught the spirit of the men who yelled with joy on seeing a Hebrew scholar burnt to death. Such men would gladly give their lives for either Don Carlos or any other prince who happened to enjoy the favour of La Santa, the enthroned and consecrated Patroness of Spain.

The parochial principle is no less strong than the theocratic principle. Spain is a land of ancient codes and constitutions, called *Fueros*, which she almost couples in antiquity and sacredness with the Articles of her Faith.

“*La Fé y los Fueros!*”

is the battle-cry of almost every mutineer. This cry was raised last year by Communists in the plains of Murcia; it was echoed last month by Carlists in the mountains of Navarre.

Each province has a local code; each parish has some local right. The origin of these rights is lost in a remote antiquity. I would advise you not to hint, in either Santander or Bilbao, that the Basques *Fueros* are not older than the Deluge! Some of the existing charters date from periods when there was nothing of the kind in England, Germany, and France. Thus, the charter of Leon dates from the year 1020—the year in which King Canute is supposed to have bidden back the waves! A dozen townships, such as Salamanca and Logroño, trace their charters to the period of our Saxon kings. Most of these codes were liberal, many of them democratic, some of them absolutely republican. Each town or parish was a separate circle, governed by a local magistrate. Each citizen, according to his rank and property, had to serve his prince in time of war, and pay his tax in time of peace; and royal officers were stationed in his town to see the men enrolled, the taxes paid. But that was all they had to do. Within the parish, or the township, every one was free. Respect was paid to rank and birth: a caballero was a man of consequence; but rich and poor were equal in a court of justice, as they were in the sight of God. The sentiment of personal liberty was strong. No man could be arrested save on legal process. Every man's house was called “his castle,” and was not to be invaded by the arm of power. In many places—Logroño for example—a citizen had the right to defend his gate against the King's officers just as he had to defend it against burglars and assassins. If a royal officer tried to force that gate, he might be killed.

These towns and parishes managed their own affairs. They held their own courts. They obeyed their own customs. They elected their own judges, and administered their local laws. Fairs, markets, tolls, were under their control. They made the roads, they built the bridges, they watched the gaols. Police and education were in their hands. They had their local funds, collected and dispensed by local boards. In fact, each parish and each township was a small republic, with a separate system and a semi-independent power.

These parochial liberties have been invaded and abridged, but they have never been destroyed. They have resisted time and change; outliving the despotism of Charles the Fifth and the insanity of Charles the Seventh. "The Fueros," says Richard Ford, "have continued to exist when little that was Spanish existed, save the fertile soil and the noble hearts of the honest people; they have kept Spain Spanish, because such institutions were congenial to the national character, which, essentially local, abhors a foreign centralising system." Ford is right. Parochial liberties are as difficult to destroy as the exuberant fertility of the Spanish soil.

The people who defend these ancient rights are called *Comuneros*; in French, *Communards*; in English, *Communists*. They are the sturdiest Conservatives in the world. Our social and political progress leaves them in the rear. Progress? They hate the word. Progress means change, and they will have no change. For them, reform means going back to the twelfth century, when every father was a patriarch, every village a republic.

A deputy of great eminence and extreme opinions told me, in explanation of the movement which began in Seville and ended in Cartagena—now known as the *Comunero* insurrection—that the Republican party was betrayed by Prim, and feared to be deceived by Figueras and Orense. From a patriot in exile to a minister in office is a mighty step. Gomez and Rivero openly avowed the doctrine that a minister is not bound to carry out the principles avowed in opposition.

"Prim betrayed you?" I inquired of the *Comunero* deputy.

"Betrayed us, certainly," the deputy replied. "He came to us as a Republican; his early proclamations were Republican. General Prim never doubted the existence of Republicans until he fancied he could play in Spain the game of General Bonaparte in France."

The *Comunero* deputy took a proclamation from his pocket-book, and bade me read and judge. This paper bore the date of Sept. 26, 1869; three days before the battle of Alcolea; four days

before Queen Isabel quitted Spain. In this appeal to the Spanish nation General Prim said :—

Spaniards! Let our cry be The Federal Republic!

Down with tyranny!

Let us get rid of monarchs, who have always been our bane!

Spaniards! Show yourselves worthy descendants of the Cid, of Padilla, of Larusa, of Riego!

As I handed back this document, he said : “ You see the man who told you there were no Republicans in Spain! Three days before the royal troops were beaten Prim was not only an advocate for a republic, but for a federal republic, and even a communistic republic. He invoked the name of Juan de Padilla, the insurgent Communist who defended our parochial and provincial liberties against the centralising tendencies of Charles the Fifth! We took the general at his word, and fought for his ideas—and our own—when he had broken every pledge, and paid the penalty of his falsehood with his life.”

“ You are content,” I asked the Communist, “ with a federal republic?”

“ As a means—why, yes. A federal republic leaves us our parochial charters, our provincial independence. If we keep our local rights, all other things may come in time. We want a dozen changes of supreme importance :—

A public declaration that personal rights are anterior and superior to any law, and cannot be suspended by the public powers.

Suppression of slavery and abolition of the punishment by death.

Equal civil rights for male and female.

Suppression of lotteries, of official salaries, and of the secret police.

Free administration of justice.

Separation of the civic and military powers.

Taxation of property.

Sale of the national arsenals and manufactories of arms.

Razing of fortified places on the Portuguese frontier.

Abolition of the Captaincies-General, of the Council of State, of the Council of Foreign Affairs, of the Admiralty, of the Superior Tribunals of War and Marine, and of the High Court of Police.”

“ You mean, it seems,” I asked the deputy, “ to disarm, if not destroy the State, as representing the body politic?”

“ You are right,” he answered frankly, “ we regard the modern growth of a central power as being a foreign and a morbid growth. We rank the rights of man above the rights of States. We fought, and we shall fight again, if need be, for the right of every Commune to conduct its own affairs. Fé y Fueros! God and our ancient laws!”

Amidst these passions, King Alfonso has to find his place. But he, too, has a following, no less permanent because it has no name. A great majority of Spaniards, as of other people, have no party politics, perhaps no politics at all. They want to eat and sleep, to buy and sell, in peace. They like to walk in the old ways, to live under their ancient laws. Such persons will accept the Government that leaves them most alone. Alfonso is on ticklish terms with Rome, and some of his ministers wish to abolish what remains of the parochial system. If the policy of centralisation is adopted by the new Alfonso Ministry, we shall hear again the immemorial war-cry of the citizens—*Fé y Fueros* !



THE TOKEN OF THE SILVER LILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

PART III.—HAROLD (*Continued*).

HE saw the snow-white maiden standing by
Her father's chair, and thought "No dream of mine
Had matched this sweet perfection." She looked up
And could have killed him as he stood for hate ;

As viper stealing up to bite her hand,
Or loathsome reptile crawling at her feet,
She gazed upon him. Fair as Norseman, he,
And grand of build, with that authority
Of air and gait that doth proclaim the man
Who leads his fellows, is not led by them. . . .
Ethelred drew her forward, saying, "This
Is our young daughter." Stood she there as dumb
As shrouded corpse ; and neither moved nor spoke.
Only upon her eyes dropped suddenly
The lids lest he should read the phrensy that
Blazed in their depths like madness . . . Ethelred
Looked at her frowning ; then with gesture as
Of one who scorns to cast a thought upon
A maiden's follies, turned to Harold and
Besought him that he would the story tell
Of the long troublous war—and neither saw
Nor marked his daughter as she crept away.

In her lone turret chamber she knelt down,
But neither prayed nor thought . . . her heart was numb
And dead as when in desperate wounds no hurt
Is known. . . . She looked abroad at the clear noon
And marked the vault of heaven, how the clouds,
The little snowy clouds, showed here and there
Like vagrant children who'd escaped from school
To wanton in the sunlight . . . wafted up
There came the smell of opening violets,
And she could taste their sweetness, ay, and note
How jubilantly gurgled from the wood
The thrush's mid-day song . . . all this she heard

And saw, not blindly, but as one who knows
 And comprehends. . . 'Tis strange that in the hours
 Of our supremest anguish common things
 Should print themselves with such significance
 Upon our minds. . . No man or woman has
 A bitter memory with which there is
 Not wove some trifling sight or sound or scent
 That e'en in death recurring will bring back
 The quivering past. . . O ! not for long endured
 The torpor of her soul ; a writhing pain
 That stirred, and crept, and rose up like a snake
 From some dark ambush stirred the sluggish depths
 Of her slow heart, and stung it through and through,
 Waking it into sudden fearful life,
 Until in her sharp agony she prayed
 To have the numbness back. . . So does the man
 Who in the treacherous and trackless snow
 Lies down and yields to a delicious sleep
 Deem it no cause for gratefulness when in
 Excruciating pain his senses are
 By friendly offices restored. . . " O God !"
 She wailed, breathing the universal cry
 Of stricken flesh, that in its agony
 Forgetting all things else, remembers *Him*. . .
 And slipped and lay face downwards on the ground,
 With tender brows pressed hard against the stone,
 And took her fate and looked it in the face
 Full front . . . she was not one of those who cheat
 Themselves, and trust to accident or chance
 Working a miracle. . . And then there came,
 Crowding upon her, common homely thoughts . . .
 And that which may be termed the selfishness
 Of grief drew near and pricked her with its dart
 Of cold reality . . . less bitter 'tis
 To weep upon the heights than to sit down
 Beside the desolate and ruined hearth,
 And know that 'twill be there, not for a day,
 Or week, or year, but for all future time. . .
 Rose up her heart in passionate protest
 Against the years approaching through the mist
 Empty of Gilbert, empty of all love. . .
 " Gilbert !" she cried, and the familiar name
 Uttered aloud unlocked the frozen fount

Of her salt tears. . . "Why must it be?" she said,
"Why *shall* it be?" for in a breath she turned
From suffering saint to rebel. . . From her cheeks
She dashed the tears, and sat erect, and pressed
Her hands against her forehead. . . Let me think.
"Gilbert, if he is living, will return
In ten or fourteen days . . . there is no chance
That howsoever gloriously he's fought
He will find favour in my father's eyes—
No, no! This pattern man, this pink of all
That's excellent, hath by his conquering
Graces and airs won o'er my father's heart. . .
If Gilbert had come first . . . if . . . if . . . our lives
By these same *ifs* are squandered . . . let me think
What do all other men when they do stand
In danger of beholding their true love
Worn by another? Do they silently
Look on while she unto a loathed embrace
Is taken . . . let their craven hands hang down
Beside their knees while she, poor prisoner,
Stands in more need of their strong service than
If iron bars enclosed her? . . . O! not yet
Shall fickle hope desert me; I will wait
Until he is returned before I let
This flood of woe engulf me . . . if he hold
His little finger up I needs must go
And follow, follow him, to penury,
Exile, misfortune, even death, so I
Am by his side . . . but stay! how could I bear
To leave my mother? That sweet tender soul,
Two parents bound in one . . . and yet methinks
In her own youth she had not paused to count
The cost if by one swift rebellious act
She could surmount the obstacle that stood
Betwixt her and my father. . . I had thought
To tell her all the story, but—(forgive
Me, sweetest mother!) since on mischief I
Am bent, 'twere better to keep silence, lest
The Earl suspect, and with his powerful hand
Dash my one precious hope unto the earth.
And now to go below, and smile, and prate,
Like any silly girl who at the bare sight
Of lover doth half lose her feather head—

O ! I will fool him finely ! he shall think
 Me made of froth and laughter. . . I will lend
 My ear to his love speeches, droop my eyes
 As though his words were new and strange to me
 As baubles to a milkmaid, make my cheeks
 Act like hired liars . . . verily I'll lull
 Suspicion, and beneath my motley wear
 My purpose—he is safe who counsel takes
 Of his own heart, no other—let me rub
 Some colour to my cheeks—'tis fortunate
 Young eyes dry quickly : but the heart, the heart,
 Forgets not. . . Now to dinner—would this hour
 Were past . . . but courage ! every hour doth bring
 Me nearer Gilbert, sets me farther from
 That other."

Thro' the frowning halls she passed
 Like a bright sunbeam, till she came to where
 The board was spread. "Mother," she said, "I crave
 Your pardon for my lateness"—then upon
 Harold, who stood hard by, she flashed a look
 Sudden and keen, and catching it he thought
 "She is afraid, this lovely frightened child,
 As bird that fears the fowler" . . . and in him
 Awoke the instinct of protection that,
 Gentle and strong, oft makes the noblest part
 Of love . . . and in that moment was the wheel
 Of his life's fate set moving, but the end
 Thereof he could not know . . . and she looked down
 Thinking : "He falls as easy to my hand
 As fruit that's loosened by the burning sun."

But as they sate at meat she marked his looks
 And words, his noble bearing, how no poor
 Self-consciousness or paltry vanity
 Did mar his greatness—with what courtesy
 His bold bright ways were tempered ; strong and firm
 Was he, yet tender, with the self-controlled
 Tenderness of a man . . . a quality
 As different to woman's as a deep
 And silent stream is to a shallow brook
 That frets at every stone. . . There was in him
 That grand simplicity and singleness
 Of heart that, when allied to noble parts

And vig'rous intellect, doth bring a man
As nearly to the earthly standard of
Perfectness as this human, sinning flesh
Ever attains to . . . There be some in whom
The qualities and attributes are blent
So finely and so cunningly that none
Can say there be excess of this or that
Or absence of the other, with such nice
Adjustment hangs the balance. . . Such was he
Who wore the Silver Lily and was called
The Favourite of the King.

"I hate him," thought the girl, as by his side
She sate and smiled, and 'neath the board clenched hard
Her tender hands. "I hate him that he sits
In Gilbert's place . . . a man whom Fortune hath
Beggared herself in dowering . . . and O!
I hate him that he dares to look with eyes
Of love upon that poor unhappy thing
That yet is Gilbert's own, to cling to him
As dew to mother earth. . . I hate him that
He comes so quickly, blaring out the trump
Of victory; a lesser man had looked
Great thro' his news . . . An Gilbert had come first
Fresh from the battle, with his honours bright
And green about him, who shall say but that
My father had been satisfied and asked
No nobler son? Therefore I hate him, ay!
And hate his mother that she did give life
To aught so fatal to my darling's peace
And mine." . . .

Margaret said,
(Not knowing her wild thoughts) "Sir, can you tell
Us news of a young knight who joined the fray
A month, it may be, after that the war
Began? His name was Gilbert—he is son
To him whom men called Athelstane the Bold
In years gone by; he is our cousin and
Dear to us all, though since my master's hurt
He has not seen the youth, who was by then
A pretty clear faced boy of nine or ten,
The last of five brave brothers. . . He set out
With such fair hopes of glory that we long

To hear of how he fares—maybe you have
Chanced upon him in the field or camp ?”

There flashed thro' Harold's brain a sudden thought
That set him keenly glancing at the girl
Who sate, as though she heard not, toying with
Her spaniel's silken ears—"Madam," he said,
"I may have met and spoken with him, yet
Known not his name ; there is small courtesy
On battle fields, and every man is but
A tiny unit in the complex whole
That beats with one strong pulse, possessing but
One eye, one heart, one soul. . . Some deeds I saw
So nobly planned and worked that they did fix
Attention for the moment, then again
The great tide rolling onward blotted out
Their presence . . . Not till after days shall be
Decided by men's tongues who hath won fame
Or who escaped it . . . Therefore, madam, I
Know not if your young kinsman hath achieved
A noble name. There be a few bright lights
So patent to all eyes that none may miss
Beholding them . . . but they are mostly men
In prime of life, whose fame doth sweetly ring
Down thro' the vista of long distant years
When they did win their spurs."

Ethelwyn cried

"Are you so old?" with sudden angry scorn
That startled him, "it was but now I heard
My father crying out your fame—a thing
Full fledged and perfect, not dependent on
The winnowing breath of men to give it life
Or choke it with their dumbness." . . . As she paused,
Smiling and bitter hearted, fearful lest
Her heat should have betrayed her, Harold said,
(Likening her pretty sudden anger to
A flower shaken by a gust of wind)
"No fame have I, but some with generous
Intent have praised me, foremost our great liege,
Who, noble to the core, discovered in
My heart a reverence for noble deeds
That far outran the power of my weak arm
Or frequency of opportunity

To satisfy or slake. . . Am I so old?
Fair mistress, when you were a little babe
No bigger than a fairy, with your mind
As pure as any snowdrop, and no word
As yet had syllabled itself upon
Your fresh young lips, I was a stripling set
In foremost rank of battle, and I hold
Still fast between my ears the shout that rose
When reeling in his saddle Ethelred
Fell as a dead man falls. . . Madam, I pray
You now forgive me that I do recall
That cruel day. . . And thus, fair mistress, I
Your question answer—'Are you then so old?' "

"Too old by far," she thought, her grudging eyes
Resting upon the fairness of his face,
"Since years have brought you fame, yet be you ne'er
So great, my Gilbert is the greater and
The nobler man." . . He caught the look, and thought
"How proud and fierce can be a tender girl
Who is entrenched in the fortress of
Her innocence. . . I love her better that
She is not lightly won. . . The fruit for which
We strain ourselves is ever sweetest to
The palate." . . And the mother looked upon
Them both and thought "God grant that he may touch
Her heart, for Ethelred is set upon
This marriage, and her fancy will not weigh
A feather 'gainst his will. . . Now and again
I have suspected that with something more
Than cousinly affection she did love
Athelstane's son. . . She is not one to prate
Her every thought and feeling out, but hides
Some secrets deeper than a mother's eye
Can pierce . . . but O! I pray that her life's lot
Be fairer than her mother's. . . I would lay
Her with more gladness in the grave than give
Her youthful brightness over to long years
Of such starvation of the heart and soul
As was my lot. . . But that is past, and I
Am happy as a new-wed wife whose world
Is bounded on the north, south, east, and west
By her true lord." . . She smiled so tenderly

That Ethel, knowing not her thoughts, cried out
 To her hot heart, "And she can smile while I,
 Flesh of her flesh, endure such agony
 As never woman bore." . . . And sudden left
 Her place and at the casement looked abroad
 With eyes that saw not. Margaret drew near,
 Saying, "My daughter, wilt you, with our guest,
 Walk in the garden for a little space
 Till Ethelred receive him?"

Side by side

The man and maid went out and wandered here
 And there, and plucked such pretty scentless flowers
 As April's stores afforded. While she thought
 "Here did I stand with Gilbert . . . on yon path
 We angered each the other, and by here
 We kissed" . . . lo! he was falling over seas
 In love with her; his fancy had been caught
 When first he saw her face, but now his heart,
 Like any spendthrift who his fortune sets
 Upon the turning of a die, was cast
 After his fancy; and if one should say
 Such sudden love were folly, and not worth
 The taking, I would say the love that waits
 And bides its time, and looks this way and that
 Before it leaps, gaining subsistence by
 A hundred links of mem'ry, gratitude,
 Propinquity, and custom's daily use,
 May not be named beside the lovely love
 That springs to life a full-blown perfect flower
 (Whose germ has lain unconsciously within
 The lover's heart, a prisoned power, dumb
 Until the magic of one woman's smile
 Summoned it forth . . .), and in one deathless gift
 Bestows itself . . . unreckoning of loss
 Or safe return. With some such love as this
 Did Harold love her. . . No weak fancy his,
 Born of the first sweet face that crossed his path,
 For he had looked on fairest womanhood,
 And played with it, and been beloved, and yet
 Held fast his heart, and never till to-day
 Coveted as a jewel to be worn
 Upon his breast a slender pure-faced girl. . .
 And had he known the end of it, I think,

He still had loved her . . his soul drawn by hers,
And she his other self, who only could
Complete his life, and make it perfect.

Oh !

That he had found her sooner, or gone down
Unto the grave with his strong life half lived
Because he had not known her !

“ Three days . . my heart,” cried Ethel as she laid
Her down to rest. “ Two days ” . . she whispered on
The morrow as she jested with their guest.
“ One day,” . . she sighed as rose another sun . .
And so the hours crept by like halting ghosts,
Until upon a noon there came unto
Her listening ear the echo and the hum
Of many feet, and lo ! the courtyard filled
With weary, footsore soldiers, on whose pale
And haggard faces there was writ the hard
Experience of the wars, yet there did shine
Such great pride thro’ their aspect that you had
Sworn they were conquerors who thro’ all ills
Had held the mastery with gripe so strong
That none should wrest it from them. . . Ethelred,
Watching them from the self-same casement whence
His parting words had sped them, looked in vain
Among the scanty, ragged band for long
Familiar faces, and a driving mist
Swept o’er his eyes as “ Ethelred ! ” they cried,
“ Master ! ” with such a hoarse and wavering cry !
As different to the clear, full-throated shout
That they had uttered six short months ago,
As winter note of bird is to the rush
Of melody that gurgles out upon
A bounteous summer day. . . “ Welcome ! ” he cried
In ringing accents, “ welcome home, my men !
A hundred welcomes to your hearths and me !
The tidings is but newly in my ears,
And sweet between my lips how you have cast
The cursed intruders out, and step by step
Beaten them from their footing. . . Had you fought
One whit less bravely, strained one nerve the less,
Or in your heart have harboured one small doubt
Of victory, I think there had not been

So fair an issue . . . but when hand and heart
 Do move in concert, and the one doth act
 That which the other shapes, we do obtain
 The very flower of bravery, and none
 Shall 'vail to stand against it . . . But I mourn
 The silent, lonely dead that you do leave
 Behind you . . . From your ranks I miss the face
 Of many a faithful fellow. Yet O ! friends,
 Not ours to pity them . . . they died the death
 Of men and soldiers . . . having given all
 Their skill, they gave their lives, and so were true
 To country and to King. . . Once more I bid
 You welcome from the heart that beats in you
 And for you, and doth take a gladder life
 In breathing your fresh glory. Welcome, all."

Scarcely the echo of the shout that quick
 As thunder after lightning followed on
 Ethelred's words had died, when Margaret,
 And Ethelwyn and Harold by her side,
 Stood on the threshold, and with winsome grace
 Spoke her fair greeting. As she raised her hand
 A silence fell, thro' which her sweet voice pierced
 Low and clear sounding, "Is there any man
 Present who hath news, good or bad, to tell
 Of our young kinsman Gilbert?"

Stepped there out
 From 'midst the throng a man who bared his head
 Before his mistress. From his belt he drew
 A little silken scarf that once had been
 White as the hawthorn or the Yule-tide snow,
 But now was dabbled crimson. Ethelwyn
 Stretched out her hand and took it. "He is dead?"
 She said, so gently, with the sweet red blood
 Unfaded in her cheeks, that back at her
 The haggard soldier stared. "Yes, he is dead ;
 Beneath the sod he soundly sleeps, and all
 With him is well." "Dead !" shrieked the mother, but
 The girl still smiled and stroked between her palms
 The dark stained little scarf. "He sleeps" . . . she said,
 Half whispering to herself, "and Ivon says
 That all with him is *well*."

RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.

BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

PART IX.

THE present compliance with the wish expressed that we should record our Recollections of pleasant people we have known, leads us to include our personal experience of publishers—generally supposed, by an absurd popular fallacy, to be anything but “pleasant people” to authors. We, on the contrary, have found them to be invariably obliging, considerate, and liberal; and we have peculiar pleasure in stating the instances we have known to this effect. First comes John Murray—Lord Byron’s John Murray—who gave us a full hour of his valuable time once, talking over in patient, considerate style the commercial prospects of a work offered to him, more like a friend consulted and consulting on the point of mutual interests than a proposed purchaser of a copyright. Next Messrs. Longman when written to, requesting certain sheets from an expensive work which we were then too poor to afford to purchase entire, and informed that the applicant’s father had once upon a time given lessons on the organ to Miss Longman, retaining pleasant recollection of old musical-preceptor days—the firm not only sent the requested sheets, but accompanied them by a letter of the most kindly courtesy. Messrs. Whitaker, of their own accord, sent a presentation copy of Payne Collier’s 1842-4 edition of Shakespeare to the Cowden Clarkes. Messrs. Chapman and Hall behaved with marked courtesy while publishing the miniature volume of “Shakespeare Proverbs.” Messrs. Macmillan wrote letters of the most polite attention to C. C. C. respecting a work offered to their acceptance; the late James Nichol, of Edinburgh, maintained a correspondence with him of several years’ agreeable duration: Crosby Lockwood showed no less complaisance in his communications: and finally—or rather initiatively, for they were among the earliest publishers (perhaps, more strictly speaking, we should say, printers) with whom we had personal intercourse—Messrs. Manning and Mason showed the

most regardful heed to M. C. C. when her "Concordance" was in course of printing at their establishment in Ivy Lane. She still retains vivid recollection of one long day, when she went thither at an early hour of the morning to sign the preface to that work according to agreement, when one of the principals was there to see that she had every requisite of pen and ink, with a constant succession of "preface-sheets" brought swiftly and regularly by one of the printer's men, and placed conveniently beneath her hand, that she might write her signature with the least possible delay of time; when, nevertheless, the task took hour after hour, and the men went away to their meals; when the fog and darkness of a City afternoon settled steadily around, and the gas had to be lighted; when about five o'clock the master withdrew to go and have his dinner; when he returned, after nine o'clock, and laughed to find the persevering signer still at her work, determined, if possible, to finish it ere she went home; the cheery complimentary tone of the laugh, after the prolonged task, during which each successive hour was boomed forth by the near deep sound of St. Paul's Cathedral bell, rings now with strangely pleasant, yet impressive effect, in the ears of her who recounts that day's adventure. In this record of publishers' kindness, let us not omit to give a word of acknowledgment to those among Transatlantic publishing-houses with whom we have had communication. Messrs. Munroe and Co., of Boston, United States, presented us with a copy of their 1851-6 Shakespeare, edited by the Rev. H. N. Hudson; Mr. G. P. Putnam, of New York, when in England showed us much personal amenity, and when he returned to America maintained it with continuous regard: Messrs. Appleton, of New York, and Messrs. Roberts, of Boston, being also distinguishingly obliging in their letters to us.

It is to be hoped that the above few lines will hardly be thought digressive, for without publishers where would authors be? Evermore in manuscript! Worst of limbos to a writer!! In the list we did not include the name of one firm, not because it has shown no courtesy—far otherwise—but because the very publication of the present "Recollections" originates in a request couched in the most flattering terms, and preferred by Messrs. Grant and Co. through their able and amiable editor, fit representative of urbanest
SYLVANUS URBAN.

There is another class of men connected with authors, and themselves writers, against whom an unfounded prejudice has existed which we are well qualified to refute. We allude to critics; generally supposed to be sour, acrimonious, spiteful, even—venomous.

Cruelly are they maligned by such an imputation ; for the most part inclined to say an encouraging word, if possible ; and rather given to pat a young author on the head than to quell him by a sneer or a knock-down blow. At least this is OUR experience of literary reviewers. Who that knew thee, dear lost George James De Wilde, will accuse criticism of asperity ? Who that saw thy bland, benign countenance, beaming with a look of universal good-will, as though it expressed affectionate fraternity of feeling toward all human kind, could imagine thee other than the gentle and lenient critic on moderately good attempts, and the largely, keenly appreciative critic on excellent productions that thou really wert ? What shall replace to us thy ever elegant and eloquent pen ? What may console us for the vacancy left in our life from missing thy hearty sympathy with whatever we wrote, or thy loving comment upon whatever we published, making thy circle of readers in the columns of the *Northampton Mercury* take interest in us and our writings from the sheer influence of thy genial, hearty discriminative notices ? Another kindly critic whose loss we have to deplore is James Lamb, of Paisley, warm-hearted, generous in praise, unailing in prompt greeting for everything we produced. These men are lost, alas ! to friends on earth, though not to their ever-grateful remembrance.

Among those still alive, thank Heaven, to encourage in print our endeavours, and to interchange charities of affectionate correspondence with us, are others, who, amid active public and professional work, have found time to write admirable critiques on literature or music in their local journals. Forgive us for openly naming thee—Thomas Pickering, of Royston, one of the earliest to promote our lecture-views, to cause us to deliver our maiden lecture (on Chaucer) in the Mechanics' Institute of thy town ; to receive us into thine own house ; to let thy young daughters vie with each other who should be the privileged bearer of the MS. Lecture-book to the Lecture Hall ; to incite re-engagement year after year ; to write pleasant notices of each successive lecture ; to pen kindly reviews of every fresh-written work ; and, in short, to combine friend and critic with indefatigable zeal and spirit. Excellent listener to music ! Excel-lenter enjoyer of all things good and beautiful and tasteful and artistic ! Ever full of energy on behalf of those once loved and esteemed by thee, whom we playfully dubbed Thomas Pickering, Esq., F.A. (meaning "Frightful Activity"), take not amiss these our publicly expressed acknowledgments of thy unceasing goodness ; but remember the title by which thou best lovest to call thyself —"Vincent Novello's pupil in musical appreciation and culture"

—and take the mention in a tender spirit of pleasure for his sake.

We beg kindred indulgence from thee, Thomas Latimer, of Exeter, whose delicious gift of dainty Devonshire cream, sent by the hands of her husband to thy personally unknown "Concordantia," as thou styledst her, still lingers in delicate suavity of remembered taste on the memory-palate of its recipient; together with the manifold creamy and most welcome eulogiums of her literary efforts that have flowed from thy friendly-partial pen. Like thanks to thee, Isaac Latimer, of Plymouth, for like critical and kindly services; and to thee, Samuel Timmins, of Birmingham, for a long series of courtesies, thoughtful, constant, cordial, as various in nature as gracefully rendered. Lastly, what may we say to thee, Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, warm friend, eloquent critic, racy correspondent? In Shakespeare's words, "we'll speak to thee in silence"; for we have so lately had the supreme pleasure of seeing thee eye to eye, of shaking hands with thee, of welcoming thee and thy "other self" in this Italy of ours, that here on paper we may well deny ourselves the gratification of putting more down than thy *mère* deeply-loved name.

Another set of friends from whom we have derived large gratification, and to whom we owe special thanks, are our unknown correspondents; personally unknown, but whose persons are well known to our imagination, and whose hearts and minds are patent to our knowledge in their spontaneous outpourings by letter. Of one—now, alas, no more!—we knew as much through a long series of many-paged letters, sent during a period of several years, as we could have done had we met him at dinner party after dinner party for a similar length of time. He introduced himself by a quaint and original mode of procedure, which will be described when we come to Douglas Jerrold's letters; he took delight in making an idol and ideal of his correspondent, calling her his "daughter-in-love," and his "Shakespearean daughter"; and he scarcely let many weeks pass by without sending her a letter of two sheets closely covered with very small handwriting across the Atlantic from Brooklyn to Bayswater, Nice, or Genoa. Since we lost him, his dear widow follows his affectionate course of keeping up correspondence with his chosen "daughter-in-love"; writing the most spirited, clever, descriptive letters of people, incidents, and local scenes. Mary Balmanno is the authoress of a pleasant volume entitled "Pen and Pencil"; and she wrote the "Pocahontas" for M. C. C. in her "World-noted Women." She is as skilful artistically as literarily, for she sent over

two beautiful water-colour groups she painted of all the Fruits and all the Flowers mentioned by Shakespeare, as a gift to M. C. C., which now adorn the library where the present Recollections are being written.

Austin Allibone, author of that grand monument of literary industry, the "Critical Dictionary of English Literature"; Dr. Charles Stearns, author of "The Shakespeare Treasury," and of "Shakespeare's Medical Knowledge"; the Rev. Dr. Scadding, author of "Shakespeare, the Seer, the Interpreter"; and the admirable Shakespearian couple, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Howard Furness—he devoting himself to indefatigable labours in producing the completest Variorum Edition of the world's great poet-dramatist ever yet brought out; and she dedicating several years to the compilation of a "Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems"—are all visible to our mind's eye, in their own individual personalities, through their friendly, delightful, familiarly-affectionate letters, sent over the wide waters of the ocean from America to England; making us feel towards them as intimates, and to think of them and ourselves in Camillo's words:—"They have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds."

Among our cherished unknown correspondents of long-standing in kindness of quietly-felt yet earnestly-shown regard, is John Watson Dalby, author of "Tales, Songs, and Sonnets"; also his accomplished son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Townshend Mayer, of whom (in her childhood) Leigh Hunt spoke affectionately as "mad-cap," and with whom (in her matronhood) Procter confessed in one of his letters to us that he had fallen secretly in love when he was eighty years of age.

Another pleasant feature in our unknown correspondentship has been the renewal in a second generation of friendships commenced in a first. Thus we have derived double delight from letter-intercourse with the author of "Poems from the Greek Mythology; and Miscellaneous Poems. By Edmund Ollier."

In Shakespearian correspondents—personally unknown, yet familiarly acquainted by means of the "one touch of Shakespeare" (or "nature" almost synonymous!) that "makes the whole world kin"—we have been, and still are, most rich. Gerald Massey, that true poet, and author of the interesting book "Shakespeare's Sonnets and his Private Friends"; William Lowes Rushton, who commenced a series of several valuable pamphlets on Shakespearian subjects by his excellent one "Shakespeare a Lawyer"; Frederick Rule, a frequent and intelligent contributor on Shakespearian subjects to *Notes*

and *Queries*, and Dr. C. M. Ingleby, whose elaborate and erudite Shakespeare Commentaries scarcely more interest us than his graphic accounts, in his most agreeable letters, of his pleasantly named country residence, "Valentines," with its chief ornament, his equally-pleasantly named daughter, "Rose."

A delightful correspondent, that we owed to the loving brotherhood in affection for Shakespeare which makes fast friends of people in all parts of the world and inspires attachments between persons dwelling at remotest distance from each other, is Alexander Main, who formed into a choice volume "The Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings, in Prose and Verse, of George Eliot," and produced another entitled "The Life and Conversations of Dr. Samuel Johnson (founded chiefly upon Boswell)." For a full decade have we continued to receive from him frank, spontaneous, effusive letters, fraught with tokens of a young enthusiastic earnest nature, deeply imbued with the glories of poetry and the inmost workings of human nature—more especially, as legibly evolved in the pages of William Shakespeare.

To the same link of association we are indebted for another eminent correspondent—His Excellency, George Perkins Marsh—also personally unknown to us; yet who favours us, from his elevation as a distinguished philologist and as a man of high position, with interchange of letters, and even by entrusting us for more than two years with a rare work of the Elizabethan era, which we wanted to consult during our task of editing the greatest writer of that or any other period. The above is stated in no vaunting spirit, but in purest desire to show how happy such kind friendships, impersonal but solidly firm, make those who have never beheld more than the mere handwriting of their unknown (but well-known) correspondents.

Although we left our beloved native England in 1856 to live abroad, we ceased not occasionally to become acquainted with persons whom it is honour and delight to know. To Mrs. Somerville we were first introduced at Turin; she afterwards visited us in Genoa; and latterly interchanged letters with us from Naples. She was as mild "and of 'her' porte as meek as is a maid;" utterly free from pretension or assumption of any sort; she might have been a perfect *ignorama*, for anything of didactic or dictatorial that appeared in her mode of speech; nay, 'tis ten to one that an *ignoramus* would have talked flippantly and pertly while Mary Somerville sat silent; or given an opinion with gratuitous impertinence and intrepidity when Mrs. Somerville could have given hers with modesty and pertinent ability: for, mostly, Mrs. Somerville refrained from speaking upon subjects that involved opinion or knowledge, or science; rather seeming to prefer the most simple, ordinary, every-day topics. On

one occasion we were having some music when she came to see us, and she begged my brother, Alfred Novello, to continue the song he was singing, which chanced to be Samuel Lover's pretty Irish ballad, "Molly Bawn." At its conclusion Mrs. Somerville was sportively asked whether she agreed with the astronomical theory propounded in the passage :

The stars above are brightly shining
Because they've nothing else to do.

And she replied, with the Scottish accent that gave characteristic inflection to her utterance, "Well—I'm not just prepared to say they don't do so."

Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky, in passing through Genoa on their way to Florence, were introduced to us, and afterwards made welcome my youngest sister, Sabilla Novello, at their house there, while a concert and some tableaux vivants were got up by the Pulszkys to buy off a promising young violinist from conscription ; showing—in their own home-circle with their boys and girls about them—what plain "family people" and unaffected domestic pair the most celebrated personages can often be.

Not very long ago a lady friend brought to our house the authoress of "The Story of Elizabeth," "The Village on the Cliff," "Old Kensington," and "Bluebeard's Keys," giving us fresh cause to feel how charmingly simple-mannered, quiet, and unostentatious the cleverest persons usually are. While we looked at Miss Thackeray's soft eyes, and listened to her gentle musical voice, we felt this truth ever more and more impressed upon us, and thanked her in our heart for confirming us in our long-held belief on the point.

Letters of introduction bringing us the pleasure of knowing Mrs. William Grey, authoress of "Idols of Society," and numerous pamphlets on the Education of Women, with her sister Miss Shirreff, editress of the "Journal of the Women's Educational Union," afforded additional evidence of this peculiar modesty and unpretentiousness in superiorly gifted women ; for they are both living instances of this noteworthy fact.

A welcome advent was that of John Bell, the eminent sculptor, who produced the exquisite statue of Shakespeare in the attitude of reflection, and several most graceful tercentenary tributes in relievo to the Poet-Dramatist : especially beautiful the one embodying the charming invention of making the rays of glory round the head consist of the titles of his immortal dramas. Beyond John Bell's artistic merit, he possesses peculiar interest for us in having been a fellow student with our lost artist-brother Edward Novello, at Mr. Sass's academy for design in early years.

Three enchanting visits we had from super-excellent lady-pianists : Barbara Guschl (now Madame Gleitsmann), Clara Angela Macirone, and Madame Henrietta Moritz, Hummel's niece ; all three indulging us to our hearts' content with the divine art of music during the whole time of their stay.

A pleasant afternoon was spent here in receiving delightful Herbert New, author of some sonnets on Keats, to which we can sincerely give the high praise of saying they are worthy of their subject, and also author of some charming little books upon the picturesque English locality in which he lives, the Vale of Evesham. To this single day's knowledge of him and to his fresh, graphically-written letters, we owe many a pleasant thought.

The Rev. Alexander Gordon, too, brought us news here of our long-esteemed friend, his father, the Rev. John Gordon, of Kenilworth ; both men of real talent and literary accomplishment. Mrs. Stirling, of Edinburgh, renewed acquaintance with us here in a foreign land, when she and her husband visited Genoa. Dear Alexander Ireland, author of a valuable chronological and critical list of Lamb's, Hazlitt's, and Leigh Hunt's writings, brought over the wife who has made the happiness of his latter years to make our acquaintance, and give, by the enchanting talk pressed into a few days' stay, endless matter for enlivening memories. Honoured Bryan Waller Procter wrote us a sprightly graceful letter as late as 1868 ; the sprightliness and the grace touched with tender earnestness, as in the course of the letter he makes allusion to Vincent Novello and to Leigh Hunt. Last, not least among the pleasures of communion with distinguished people that we have enjoyed since we have been domiciled in Italy, we rejoice in the renewal of intercourse with James T. Fields, of Boston ; to whom we were introduced while in England several years ago. His bright, genial, vivacious letters bring animation and excitement to our breakfast-table whenever they arrive : for the post is generally delivered during that fresh cheery meal : the reports of his spirited lectures "On Charles Lamb," "On Longfellow," "On Masters of the Situation," and on many attractive subjects besides, come with the delightful effect of evening-delivered discourses shedding added brilliancy on the morning hour : while his "Yesterdays with Authors" afforded several happy readings-aloud by one of us to the other, as she indulged in her favourite needle-work. To cordial, friendliest Mr. Fields we owe our knowledge of a most original, most poetical, most unique little volume, called "Among the Isles of Shoals ;" and likewise sweet, ingenuous, characteristic letters from its author, Celia Thaxter : who seems to us to be a pearl among women-writers.

In coming to a close of this portion of our *Recollections of Writers* known to us, we look back relieved from the sense of anxiety that beset us at its outset, when we contemplated the almost bewildering task of selection and arrangement amid such heaps of material as lay stored in unsorted mingledom within the cells of our brain : and now we can take some pleasure in hoping that it is put into at least readable form. To us, this gallery of memory-portraits is substantial ; and its figures, while they presented themselves to our remembrance in succession, arose vivid and individual and distinct as any of those immortal portraits limned by Titian, Vandyck, Velasquez, or our own Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence. To have succeeded in giving even a faint shadow of our own clearly seen images will be something to reward us for the pains it has cost us ; for it has been a task at once painful and pleasurable. Painful in recalling so many dearly loved and daily seen that can never again be embraced or beheld on earth ; pleasurable in remembering so many still spared to cheer and bless our life. Sometimes, when lying awake during those long night watches, stretched on a bed the very opposite to that described by the wise old friar—

But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign ;

—we, unable to enjoy that lulling vacancy of thought, are fain to occupy many a sleepless hour by calling up these mind-portraits, and passing in review those who in themselves and in their memories have been a true beatitude to us. We behold them in almost material shape and in spiritual vision, hoping to meet them where we trust to have fully solved those many forms of the “Great Why and Wherefore” that have so often and so achingly perplexed us in this beautiful but imperfect state of existence.

By day, our eyes feasting on the magnitude and magnificence of the unrivalled scene around us—blue expanse of sea, vast stretch of coast crowned by mountain ranges softened by olive woods and orange groves, with above all the cloudless sky, sun-lighted and sparkling, we often find ourselves ejaculating : “Ah, if Jerrold could have seen this !” “Ah, how Holmes would have enjoyed this !”—and ardently wishing for those we have known to be with us upon this beautiful Genoese promontory ; making them still, as well as we can, companions in our pleasurable emotions, and feeling, through all, that indeed—

A “loving friendship” is a joy for ever.

[Part X. will introduce letters of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke's literary correspondents.]

THE PRESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

HAVE always thought with tender interest of "the only compunction" that troubled the dying hours of a former and pre-eminently distinguished contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Everybody is familiar with the manner of Dr. Johnson's dying: how grievously he suffered, how wearying was the restlessness of his body, how active the working of his mind, "the odd thought that struck him" that we shall receive no letters in the grave; his three requests to Sir Joshua Reynolds, to read his Bible, never to use his pencil on a Sunday, and to forgive him £30 which he had borrowed of him—the admonitory supplicant just having made a will, by which he bequeathed a fortune of upwards of £2,000 in cash; his reply to Mr. Windham who wanted him to take some wine, "I will take anything but inebriating substance"; his daily practice of having the Church service read to him, not omitting the Athanasian Creed be sure; and then that thought of "the only part of his writings which gave him any compunction." Mr. Ward Hunt knows to what Dr. Johnson referred, and possibly bore the great man's remorse in mind when, the other day in the House of Commons, he spoke of "the ignorance or the malevolence" of the reporters for the London Press, who by an odd coincidence, accountable only by Satanic agency, had agreed in attributing to the First Lord of the Admiralty words which he did not utter, and which it was subsequently found convenient to disavow. "It was," Dr. Johnson told Mr. Nichols a few days before his death, "the Parliamentary debates that were the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction," and his remorse was scarcely mitigated by the recollection that he had carried on his vocation as a Parliamentary reporter under circumstances of overwhelming difficulty.

At the epoch when, under the title of "The Senate of Lilliput," Dr. Johnson wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine* what it was desired should be understood to be a report of the Parliamentary debates, the Press had not as yet gained any footing in the House of Commons.

George II. was on the throne ; Sir Robert Walpole was at the head of affairs ; and the allegation that "every man has his price" was a political axiom unblushingly accepted in the House of Commons. Parliament, acquiring supremacy at the time of the Restoration, was somewhat inclined to run riot with its new-born power. There was no such thing as a public Press, and consequently no such power as public opinion. Members of the House of Commons of that day—one may speak freely of them without fear of breach of privilege, for they are dead and gone and times have changed—did not affectedly disguise the plain fact that they had paid so much to get their seat in Parliament and were much disposed to have a fair interest on their outlay in the shape of pension, place, or power. It was, of course, eminently undesirable that the proceedings of an assembly thus constituted and animated by these principles should be reported for the delectation of the public. Accordingly the avenues to the House were kept with great jealousy. Strangers were admitted under conditions of profound secrecy, and to publish a report of proceedings in the House was an offence punishable with severe penalties. It was the *Gentleman's Magazine* that first ventured on the thorny path of Parliamentary reporting, and it was one Mr. William Guthrie, a Scotchman, who appears to have been the progenitor of the race of Parliamentary reporters. Mr. Guthrie was accustomed to obtain admission to the House, and, quietly listening to the debates, wrote a summary of them as soon as he was under the shelter of another roof. This he sent to Cave, the proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who forwarded them to Dr. Johnson, and he, out of the scanty materials supplied, constructed the article on the "Senate of Lilliput," in which everybody talked as elegantly as Rasselas, the universal felicity of style being tempered only by the Doctor's determination to "take care the Whig dogs should not have the best of it." In course of time Mr. Guthrie was silenced by the steps then taken as a matter of course to stop the speech of anybody whom it was worth while to deal with. He was comfortably pensioned, and thereafter Dr. Johnson undertook to do the reports "from the scanty notes furnished by persons employed to attend in both Houses of Parliament." Sometimes, as he told Boswell, he had nothing more communicated to him than the names of the several speakers and the part they had taken in the debate. Even the names might not be given in full, and the individuality of distinguished members of the House was timidly hinted at by initials, asterisks, or anagrams. "Parliament," Mr. Boswell observes, "then kept the Press in a

kind of mysterious awe which made it necessary to have recourse to such devices." "In our time," he adds, "it has acquired an unrestrained freedom, so that the people in all parts of the kingdom have a fair, open, and exact report of the actual proceedings of their representatives and legislators, which in our constitution is highly to be valued, though unquestionably"—and here Mr. Boswell shows that, though writing in the final decade of the last century, he, like Shakespeare, was for all time—"though unquestionably there has of late been too much reason to complain of the petulance with which obscure scribblers have presumed to treat men of the most respectable character and situation."

In this last characteristic, as readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* well know, matters are much the same as they were in the days when the highly respectable and well-connected Mr. Boswell wrote this severe sentence. But it is more surprising to find that according to strict etiquette the Press occupies with respect to the House of Commons almost exactly the same position as it did in the days when Dr. Johnson reported the debate in the Senate of Lilliput. In truth the relations in which the Press stands towards the House of Commons form one of the most remarkable anachronisms of the age. By international consent the British Press is the ablest and the most powerful in the world. It is the Warwick of our later Constitution, making and unmaking the rulers of the empire. It judges Ministers, guides Cabinets, and modulates policies. It is the telescope through which the people look at their leaders, and according as it presents the larger or the smaller end is formed the popular estimate of their relative size. Without its aid the words of statesmen would lose half their power, and in its absence Parliamentary debates would sink to the insignificance of Vestry squabbles. And yet the Press is content to be present on sufferance in the House of Commons, and to play the menial part in a farce, the extravagant plot of which is that hon. members shall pretend not to know that reporters are present during the debates, whilst the reporters are pledged to slink out quietly at the nod of a Biggar, and humbly to return and timidly to pursue their task when the Prime Minister shall have devised some scheme for getting them back without mentioning their existence.

The authentic history of the relations of the Press with the House of Commons is somewhat obscured by this state of affairs. It is, in fact, hampered by those considerations which imposed severe brevity upon the writer of a famous chapter "On Snakes in Iceland." No Parliamentary authority with any due sense of dignity would or could

treat of the Press in the House of Commons, because *de jure* there are no members of the Press present during the debates in the House of Commons. In the book which is the sole and sufficient authority in Parliamentary procedure one may look in vain for regulations regarding the position of the members of the Press in connection with the debates in the House. Sir Erskine May, in his treatise on the "Law, Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage of Parliament," leaves nothing unsaid that a student of Parliamentary procedure would desire to know. But he ignores the existence of the Press Gallery, conscious of the fact that its occupants come under the common designation of "strangers." To these unfortunate persons the journals of the House do make occasional reference. According to the strict letter of the law strangers have no more right in Parliament whilst debates are proceeding than they had in Dr. Johnson's time. In the journals of the House of Lords there is an order to the effect that "for the future no person shall be in any part of the House during the sitting of the House except lords of Parliament and peers of the United Kingdom not being members of the House of Commons, and heirs apparent of such peers or of peeresses of the United Kingdom in their own right, and such other persons as attend this House as assistants." That is an order which has never been repealed, and might on any night in the Session be suddenly enforced. The House of Commons have a similar order standing on their books, though thirty years ago it was tempered by the confirmation of a standing order which indirectly recognised the presence of strangers in the House, through the medium of an order to the serjeant-at-arms to take into custody the unhappy "stranger who shall misconduct himself." So recently as the year 1853 strangers were bundled out of the House upon a division being called. But in that year the regulation was modified, and now only strangers sitting on the floor of the House under the Gallery below the Bar withdraw on these occasions. A vestige of the old practice still remains in the cry of the Speaker on a division being challenged. "Strangers will withdraw!" says the right hon. gentleman in his sonorous voice, and it is no uncommon thing to see terror-stricken visitors in the Strangers' Gallery rise and prepare to leave their places in obedience to the supposed command. The convenience of the modified usage was demonstrated with unusual force in the first week of March, when Major O'Gorman was instrumental in dividing the House seventeen times in the space of 180 minutes. Making due allowance for the journey in and out of the galleries, and taking into account the minutes occupied with the divisions, it will

appear that a stranger of strong determination bent upon seeing the debate out would have spent a good deal of his time in violent personal exercise. The moral and intellectual advantage to be gained from hearing a discussion on the right of the Home Rulers to be consulted on the nomination of a Select Committee on Referees would have been as the ha'porth of bread to the intolerable quantity of sack represented by peregrinating the passages leading to and from the Gallery.

But that, as Mr. Whalley said the other night when, in discussing the recruiting system, he introduced a discourse on the malign influence of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, is a parenthesis.

In addition to sharing the common privilege of strangers, members of the Press in the House of Commons are subject to some special restrictions. Not only have they as strangers no business to be in the House, but the particular object with which they attend, that of reporting the debates, is sternly interdicted under heavy penalties. The House of Lords have a standing order, dated 27th February, 1698, upon which any noble lord might take action on this 1st day of April, 1876. It runs thus: "It is a breach of privilege of this House for any person whatsoever to print or publish in print anything relating to the proceedings of this House without leave of this House." The House of Commons do not in this respect fall short of what has been enacted in another place. On the 13th July, 1641, it was ordered by the Commons that "no member shall either give a copy or publish in print anything that he shall speak here without leave of the House." Some days later the subject was recurred to, and with even greater emphasis it was ordered that "all the members of the House are enjoined to deliver out no copy or notes of anything that is brought into the House, propounded or agitated in the House." It is a far cry to 1641, but these orders are still retained on the journals of the House; they have never been repealed, and if Mr. Charles Lewis were in some dull season to move upon them the Speaker would be obliged to take action. If the hon. and active member for Londonderry desires to put this machinery in motion he need not go further than the Treasury Bench for a case. It is a useful and convenient practice, much affected by Mr. Disraeli's colleagues, to read answers to questions put on departmental cases by hon. and inquisitive members, and subsequently to send the manuscript to the reporter for the *Times*. Here is clearly a breach of a solemn order of the House which it may be well to consider. The spectacle of the Speaker reprimanding Mr. Ward Hunt, the Lord Advocate, Lord Sandon, Lord John Manners, and Mr. Bourke,

five of the principal offenders, might not be without wholesome effect.

From hon. members the orders of the House under this head next pass to consider what shall be done to active confederates in the nefarious enterprise of making known to the English people the proceedings that take place in the Commons House of Parliament. Here the tone of the injunction deepens in severity, and presumptuous "news-letter writers, authors, printers, publishers," and such *canaille*, are treated in a style befitting their position. On the 28th of March in this enlightened year of 1642 it was resolved:—"That what person soever shall print (or) sell any act or passages of this House, under the name of a diurnal or otherwise, without the particular licence of this House, shall be reputed a high contemner and breaker of the privilege of Parliament and so punished accordingly." At various later times the Commons have further decreed:—"That no news-letter writers do, in their letters or other papers that they disperse, presume to intermeddle with the debates or any other proceedings of this House." "That no printer or publisher of any printed newspapers do presume to insert in any such papers any debates or any other proceedings of this House, or of any committee thereof." "That it is an indignity to and a breach of privilege of this House for any person to presume to give, in written or printed newspapers, any account or minute of debates or other proceedings. That, upon discovery of the authors, printers, or publishers of any such newspaper this House will proceed against the offenders with the utmost severity." These orders, it should be well understood, have never been repealed, and though they are day after day openly outraged and defied, without—as in the case of the maledictory exercise of the Archbishop of Rheims—any one being one penny the worse, they are retained on the journals of the House and are quoted as authorities by Sir Erskine May. It is true that that distinguished jurist adds: "The principle, however, by which both Houses are governed, is now sufficiently acknowledged. So long as the debates are correctly and faithfully reported the privilege which prohibits their publication is waived; but when they are reported *mala fide* the publishers of newspapers are liable to censure"—by the operation of these resolutions, some of which are contemporary with the era of thumb-screws, and as compared with the date of others the declension of the pillory is quite a modern event.

Last session the remarkable state of affairs actually existing, set forth by these excerpts from the regulations of the Houses of Parliament, was brought to a crisis by the action of Mr. Sullivan, M.P.,

himself a member of the Press, who in the face of much opprobrium was finally instrumental in delivering the House of Commons from a position of absurdity, and partially relieving the Press from the undignified and even insulting position which it had consented to accept as the heritage of the years of bondage which preceded this century. Up to May in last year the representatives of the English Press were liable at a moment's notice to be turned out of the Gallery, *vi et armis* if need were, should Mr. Biggar—the personal illustration is most useful—in a moment of hilarity or in a fit of spleen choose to exercise his privilege. The result of a stormy discussion and much fencing on the part of a party whose traditions and history leave them little to be grateful for to an unfettered Press, was that a resolution was passed to the effect that a clearance of the Galleries should be effected only by a vote of the House taken without discussion. It has within the last three weeks been made clear that this resolution ran only for the length of the current session, and up to this present time of writing it is at the option of any hon. member to put upon members of an honourable profession the indignity of turning them out of the Gallery specially provided for their accommodation. Mr. Disraeli has undertaken to move a resolution on the subject, but it is certain that at best it will only place in permanent form the resolution of last session, and that the normal position of the Press in the House of Commons will remain precisely the same as heretofore. In no other country in the world is such a sorry farce played, and the blank astonishment with which the intelligent foreigner regards it is intensified by the fact that it is in England, where the freedom of the Press was earliest established, and where it is most absolutely enjoyed, that eminent journals consent to wear these grotesque chains. The final touch of bewilderment is given to the puzzle by the knowledge of the fact that the Press might, if it pleased, relieve itself by a wave of the hand from the odious badge of sufferance. If the London papers were to agree that until the status of their representatives was properly acknowledged in the House of Commons they would utterly ignore Parliamentary proceedings, a single week would suffice to see swept into the lumber-room that rusty relic of antiquity which feebly makes-believe that the public, who create members of Parliament, have no right to be represented in the Legislative Chamber by the Press. The Press can do without the House of Commons, as it shows through six months of the year. But the House of Commons cannot do without the Press, as is made clear when some one turns the handle of the rusty crank of privilege and stops the whole

machinery of Parliament ; whereupon all parties in the House unite in the effort to abuse the hon. member who is acting perfectly within his right, and by common consent business halts till the reporters are brought back again.

Why, then, does the London Press sit down quietly under what, in addition to being a legislative absurdity, is a personal indignity? For at least two reasons. The nominal retention of this obsolete power pleases the House of Commons and does not hurt the business interests of the newspapers. Theoretically, members of the Press are intruders in the House of Commons, and if any hon. member chances to see them lurking about it is his duty to inform the Speaker, when the Sergeant-at-Arms must incontinently have them bundled out. Practically, provision of a reasonably sufficient kind is made for their reception and accommodation. They have seats in one of the Galleries, and a suite of rooms (some of which it is true are uncommonly like condemned cells) is placed at their disposal, together with a plentiful supply of pens, ink, and paper. The second reason is that there is an almost total absence of *esprit de corps* amongst British journalists. Every newspaper fights for its own hand, and every journalist does the same, looking chiefly if not solely to results as affecting "the paper," or himself. The fate that befell the would-be founders of the Guild of Literature is emblematic of the actual relations among themselves of English journalists and men of letters. There are innumerable instances of warm personal friendship ; there are even coteries of friends. But there is no guild, and none is possible. Thus it comes to pass that a condition of affairs indefensible by reference to facts, embarrassing when reduced to action, and personally galling to members of an honourable profession is permitted to remain in force at an epoch when everybody admits that the earth goes round the sun and when there remains only one advocate of the theory that the earth is flat.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

Edited by his Literary Executor: W. McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

V.—TUFT-HUNTING.



WEATHER ought to make no difference to a man who has work to do, if he has any go in him. I do not mean that Verschoyle, poor fellow, ought to go out of doors in the keen east wind or in a pitiless shower of sleet while his shattered frame still quivers from the effects of the last attack of bronchitis. As he will not quit his post so long as he is able to meet his people even once on Sunday, he must keep close during the week until summer comes; and let pastoral visiting alone *ex necessitate rei*. But for the rest of us, rain and cold are naught; and though I am conscious that some of my May Fair-iotes don't like a clerical visitor whose shoes are splashed, and who cannot otherwise disguise his sensibility to the inclement air, I persuade myself that a dreadfully bad day, as it is called, is a favourable opportunity not to be neglected for finding thoughtless people at home and more accessible than usual to a well-meant word of counsel. A worse day than Wednesday last I cannot recollect; and I will not pretend even to myself that my body liked turning out in the afternoon, just when every part of it had got thoroughly done opposite a clear fire of truly ecclesiastical proportions. Its restless driver, however, three times audibly said, "Go, you will be sure to find them at home," and so with a shudder—well, no, not quite that, but certainly with an elongated shrug—I put on my parsonical over-coat, and looked through the ominous chinks in my worn umbrella, and set forth on my way to Chesterfield Street.

At home? and without waiting for the answer, I plunged out of the slush into the hall and had actually opened two buttons of my surtout and rushed nearly half of one foot clear of the melting snow when the disappointing accents reached me that her ladyship was out in the carriage with Sir Joseph! "Out——" I exclaimed, and very nearly something more; for I was vexed. It is all very fine to

set copy-book proverbs, "Never to give way to chagrin," and so forth; but I maintain that it is mere hypocrisy to pretend that you can always help showing that you are vexed. To gulp it down is right and a duty; but to say you do not taste it is sheer Pharisaism: to all which falsity and affectation there is inscribed a woe. No doubt the gayest of poets was right when he wrote:—

Could we but do with this world of ours
As dreamers do in their garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers:
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling would soon be ours,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
The angels soon would be coming down
By the week or month to take it.

It would certainly puzzle an angel to find dry lodgings anywhere on this wretched earth in such weather as we have had since the last new moon. And I cannot look my pen in the face and ask it to say that, staring as I did incredulously at the imperturbable butler, I heard his polite but peremptory words to edification. Before my benumbed fingers could extricate a card from my visiting case it occurred to me, however, to ask if Lady Furnival's sister were at home; and it was some consolation to receive a reply in the affirmative. Miss Digby I had seldom seen before except in church, though her name was familiar to me in association with many works of unobtrusive benevolence: and I had conjecturally made up my mind that in her I should find a wholly different sort of person from the pretty and impressionable little bird of plumage that fluttered into a front pew of the gallery of a fine Sunday morning, sang a few sweet notes while she stayed, once or twice looked rather frightened at what was said, and then fluttered off again, perhaps to forget it all, or most of it. I was not mistaken. Miss Digby was occupied at her writing table when I was announced. She rose quickly; and instead of a languid recognition or fiddle-faddle preface of regret at her sister's absence, she advanced towards me and said, with frank but truly feminine earnestness, "I am very glad to see you here." Why did "here" seem to me as if it had been said in italics? I felt there was a spice in it of reproof, piquant rather than bitter, for my not having called before. Of course I could have given twenty excellent reasons, the cogency of which would have been admitted without demur; but I own I had none that would satisfy myself, except it were that dear old friend of an excuse which has stood between me and so many upbraidings for faults of omission, namely, that in London there are unhappily only twenty-four

hours in the day, when less than thirty-six seldom would suffice for all one has to do. But there are occasions when unexceptionable common-place would be exceptionally out of place; this was one, and so I only said, "Your very gladness makes me very sorry that I have not been here before."

What is the secret of that charm of manner that makes you feel at ease on first acquaintance, and sets *mauvaise honte* at rest with the most shy? It is a gift far oftener of women than of men. I believe, indeed, that it comes of a feminine instinct when natural and in perfection; and that with us of the more selfish sex it is at best but artificial and an imitation. Before ten minutes I felt myself at home in the ambitious drawing-room and relieved of all embarrassment in talking to this remarkable woman, for remarkable in many respects she is assuredly. Of her absent relative she spoke much; and every word regarding her seemed to tingle with anxiety and emotion. There was not a hint of blame in anything she said; yet it was evident that she regretted her absence from some cause unexplained, something, I thought, of a less casual nature than the risk incurred by exposure to cold on such a wintry afternoon. For the rest our conversation chiefly turned on the possibility of substituting higher objects for those connected with mere social intercourse, supplanting perishable vanities by true ambition, and profusion in display by outlay on objects less transitory. "You must know many," she said, "on the outer fringe of good society who have no cause to bend or stoop, and who yet seem utterly unable to withstand the temptation of being confounded for an hour or two with an inner circle to which they do not and cannot believe that any one else believes that they really belong. In the country a man holds his head at the right angle of self-respect, and whatever his fortune may be, as compared with that of his neighbours, he knows that they know what it is and how he came by it; who his wife is and what were her family; how badly one sister married and how uncommonly well the other; and how much his father paid for the last farm he added to the property. There is no use in pretending to be what you are not in your own county; and if the Lord Lieutenant don't ask you to dine a man does not feel much the worse for it; and a woman, if she has spirit and tact, simply says, with a smile, when the question is asked, 'We don't know the Belphegors,' and changes the conversation. But, dear me! this seems like another world. From Easter to August every one appears to be running after some one else. It is as if on coming to town you left your jewel case, containing the family pride and personal independence, at the railway station and never missed them all

the season." Without dissenting pointedly, far less showing any disposition to extenuate the evil too manifest around one, I dwelt on the fascinations of novelty, the spell of gregariousness, and the potency of magnificence by waxlight to dazzle and beguile. Above all I wished my fair moralist to recollect that the high fences of social exclusiveness, like double ditches in the hunting field, are in themselves provocations; and that difficulties are no difficulties if they only deter or repel: to the active and the enterprising they are things to be overcome.

Once cleared, the slippery approach, thorny top, and unsafe landing are soon forgotten. But this does not render the achievement less exhilarating or make one less inclined to try again. "Yes," she replied, with a sparkling glance and elevated tone, "and if I were a man I daresay I would risk a good deal to head the run, or to prove, at all events, that I could do so. But in the hunting-field all is fair, for all is in the open: it is very different with *tuft*-hunting. I don't like speaking ill of those you meet every other day; but the boudoir debates one sometimes hears about how Lady This may be induced to give an invitation to her ball, or the Countess of That be persuaded to act as patroness of private theatricals for some special charity, the actuating impulse being the hope of converting a distinguished acquaintance into an influential intimate,—is too bad and too sad. Why not win one's way fairly and fearlessly by doing something brilliant, or doing something hard, or something useful, and then wear your spurs when you have won them? That is the proper function and business of men who would go high; but as for your climbing boys, and the creatures that urge them for the sake of what they can get by the process, if I was a pastor I would preach at them till they were ashamed; and if I were a politician I would put them down by Act of Parliament." She laughed, and set me laughing too, at the vehemence of her denunciation; but before our pleasant colloquy was ended, I began to think I saw into the cause of her unconfessed solicitude about her sister, who had gone, she said, to please her husband, to a *matinée* a long way off, though she had been unwell for some days, and had been told by her physician to beware of a chill while her cough continued troublesome. Furnival is what is called a good sort of man, pleasant with children, uncontentious at whist, jolly at a picnic, easy with the servants, careful of his horses, and not a bit stingy in local charities; but at heart he is a toady, and when the opportunity now and then comes in his way of making the acquaintance of people of position, the backbone of his self-respect loses its perpendicularity as though it

were gutta percha brought too near the fire. He is proud of his wife, of her family name, her delicate beauty, and her exquisite taste in dress. Whether he would be as fond of her wanting these attributes he probably never considered, and therefore does not know. It is clear that she does not wish to raise the question, and, knowing exactly his weak points, she is ever ready to lend him the powerful aid of her attractions.

"Never," said Miss Digby, "was there a being more passively loveable than my sister; but her will is as frail as her constitution. For her own gratification she would not ask the smallest favour from the unworthy; but it is vexatious to hear her sue and coax the good-for-nothing people whom Joseph thinks may be made use of or turned to account. I don't want her to be less devoted as a wife, but I would give the world to see her more free to act up to her own ideal as a woman; for poetically that is high enough. At heart she cares nothing about knowing fine people or having her name in the *Court Circular* as one of the crowd at Lancaster House or at Lady Fandango's ball; but his purpose in life is to get into what he calls the best circle, and as the great gates won't open for his unrecognised liveries, he is always contriving how to get in at the garden door. Even this I should not mind if it were himself alone, but it provokes me to see my darling act even an acquiescent part, our true-hearted mother would have scorned."

I felt that this outburst of irrepressible vexation was so unpremeditated and so far outran the degree of confidence usually made upon slight acquaintance, that I ought, if possible, to check her unreserve and recall my companion to her usual sense of consideration for the esteem I had no doubt she wished her relatives to stand in with me. I said, therefore, something suggesting that political motives might have something to do with the wish of her brother-in-law to be included in particular lists of invitations, which, after all, were not looked upon in the light of hospitalities, but rather as acknowledgments of adhesion to a party or a set. But she was not to be turned aside by vague talk of the kind; and to my regret closed suddenly upon me with the embarrassing question whether I should let my sister be identified in Opera box or as the dinner guest of Mrs. Evrington.

Here was a perplexity; for by a curious chance I knew many more reasons than my fair interrogator for regarding with dislike if not dismay the intimacy she condemned. To gain time for reflection I was trying, like the mariner in Apostolic story, to fetch a compass in order to elude the blast impending, and I had just got

through some preliminary periphrasis about the difficulty of forming a decided opinion respecting people with whose antecedents one is not perfectly acquainted, and regarding the duty which a clergyman often feels in doubtful cases of endeavouring to retain his influence and thereby his opportunities of helping to preserve the unwary from committing themselves to actual evil, when the door opened, and poor Lady Furnival, languid and pale, crept into the room like a fawn whose strength was spent, and who only seemed to seek a place of shelter and repose. I shall not soon forget the look Alice Digby gave me as she hastened to lead her sister to a couch, and to chafe her frozen hands within her own; whispering gently as she did so soft words that seemed restorative of animation in the drooping form. I was glad to take my leave, asking permission to look in next day to inquire after the health of the fragile creature upon whose cheek I could not be mistaken in discerning the bright but baleful flush indicative of disease.

At the Chetwynds' last evening I happened accidentally to be shunted into a recess with George Beaumont, who knows or affects to know everything about everybody that frequents the Row, or, at all events, everything disadvantageous that is to be known. He was in full plumage of dandyhood, dressed with elaborate care, and got up so well in complexion, teeth, and foliage that I found it difficult to believe as I looked at him that he was old enough to be my father. Many wigs I have seen in my time, but never was a wig like his: for, unlike all inferior varieties of the species, I will ever maintain that it grew—slowly and inscrutably, I admit—but year by year it certainly grew greater and more luxuriant, preserving throughout the same soft and delicate tinge, so different from all of the inferior imitations of Narcissian locks. I remember a Sicilian friend of mine who in broken English was endeavouring to express his admiration of the article to a lady whose discerning eye it had deceived. He said, "I do assure you it is fabulous, but it is the very best breed of wig which they make in Paris. Ah! yes." The beau was in great force, having dined at White's, where he had imbibed the last gossip of the day with his Carlowitz, an elixir in whose virtue he is loud. Beau, as his more intimate associates call him, is something more than an elderly fop. He is a character—idle, quizzical, and fastidious; delighting to nip the asinine ears that come in his way, but capable of showing respect to merit and to genius, especially in art, of which he loves to play deputy-patron in a fashion of his own. He cannot spare from the requirements of his own toilet and tailoring enough to buy pictures or bronzes; but

being an *habitué* of several houses the masters of which trust him to buy for them now and then, he contrives to encourage artists struggling in obscurity and to befriend persons having a few fine things which they do not know how to turn into money wherewith to meet the needs of their forlorn day. To gratify his vanity, which is insatiable, he allows it to be supposed that he is buying for himself; but, born and bred a gentleman, he never traffics on the necessities of others or stoops to make money of his bargains. Moreover he is too anxious to keep his position as indispensable at Schomberg House or the Vladimir Villa at Wimbledon, whose owners are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. Like his late lamented crony, whose pet name was familiar in every club and boudoir in West End-istan, he fetches and carries fun for his feeders; and his bark and occasional attempts to bite are privileged. Saucy things are tolerated from him that would not be borne from his betters. He told me himself that after plainly refusing a very rich and very dull man to name a day for dining with him, he had not long ago made up his mind to do so for once, in order to get rid of the importunity; and by way of securing his future freedom from persecution he had made it a point of explaining to the unhappy Croesus the futility of his attempts at doing the thing properly. "I saw," he observed, "that several of my darts stuck in his buffalo hide without giving him the least pain, for his impenetrability is beyond description, but I think I reached a vulnerable point or two. There was served in a splendidly embossed dish of *cinqe cento* a compound which I was induced to taste. I suppose the unhappy man had been led to imagine that this was to be a supreme success, and he was rash enough to ask me what I thought of it. 'Well,' I replied gravely, 'it depends entirely on what it was meant for; as a batter pudding it is excellent—as a *soufflé* it is absurd.' "

A young lady with some unpronounceable name undertook to display the charms of her elaborate vocalisation, from which we were given to understand that a rare celebrity was expected. No one present recognised the composition, the object of which seemed to be to enable the siren to exhibit the range of her piercing voice, and to show her powers of fascination by an interminable succession of shakes on the flat notes of a minor key. With all my catholicity in music I could not make out the drift or meaning of the song; and whispered in despair to Beaumont an inquiry if he knew what it was. "Oh, yes," he answered, without moving a muscle, and looking as if he was enraptured. "It is a Hymn to the Ague." Chetwynd laughs at his fanfaronnade, and does not mind his impertinences, being never

made the object of them himself : his wife is more sensitive and would gladly leave out Beau, but she is afraid. Sometimes she tries to negotiate a truce with him, not as regards herself, for I believe he has never been anything but deferential and gallant to her individually ; but in favour of visitors and guests whom the requirements of her husband's position render sometimes an odd mixture of costumes and manners. This, however, is just what amuses him ; and he inexorably refuses "to admit claims of neutrality or allow privateers with a low free-board to carry contraband under his guns." He had hardly told me so when an imposing vision of guipure and flame-coloured satin hove in sight, as Beau phrased it, carrying an immense amount of sail. She gave him a radiant smile as she drew near, and asked if he had got her card for the 15th ; the Mezzotintos were coming, and she hoped he was not engaged. He bowed, muttered something inaudibly, and the lady floated on.

"How handsome and profligate she looks !" I own I thought so too, and wondered if he *meant* to be of the impending party. I was not long left in uncertainty. "The Mezzotintos indeed ! a scoundrel that narrowly escaped, by extrusion from the Turf Club, extinction on the spot." "And who," said Jescott, who stood by, "may be the Scarlet Letter?" "Why, don't you know? Mrs. Evrington, who has that large house in the Regent's Park, and gives dinners to eight-and-thirty at a time." I had heard of her celebrityship frequently, but had never seen her before. I now perceived the force of Miss Digby's anxious question during our recent interview ; and knowing that Beaumont was a walking *Index Expurgatorius* of reputations, I felt no scruple in learning as much as was necessary to warrant me in forming an opinion as to the eligibility of such an acquaintance. But I also learned the probable reason why Furnival should shut his eyes to what seemed so obvious. The husband of the demonstrative lady is a millionaire employer in the borough which Furnival hopes to represent in the next Parliament ; and his gentle and inexperienced wife, who has no thought of harm in her, and will hardly, I fear, stay long enough in this world to understand its complexities and entanglements, sacrifices herself without a murmur to further his ambition. Clambering is like drinking, all but universal, and in its casual and circumspect indulgence hardly noticeable. But give way to it and it eats you up body and soul ; demoralises assiduously and unconsciously the whole nature, whether of man or woman ; tans the epidermis of sentiment, feeling, propriety, and at last of honour, until in the end nothing is left but the haggard wreck of longing never to be satisfied. I have seen the process

going on in many an instance, slowly but surely ; and racked my brains to devise some way of arresting it. But it is unspeakably difficult in a state of society like ours. The infinite gradations of opulence and rank, which constitute the true solidity of our political system, encourage and suggest incessantly the little artifices and venal wiles that by success wax sturdy and toughen into parasitic developments, of strength not to be broken. Furnival is but one of twenty I could name whose chief pleasure in life is sought in the gratification of this consuming passion. His father was a mill owner in the North, who probably talked with a strong burr, read Cobbett's "Register," hated parsons and fox-hunters till thirty ; at sixty bought his sons a hunter each ; and gave a thousand pounds to rebuild the parish steeple. He died as he had lived, a plain blunt man, and left his eldest son a goodly fortune, a considerable part of which has been withdrawn from a lucrative branch of trade to buy a few hundred acres of bad land in a southern county, in the hope that its possessor may one day be mistaken for a real country gentleman. What time and thought he has devoted to this object none can tell. He would start at its designation I daresay were he to hear it, and deny it stoutly as a matter of course. But it is true, notwithstanding ; true and dark as his shadow in the sun, though one cannot pick it up or confront him with it. And how will Alice Digby, with her nobler spirit and truer aspirations, mend matters by making her gentle sister comprehend all that is implied in the fact that she has married a tuft-hunter?



THE NEW SCHOOL OF ACTING.

BY F. ALLAN LAIDLAW.

NOTHING can be more saddening to the student of dramatic art than the obvious contempt in which the later developments and improvements of the modern school of acting are received by the critics and those who profess to have studied the principles of histrionics. In fact, so closely do commentators cling to the old traditions and the old affectations and pomposities of the ancient school that the delicacies and subtle touches of modern acting are voted tame and spiritless. But which is the higher art? Is not that artist the better who strives to impart the greater element of *truth* to his work? Can any conscientious critic deny this?

There is much talk of the poetic drama among those who evidently are ignorant of the main requisites for adequately presenting a poetic play, viz. :—vocal tone and *timbre*, facial expression, eloquent gesture, and an elocution dignified, but neither stilted nor familiar.

I confess our modern actors are as yet incompetent to deal with the poetic drama, because they have not yet perfected their art; time and experience will enable them to do this, and in fighting against the affectations of a school of acting less devoted to verisimilitude they must guard against a danger, now besetting them, of falling into a vulgar realism not only unpleasant in effect but eminently inartistic.

The purpose of the modern school is to perfect details and to throw off affectations so as to conceal art and to let the fundamental truth pierce through the effort of illusion. We hear a great deal said about a powerful dramatist and a great actor being necessary to redeem the stage; that is just the absurdity of the old school ideas.

What we want now is a group of good, earnest, artistic writers, and one or two perfect *companies* of actors. That idea of one actor is a fatal mistake. Nothing has so seriously injured dramatic art as the pernicious "star" system. The inartistic selfishness that causes an actor to try and gain the whole sympathy of an audience to himself to the prejudice of his brother and sister artistes cannot be too severely condemned.

One of the results of the unsystematised style of criticism and

immature thought prevalent regarding dramatic affairs is, that special features are seized upon and applauded, rather than the logical sequence and perfection in the whole of a work of art. Exaggerated startling effects are more regarded than simple impressive truth and surging waves of intensity.

The modern school sets aside all clap-trap. The one purpose of the true artist should be to subordinate himself to his part, to feel it thoroughly, to sink his own identity, to absorb himself and the character he embodies in the drama; to help in the perfection of the whole. He is not the great actor, but one of a great company of actors. It is not the purpose of the theatre to present Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, but the history of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, the whole play, the drama: all the characters, all the episodes, details, and accessories must be perfect. Far better sit at home and read the play than go out to see Hamlet—and dummies. Perfection in *ensemble* is the purpose of the theatre, the purpose of acting, the principle of the developed school of the art.

Love of truth and love of art are the modern requisites. The days of pompous affectation, of false glitter and loud dignity, of false sentimentality and coarse sensational extravagance, have passed away from the best modern theatres. Now, we present true natural emotion, we mistrust the false affectation of the so-called romantic school: we learn our acting from the study of natural feeling, not from the pompous traditions of theatrical trickery. The means of expression and tricks of the art are the highest art because used with a dignified purpose, to give a true and natural effect. Truth and feeling inspire the conception, and study perfects it; no stiltedness, no falsity.

Now it is quite true that the new school of actors are not capable of attaining the highest reaches of art at present; it is quite true that the modern school has introduced a flood of incompetence to the stage. Why are the young actors incapable of sustaining strong and vivid character? Because they have not had the experience in their art: the modern improvements have not had time to develop themselves. The new art has not yet grown to maturity, for modern acting *is* a new art. The old school actors were found practically useless to interpret natural comedy; they were so full of falsities and affectations that unless invested with a part that gave a scope to their palpable acting they were nowhere. Give them a bit of simple pathos and true feeling and they were powerless to convey it. In the first place they could not feel it, in the second place *their* art was too coarse to express it.

Because modern comedy is subtle and delicate and deals with everyday life, it has been voted vulgar and familiar. Because a work of art may be constructed of realistic material, it does not follow that it is devoid of artistic merit and poetic beauty. False realism is *imitative* art—mere servile copying, devoid of all thought and meaning. A true artist for the sake of verisimilitude may use commonplace materials, but he moulds them to an artistic purpose and intention. I know nothing more injurious to the truth and purity and the good influence of art than this vague idealism, that fails to discriminate between true and false realism. We are taught to believe that all goodness, tenderness, chivalry, heroism, and nobleness have departed from among men. Modern people are sordid, low, commonplace, money-grubbing, and a thousand other things. It is this which has helped to make us all so cynical in these modern days.

And this false doctrine is preached in an age abounding in heroes of all sorts, travellers, men of science, engineers, artists, politicians. Others, again, say there are no dramatic possibilities in modern life. False, utterly false. Modern heroes and heroines there are now, greater than all the noble ones of old. Think of modern life, what it is, how vast, how complex; think of the struggles, the higher aspirations, the vast energy, the feverish restlessness of a progressive race, the struggle with external circumstances, the struggle with prejudices, the aspirings of high natures after truth, the fighting of old falsities, the settling of new problems; and with all this bustle of brain work, of toil, of achievement, of restless moving and doing, the old primitive passions still remain, the passions which are the ennoblers or the debasers of mankind. The noble nature of man still exists, liable to greatness or baseness, to good or to evil. The self-restraints, the hard decrees of fate, the disappointments of love and friendship, the subtle promptings of fiery natures alive always to be acting and scheming, and often making fatal mistakes; the old problems of good and evil; the earnest attempt to act up to our own best, the weak natures and the strong, the misguided natures and the desperate and reckless egotists and fools—all these remain, and with them a breadth of view, a height of aspiration, a nobility of purpose such as the human race have never known before. And yet we are told that there are not any dramatic possibilities—not of the old sort. Our modern life is perhaps less theatrical. We do not talk heroics nor march about in grand array. We do not fly into violent states of excitement. The business of the old school was principally to portray the excitement of vented passion: the purpose of the new school is to indicate the power of self-control. When our

modern actors have perfected their art Shakespeare's characters will be presented as they were never presented before, with such appropriate truth and subtlety of detail as were never yet brought to bear upon them.

Meanwhile old school actors are utterly incompetent to deal truthfully with the realism of modern art. After all, the nature of Shakespeare's characters, though grand and true, is barbaric. It is the violence of ungovernable natures rather than the calm control of beings masters of themselves. The aspect of life has changed: we do not believe in heroics in real life and we cannot benefit from them on the stage. Men feel now, but they do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves. Strong speeches and impulsive actions are the exception, not the rule. We cannot quite believe in Romeo now; but we do believe in Jack Wyatt.

Romeo is a poetical conception and quite true to nature as well; but the old school, I fancy, prefer the poetical exaggeration to the fundamental truth and nature of Romeo, who was, of course, a poet himself, but a true one: he would never have spouted, nor ranted, nor strode, nor gesticulated; his earnestness would have been intense and his tenderness moving; but no falsity—no affectation.

Romeo now is quite as true, and honest, and tender, though not so fanciful and not wearing long hair and silk tights. Juliet, though she makes bustles out of the *Daily Telegraph*, can love as truly, if not so dreamily, as the old Juliet.

The absurdity seems to be that no one will countenance the possibility of a modern art as true as the mediæval. People will not believe in a Shakespeare of modern days.

That the modern art, however, that has not yet given us great and powerful acting (which when it comes will be quite different and infinitely grander than the conventional notions of powerful acting) has given us acting of a very high order is apparent to those who study and believe in the art of doing little things well—little things, that is, which are great things. The perfect *ensemble* always seen at the Prince of Wales's, Court, Vaudeville, Haymarket, and Strand Theatres is not to be passed over, and the acting of Mr. Sam Emery as Dan'l Peggotty and Capen Cuttle, of Mr. Herman Vezin as Jaques and Percy Pendragon, of Mr. Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, and of Marie Wilton as Peg Woffington, is as great as any acting ever represented in the same reaches of the art.

It is not my purpose, however, to name isolated individuals, upon whom modern art does *not* depend. I want to show that the principles of modern acting are true, that the realism is the

realism of truth and not the realism of Boucicault, nor of the old staginess. It is absurd to hear the way our English critics and artistes of the old school talk about "holding as 'twere the mirror up to nature"—a nice piece of looking glass theirs is, bad glass and worse mercury. Distorted and mangled views of nature have been given, but few simple truths, since the days of Garrick.

Modern art requires that feeling should teach us the mode of its own representation. We know that when men feel the most they speak the least, and that an actor to give true pictures of life must study life; that long speeches are an artistic mistake, and conventionality must not stand in the way of an artiste practising effects discovered by his own studious observations of life. At present very mild comedy phases of modern life are the only ones which have been placed upon the stage; but when the art has developed into stronger growth, when original authors untrammelled by traditional ideas shall turn their attention to the stage, when a prudish censorship shall no longer prevent the discussion of problems of modern life, when the truth and nobility and long-suffering of human hearts may be laid bare upon the stage by the subtle touches of artistes who study in the school of truth and paint their portraits in unexaggerated colours from life, when all art of assumption is concealed but the given effect—the result of the power of true imagination at work in the artistes—when the play acted shall be an imaginary *truth* for the time, when the artistes shall *be* their characters, when no thought of self nor of the applause of the audience shall obtrude itself upon their minds, when all shall work together not to gain isolated and egotistical effects, but to form a perfect picture, to preserve a true harmony: then will the presentation of a play be at once a study, a pleasure, and an intellectual treat.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I do not intend to speak disrespectfully of the "old school" actors to whom we moderns owe our education: I merely wish to show that the pupils are a credit to their masters and that some progression has been made in their studies. I content myself with humbly begging the attention of earnest and thoughtful minds to the claims of the modern school to be treated with respect.

I cannot see how art is to be developed if every innovation be resented and if people absurdly argue that modern life is devoid of nobleness and barren of dramatic possibilities.



THE CAPTURE OF KING PRIAM'S PALACE;

A Vision, from Virgil's "Æneid," Book II., 1, 480-500.

BY T. H. L. LEARY, D.C.L.



CHAOS of commingled misery
Peals through the palace, lamentation loud,
Whose vaulted chambers from their inmost haunts
Ring to the roof with women's wails and woes,
That strike and shake the golden stars. Mothers
Go wandering through those many-chambered halls,
Pacing in panic, holding to their hearts
And lips the lintels in one last embrace.
On presses Pyrrhus with his father's force,
Nor guard nor gate stands out his shock; the gate
Sinks down beneath his battery, and hewn
From off its hinges grovels on the ground.
By force the way is won, the torrent Greeks
Bursting hither, lay low their fronting foes,
And one wide stream of war floods all our halls.
Not so resistless raves the torrent flood,
All foam and fury, o'er the fields, when burst
Its banks, waters on waters heaped, it breaks
Through every barrier pile that bars its tide,
Its conquering tide, and bears from plain to plain
The flocks and folds whirled on its rushing waves.
These eyes saw in our halls the Atreidæ twain,
And Neoptolemus, the butchering fiend,
Raving and revelling in his butchery.
Saw Hecuba, and twice her fifty brides;
Saw Priam's blood pollute the altar fires
Which Priam's hands had hallowed to his gods.
And saw those fifty bowers of bridal bliss,
Whence Priam's hope of heirs to Priam's house,
Glorying in golden spoils from over-seas,
All dashed to dust, and where the fire had died
Saw there the Greek, the living lord of all.

A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE,"
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S
FORTUNE," &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVI.

"What waste of cumbrous wheels and useless springs—
What dearth of wit, what wealth of idle things!"
Thus might you speak were Truth's veiled features plain,
And Saturn's golden days returned again:
Were eyes unerring, words without a flaw,
And heavenly Justice one with human law.
Thus may you speak not now, while Truth, unseen,
Strains the full cordage of a vast machine—
While subtle ends too obvious forces blind,
And Passion mocks a touch that's too refined—
While Justice now must frown and now must smile
To conquer guile by force and force by guile—
Curst is the land where Themis sits too high—
Blest where she stoops to laugh, and smites a lie.

IT was all very well for Beatrice to make up her mind that a new life should begin with another day. She had forgotten that the next day was to rise upon a battle for a great landed estate and an unknown number of thousands a year. It was true that in Abel's opinion and in that of the solicitor who instructed him the case was already won before it came into court. But that only increased Mr. Deane's growing excitement by making it a pleasure instead of a pain. He felt he should be almost disappointed when the case, as would inevitably happen, broke down at an early stage. Even Mrs. Burnett caught some of his eagerness. The humours of a court of justice were not familiar to her, and she was anxious to be present in a good place for seeing everything. Only one thing troubled her. The Vicar had taken it into his head that she was a high Tory of the antediluvian school that had just managed to survive in the ark of Winbury. He persisted in ascribing to her every one of his own opinions: and though this amused her for a time, his persistence in sticking to her at last grew tiresome. She had the reputation, not altogether undeserved, of treating

her ordinary acquaintances rather like oyster shells as soon as she had intellectually emptied them, and a very short half-hour had sufficed for emptying the Vicar. But what with her interest in what concerned the immediate hour and with the obstinate attentions of her parasite she had no opportunity of speaking to Beatrice. Perhaps she did not try to find any, for she had to own herself puzzled.

"Mr. Deane was asking me the other day," she said to Annie, with a look of martyrdom, "who was the gentleman when Adam delved and Eve span. I couldn't answer him then, but I can now. It was your Uncle Markham. He's just a living specimen of the primary formation, my dear."

"True, madam," said the Vicar, for she had not Abel's art of making herself heard by only one pair of ears. "There's but one thing more detestable than primary education, and that's education at all. Whip 'em all round, that's my way: and as for your learned women, talk of a learned pig. I don't know where I should be if I hadn't been well flogged when I was a boy. That's my notion of primary education, and that's what I say to old Crook, my school-master—Thrash 'em well. And he does it too. None of your blue stockings and Able Harrys for me."

Mrs. Burnett gave one look of comic despair at Beatrice, and then suffered herself to be led captive to the Shire Hall, where Mr. Deane's friends were sure of having good places for the show. Beatrice would have excused herself from going, but Mrs. Burnett had put her on her mettle, and the plea of a headache would have been a confession of weakness and breaking down under pressure, while her absence would have been a great disappointment to her uncle, who wished everybody to witness his triumph. She had never been inside a court of justice before, and was not so much impressed by it as she felt she ought to have been, apart from her having something more to do with her eyes than use them idly. Abel would soon appear in court, ignorant of what she knew and of the letter that he would soon receive. Anything like love for him, if there had ever been such a thing, was absolutely over. She could not love where she scorned. But she felt ashamed for him even more than for herself, and to such an extent as almost to pity him. All that she saw jarred upon her mood, though she understood nothing.

In a few minutes, however, some sort of shuffle seemed to take place among everybody, as if for a new deal in the game. Voices were hushed, faces looked graver, and the comers and goers in the body of the court simultaneously turned round and stood on tiptoe to look at a tall and portly man in wig and gown, who smiled and

elbowed his way into the middle of the front row of barristers. "Now for it," whispered her uncle. "That's Martin—where's Herrick? Ah, there he is": and Beatrice had to meet a quick look of recognition which she did not return. Abel was looking very pale and grave, as if weighed down with a sense of his responsibility. As she looked hurriedly another way she was met by a smile and a bow from her fellow traveller of yesterday, sitting just below the great man whom he had brought to wrest Longworth from her uncle. He was dressed as if for a stage wedding, with two red hyacinths in his button-hole.

A full report of the case of Vane against Deane must be looked for in the newspapers. We are looking on with the eyes of a girl who comprehended none of its technicalities, and whose mind and heart were full of other things. She had not even any of the excitement of a battle, because victory was a foregone conclusion, nor was she any longer in sympathy with the champion who was now at last called upon to fight, like any knight of old, for his lady and before her eyes. A barrister sitting by the side of Mr. Martin, older than his chief, with a long curved nose and a foreign look, said a few words to the jury in a sing-song voice, as if he were performing a magical incantation. A little conversation followed, and then all the court was hushed as Mr. Martin rustled his silk gown and rose.

In those days, though they are not far back, barristers made speeches, much longer indeed than those of Erskine, but very much shorter than now. Mr. Martin was pleasant to listen to, and gained the sympathy of the court for himself, and therefore for his client, before he had spoken six sentences about nothing by way of preamble. Then, without waste of time, for he was anxious to get away by a particular train that night, but without seeming to hurry, he told his story. It was meagre enough, but it was well told, and conclusive if it was true. Beatrice herself began to grow interested in this new fragment of her family history. She heard how that handsome, girl-faced hussar officer whose portrait had been burned in the inappropriate company of books had been weak and foolish enough to fall in love with his sister's lady's maid, but had been manly enough to marry her. How he and his father had been such scoundrels as to get rid of her by a pretended former marriage. How the poor girl, trusting her lover, had believed his lie, and had refused to bear his name because he had told her it had never been hers. How she had given birth to a son, whose true name was Vane: and how that son's only child, though but the daughter of a working carpenter, was in truth heiress to Longworth and of right one of the richest ladies in the land. She could not help looking at her uncle with doubt in

her face, but he only said "Yes—that's all very fine : but wait till Herrick's turn comes. We've had blockheads in our family, but never scoundrels."

A murmur ran round the court that sounded almost like applause as Mr. Martin sat down, for the wrongs of an orphan heiress kept out of her rights touched every heart in the gallery—they were themselves eloquence, as that skilful leader knew. He had read some old letters, accidentally found in an old Hebrew Bible, which had moved some of the spectators to tears. Beatrice thought she saw Abel give a sudden start at this point : he asked to see the letters, and studied them intently. Then a series of certificates and documents were produced, and admitted by Abel without question. "I have insisted upon admitting everything that is true," said Mr. Deane. "One must fight fair, even with rogues."

"Who is the rogue?" whispered Annie.

And, as if in answer to her question, the hooked-nosed barrister called "Mr. Joseph Adams" : and her fellow-traveller stepped into the witness-box in all his glory.

He gave his evidence as if he enjoyed it, smartly and well. His, in effect, was the main oral evidence of the case, for it represented that of the late Mrs. Anne Tallis of Winbury, housekeeper to Mr. Smith, who had brought up Miss Vane the plaintiff from her cradle. A long argument arose as to whether her declarations ought to be admitted, but they were allowed. They went to show that the unfortunate Polly Brown had been confined at the house of one Mr. Tallis, an ironmonger at Norwich, when she, then Anne Barnes, was a young servant girl there. That the mother died, and that old Mr. Tallis, out of charity, adopted the child, and in the course of time apprenticed him to a carpenter in Eastington. That he afterwards married a sister of the witness Anne Barnes, who had then become Mrs. Tallis the younger. That she, the witness, had brought up her niece, granddaughter of Polly Brown, from her very birth. That she had called her niece Emily Barnes after her mother, instead of either Vane or Brown after her father, because she was afraid of the Vanes, or their representatives the Deanes, whom she believed capable of any sort of villainy. That she had originally taken a situation at Winbury Manor—a place that once belonged to the Vanes—in the hope of finding evidence, especially since Polly Brown had come from Winbury, but had failed to get hold of the whole story until, almost at the last moment, the letters read by Mr. Martin had been found in the Hebrew Bible.

All this evidence gave rise to various discussions in its course, and

it was clear that Abel was doing his work well under many disadvantages. Not only was he conducting a first great cause alone before an audience of the sort that instinctively dislikes a man who blocks up a straightforward story with technical interruptions, but his objections were met by his opponent with a genuinely good-natured indulgence that must have been intensely irritating. He ought, of course, to have been deaf and blind to the gallery: but then he was not a mere lawyer—he was for the time a knight errant *en pose*. The letters were admitted without a contest, for the obvious reason that they cut both ways—the defendant relying upon them as evidence of the first marriage quite as much as the plaintiff relied upon them as evidence of a conspiracy and of the motives for one.

“Now for the two rascals!” muttered the Vicar, as one of his enemies rose to cross-examine the other. Or rather so he meant to mutter, for he just managed to escape a personal rebuke by calling down “silence” upon the court in general.

“So, Mr. Adams,” said Abel, “Mrs. Tallis told you all this story of hers when she first consulted you, in the words you took down, and every word exactly as you told it to-day?”

“Every word.”

“Without a single prompting or suggestion of yours—she a woman ignorant of business and you a clever lawyer?”

“Without any prompting. It only goes to explain the certificates, that’s all.”

“So you say. How do you expect to be paid?”

“Costs will follow the verdict, Mr. Herrick.”

“You needn’t tell me that. And I needn’t tell you that all your costs will not follow the verdict, even if your client succeeds. And if your client does not succeed?”

“I see well enough what you want to get out of me, Mr. Herrick. Pr’aps it’ll save time if I explain?”

“I don’t doubt your cleverness: but I’d much rather you’d answer my questions. How do you expect to be paid?”

“By my client. When Mrs. Tallis died she left a will.”

“Well?”

“By which will, which I can produce in a minute if you like, she left everything to my client, who, in deference to her late aunt’s wishes, has empowered me to deal with the funds just as I think right, in prosecuting this suit or elsehow. I had Mrs. Tallis’s written directions—I have them here.”

“Then you are in a position to make out your own bill, send it in to yourself, and pay yourself without anybody’s interference?”

"Yes, Mr. Herrick. I am happy to say I am."

"Is the plaintiff in court?"

"No. But she can be telegraphed for in a minute if you please. Shall I send for her?"

"Well—we'll see presently. So you encouraged an old lady, ignorant of business, to practically invest her whole savings in a lawsuit for your advantage?"

"No—if you put it in your way. Yes, if you put it mine."

"And what is your way?"

"I believed Mrs. Tallis's story, and I believe it now. I can't help it if my clients choose to put unlimited confidence in me. She wouldn't even tell her own niece for fear of getting a lot of fortune hunters about her. She wouldn't have left her savings to her niece if she hadn't known I should have the spending of them. If I'd refused the business she'd only have got into far and away worse hands than mine. And you can't say I've spared expense—I might have bagged the whole myself instead of spending it open-handed. If you want to know why I ever took up the business at all, I did it for the sake of a good bill of costs, just as you may have taken up the other side for your fee. I'm not ashamed of it—and if I can turn a penny by taking up a good case, why shouldn't I, I should like to know?"

Mr. Adams had instinctively done more good to his client than he himself knew. Abel, indeed, had succeeded in showing that Milly was altogether in the hands of an attorney who was only thinking of his bill of costs, and felt triumphant. But Mr. Martin knew that he who openly admits himself to be governed by personal interest, without any fine talk about justice or duty, recommends himself at once to eleven men out of twelve as an honest fellow with no humbug about him. The smile that followed his expression of devotion, not to his client, but to his bill of costs, was a sympathetic smile, intensified by his counter allusion to Abel's fee. It was the touch of nature that made honest men of business feel that Mr. Adams was one of themselves.

"In fact," said Mr. Martin, rising for a moment, "you think the labourer is worthy of his hire?"

"Just so," said Mr. Adams, with a smirk. The whole court burst into a laugh—the familiar words, with just a piquant touch of imaginary irreverence in the application of them to such a stock comic subject as a lawyer's bill, passed for a joke of the first water.

"What are they laughing at?" asked the Vicar. "I didn't quite catch"——

"Nor did I," said Mrs. Burnett. "I only heard Mr. Martin say the labourer is worthy of his hire. There's not much fun in that, that I can see." But then she was a Scotchwoman.

Such was the entire case for Milly Barnes as it was brought into court—unsatisfactory enough in the opinion of experts who remembered that there was another side to be heard, but conclusive if left uncontradicted. So far the pedigree and legitimacy of the plaintiff were proved, and the defects of proof were supplied by the admissions which Mr. Deane had insisted upon making. Some of Mr. Deane's many county friends who had come to hear the case began to show signs of interest in a not impossible catastrophe. But the spirit of Mr. Deane never failed. "It's our innings now," he said, as Abel rose a good hour before lunch-time.

His case was the marriage of Harry Vane to Jane Lane. He spoke, temperately and quietly, for barely ten minutes, put in the certificate, and then called "the Reverend Thomas Markham." Mrs. Burnett gave a sigh of relief as her old man of the sea left her side.

"We must have this marriage proved to the hilt," said Mr. Martin. "We have done with admissions now."

"This witness is very deaf, my lord," explained Abel.

"And very old," suggested Mr. Martin to his junior, in an audible aside. Mr. Adams looked up and whispered to him.

The examination of the Vicar was longer than all the rest of the cause put together, and delighted the audience with an exhibition of infirmity. But, nakedly, it came to this—that when the Vicar of Winbury was Curate of Corfield he had regularly performed the ceremony of marriage between his nephew Harry Vane and his parishioner Jane Lane, as the copy of the register showed.

But then Mr. Martin, inflating himself to his full height and breadth, with all the force of his lungs suddenly shouted out,

"Was this marriage by licence or banns?"

"Don't shout so—I can hear. How should I know? You might as well ask me if the young woman had black hair or red. Such a question is nonsense, sir."

"Very well. It was the marriage of your own nephew, remember, that you performed without his father's knowledge. It may have been nonsense then, but it is not nonsense now. Do you remember anything about the marriage at all?"

"There's the certificate. It's a disgrace to be dragged into court at my time of life to be asked about the weddings of boys and girls."

"I know there's the certificate. And now, you must remember such an event in your own family, in which you seem to have played a strange part for an uncle, I must say. Did you see the licence?"

"I suppose so. Of course I saw it—it was my duty."

"Very well. Then I understand you to remember seeing a licence when, according to the register, signed by yourself, the marriage was by banns?"

"If I said the marriage was by banns, it was by banns."

"Then how do you remember seeing the licence? How old are you?"

"What's that to you? Old enough to remember"—

"Or to forget? Never mind—I'll let you keep your age. You now say the marriage was by banns. Do you remember reading them?"

"Of course I must have read them."

"And entered them in the proper book kept in the church for that purpose?"

"I'm old enough not to be taught my duty by you.—A red republican Whig member!" he growled audibly. "Of course I entered them."

"I'm sorry my politics don't please you. There's the book and there are the dates. Find me your entry, if you please."

"I see another clergyman was doing duty for me those Sundays."

"So you remember reading the banns when you were not there at all?"

"I can't remember where I've been every day since I was born."

"You are upon oath, remember, and a clergyman. You ought to take care. Have you found the names?"

"They would have been there if I had not been away. I do things regularly. And if I'm a clergyman, I'd have you remember you're speaking to one—unless, as you're a Whig, you're a Dissenter into the bargain."

The court was reaching an ecstasy of delight: it was a red-letter day.

"You remember reading banns you never read. You remember seeing a licence you never saw. May I conclude you remember performing a ceremony you never performed?"

"You may conclude just what you like. It's nothing to me. I don't care who wins or who loses."

"Very well—I will. Do you remember Mr. Horace Vane?"

"Well."

"That is something. Did he consent to his son's marriage?"

"He knew nothing of it."

“You did not think it your duty to inform him?”

“I never think it my duty to meddle. No.”

“Can you say whether he was very much set on a marriage between his son and a Miss Charlotte Carr?”

“He may have been. I didn’t care.”

“So it seems. Who made you Vicar of Winbury?”

“The patron. Mr. Harry Vane.”

“Now answer me this, and I will ask you nothing more. Is it possible that the licence which you never saw was never procured—that the banns which are not entered were never read—that you took both for granted, and, in fact, assumed everything to have been done in your temporary absence as regularly as if you had been there?”

“Impossible—that is, most improbable—at least if it was so I should be very much surprised.”

“So should we all—but very surprising things happen sometimes : much more surprising than that. Is that your case, Mr. Herrick? Then, my lord, I would suggest an adjournment before I reply.”

“Wait one moment,” said Abel, to whom Mr. Deane’s attorney was speaking eagerly.

“It’s all right of course,” said the latter. “They can’t answer the register, but Martin has managed to bewilder the jury, unless I’m wrong, and I can see they’re all on his side. I wish we hadn’t put that old idiot into the box, but it can’t be helped now. Pray don’t re-examine him—you’ll only make matters worse than they are. You’ll call the clerk, won’t you? He’ll put everything right in a twinkling, if he’s only sober, which I’ll soon see. Just say yes or no—don’t let’s talk here, or they’ll think we’re in a fix, and that would never do.”

“Perhaps, my lord, I shall have one other witness to call,” said Abel. “But I am not sure, and he might take some time.” And so, with the influence of the Vicar’s breakdown still upon it, the court adjourned for half an hour.

CHAPTER XVII.

Julian. He is a Dreamer, Sir! whereby I mean
That, when he wakes, he'll keep Dream-Conscience still.
And, as for that, men cannot sin in dreams.

Victor. Better they always slept, then.

Julian. Aye, but then
You know the adage—where there is no sin
There is no sinlessness. And after all
Dreams are but sorry pleas. If men must sleep
E'en let them keep their beds, nor walk abroad—
One may do sudden murder in a dream
And think 'tis he that's murdered. He's to blame :
For Dreams are servants of an honest will,
And good men do no murder, even in dreams.

“ You must call the clerk—you must indeed,” said Mr. Deane's attorney. “ I have seen him, and he is as sober as the judge himself. What objection can there be? We have already given them the right of reply, with that confounded parson. If I had only known more of him I would have seen him at Jericho before having him here. I know what Martin will say—that the parson got Winbury as a reward for being blind as well as deaf. Martin gets verdicts Heaven knows how.”

Abel was not conscious of having committed any imprudence, but he could feel that the attorney, who had never taken kindly to putting a case of such consequence into the hands of a man without prestige, was inclined to lay the Vicar's sins of stupidity upon his shoulders. But how could he call the tinker and risk his blurting out, under Martin's skilful hands, the whole of his story, with all its circumstantial lies?

“ I am responsible,” said Abel. “ As you say, they can't get over the register—the judge will tell them so, and I won't risk a stupid drunken clerk in Martin's hands. What has he told you?”

“ That he was present at the marriage—I've just asked him about the banns and the licence, and he says he can speak to having given the banns to the curate's deputy and being in the church when they were read, and to being present at the marriage besides. I asked him if he could swear to all that, and he said certainly. You must call him, Mr. Herrick. I've been at this work longer than you, and it's the only thing to do.”

“ Let us speak to him,” said Abel.

The attorney found and brought the tinker into the lobby where Abel was waiting. He was still the tinker, but had been kept sober and made comparatively presentable.

"Well, sir," he said, "I hear you want to put me in the dock—box, I mean. And I'll help you all I can, for there's nobody going knows more about this matter than me. As for the old parson, he aren't worth his weight in bad halfpence, and as for that five pound"—

"All right, my man. You go into the box when you're called, say 'Yes' to every question I ask you, and when the other barrister"—

"When old Martin cross-examines me? Lord bless you, I've known all about the law afore you were thought of."

"When you are cross-examined, stick to what you have told me. There, Mr. Reynolds—there's no fear of breaking down there!"

"Stick? I'll stick"—

"And say nothing but what is asked you. Nothing but 'Yes' to me, and"—

"And whatever Martin says, stick to it—I know. I do want to see you win, and if you ask me if I'm Pope of Rome I'll say 'Yes,' and stick to it like a man."

It would be a great mistake to suppose that Abel's conscience was in any way troubled with doubts as to whether he was justified in calling the tinker to swear to part of a story. There was no reason why it should be. The cause of Beatrice was just, therefore the tinker's ridiculous fable, no doubt the result of *delirium tremens*, about a mock marriage, was necessarily a lie. The suppression of what is false is a duty: and it was very likely that the tinker, in his sober morning hours, had forgotten what he had said the night before. There was some risk in calling him of course, but he could not explain matters to the attorney, and with prudent management the risk might be safely run. The Vicar was surely the witness of truth, and it was right to pick him up when he had broken down.

"Well, Mr. Herrick," said Mr. Adams as he bustled by, "you won't lick us quite so easy after all. By jingo! it was worth the fun to see old Parson Markham getting it—won't I have it in next week's *Mercury*!—Well, Mr. Martin, and how do *you* feel?" he asked the great man, who came lounging by with a biscuit in his hand. "Very pretty girls, those Miss Deanes—it's a shame to be against them, on my word."

"How do you? Herrick has given us something tough to swallow in that register, as I always told you."

"Nonsuit, eh?"

"Something of the kind. You managed your case very well, Herrick, if you'll allow me to say so. I hope we shall be opposed in many a case to come, and I've no doubt we shall." And so he passed by.

"Oh, here you are, Herrick," said Mr. Deane. "I've been looking for you everywhere. It's all right, I suppose?"

"I hope so—I'm sure of it. They'll never get over the register. We have a new witness too, to make up for Mr. Markham."

"That old Tory fossil! But I have heard nothing of any other witness—who's he? By the way, Beatrice asked me to give you this—you managed to misdirect it somehow. Allow me to congratulate you—though I don't know why you should have kept us all in the dark so long. So it's all right? Of course—it must be. You'll dine with us when it's all over? Good-bye now—I must look after my woman-kind."

Abel did not take note of how Mr. Deane's confidence was beginning to feel painfully like suspense as his triumph drew near. What could Beatrice mean by making her uncle the medium of a written message to him? It was so unlike her whom he honoured for her natural frankness and courage that he felt inclined to be angry with her for doing a mean thing. He opened it: and found himself face to face with his own letter to Milly Barnes.

For a moment he stood paralysed. It was as if fate, driven to its last resource to keep him down, had taken to conjuring tricks instead of fair weapons. For more than a moment he could not realise what the inevitable consequence must be. He forgot where he was, and the case itself vanished from his mind. Had he been mad when he wrote this letter, or was he mad now?

But the enclosure did not come alone. With it was a note from Beatrice herself: and he read—

"I won't ask you to pardon me for reading this letter. It was a fortunate accident for both of us that it came into my hands. I won't ask you for any explanations, for there can be none. If any explanations are due, it is to her, not me. Of course I do not lose the first opportunity of sending you this letter. Do not think I am sorry for myself in the least, but I am bitterly sorry for you—for being the loser of at least three hundred a year. I hope I wrong you in guessing why you chose to torture me with a secret. You love this girl, and I judge from her letter that she loves you. You will therefore consider your release from me a relief when you think of it quietly. I don't blame you much, for I suppose greed does blind

men, and I shall now willingly keep your secret, you may be sure. We shall probably never meet again: So, thanking you for the trouble you have always taken for me, believe me, yours gratefully,

“BEATRICE DEANE.

“I shall never forget you saved my life, and I hope I am in some measure returning you yours. Think over it: and if you really love, and if there is really such a thing, I now give you back your full right to what is better than all the gold in the world.”

There was not one word here that even his ingenuity could construe into anything but simple and final dismissal. Every word was as cold as ice, and fell upon him like a studied insult. She could never have loved him, or her pen would have refused to write such a thing. It did not even contain a tear, not even a sigh. Her accusation was degrading to every dream he had ever formed, and yet he felt that the accidental combination of love and Longworth was a thing that he would never be able to make her comprehend. He had written to Milly to save Beatrice from ruin in case of need—but how could that be explained? The taint of Longworth would cover all he could say or do: Longworth was beginning to turn from a whisper that he had scarcely heard into a haunting devil that he could not lay.

When he had lost the scholarship he was a boy: now he was a man: and though he was able to stand more upright under the shock, it struck him all the harder. Such was its sudden force that he woke, and found that Longworth was *not* a dream, but the desire of his soul. The disguise of Beatrice Deane fell off, and left the object of his real love naked before him.

Nevertheless he could not tell himself so, even then. “She is unworthy,” he told himself. “She is not what I believed her to be. No true woman would write like this to a man who had gone through fire for her in will and belief, if not in deed. I give her my life, and she gives me—narrow-minded, suspicious jealousy. . . . I will not see her. I have been a fool after all. I have let fall the substance and grasped at the shadow. . . . Milly is no genius, but she is a woman: and true, simple womanhood is the true help-mate for genius after all: not a sexless iceberg. . . . No wonder that since I have known her I have not written one line of the ‘Wars of the Stars!’ And now what am I doing? I am fighting tooth and nail against her who has waited patiently for me while I have been sleeping like Tannhäuser in the Venusberg. Poor girl! And I must drive on in this round of dolts and mountebanks, till

all the poetry is crushed out of me, for the sake of becoming a copy of Martin at fifty years old. I must not lose my youth for the world's sake—it would be horrible, and must never be. But what is to be done? Can I do nothing but dream?"

"Holloa, Herrick!" said Mr. Adams, "you here still? Your client is hunting for you high and low. You look as if you were making a sonnet for the *Mercury*."

"What—are they sitting?" asked Abel, starting from his reverie. "I'm ready. By the way," he asked hurriedly, as he followed Mr. Adams back to the court, "Miss Barnes"——

"Miss Vane, Mr. Herrick, if you please."

"Miss Vane, then—she is not married yet, of course—is she likely to be?"

"Your old flame, eh? Too bad of you to be on the other side, though the Miss Deanes *are* pretty girls, especially the young 'un. The other's too stuck up to suit me: but Miss Annie's quite affable. No—Miss Vane ain't engaged, nor like to be."

"Do you know anything about a young fellow named Eliot? I thought"——

"Then, Mr. Herrick, you thought like Cox's pig, that's all. Don't be jealous—he's given up the game long ago: bowled out before he's in. And there's nobody else at Winbury, unless it's the parson."

Then Milly had been true—truer even than her letter had told. He would not have been a man had he not felt a thrill of vanity, and vanity is akin to pity: and to what pity is akin all the world knows. How cruel and incomprehensible his long silence must have seemed to her! But that was not his fault—he had been bewitched, and his mind must have been wandering when he directed two envelopes to Miss Beatrice Deane. But once more, happily, his duty was clear: he must set her mind at ease by sending her the letter at once, and a word or two could account for its delay.

He must forget himself now, however. Whatever he was to Beatrice, he was for this day her uncle's advocate, and nothing more, with the single duty of defending Longworth—alas, not for Milly Barnes. He hurried into his place, apologised for his absence, and called "Cornelius Boswell."

The tinker slouched briskly into the box, if such a gait is possible. "You were parish clerk of Corfield," asked Abel, "when Mr. Markham was curate there?"

"Yes," said the tinker.

"And what are you now?" asked the judge.

"Repairer of hardware, your worship, and Umbrella Mender in

Ordinary to Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, God bless her. Amen."

"And gael-bird," whispered Mr. Moss to Mr. Adams. "He's an old friend of mine. You may find out some curious matter for cross-examination, if you'll inquire." Mr. Adams nodded, and left the court immediately.

"I see there is something of the parish clerk about you still," said the judge: and the court roared.

Abel just glanced at the bench, and saw that all the Longworth party was still there. He met the eyes of Beatrice, and though she was the injurer and he the injured, his own fell.

"Do you remember the marriage of one Harry Vane to one Jane Lane?"

"Yes."

"Performed by Mr. Markham?"

"Yes."

"Were you present?"

"Yes."

"You have a model witness, Mr. Herrick," said Mr. Martin, rising with a smile; "but couldn't you lead him a little less at the beginning?"

It was an innocent and almost aimless remark, suggested by amusement at the remarkably laconic style of the tinker's answers. But had the burly and good-humoured Queen's Counsel been Mephistopheles himself, and had he aimed his random shaft at a mark, it could not more surely have hit the Gold.

It gave Abel time to remember—"In vino veritas—what if this fellow's story, that he told me with such circumstance, be true? In that case Milly is in truth heiress of Longworth, and it is I, and none else, who am defrauding her. Truth and Longworth go together after all."

If it were only possible to write half as fast as thought, some faint likeness might be given of the real workings of men's minds. The Sultan who lived a whole lifetime, from the cradle to the grave, between plunging his head under water and lifting it out again, did not show that the bath was magical. Before Mr. Martin's lips had ceased moving, the whole of his previous life had passed through Abel's mind, and one thought more. It made him turn pale, and then hot, and then almost blind. The whole of his fortune was now at last in his own hands, and all depended upon one single syllable that he had at his command. If, it has been said, the most respectable and conscientious of men were able, by pressing a knob in London,

to cause secretly, surely, and painlessly the death of a hated and hate-worthy enemy in Japan by whose destruction he would become a millionaire, then simply to abstain from murder would be the virtue of a demigod, even if it were possible to leave the knob alone. Here there was no question of murder—only the chance of summoning the whole truth to defeat a bad cause. Could he abstain? Was it even treachery to ensure the victory of the right and the defeat of the wrong? Would a man of honour like Mr. Deane consent to win wrongfully what was not his own? An advocate has his duties: but *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*—let them all perish so that justice may be done. And—perhaps—the tinker's story might be a lie after all. In any case, however, he was sworn to tell the whole truth, and it was not for a high-minded advocate to prevent the whole truth from being told. His letter to Milly was burning against his side. Would that some demon could tell him whether he ought to do wrong for the sake of the right, or to do right for the sake of the wrong! So nicely balanced were the scales that it needed but a straw to turn them; and Longworth was heavier than a straw.

“You shall not complain again,” he said, with a sorry attempt at an answering smile. “I don't think the witness will say—the same—next time . . . Were—the banns—in any way—informal?”

“Yes!” said the tinker.

The effect was electric. The spectators in general joined in one common, silent stare at one another or the tinker. A great lifting of eye-glasses ran round the circle of the bar. Mr. Martin threw himself back in his seat: his junior gave a triumphant glance at the jury, dashed down a note upon his brief, and leaned forward eagerly. The tinker alone stood unmoved and calm, as if he had done a clever thing and was proud of it.

“What was that?” asked the judge.

“My friend asked if the banns were informal, and the witness said yes,” said Mr. Martin quietly.

“You put the question wrong,” suggested Mr. Deane's attorney, in a hurried whisper. “You meant formal, or else he thought you said ‘in form.’ Ask him again.”

But before he had time to redeem his error, the judge himself asked—

“You say the banns were informal. Do you know what informal means?”

“Yes, your worship's honour, I do. I mean clean contrary to what they ought to be. I said ‘Yes,’ your honour's lordship, and that I stick to like a man.”

"For Heaven's sake put things right if you can," said Mr. Deane's attorney in desperate scorn. "You're throwing away the best case—there goes fifteen thousand a year, and the best family in the county. Are you a fool, Mr. Herrick, or what are you?"

"Hold your tongue," said Abel, "and sit down. You are on oath, Mr. Boswell—Do you swear"——

"You can't discredit your own witness, Mr. Herrick," said Mr. Martin. "I will do that for you if you please. You say the banns were informal, Mr. Boswell, do you?"

"Yes, I do: and that I stick to, and I'm not agoing to be bullied out of saying what's true. I can tell the truth again any man in England."

"I'm sure of it, Mr. Boswell, and you shall not be bullied by me."

"Nor soft-sawdered neither. I know'd the tricks of you lawyers afore you was thought of, and when I say 'Yes,' you nor all the big wigs in England shan't get me to say 'No.'"

"You stick to yes, then? Now try to be as laconic—that means short, Mr. Boswell—as you were with my friend. In what way were the banns informal, as you understand the word so well?"

"Well, sir—there weren't just no banns at all."

"None at all?"

"Not a ghost of a bann. Mr. Harry he come to me, and says he, 'I'm in for it, Boswell: I've got to marry Jenny, but I know a trick worth two of that—I'm not going to be cut off with a shilling for a Jenny.' That was his joke you know: Jenny and Guinea's a rhyme, as you might know. 'So I've got the parson to take a bit of a holiday, and I've told Mother Lane I've got a licence, and there's no manner of occasion for you to put up the banns.'"

"And did you put up the banns?"

"No, sir. And that I'll swear till I'm blue: so don't you think to bully me."

"Your lordship sees the date of the marriage.—Then, Mr. Boswell, you say that Mr. Harry Vane intended this marriage to be a fraud, and took all the steps required to make it so?"

"I do, sir. And it's true."

"Then if you stick to that," said Mr. Martin, with mock severity, "I've done with you. You may go down."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Martin," whispered Mr. Adams, who had just hurried back into court. "Cross-examine him about character—you'll smash him up in the twinkling of an eye."

"If you like—but you needn't be quite in such a hurry to be

nonsuited after all. Still, if you insist on destroying the character of your own witness"—

"What—you've broken him down already? You don't say so?"

Mr. Martin scrawled something on the back of his brief, and showed it to Mr. Adams.

"You're joking, sir!"

"Ask Mr. Moss if I am. Hush! Herrick is going to sum up his evidence: and I don't envy him. Poor young fellow! It would have been his making if he had won this cause. The old fault of those boys—they never know what *not* to do."

Abel for form's sake had to sum up, but even had he really been the victim of a blunder he would have been unable to do justice to himself or his cause. All the Deanes were looking on—with what eyes they looked he did not care to see. His attorney was in a mad passion with him: the crowd was against him, and the jury were regarding him with the air of a dead stone wall. Of course he had the consciousness of having elicited the truth, but it was of small comfort to him. He was beginning to speak of the way the case had been got up, when the judge interrupted him.

"Let Boswell stand up again. Can you say whether Jane Lane was aware of what, according to your story, was an attempt to celebrate an invalid marriage?"

"Lord love your respectful worship, your honour, so long as she were married in church, and to Master Harry, that were enough for her. 'Tweren't to trick her a bit: 'twere only to satisfy old Mother Lane, who was capable of breach of promise, and any sort of a shine. Why she said to me, 'Bother the banns and the licence: mother'll be wanting a coach and postilions next, and a Archbishop of Canterbury.' 'Tweren't fit for a parish clerk to hear, but that were her way—she didn't regard nobody's professional feelings, as well I got to know, for she got on to be my own mother-in-law. Yes, your worship, I married her daughter, and Master Harry's daughter too—for nature don't know no law—as sure as I stand here. And you won't get me to unstick to that, if you're at it all day. I ought to have know'd better, I know, at forty, than to have married a bit of a girl, but that's the way of the world."

"Is she alive?"

"No, poor lass—she's dead: dead as a herring. She got into a bit of trouble, and the last time I ever seed her alive she were dead by the side of the road. No, your worship; there aren't none left but me to tell the tale. I've got her weddin' ring, poor lass, in my waistcoat pocket to this day: and if that'll prove anything I'll have it

out and hand it round. Only take care of it, for when she weren't in trouble she were a good sort of a girl."

"I think there be six Richmonds in the field!" said Mr. Martin to Abel. "This grows interesting. Why, if you get a verdict on the strength of your marriage, how will you defend your client from the troublesome lady's heirs-at-law? You'll be having some young tinker bringing his action next I suppose."

The tinker stood down, and Abel feebly began his speech again: but there is no need to go over the old ground that alone was left to him, and that had so largely crumbled away. Then Mr. Martin replied, dwelling as strongly as possible upon the stupidity and carelessness of the Vicar, upon the support given to the tinker's story by all the circumstances, and upon the transparent honesty of the witness himself, who, though called on the other side, had not scrupled for the truth's sake to confess the disgraceful transaction in which he had borne part in his youth, and to destroy any hopes that his own children, if he had any, and at any rate his own connections, might have of claiming Longworth for their own. Which, in short, was the more likely—that the Vanes, father and son, or that circumstances should lie? Mr. Deane relied upon the word of a dead scoundrel, as his very letters proved Harry Vane to be: Miss Vane upon a marvellous harmony of circumstances that could leave no doubt in the mind of a sane man. "Good day, Mr. Adams—Good-bye, Moss—I'm just in time to catch my train."

The judge summed up, leaving it to the jury to say whether they believed the story of Cornelius Boswell: and then the twelve, to the disgust of the gallery, which was with Mr. Martin to a man, asked to retire, at the same time intimating that they did not expect to be long. It was now late in the afternoon, and no other cause was called.

The jury, however, were away longer than they expected—possibly if Mr. Martin had belonged to the Redchester Circuit he would have dwelt less upon the transparent honesty of the tinker. The spectators, as a body, grew impatient, and the court began to clear, till the ticking of the large white clock under the gallery became distinctly heard. The judge had retired into his own room. Beatrice, Annie, Mrs. Burnett, and the Vicar had vanished: Mr. Deane and a brother magistrate remained alone upon the bench, in earnest conversation with Mr. Reynolds the attorney. Mr. Adams sat alone at the solicitors' table, writing a letter: and Abel and Mr. Moss were alone left to represent the bar, with the exception of the one ancient and silent junior who was never known to leave a court while it hung

together, or to have anything to do there. The tinker leaned against the witness-box, looking the picture of complacency.

"Have you got any children, my man?" asked Mr. Moss, out of curiosity. "And haven't we met before?"

"Met afore, Mr. Moss? Yes. You once tried to get me into trouble, but you didn't though. Children have I? Well, I'm not much of a family man. My poor wife kicked the bucket afore she had time to have more than one, or I might have had a dozen."

"Girl or boy?"

"Boy, sir. But 'tis a wise child, they say, that knows his own father. Maybe 'tis a wise father, too, that knows his own son: but Sal were a good girl, on the whole. I was parish clerk and blacksmith when she married me, but there was family troubles, and we had to go out on the world—there aren't a bit of England I don't know."

"I hope your son helps you?"

"He helps me, sir, and I help him. Mutual accommodation. I give him a shove up, and he'll give me a pull when he's atop of the tree."

"That's the way. Only teach him to keep off the drink and out of gaol—and set him a good example yourself, if you can."

"So I do, sir. But Lord bless you, sir, he don't want no teaching of mine. He's a scholar, sir, and could do the teaching of you. Ah, he'll be a big man some day—my son."

"Indeed?"

"Rose from the ranks, sir—picked out of his mother's breast by the side of a canal."

"And yet he lets you wander about the roads, getting into trouble, as you call it, wherever you go?"

"Lord love you, sir—I aren't a fool. I want to shove him up, not be dragging of him down. How can a man carry an old umbrella-mending father on his back atop of the tree? He'd let him drop, and quite right too. When he's atop, then he can give me a pull worth asking for. So I goes on my own way, and it aren't a bad way too. I never could abide sitting on a chair, even when I kept one; and let me tell you, sir, there's many a more respectful travelling tradesman than you might happen to know."

"All the same you'd better make your son's acquaintance, if he's the great man you say.—Ah, here they come." Abel and he rose and bowed as the judge took his seat, and the jury entered their box one by one. Mr. Moss noticed that his opponent's face was as pale as death, and thought "He'll never make a leader. One would think he was going to be sentenced for murder."

"We find for the plaintiff," said the foreman of the jury.

Abel buried his face in his hands. He had heard every one of the husky half whispers in which the tinker, in the fullness of his pride and glory, had been boasting to Mr. Moss of his son. That tinker's son was Harry Vane's grandson—and in betraying Longworth to Milly, it was his own birthright that he had betrayed.

"All right, eh?" whispered the tinker, whose experiences of courts of justice and their ways had nothing to do with the civil side of them. "A good shove up this time? I said 'Yes,' as you told me, and stuck to it like a man."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Fortunio. And there—what blazes there?

Hassan. Your palace, Sire.

Fortunio. My palace?—Nay, my prison!—I am free!

MRS. BURNETT, in spite of her anxious impatience to know the end of a case which had taken so utterly unexpected a turn, carried Beatrice and Annie back to the inn before Mr. Martin had finished his reply. Beatrice was looking really ill, and Annie was growing alarmed.

"Is it all right—really all right?" she asked anxiously as they left the court.

"No doubt—no doubt, my dear. But I knew, as soon as I set eyes on him, that that old pre-Adamite heathen, your great uncle, was fated to bring back the chaos to which he belongs. I just abhor him, my dears, and I hope he's going to have the gout worse than ever in his life before."

"I hate Mr. Martin," said Annie, "with his horrid smile as if the trial was all a game at play—but I doubt if he's as bad as the long-nosed man by his side, who never even dared speak out what he had to say. I believe he is at the bottom of it all. And that horrible tinker! But I do think the judge is on our side."

"And who do you hate most, Bee?" asked Mrs. Burnett, with a softer look than usual.

"Everybody," said Beatrice. "I never saw a trial before, and I never mean to again. It is enough to disgust one with one's kind. It looked to me as if a lot of people were met together to twist jokes out of an exhibition of idiocy and cunning. If trials really show people in their true colours"—

"That should be a reason for liking them, my dear. And do

you know I saw a great deal that was good, too, cynic as I am? As for Annie's enemies, I don't hate them at all. What's so ugly as a dissecting room, and what's so grand and beautiful if ye look at it in the right way? Don't turn up your nose, Annie—it's a place where people are not afraid to soil their fingers for truth's sake, and so's a court of law."

"Yes—if they did find truth," said Beatrice.

"If they did find truth they'd never care to look for it, and that would never do. That would be the worst of all. If people were always full, they'd never be hungry; we'd all be gods of Epicurus, doing nothing because we'd nothing to do."

Beatrice knew that Mrs. Burnett was only forcing talk in order to kill as much as possible of their period of suspense, and, as they were only making believe to converse, the conversation soon dropped to an end. They reached the inn, where they found the Vicar raging with a waiter about his bill.

"I'm off, Mrs. Burnett," he said. "There's one good thing about trains—they go away. They may subpoena me as long as they like, but they'll never get me into the box again. To be made game of by a Whig lawyer because I couldn't remember everything I ever did ever since I was born!—I have an excellent memory, madam. I can remember things that happened sixty, aye, and seventy years ago. So can you, madam: and if ever you want to come and talk over old times, I shall be delighted to see you at Winbury."

"Thank you: you are very kind. Good-bye."

"What can have made poor Tom so fond of going to see that old bear?" said Annie. "I am jealous, Mrs. Burnett—he never asked me. Ah—here's Uncle George. Well? Is it all over—have we won?"

"Come upstairs, my dears. Yes—Mrs. Burnett—and you too It's all over. Longworth is gone."

He spoke with such unnatural calmness that for a moment his words did not sound like bad news. Not one of them all, not even Mrs. Burnett, had ever seriously believed in the possibility of a verdict that would change the whole course of their lives. Neither Annie nor Beatrice realised it now.

"Longworth gone!" they exclaimed in a breath: though the words scarcely bore a meaning to their minds.

"Yes. An infamous verdict has turned us out of house and home. I say it—out of house and home. We are beggars, one and all."

Annie turned pale, though even now she did not grasp the full

import of his words. Her clothes did not turn to rags: there was no outward change.

"Do you mean that twelve Redchester shopkeepers may take away our own country place that belonged to our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and give to whom they please? Is that law? I am glad the house was burned down. It is a cruel shame—no other place can ever be what Longworth has been. But—won't the new house be ours? They can't take what we are building for ourselves?"

"They can take everything. How can I build even a hut on another's ground?"

"But Arlington Gardens—that is ours?"

"As long as I pay the rent. Which I shall be able to do for one quarter, and no more. Don't you understand what ruin means? Don't you understand that if we can live for a year, or starve for a year, in some cheap lodging, it will be as much as we can do? And God knows what must happen after then. Everything is gone—at one sweep, everything. That cursed new house, that I was mad enough to build, had to be paid for by mortgages which are now void—I could have recovered in a year or two, but now, never. Do you know what is meant by mesne profits? They will swallow up all I have at my banker's. I shall not have a penny to pay the costs of the cause—even Herrick, poor fellow, will have to lose his fee. I only wonder that you see me alive. If I had had a pistol in my pocket"——

"Have you written to Tom?" asked Mrs. Burnett, quickly. "Has he not something of his own?"

"A hundred and fifty pounds a year, of which not one penny shall be touched by me."

"Oh, Uncle George," cried out Annie, throwing her arms round him, "he will help you—you will forgive him now! We will bear everything—we will welcome anything that brings us all together again as we used to be!"

"As we used to be? Would you have me ruin my own son? Thank God, though He has forgotten us all, that Tom will be just able to begin the world without having to enlist, as he must else have done. He must emigrate, I suppose. Would you call it forgiveness to humble myself to my own son because he has a hundred and fifty pounds a year? No, Annie. Never speak of such a thing again. It is but one misery the more."

"But you forget, Uncle George," said Beatrice. "You have never been offended with Annie and me. Nobody can touch our

six hundred a year; and whatever is ours is yours, and Tom's too."

Annie's face brightened. "Oh, Bee," she said, eagerly, "thank-you for thinking of that! It is indeed yours, Uncle George; and if you don't take my share I will throw it into the sea. And we must have no end of savings—I am sure I have never spent three hundred a year. Why did I not remember it myself?"

"My poor girls! You have nothing to give—don't you know your incomes were charged on Longworth? You have neither of you a penny of your own." And he might have added that he had spent upon them a great deal more than their own six hundred a year.

It was indeed a hopeless ruin, an utter downfall. And it had come upon a man naturally unprepared to meet it at the very moment when he was most unprepared. "He is just the poor weak, stubborn creature," thought Mrs. Burnett, "to spend his last pennies in the pistol he talks of and blow out his brains. Poor creatures—what are they to do?—Mr. Deane," she said, not impulsively, and even with unusual hesitation, "I won't quote scripture nor philosophy: though no doubt they help one to bear other folks' troubles very well. But I'll just tell ye now what I've long and long been meaning to do—I've got but one son, and it's lucky for him he's got enough of his own to have all he cares for. Waste's a sin, and it would be waste to give good silver to a lad who'd only throw it away on cabs and tobacco, and all such abominations and vanities. He's rich enough, and that's too rich when half London's starving. I'm a Communist you know, though I own I haven't got beyond theory: good staunch revolutionists, like me, never do. As to all my kith and kin, they're rich enough too: and I couldn't help one without offending another, nor all without offending them every one. So I've just been meaning, Mr. Deane, to ask ye, as a good man of business, to take charge of my small accumulations, and pay me the interest just when I ask ye: for money's a sore worry to a lone widow like me, with her brains up in the clouds. Many's the thought I've lost for having to work at compound arithmetic: and ye know that working out one's weekly bills by trigonometry is a sad waste of power—and that's what I have to do, for I never could remember the pence table since I was born. Maybe I won't trouble ye for the interest for years, for I keep an old stocking: and if ye'd be so very kind, and the girls could put up with an old woman's ways, it would make the end of my days a little softer if they'd come and stay with me. Dick's all over the globe, ye know, and 'tis hard, at over

seventy years old, aye, nearer eighty now, to live with one's books all alone. If ye don't like to part with them, ye can come and see them whenever ye please—but I'm a selfish old woman, and ye're too kind-hearted to say no."

The two girls were about to speak at once: but Mr. Deane went to her and wrung her hand. "No, Mrs. Burnett," he said, with sudden energy that almost sounded like anger. "You think I don't understand, but I do. You mean to give the bulk of your fortune to me and mine—to strangers, who have not the shadow of a claim on you. I can't thank you, and I won't try."

"Don't, please. You're as wrong as wrong can be. The lassies have no mother, poor things, and I've never had a girl: you won't stand in the way of their having a mother and me two girls—ready made? I won't even have the trouble of nursing them—if I had, I'd not have offered, ye may be sure. As for the money, I won't say it isn't for your convenience, but it's mainly for mine: you'll do more for me than I'll do for you. I was brought up to housekeeping when things cost nothing and we'd next to nothing to buy them: and I haven't changed with the times. I'm cheated at every turn, and Dick's just as useless as he's high."

It was rather hard to make Dick the scapegoat for non-existent shortcomings, for, in spite of learning, Mrs. Burnett had not many equals in the art of domestic economy, as Mr. Deane partly knew. "You will never convince me, Mrs. Burnett," he said in a still more angry tone. "You will understand me when I say that all the infamous verdicts that have ever come from that abominable relic of barbarism, trial by jury, can never make it right for the rightful representative of the Vanes of Longworth to be dependent on the charity of a stranger. If we must starve, we must starve, and the country shall see what its glorious constitution has done."

"Of a neighbour, Mr. Deane," said Mrs. Burnett a little stiffly. "And it's I who am asking for a little charity from you in my old age."

"Neighbour? Yes—you are thinking of the parable—and I *have* fallen among thieves, God knows."

"I'm thinking of no such thing. I'm proposing a business arrangement that would suit us both, and that would make me comfortable for the first time in nearly eighty years. If ye're too proud to think of yourself," she went on, the colour beginning to rise, "ye might think a little of the girls. If I'd wanted help I'd have come to you, and wouldn't have waited till ye'd asked me."

"You are not a Vane of Longworth," said Mr. Deane.

"Guid guide us!" exclaimed the old lady hotly. "A Vane o' Longworth—I'd opine not indeed! I'm no such as that—I'm a Lindsay, and a St. Clair—aye, and a MacKay. I'd like to know what's becoming in ane o' the Clan Quhele that would misbecome ye if ye came over in your ain person with the reiving Norman thieves. Talk of falling among thieves indeed—there's no an acre south of Tweed that's not stolen."

Beatrice had once seen her in her highland mood before: but Annie was not more distressed and dismayed. Their uncle's obstinate pride, bent upon searching for insults among the ruins of his fortunes, was not more intelligible to them than Mrs. Burnett's sudden fit of anger. She was trying to be generous, he must have been grateful, and yet they seemed on the point of fighting like cat and dog over a question of pedigree. Beatrice, who looked for absolute consistency in all circumstances and all people, felt her respect for her former heroine growing less and less even while she longed to throw herself at her feet to thank her for her impulsive generosity, and to ask her pardon for the way in which she had misjudged her.

"There are a great many acres in this county that are stolen to-day," said Mr. Deane. "But though I do happen to have the blood of Norman robbers in me, I will not rob you. I am neither a thief nor a lawyer, and I would rather be a pauper than either of the two. As for the girls—you meant it kindly, I dare say"—

"Nothing of the sort. I didn't mean it kindly. I just meant to take advantage of what's happened to get a couple of ready-made grand-children. I'm sorry I spoke so hotly, but it is nonsense to make comparison between the Vanes and the MacKays."

"You speak strangely, I must say, for one who called herself a Communist and a Republican but a moment ago."

"And you for one who but a week ago asked who was the gentleman in the days of Adam and Eve. There were no Vanes of Longworth then. But come—let us talk reason. Think of the two poor lassies that have never known like me what it means to be poor. I have known, and the higher the spirit the harder it is to bear. Poor lassies—what are they to do?"

"What are any of us to do? When I've been made bankrupt perhaps the Government may throw something, if I'm not too old, to the representative of Horace Vane, who, let me tell you, was incapable of telling a lie. Read history, and you'll see that he was one of the first gentlemen of his time."

"But—till then? Let the girls pay me a visit—say while you are looking round."

“No”—Mr. Deane was beginning: when Beatrice at last broke in.

“Mrs. Burnett—I did not think there was anybody so good, so generous, left in the world. . . . I know what you mean: you are trying to hide your kindness by calling yourself unkind. . . . But Uncle George is quite right: I cannot come to you. Let Annie stay with you for now: I will go with Uncle George. If the trial had gone for us I was going to tell everybody that I had made up my mind to go from home. You remember—you only laughed at me for what I said then. But now—I can almost thank Heaven for it—my time has come.”

“Guid guide us all! What does the lassie mean? I asked ye to eat some breakfast and go to bed—that’s all I remember.”

“Don’t laugh at me now! It was Providence that made me learn how to work when other girls were only learning how to play. You thought I was trying to kill myself out of vanity and discontent, and scorned work that had not some practical purpose in it belonging to the day. I never knew myself why I felt driven on—but now I know. I was not killing myself: I was growing strong: and now the day’s need has come. I am now what you were when you were young: and if need means strength, I will try to be what you are before I die. Now, Mrs. Burnett, tell me what I shall do. You need not be afraid for me now. This verdict may ruin us, but I feel stronger than ever in my life before. At last I have something to live for—something real! You bore your whole house on your own shoulders when you were a child—so will I. You were a mother to your sisters—so will I be to mine. You were your father’s right hand—so will I be to Uncle George—he has been more than a father to me.”

She spoke eagerly, with kindling cheeks and brightening eyes—she was more than the Beatrice of old times. Annie’s face caught her inspiration: her uncle looked at her amazed.

“Thank God,” thought Mrs. Burnett, “there goes the first devil—and his name’s Herrick—out of her soul. God bless you, my dear, for your brave spirit and your good will, and make you a long way better than twenty of me! But—but—well, I can’t say ‘but’ now. You shall work, Bee: you shall earn your bread if you will. I can’t promise you more—if you can digest your bread when you’ve earned it, more may come. I’ve told you how I made my way, my dear: not by the work that ought to have killed me, but by being just in capable of being killed.”

“That means you took ‘Victory or death’ for your motto. I will take it for mine.”

"Indeed, my dear, I never took anything of the kind. If I ever had a motto at all, it was 'Do what you must—and not a stroke more.' Oh, Bee, if I could, wouldn't I have been a happy, lazy, laughing girl! It wasn't my own free will that made my 'must' so hard."

"But it is mine!" said Beatrice. "And if you had been born rich you would have felt like me. Annie—Uncle George—let Longworth go if it must: don't you feel after all that it is better to be poor? Is it not better to be in and of the real world, instead of out of it and above it as we all were? We will be happier than ever, if you will only be content for awhile!"

"Content!—to be robbed by a lawyer's clerk"—began her uncle: "One would think you were glad to be ruined. The sooner we are out of the world, above or below it, the better it will be."

"You shall work, I promise you," said Mrs. Burnett. "Come and stay with me now, and we will see."

"No," said Beatrice firmly. "You would give me Capua. You think I am not strong, but I am. I must begin now."

"Yes, my dear, but work doesn't come by telling it to come. Mr. Deane, you must let Bee and Annie come to me, if you won't come too."

"That's as they please. You couldn't expect me to stay in a house that belongs now to a thief and a robber? Miss Vane is your landlady now—or else Mr. Adams of Eastington, which is the more likely of the two. But the girls may do as they please. I'm nothing now—not so much as their trustee. Why has that fellow Herrick never been near me? Is he ashamed to meet me? Or is he the first of the rats to leave the wreck? I want to see him—but, good God, how can I let myself be stared at by all Redchester? I must see Herrick and Reynolds too. How am I ever to face my affairs? And then the newspapers—Good-bye, Mrs. Burnett: I must see Reynolds at any rate. I shall take the first train to town: I shall not come back here. Good-bye, my poor girls"——

"I will meet you at the station, uncle, and go with you," said Beatrice. "You will stay with Mrs. Burnett, Annie—you must: I am going to take everything into my own hands. You'll keep Annie, won't you, Mrs. Burnett? And if you can send me any introductions that might help me, you will? One of us ought to go with Uncle George, and I can do nothing here."

Mrs. Burnett had pressed Mr. Deane's hand silently as he left the room, preparing to face the stairs and hall of the inn with such a carriage that none might take him for a ruined man. "Yes," she

said after a pause, "I do think one of you should go with your uncle. And I do think it should be Bee. You can't have better work than that, my dear, for now. But I won't forget you in other ways. I've only got one thing to advise you to-day."

"And that is"—

"To believe what I, who am nigh eighty years old, know for a fact—that if we were in the Palace of Truth we'd be more surprised at the virtues than the faults we saw. The world's head is oddly put on, I grant ye, but ye mustn't mistake its head for its heart, my dear. I don't know what has happened, but I can guess ye're inclined to scorn men because ye think ye have cause to scorn a man. Never do that—scorn's only fit for the very oldest fools, and if ye want to work ye must begin with a young heart, and never let it get old. There, my dear—ye know as well as myself what I'd say if I cared to preach to ye. Go and get ready now, and look after your uncle well."

Annie lingered for a moment before following to help her sister.

"You are afraid about Uncle George?" she asked.

"No, no, Annie: I was a little at first, he was so quiet: but there's no fear now, so long as there's anybody by to keep him angry. That's why it's better for Bee to go with him than you—she'll give him something else to think of before she's done."

"And Bee?"

"My dear, Bee must take her chance now."

(To be continued.)



TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

ON the old subject of prophets having no honour in their own country, here is a little anecdote which has the merit of being true. Some few years ago a London literary man was in the studio of an eminent London photographer. The latter was showing him some photographic portraits which he had lately made. There was one in particular which he thought excellent, but which he had some trouble in finding, and he could not remember the name of the original. One reason why he especially wished to show the photograph to the literary man was because he hoped the latter might be able to tell him who the sitter was, and something about him. The literary man asked for some particulars: what was the sitter like, was he a public man, was he a celebrated person—an author, an actor, or what? The photographer could not tell. He called his assistant, who likewise could not tell and had forgotten the name. The assistant remembered having seen him one day in the company of Mr. Stuart Mill, and both photographers agreed that he was a person about whom Americans were always asking. This suggestion sent a little gleam of light to the puzzled listener, and he ventured to ask whether the name perchance might not be Spencer. The guess was right. The unknown personage, about whom only Americans seemed to feel any interest, was Mr. Herbert Spencer.

“THAT Walt Whitman is a great poet is now almost universally recognised,” wrote Mr. Arthur Clive in that article in this magazine last year on “The Trammels of Poetic Expression” which gave rise to so much interesting controversy on poetry with and poetry without rhyme and metrical rhythm; and presently he added, as a text for his subject: “A great poet has actually refused to write in rhyme or verse.” Some months later the same appreciative and eloquent critic, putting aside the moot point whether or not verse and metre are “trammels,” contributed a paper on the merits of Walt Whitman, which ended thus:—“He is the noblest literary product of modern times, and his influence is invigorating and refining beyond expression.” The recollection of those articles has led Mr. Robert Buchanan—who speaks of Mr. Clive as “zealously and brilliantly

advocating the claims of Walt Whitman to literary recognition"—to address a letter to SYLVANUS URBAN touching the present condition of Walt Whitman and the appeal that has been made in his behalf during the past month:—

To those who have not read my letter in the *Daily News* of March 13 (Mr. Buchanan proceeds), I may briefly recapitulate the particulars, which were first made current in the *Athenæum*, and are vouched for as true by the poet himself in a letter to Mr. W. M. Rossetti. It appears that Whitman is systematically ignored by American "publishers, editors, and booksellers"; that his attempts to earn a precarious livelihood by "contributing to the magazines" have been received with contempt and derision; that the "established" poets persistently turn their backs upon him; and that now, in his old age, poor and paralysed, he is lying at Camden, West Jersey, preparing with his own weary hands a complete edition of his works in two volumes, by the sale of which he tries "to keep the wolf from the door." I need not repeat what I have already said in public concerning the conduct of Americans in general and American poets in particular towards Whitman; enough to say that it amounts to distinct persecution, and that some decades hence, when the great Bard of Democracy gains his apotheosis, the remembrance of this neglect will be sackcloth on the body and ashes on the head of America. That a man like this—the only bard America has yet produced (she has been prolific enough in singers), the greatest Voice and with one exception the most humane Presence that has yet trod that continent of gigantic powers and stupendous abominations—that Whitman should reach out his hands towards these Islands in protestation against the neglect and derision of his countrymen, is a terrible and a startling thing; only one thing could to my mind be more startling and terrible, and that would be British neglect of the appeal. Fortunately, for every admirer in America the "good gray poet" counts ten here, and still more fortunately, almost every member of the younger generation of poets (who, however they may quarrel among themselves, are quite content to meet here on a common platform of love and sympathy) already recognises Whitman as the greatest poetic individuality America has yet produced, as indeed the counterpart in literature of what Lincoln was in politics, or the supreme soul and conscience of the West. The difficulty here in England is to conquer a certain prejudice which has been diligently fostered by drawling gentlemen at dinner parties, and which affirms that the poetry of Whitman is barbaric, shapeless, and positively indecent; yet, indeed, it would be as wise to talk of the "barbarity" of Hafiz or the "indecentcy" of Shakespeare as to hurl such epithets against Walt Whitman. True, there are some half-dozen physiological pages in "Leaves of Grass" which are offensive to people who would blush over a medical textbook or find dirt in a diagram of the human body; and I have already said elsewhere that the poet might as well have left such particulars out, not because they are indecent in themselves, but because they are by no means necessary to his theme. Again, many readers may object to Whitman because he is a "democratic" poet; but here they are frightened by an adjective, and forget, if they knew, the utter catholicity of his religious and political creed. I have no hesitation in saying that any sane man, be his belief what it may, will find consolation and encouragement in this writer, whose divine mission it is to relegate mere belief to its proper place and to proclaim the righteousness of Work and "works." The subject, however, is too vast a one to be discussed now. My object is simply

to repeat my appeal to all lovers of poetry on behalf of a martyred man. It is proposed to purchase direct from Whitman a certain number of his collected works for circulation in England; and by the time this appears a committee will doubtless have been organised for the collection of the necessary funds. In the meantime subscriptions may be addressed under care of Messrs. Strahan and Co., publishers, 36, Paternoster Row. If the movement thus begun is successful, Great Britain will at once have the pleasure, as ultimately she will have the glory, of rescuing one of the greatest and best of living men from the neglect and persecution of the literary class in America. Nay, I am sure that Americans themselves, when they learn the real state of affairs, will gladly co-operate with Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen to see justice done.

I NEED add nothing to my correspondent's letter, but I take the liberty of making the timely quotation of a sonnet from Robert Buchanan's "Collected Poems":—

Walt Whitman, wert thou less serene and kind,
 Surely thou mightest, like our Bard sublime,
 Scorn'd by a generation deaf and blind,
 Make thine appeal to the avenger, TIME!
 For thou art none of those who upward climb,
 Gathering roses with a vacant mind;
 Ne'er have thine hands for jaded triflers twined
 Sick flowers of rhetoric and weeds of rhyme.
 Nay, thine hath been a Prophet's stormier fate!
 While LINCOLN and the martyr'd legions wait
 In the yet widening blue of yonder sky,
 On the great strand below them thou art seen,
 Blessing, with something Christ-like in thy mien,
 A Sea of turbulent waves that break and die!

In these pages of gossip last October I made some observations on the fact that, scientific as we are in these days, we treat with undue and mischievous neglect the study of the traces of early human history, the evidence of which is quickly passing away. What I suggested was that if devoted men could be found to undertake the work there should be made "a systematic and scientific collection of facts among the peoples in those parts of the world where changes are slow and where civilisation has not done much to efface the traces of antiquity." "We never hear of an ethnologist," I added, "laboriously gathering evidence of the early history of man among primitive peoples such as the Fins, North American Indians, the native races of the South American continent," &c. Again, "There are places in the world where a study of the notions and experiences handed down through the ages, and a patient inquiry

into hereditary tendencies of thought and feeling would, I believe, throw great light upon the unwritten story of our species." These chance reflections have caught the eye of the relatives of one who among the Bushmen of the Cape of Good Hope for a long time devoted his days to the patient collection and preservation of the very class of facts which seemed to me so important and valuable. The following most interesting letter, together with a printed report entitled "A Brief Account of Bushman Folk-Lore and other Texts, by W. H. J. Bleek, Ph.D.," reached me a few weeks ago:—

Charlton House, Mowbray, near Cape Town,
22nd November, 1875.

Sir,—An article, by SYLVANUS URBAN, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1875 (pp. 510 and 511), leads us to send you the accompanying "Second Report concerning Bushman Researches," by the late Dr. W. H. J. Bleek. It will interest your contributor to receive this evidence that researches of the kind he mentions have been in progress for some time past. I shall enclose in the book a copy of a printed letter which we lately sent to the friends of science at home, which will show your contributor that we trust to continue this one particular branch of my dear brother-in-law's work (at which I have been labouring with him, and guided by him, for some years past). It is a great consolation to be able even to prevent the arrest of this one comparatively small branch of the great work in which he was engaged when called away.—I have the honour to be, sir, your humble, obedient servant,

LUCY C. LLOYD.

The work itself is a remarkable proof of the existence, even under very unfavourable circumstances, of the kind of facts the collection and investigation of which I ventured to think so desirable. The Bushmen of the Cape are a very low type of natives, but Dr. Bleek has been able to gather among them an extraordinary mass of oral literature, whose "richness," he says, "has been a surprise even to me, although I have held the belief for many years *that every nation, even the lowest, possesses an original literature, which is handed down from generation to generation.*" The Bushmen, Dr. Bleek says, are doomed to early extinction, and so much the more important is it that we should secure some true record of "the original workings of the native mind, and of the ideas inherited from their ancestors." There does not appear to be any written Bushman literature, and Dr. Bleek has taken down the Bushman fables, stories, and traditions, word for word, from their own lips, and presented literal translations in his reports. The total amount of Bushman literature thus collected amounts now to about 7,200 half-pages, in eighty-four volumes. I cannot in a paragraph of gossip convey even a vague impression of the nature of this library of traditions, of which a lucid description is given in the report so

kindly forwarded to me by Mrs. Lloyd. But I must mention a point or two. The creative literary power of the Bushman bards or prophets seems to have run very much on the lines of the old Greek fabulists. Every legend consists to a large extent of the talking, the adventures, and the wonderful doings of the lower animals inspired with quasi-human notions and impulses ; but instead of being mere fables intended to afford amusement and to teach a moral lesson, like those of Æsop, these would appear to be regarded as authentic traditions, involving such important incidents in the history of the universe as the creation of the sun, the moon, and the stars ; and in the Bushman mind the tortoise, the ichneumon, the lion, the eland, and the other zoological characters in the mythological dramas are, or have been, probably as real as were Jupiter, Mars, and Apollo in the imaginations of the ancient Greeks. I cannot refrain from quoting from the report the statement of the following strangely interesting facts :—

A most curious feature in Bushman folk-lore is formed by the speeches of various animals, recited in modes of pronouncing Bushman said to be peculiar to the animals in whose mouths they are placed. It is a remarkable attempt to imitate the shape or position of the mouth of the kind of animal to be represented. Among the Bushman sounds which are hereby affected, and often entirely commuted, are principally the "clicks." These are either converted into other consonants, as into labials (in the language of the tortoise), or into palatals and compound dentals and sibilants (as in the language of the ichneumon), or into clicks otherwise unheard in Bushman (so far as our present experience goes), as in the language of the jackal, who is introduced as making use of a strange labial click, a relation in sound similar to that which the palatal click bears to the cerebral click. Again, the moon—and it seems also the hare and the anteater—substitutes a most unpronounceable click in place of all others except the lip click. Another animal, the blue crane, differs in its speech from the ordinary Bushman mainly by the insertion of a # at the end of the first syllable of almost every word.

I remember nothing analogous in the range of mythology or fable with this invention of an animal—extra-human—language. I can imagine that to the native mind this separate language of mythological traditions would appear to lend exceptional authenticity to the stories.

MR. H. SNEYD, of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, favours me with some notable examples of the old style of fulsome and absurd dedications to literary patrons. An historian of no small merit implores his Gracious Majesty Charles II. to "pardon so mean a person for presenting to him a still meaner discourse," and in excuse for his presumption he pleads that "Aristotle had the assistance of Alexander

and Pliny, the patronage of Titus Andronicus." Fielding was as high-minded a man as ever handled the pen of the novelist, and he has spoken of the base purposes to which the custom of dedications was perverted, observing that dedications and panegyrics in general are confined to persons in high life, and that the praise which most authors bestow on their patrons is not the child of gratitude but the expectant heir of future favours. Yet the author of "Tom Jones," in a dedication to Ralph Allen, expresses himself thus: "The best man is the properest patron; this, I believe, will be readily granted: nor will the public voice, I think, be more divided to whom they shall give that appellation. Should a letter, indeed, be thus inscribed: *Doctor Optimo*, there are few persons who would think it wanted any other direction." Fielding was probably hardly sensible of the exaggeration into which he allowed himself to be drawn by the custom of the time and his feeling for the man. "Squire Allworthy" had the art to hide the condescension of the patron, and was rewarded by the genuine esteem of his *protégés*. Prior Park was the recognised refuge of needy genius. Fielding, big with the fortunes of Tom Jones and the lovely Sophia, would come up daily to his dinner from the neighbouring village of Twerton. Here Pope sauntered among the cedars, and Warburton squabbled with the author of "Canons of Criticism." Pope, too, quarrelled with his host, but made amends by immortalising his memory in the lines which speak of "low-born Allen's" habit to "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." These old dedications are amusing reading, but we must not be too quick in ascribing sycophancy to the writers of them. Where there is hard fixed custom it is often a mistake to look for motive. If what now remains of old ceremonial forms of letter-writing were to fall out of use, a future generation might draw curious conclusions from the words which precede the signature in ordinary correspondence: but the critics of posterity would be very far at sea if they sought to make us morally and literally responsible for such an expression as "I am your most obedient humble servant." Mr. Sneyd concludes his notes thus:—

Many a shaft of ridicule has been aimed at the old system; yet in its worst aspect it had something to recommend it. Granted that the patron was a sordid *parvenu* who took payment in kind for the food he gave, it was only the dedication that was his. The *book* was the author's, and a pearl does not cease to be a pearl because it is set in a fool's cap. The man who had a message to his fellows sought some quiet nook, away from the blustering world, where he could be delivered. What matter—so the child of his brain was fair to look upon—where it was born? The modern author may boast his freedom. He has escaped from a servile bondage; but it may be that he has only changed

masters. The writer of former times had one patron to appease with a sop of flattery: but now the many-headed public demands consideration, and the author who would be popular—*i.e.*, widely read—must consult its taste. This is well, if it only force him into close sympathy with the ways of thought of his own time—the field in which his brightest laurels will be won. But its influence is not for good when, finding a lower stratum of reading public laid bare, he begins to centre all his energies on the omnibus train because it pays best.

A GENTLEMAN, well acquainted with the state of political feeling among the poor and more or less uneducated classes in France, asks me to put in a word of warning at this moment in moderation of the chorus of satisfaction with which the result of the French elections has been hailed. I will state his case. The Republican party, he submits, is so strong and united, in a Parliamentary sense, that they will have no pretext for withholding any longer the popular liberties and privileges which are enjoyed in all free countries. How, then, can M. Gambetta's party refuse the freedom of the press, the right of public meeting, and ordinary platform privileges? But grant these concessions to popular demand, and the Socialist party, now repressed, reticent, and waiting its time, will be re-organised and powerful. "Any one acquainted with the French workmen of the great towns," he says, "must be aware that it will be impossible to prevent them from loudly discussing and propagating extreme Socialistic doctrines, any more than we at home could hinder our artisans from considering among themselves the merits of trades unionism." The fact that Socialist leaders have only in a very few instances been chosen at the elections, he contends, does not go for much; for it cannot be imagined that the party which fought so desperately and sacrificed so many lives in vindicating its sincerity at Lyons in 1834, at Paris in June 1848, and under the Commune in 1871 has vanished into thin air. Has it not rather exhibited its silent strength in supporting Gambetta, as the most politic method of securing its own chances in the future? The Socialists were the cause of the reaction in 1849. Their tactics led to the breaking up of the Republican party and the establishment of the Empire. The problem of the future is not, How shall the Republic grapple with Legitimacy or with Imperialism? but How shall it control and utilise the political force of Socialism, which is in a manner a part of itself, since the present majority owes much of its strength to the Socialist vote? The French press has not liberty to discuss this grave question, and English journalism ignores it. These are the points of my correspondent's letter, and they appear to me to be sufficiently fresh and suggestive for consideration outside the ordinary grooves of political discussion. There is not much room to doubt that the state of facts as to the existence and the aspirations of the Socialist party is very much as it is here represented. There is room, however, to hope that while repressive and autocratic forms of government have tended to foster crude and subversive political doctrines, a Government having no other object but the welfare and political progress of the nation may diminish the tendency to indulge in wild and impracticable political speculations, or at least reduce to a minimum the impulse to put such theories to the test of practice.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY, 1876.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DREAM.



HE seemed, in his dream, to be still lying on the spot where he had fallen asleep, with his eyes fixed on the crucified figure above him. All was very dark around and over him; the wind moaned and the rain still fell heavily on the ground, and plashed drearily into the granite pool. He lay crouching among the wet weeds and grasses, watching and listening in fascination for he knew not what.

His heart was beating madly, every pulse in his frame was thrilling; for he had been startled by a strange movement above him, by a supernatural sound.

He listened more intently, and this time his ears were startled by a low moan as of a human mouth. It came again;—and behold, to his horror and terror, the figure on the Cross was moving its head from side to side. Not as if in pain, not as if wholly in consciousness, but as a sleeper moves his head, slowly awakening from a heavy sleep.

The heart of Rohan failed within him, a sense as of death stole over him. He would have fled, but his limbs refused to obey his will. He sought to utter a cry, but the sound was frozen in his throat. For a moment, as it seemed, he became unconscious. When he looked again the Cross above was empty, and the figure was standing at the foot!

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The rain ceased, the wind grew low, and through parting clouds the moon looked down. Black against the moonlight loomed the Cross; while at its foot, glimmering like marble, stood the Christ.

His eyes were open now, gazing straight down at the crouching form of Rohan; and his arms and limbs moved, and from his lips there came a breath; and he said in a low voice, "Rise!"

The fascinated body of Rohan obeyed that diviner will, and rose at once and stood erect; and at that moment Rohan felt all his fear fall from him, and he gazed up into the Face, but spoke no word. And the Face stilled the troubled waters of his heart with its beauty, as moonlight stills the sea. He would fain have fallen again and worshipped, not in terror now, but in joy.

Then the Christ said, "Follow me!"

As a spirit moves, scarce touching the earth, he descended from the foot of the Cross, and moved silently along. As a man follows a ghost, fearful to lose the vision, yet afraid to approach too near, Rohan followed.

The night was black, but a dim light ran before them on the ground; silently they passed along, and swiftly; for it seemed to Rohan, in his dream, that he moved with no volition of his own, but as if upborne by invisible hands that helped him on; and the woods and fields seemed moving by like clouds drifting before the wind, and the earth beneath their feet swept past them like a wind-blown sea.

Now conscious, now unconscious, as it seemed, Rohan followed; for at times his senses seemed flown and his eyes closed, but ever on opening his eyes he saw the white Christ gliding on before him, pausing ever and anon to gaze round, with the pallid moonlight on His face, and with eyes divine to beckon him on.

Time trembles into eternity during sleep—there is no count of mundane minutes; and Rohan, in his dream, seemed to follow his Guide for hours and hours and hours. Through the hearts of lonely woods, over the summits of moonlit hills, past spectral rivers gleaming in the moon, by solitary waters hushed as death, through villages asleep in the green hollows. Wheresoever they went all slumbered; the eyes of all the Earth were sealed.

Then they passed through the darkened streets of towns, creeping along in the house-shadows till they emerged again upon the open moonlit plains.

At last, passing through the wide paths of a cultivated wood, and

crossing an open space where fountains were leaping, the Figure paused before a great building with windows of glass gleaming in the moon. All around it the greensward stretched, and flowers sprang, and fountains leaped, but it stood very cold and still.

The Figure passed on and stood before the door, uplifting his hand. The door opened and he entered in, and Rohan followed close behind.

The corridors were dark as death, but the strange shining light that ran before the Spirit's feet made all things visible within. They passed through many rooms—some vast and dim, tenanted only by the solitary moonray, others dark and curtained, full of the low breathing of men or women in sleep; along silent passages where the wind wailed low at their coming; up ghostly stairs with faces of antique painting glimmering from the walls and marble busts and statues gleaming through the dusk. Nothing stirred, nothing woke; sleep like moonlight breathed everywhere, trembling amid darkness. And though their feet fell on hollow corridors and empty floors, their passing awoke no reverberation; but the doors flew open silently, and the sleepers did not stir on their pillows; and the only sound was the low cry of the winds in the silent courts.

Again the dream faded, and Rohan's consciousness seemed to die away. When the eyes of his soul opened again, he was crouching in the shadow of a curtained door, and standing erect close to him, drawing back the curtains with a white hand, stood the Christ, pointing.

Before them, with his back to them, writing busily at a table, sat a Man. The room in which he wrote was an antechamber, and through the open door of the inner room could be seen a heavily curtained bed. On the table stood a lamp, casting down the rays upon the papers before him, and leaving all the rest of the chamber dim.

It seemed as if all Rohan's heart hungered to see the face of this Man, but it remained hidden, bent over the table. Hours seemed to pass; he did not stir.

He was partly undressed for sleep, but though all the world rested, he still wrote and worked. Rohan's soul sickened. It seemed terrible to behold that one Form awake and alone, while all the heart of creation seemed hushed and still.

Again the dream faded. When Rohan looked again the room was empty, but the lamp still burnt on the table, though the shape of the Man was gone.

He turned his eyes upward and met the divine eyes of his Guide, who pointed to the table and formed with His lips, rather than uttered with His breath, this one word, "Read!"

He crossed the chamber, he bent above the table. It was covered with papers written in a clear hand, but his eyes saw one paper only, on which the ink was scarcely dry, and it contained only two words, his own name,

"ROHAN GWENFERN."

As he read, in his dream, he felt the confused sick horror of a man half stunned. He seemed to understand darkly that his name so written meant something fatal and dreadful, yet he could not sufficiently grasp the sense of how or why; all he seemed to know was the awfulness of this one Man, awake when all creation slept, writing that name down as if for doom; yet for what doom Rohan knew not, any more than he knew the likeness of the Man. Nevertheless, horror possessed him, and he fell on his knees, uplooking in the face of his Guide, and dumbly entreating help from some calamity he could not understand. But during a sudden flash of unconsciousness, the Christ had passed into the inner chamber, and had drawn back the heavy curtain of the bed therein; and lo! Rohan saw clearly, as if in moonlight, the face of the Man, though it was now calm in sleep. He crept forward, hungering on the face; and he knew it. White as marble, with closed cold lids and lips still firm in rest; a stony face—such as he had often pictured it waking, such as he had seen it on coins and medals of metal, and in rude pictures hung on cottage walls;—the face of the great Emperor.

And the Emperor slept so soundly, that not even his breathing could be heard in the chamber; for as Rohan crept closer, with fascinated eyes, the lineaments of the face grew more fixed in their marble pallor, so that Rohan thought in his dream, "He does not sleep, but is dead." And one hand on the coverlet looked like marble too: a white hand like a woman's, a small hand clenched like a sleeping child's.

In that moment of wonder he turned his eyes, and found himself alone.

The figure of the Christ had disappeared. The lamp still burnt in the outer chamber, but more dimly. He was alone by the bed of the great Emperor, watching, and shivering from head to foot.

Strangely enough, that supernatural presence had been a source of strength. No sooner had it disappeared than an awful sense of terror and helplessness possessed him, and he would have flown; but he could not fly—he could not turn his eyes away. To be there alone

with the terrible Master of his life—to be crouching there and seeing the Emperor lying as if dead—was too much for his soul to bear; he struggled and struggled in despair and dread, and at last, in the agony of his dream, he uttered a wild cry. The Emperor did not stir, but in a moment the cry was answered from distant rooms—there was a sound of voices, a tramp of feet, a rushing to and fro; he tried again to fly, but was still helpless, as the feet came nearer and nearer; and while the doors of the ante-chamber were burst open, and a haggard sight of cruel faces came in, and soldiers rushed in upon him with flashing swords to take his life, he swooned away—and woke.

He was lying where he had cast himself down, among the great weeds at the Cross's foot; the dawn was just breaking, and the air was very cold, and the stone Christ hung above him, drooping its heavy head, wet with the long night's rain.

He was about to arise to his feet and crawl away to some securer shelter, when a sound of voices broke upon his ears, and a tramp of coming feet. Then he remembered how near he was to the highway, and casting himself flat down among the weeds, he lay hidden and still.

The feet came nearer; the voices were singing a familiar song:

Le matin quand je m'éveille,
Je vois mon Empereur,—
Il est doux à merveille!

Rohan shivered as he lay hidden, for he distinctly recognised the voices of Hoël and Gildas Derval. There was a pause on the road, a sudden silence, then another voice, in the unmistakable tones of the old Corporal, cried "Forward!"

The tramp of feet began again, the voices renewed their singing. All passed close by the Cross, but down in the hollow of the road. Rohan did not stir till every sound of foot or voice had died. The conscripts of Kromlaix, escorted out of the village by many of their friends and fellow villagers, were on their way by dawn to join the armies of the Emperor on the banks of the far-off Rhine.

CHAPTER XXII.

MIKEL GRALLON.

FROM that day forth, for many days and weeks, the fate of Rohan Gwenfern remained unknown. Search was made for him high and low, his name was proclaimed through every village for many miles

around, blood-money was offered for his apprehension alive or dead—but all without avail. The last occasion on which he had been publicly seen was on that memorable night of the Conscription, when he made his appeal to Father Rolland—whose opinion, by the way, was emphatically to the effect that Rohan had committed suicide. Only one person perhaps knew better, and that was Marcelle Derval. Not one word did she breathe, however, of the meeting under the Cross on the night before the departure of the conscripts.

On this subject of Rohan the Corporal was adamant, and he lost no opportunity of uttering his denunciations. Marcelle no longer protested, for she felt that all was over, since Rohan was either mad or worse than mad; and when Uncle Ewen averred that while all the other conscripts of Kromlaix were good men and true Rohan Gwenfern was a wretch and a coward, she could not utter one word in answer—for had not Rohan confessed with his own lips that he was afraid, and had she not seen in his face with her own eyes the sick horror a physical coward must feel?

It was terrible to think of—it was worse even than death itself! Her passion had fed itself upon his glorious manhood, on his mighty physical strength and beauty, on the power and dignity of his nature, and even on his prowess in games of skill and courage; she had exulted in him and gloried in him, as even feeble women exult and glory in what is strong; and *now!* It was almost inconceivable to think that he was of despicable fibre even as compared with Hoël, who she knew was timid, and Gildas, who she confessed to herself was stupid. All that leonine look had meant nothing after all! Even a cripple on a crutch, if beckoned by the Emperor, would have behaved more nobly. Better, she thought, a thousand times better, that Rohan had fallen from the dizziest crag of Kromlaix, and been mourned as a true man, and remembered by all the youth of these shores as “over brave.”

Yet frequently, as these thoughts passed through her fiery brain, Marcelle felt her own conscience pleading against her; for never until that last meeting had she felt so strongly the distance of Rohan's soul from her own, and never since had she failed to say to herself at times “Perhaps I do not understand.” Something in the looks, the words, made her feel, as she had often felt before, the influence of a strong moral nature asserting itself steadfastly and fearlessly, yet most lovingly, against her prejudice and her ignorance. And this feeling awoke fear and re-created love, for it re-clothed Rohan in the strength that women seek.

She could better bear to think him wicked and mad—to look upon

him as a fierce enemy of her convictions, and of the great Imperial cause—than to conceive him a coward pure and simple. If the sure conviction of *that* had lasted for one whole day, I verily believe that Marcelle's love would have turned to repulsion, that her hand would almost have been ready to strike her lover down.

Well, coward or *chouan*, or both, he had disappeared, and if he lived, which many doubted, no man knew where he was hiding. The nose of Sergeant Pipriac, reddened with brandy but keen as an old hound's, could find no scent of the fox in or out of the village. A hundred spies were ready to claim the reward, but no opportunity came. At last the *curé's* private suspicions spread into general certainty, and it was everywhere averred that Rohan Gwenfern had made away with himself, either by leaping from one of the high cliffs, or by drowning himself in the sea. As weeks passed by and no traces of the fugitive were found, even Marcelle began to fear the worst, and her silent reproaches died away in a nameless dread.

But she had her mother to comfort—the work of the house to do—the Fountain to visit—and none of her hours were idle. Had she been able to sit like a lady of romance, with her hands folded before her and her eyes fixed in a dream, her woe would have consumed her utterly, but as it was she was saved by work. Never too sadly introspective, she now looked out upon her pain like a courageous creature. Though her cheek was pale and her eye often dim, her step upon the ground was firm as ever. Her heart and lips were silent of their grief. Only when she stole down to Mother Gwenfern to whisper of Rohan, or when she placed her poor weeping head in the lap of Guineveve, did the trouble of her soul find relief.

An irritating but salutary distraction came at this period in the conduct of Mikel Grallon. Grallon, whom she had more than once suspected of an attachment for herself, began now to show unmistakable indications of a settled design. True, all he did was to drop in of a night and smoke with the Corporal, to bring little presents of fresh fish to the widow, and to listen humbly hour after hour to the Corporal's stories; but Marcelle, well skilled in the sociology of Kromlaix, knew well that such conduct meant mischief, or in other words, matrimony. It was not etiquette in Kromlaix for a bachelor to address himself directly to the maiden of his selection; *that* was the last stage of courtship, the preliminaries consisting of civilities to the elders of the house, a very prosaic account of his own worldly possessions, and a close inquiry into the amount of the bride's dower. Now, Grallon was a flourishing man, belonging to a flourishing family. He was the captain of a boat of his own, and he

reaped the harvest of the sea with no common skill. His morals were unexceptionable, though morals of course were a minor matter, and he was in all other respects an eligible match.

He was not a pleasant person, however, this Mikel Grallon. His thin tight lips, his small keen eyes, his narrow forehead and eyebrows closely set together, indicated a peculiar and acquisitive character; his head, set on broad shoulders, was too small for symmetry; and though his light weatherbeaten cheek betokened health and strength, he lacked the open expression of less sophisticated fishermen. His features indeed resembled folded leaves rather than an open flower; for the wind, which blows into open bloom the faces of so many men who sail the sea, had only shut these lineaments tighter together, so that no look whatever of the hidden soul shone directly out of them. He went about with a smile,—the smile of secrecy, and of satisfaction that his secrets were so well kept.

The great characteristic of the man was his silent pertinacity. In whatever he did, he spared no pains to ensure success; and when he had set his heart upon an object the peregrine in its pursuit was not more steady.

And so, when he began to “woo,” Marcelle at once took the alarm; and although his “wooing” consisted only of a visit two or three nights a week, during which he scarcely exchanged a word with herself, she knew well what his visits portended. Every evening, when he dropped in, she tried to make some excuse for leaving the house, and when she was constrained to stay she moved about in feverish malaise; for the man’s two steadfast eyes watched her with a dumb fascination, and with an admiration there was no mistaking.

Jannick, who saw how matters stood, found a good butt for his jests in Grallon, and was not altogether to be subdued even by gifts of new ribbons for the *biniou*. He loved to tease Marcelle on the subject of the fisherman’s passion. Strange to say, he no longer met with the fiery indignation which had often before been the reward of his impertinences. Marcelle neither replied nor heeded; only her cheek went a little paler, her lip quivered a little more. A weight was upon her heart, a horrible fear and despair. She was listening for a voice out of the sea or from the grave, and even in her sleep she listened—but the voice never came.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CORPORAL DERVAL GALLOPS HIS HOBBY.

CORPORAL DERVAL was smoking rapidly, his face flushed all over to the crimson of a cock's comb, his black eyes burning, the pulses beating in his temples like a roll of drums, and his thoughts far away. As the grey smoke rolled before his eyes it became like the smoke of cannon, and through its mist he saw—not the interior of his Breton home with the faces of the astonished group around him—but a visionary battle plain where a familiar figure, in weather-beaten hat and grey overcoat, sat, with a heavy head sunk deep between his shoulders, watching the fight from his saddle with the stony calmness of an equestrian statue.

The voice of the little *curé*, who was sitting at the fireside, called him back to the common day.

“Corporal Derval!”

The Corporal started, drew his pipe out of his mouth, and straightened himself to “attention.” So doing, he became again conscious of his surroundings. A bright fire burnt upon the hearth, and the door was carefully closed,—for a wild cold wind was blowing. Mother Derval sat spinning in a corner, and near her sewing sat Marcelle. Toasting his little fat toes by the fire sat the *curé*, smoking also, with his throat-band loosened, and a glass of corn brandy at his elbow. The remnant of the Maccabees—Alain and Jannick—were seated in various attitudes about the chamber; and leaning against the wall, not far from Marcelle, in his fisherman's costume, and with complexion coloured a light tobacco-brown by constant exposure on the sea, was Mikel Grallon.

Though the season was early summer, they were holding a sort of *veillée*, or fireside gathering, and the old Corporal, as usual, had been enacting Sir Oracle. The little *curé* had drawn his pipe from his mouth, and was shrugging his shoulders in protestation.

“But see, my Corporal, his treatment of our Holy Father himself, the Pope of Rome!”

The Corporal knitted his brows and puffed vigorously again. All looked at him as if curious to hear his reply, the mother with a little doubtful sigh.

The Corporal was soon prepared.

“Pardon me, *m'sieu le curé*, you do not understand. All that is an arrangement between the Emperor and the Holy Father! There are some who say the Emperor threw His Holiness into a dungeon,

and fed him on bread and water. Fools!—His Holiness dwelt in a palace, and fed off silver and gold, and was honoured as a saint. Do not mistake, *m'sieu le curé*; the Emperor is not profane. He fears God. Do I not know it, I who speak? Have I not seen with my own eyes, heard with my own ears? He is God-fearing, the Emperor; and he is sent by God to be the scourge of the enemies of France."

Mikel Grallon nodded approval.

"Right, Uncle Ewen!" he exclaimed: "he has made them dance, those Germans and those English!"

The Corporal, without turning his head, continued to address the *curé*, who was sipping his brandy with the air of a man convinced against his will and of his own opinion still. But the priest, good fellow! had few strong convictions of any kind, and hated polemics, especially at the fireside; so he contradicted no longer.

"You do not know it, you others," pursued the veteran; "but it is a grand thing to look on a man like that—to look upon him—to talk with him—to feel his breath about you!"

"As you have done, Corporal!" said the priest approvingly.

Marcelle looked at her uncle with a bright smile of admiration. Every other eye was upon him.

"As I have done!" said the veteran proudly, and with no shame in his pride. "Yes, I who stand here! I have been with him face to face, looking in his eyes, as I do now in yours, Father Rolland! First at Cismone, then twice again. I can see him now, I can hear his voice as plain as I hear yours. Sometimes I hear it sleeping, and I leap up and feel for my gun, and look up, fancying I see the stars above me out over the open camp. I think if he came and spoke again like that above me, I should waken in my grave."

His voice sank very low now, and his keen eye, sheathed like an eagle's half asleep, looked softly on the fire. The turf was bright crimson, and as it shifted and changed he saw in it forms moving and faces flushing, like some spectral army moving in a dream.

There was a pause. Presently, to relieve the excitement of his feelings, the Corporal took from the fire a bright "coal" of turf, and puffing vigorously, applied it to the bowl of his pipe, which had gone out.

Clearing his throat and thinning with his plump little hand the cloud of smoke which he himself was blowing, the *curé* spoke again—

"Corporal Derval!"

The veteran, still smoking, turned his eye quietly on the speaker, and listened attentively.

“How many years ago was that little affair of Cismone?”

The Corporal's black eyes blazed and a delighted smile overspread his grim features. Pausing deliberately, he set his pipe down upon the little chimney-piece close to a tiny china altar and several china casts of the Saints; next, leaning forward, he carefully poked the fire with his wooden leg; and finally, turning round again to the priest, knitting his brows as if engaged in abstruse calculation, and rubbing his hands hard together, he replied in a voice that might have been heard by a whole regiment—

“It was the night of the seventeenth of September, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-six.”

If the words had been a spell, the company could not have looked more thrilled and awed. To be quite candid, we must admit that the announcement was a familiar one, and had been made, with its accompanying veracious narrative, in the same spot and in the same way many and many a night before. But some stories are ever new, and this was of them. Uncle Ewen's delicious assumption that he was retailing a novelty, the never-failing murmurs of pleased incredulity and astonishment for which he waited at every important turn in the incidents, the enthusiasm of the speaker and the rapt attention of all present, made the occasion always illustrious. Those who knew Uncle Ewen and had not heard his anecdote of Cismone knew him but little—had indeed never been invited to the confidences of his warlike bosom. Every one present that night had heard it a dozen times, yet each one present—with the exception perhaps of Mikel Grallon, who looked a little bored, and kept his eyes amorously fixed on Marcelle—seemed eager to hear it again.

The “Maccabees” listened with gloomy interest, with the exception of Jannick, whose face was bright and cheerful; for Jannick, of course, had no dread of the Conscription, which was still overshadowing the heart of his grown-up brother. The mother ceased her spinning. The little *curé* nodded his head, like a water-wagtail standing on the ground. Marcelle dropped her sewing into her lap, and gazed, with a look of eager emotion and expectation, at her uncle.

The grenadier, full of that rarest of all emotions—the pride of a prophet who is revered in his own country—continued clearly, and as he spoke the figures around him again and again faded, and his eye searched the distance in a sort of waking dream.

“We left Trent on the sixteenth, Father Rolland;—it was in the grey of the dawn. It was a long march, ten leagues of infernal country; a forced march, you see. In the evening we reached a village,—the

name I have forgotten, but a quaint little village on a hill. That night we were so weary that we could not have kept awake, only the word had run along the lines that the Emperor—ah, he was only a general then!—that General Bonaparte was with us. Well, we knew that it was true, for we could *feel* him, we could swear that he was near. In the hospitals, Father, the doctor goes from bed to bed, touches the pulses—so!—and says ‘here is fever—here is health—here is death.’ As he comes the wounded look up, and brighten; as he goes, they sink back and groan. All the wards feel him far off—every heart beats quicker at his coming, and slower at his going. Well, that is the way with the army; its pulses were beating all along the lines; you would say ‘the General is coming—he is near—he is here—he is gone—he is ten leagues away!’”

He paused for breath, and Mother Derval heaved a heavy sigh. Poor heart, she was not thinking of the Emperor, but of her two great sons, already with the army. The Corporal heard the sigh, and hurried on.

“The moon was still up when we marched again in the morning. We were in three columns like three big winds of the equinox, and we rushed down on the Austrians, who were strongly posted at Primolano. My God, but we caught them napping—we cut our way into them. Mikel Grallon, you have seen a boat run down?—Smash! that was the style. Our cavalry cut off the retreat, and thousands laid down their arms. That would have been enough for an ordinary general, but the little Corporal was not content. Forward! he gave the word. Wurmser was at Bassano, and Mezaros was marching on Verona. We pushed on at bayonet point till we reached Cismone. It was night, and we were tired out; so when we got the word to halt, it was welcome news.”

Here Uncle Ewen suited the action to the word, and halted again. The priest nodded approvingly through his cloud of smoke.

“Now, I had a comrade in those days—a tall fellow, with a cast in his eye, but as good as gold—and his name was Jacques Monier, and he was born inland on the Rhone. We were like brothers; we shared bite and sup, and many a night lay in each other’s arms for warmth. Well, on that night of the seventeenth, Jacques was lying with his feet to the fire we had kindled on the bare ground, and I had gone to find water. When I returned Jacques was standing on his feet, holding in his hand half a loaf of black bread, and beside him, in the light of the fire, stood—whom, think you?—the General himself. He was splashed from head to foot with mud and rain—he looked

like any common soldier—but I knew him at once. He was warming his hands over the fire, and Jacques was saying, as he held out the loaf, ‘Take it *all*, my General!’ As I saw that, I looked into the General’s face, and it was white as death with hunger. Think of that ; it is true, for I who tell you know what hunger is.”

A murmur of amazement ran round the room ; not that the fact was new, but that such an expression of feeling was appropriate.

“Did the Emperor take the half loaf?” asked Father Rolland.

“‘Take it all,’ said Jacques ; ‘half a loaf is not much.’ Well, you should have seen the General smile. He did not answer, but he took the bread into his hands, and broke off a morsel and began to eat, handing Jacques back the rest. Then came my turn ! I held in my hand the little tin pot half full of water, and I emptied into it a little brandy that I had saved in my flask, and I handed the pot to the General. Here it is—the same—I keep it still as a souvenir.”

So saying, he detached from a hook over the fire the canteen, which Father Rolland examined over and over, and under and under, in honest admiration.

“‘Drink, my General,’ said I saluting. Ah, I had courage in those days ! He drank, and when he tasted the brandy, he smiled again ! Then he asked us our names, and we told him. Then he looked hard at us over and over again, wrapped his cloak around him, and went away. So Jacques and I sat down by the fire, and finished the bread and the brandy and water, and talked of the Emperor till we fell to sleep.”

“That was an adventure worth having!” observed the *curé*. “And the General remembered you for that service, no doubt?”

The Corporal nodded.

“The General remembers everything,” he replied. “Nine years afterwards he had not forgotten !”

“Nine years !” ejaculated the *curé*. “It was a long time to wait, Corporal. Did he give you no reward?”

Uncle Ewen turned rather red, but answered promptly.

“What reward would you give for a crust of bread and a drop of brandy, which any one would give to the beggar at his door? Besides, the General had more to think of, and it all passed like a dream. Not that we missed our reward at last. When the time came he remembered well.”

“That is certain,” said Mikel Grallon, who had often heard the story.

“Tell Father Rolland,” cried Marcelle ; “he does not know.”

The Corporal hesitated, smiling.

“Yes, yes, let us hear all about it!” cried Father Rolland.

“It was in the year 1805, at the camp at Boulogne. Great changes had taken place, the little Corporal had been declared hereditary Emperor of France, but Jacques Monier and I were still in the ranks. We thought the General had forgotten all about us, and what wonder if he had, seeing how busy he had been knocking off the crowns of your Kings? The grand army was there, and we of the grenadiers were to the front. That day of the coronation was fixed for a general distribution of crosses and medals. Such a day! The mist was coming in from the sea like smoke from a cannon's mouth. On the rising ground above the town was a throne—the great iron chair of the mighty King Dagobert; and all below the throne were the camps of the great armies, and right before the throne was the sea. When the Emperor sat down on the throne, our cry was enough to make the sky fall—*vive l'Empereur!*—you would have said it was the waves of the sea roaring. But look you, at that very moment the smoke of the sea parted, and the sun glanced out:—you would have said because he waved his hand! Ah God, such a waving of banners, glittering of bayonets, flashing of swords; such a sight is seen but once in a lifetime; I should have to talk all night to tell you a tenth of the wonders of that day. But I am going to tell you what happened to Jacques Monier and myself. When the Emperor was passing by—we were in the front ranks, you observe—he stopped short, like *this!* Then he took a huge pinch of snuff from his waistcoat pocket, with his head on one side, like *this*, studying our faces; and then his face lighted up, and he came quite near. This is what he said—ah God, that I could give you his voice! ‘Come, I have not forgotten Cismone, nor the taste of that black bread and brandy and water.’ Then he turned laughing and spoke rapidly to Marshal Ney, who stood close by him, and Ney laughed, and showed his white teeth, looking in our direction. Well, then the great Emperor turned to us, and gave us each the Cross from his own hand, and saluted us as Corporals. I will tell you this—my eyes were dim—I could have cried like a girl; but before we could know whether we stood on our heads or our feet, he was gone!”

Corporal Derval brushed his sleeve across his eyes, which were dim again with the very memory of that interview and its accompanying honours. He stooped over the fire and fidgeted with his little finger in the bowl of his pipe, while a subdued murmur ran round the apartment.

“The Emperor has a good head to remember,” observed the little

curé. "I have been told that a good shepherd can tell the faces of every one of his flock, but this is more wonderful still. How long, do you say, had elapsed after Cismone, before you met again?"

"Nine years!" answered the Corporal.

"Nine years!" repeated the *curé*. "And in those nine years, my Corporal, what battles, what thoughts, what confusion of faces!—how much to do, how much to think of! Ah, he is a great man! And was that the last time," he added after a short pause, "that your eyes beheld him?"

"I saw him once more," said the Corporal, "only once."

"And then?"

"It was only a month or two later—the first day of December. It was the eve of the glorious battle of Austerlitz."

A thrill ran through the assembly at the mention of the magic name. The Corporal lifted his head erect, and looked absolutely Napoleonic as he towered above his hearers. The *curé* looked up startled. Mother Derval heaved a heavy sigh, and glanced at the Corporal's wooden leg. Alain and Jannick looked serious. Mikel Grallon gazed curiously at Marcelle, whose pale face wore a strange smile.

The Corporal proceeded.

"We were crouched, seventy or eighty thousand of us, watching and waiting, when some one remembered that just a year ago that night the little Corporal had been crowned Emperor. The word ran round. We gathered sticks and bundles of straw for joy-fires, and set them blazing to the tune of *vive l'Empereur*. It was pitch dark, but our fires were crimson. In the middle of it all I saw him riding past. The cry ran along the camps like flame, but he passed by like a ghost, his head sunk down between his shoulders, his eyes looking neither to the left nor right. He rode a white horse, and Jacques said he looked like the white Death riding to devour the Russians! Poor Jacques! He got his last furlough next day, and I, my marshal's baton!"

So saying, the veteran stuck out his wooden leg, and regarded it with a look half plaintive, half comic. The irreverent Jannick giggled—not at the joke, which was a too familiar one.

"And you never saw him again," said the *curé*; "that was the last time?"

The Corporal nodded his head slowly and repeatedly, in the manner of a "Chinese mandarin" at a tea-dealer's door. He was about to speak again, when the door was suddenly dashed open, and Sergeant Pipriac, followed by four or five *gendarmes*, rushed into the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"A TERRIBLE DEATH."

SERGEANT PIPRIAC was ghastly pale, and in the midst of his face shone with baleful light his bright Bardolphian nose, while his one eye glared horribly, like the eye of a Cyclops. His voice shook, partly with deep potations, partly with nervous agitation, and his legs flew this way and that with frantic excitement. His men were pale too, but much less moved.

"Soul of a crow!" cried the Corporal, "what is the matter?"

The *curé* rose from his seat by the fire.

"One would say," he exclaimed, "that the good Sergeant had seen a ghost!"

Sergeant Pipriac glared at the Corporal, then at the *curé*, then all round the room, until he at last found voice.

"And one would say rightly!" he gasped. "Malediction, one would not be far wrong! Look how I shake still,—I, Pipriac, who would not fear the devil himself. A glass of water, mother,—for as I live, I choke."

The Corporal stumped over to the table and poured out a little glass of brandy.

"Take that, comrade," he said with a nod; "it is better than water. And now," he continued, when Pipriac had swallowed the liquor, "what is all this about? and who is this that you have seen?"

"I will tell you," said Pipriac wiping his brow with a great cotton pocket handkerchief brilliantly ornamented with a portrait of Marshal Ney on his war steed. "What have I seen? A thousand devils! Well, I have seen your own infernal *chouan* of a nephew!"

"Rohan?" ejaculated the Corporal in a voice of thunder, while the women started up in terror and horror, and the little *curé* lifted his hands in astonishment.

"Yes, Rohan Gwenfern—the man or the man's ghost, it is equal. Is there ever a soul here can swear to the ghost's clothes, for, look you, we have nigh stripped him clean? An eel may slip from its skin, they say; well, so can he of whom I speak. Pierre! André! who has the plunder?"

The last words were addressed to his *gendarmes*, one of whom now stood forward carrying a peasant's jacket, and another a broad-brimmed peasant's hat.

"If a ghost can wear clothes, these belong to him. Well, it is all the same now; he will never need them more."

The articles of attire were passed from hand to hand, but there was nothing to distinguish them specially as the property of the fugitive. The coat was torn down the back, as if in a severe scuffle.

Sinking into a seat by the fire, Pipriac sat until he had recovered breath, a consummation not to be achieved until he drank another glass of his favourite stimulant. Then he said grimly, looking at the Corporal—

“His blood be on his own head. It is no fault of mine.”

The fierce frown which the Corporal's face had worn at the mention of Rohan's name relaxed. He was about to speak when Marcelle, white as death, came between him and Pipriac.

“What do you mean?” she cried. “You have not”——

Without completing the sentence she cast at the bayonets of the *gendarmes* a look of horror that could not be mistaken. Pipriac shook his head.

“It is not that,” he answered. “Old Pipriac is bad, but not so bad as that, my dear. Malediction! is he not his father's son, and were not Raoul Gwenfern and Pen Pipriac comrades together? By the body of the Emperor, I have not hurt a hair of the villain's head.”

“Thank God,” cried the little *curé*. “Then he has escaped.”

Pipriac screwed up his eye into something very like a significant wink, meant to be sympathetic, but only succeeding in being horrible.

“I will tell you all about it,” he said; “you and the Corporal and all here. You know, we had given him up as dead; we had searched heaven and earth and hell for him without avail; there seemed no place left for him but the bottom of the sea. Well, you may guess it was on quite different business I was prowling about to-night with my men; but that is neither here nor there: we were coming along by the great stone up yonder—coming along from a visit we had made to a little farm where there is good brandy”—here Pipriac winked diabolically again—“when we saw close to us in the moonlight, with his back to us, a man. I knew him in a moment, though I could not see his face; but I will tell you frankly this—when he turned round and looked at us I thought it was his ghost, for I had really believed him dead. Poor devil, he looked thin and lean as a spectre, and white as death in the moon. Corporal, it was your nephew, Rohan Gwenfern.”

“He is no nephew of mine,” growled the veteran, but his voice trembled:

“I don't know how it happened, but we were upon him in a

moment—I, André, Pierre, and the others. André was the only one that got a hold; he shook off the rest like so many mice. Before we knew it he was twenty yards away, dragging André with him towards the edge of the cliff. *Diable!* it was like a lion of Algiers carrying off a man. André had dropped his gun, and his hat had fallen off, and he was screaming to us to help him; the deserter could not shake him off. We fixed our bayonets, and after him we went."

In the excitement of his narrative, Sergeant Pipriac had risen to his feet, and he was now surrounded by all the eager circle of listeners. Marcelle clung to her uncle's arm and listened with cheeks like marble, her large eyes fixed on the speaker's face.

"'No violence,' I shrieked out; 'a thousand devils, take him alive!' When we seized him again, we were not ten yards from the edge of the great crag—you know it—it is like a wall. The tide was in, high spring tide, and the water was black far down below. We fell upon him, all six of us, and soon had him down; it took all our strength, I can tell you. Well, we had him safe and he could not stir."

"Bravo!" said Mikel Grallon.

"It is all very well to cry 'Bravo!'" said the irascible Sergeant, "but let me tell you the devil himself could not hold him! He lay for a minute quite still, and then he began to wriggle. You are a fisherman, and have tried to hold a conger eel; well, it was like that. Before we knew what he was about, he had wriggled almost to the very edge of the cliff!"

A low cry from Marcelle; a nervous movement among the men. Then Pipriac continued—

"We were six to one, I say, but for all that we could not stop him. I held on like Death, with my two hands twisted in his jacket; the others gripped his arms and legs. But when I saw what he was about—when I heard the black sea roaring right under us—my heart went cold. I saw there was but one way, and I loosened one hand and seized the bayonet from André; it was unscrewed, and held in his hand ready to stab. Then I shrieked out, 'A thousand devils, keep still, or I shall bleed you!' He looked up at me with his white face, and set his teeth together. In a moment he had rolled round on his belly, slipped himself out of his jacket, torn himself loose, and was on the very edge of the crag. Heaven, you should have been there! The loose earth on the edge broke beneath his feet; we all stood back, not daring to venture another step, and before we could draw a breath he was gone down."

A loud wail came from the mouth of Mother Derval, mingled with prayers and sobs, and the widow sank on her knees terror-stricken. But Marcelle still stood firm, frozen, motionless. The old Corporal looked pale and conscience-stricken, while the little *curé* lifted up his hands, crying—

“Horrible!—Down the precipice?”

“Right ‘over,” exclaimed Pipriac. “It was a terrible moment; all was pitch dark below, and we could see nothing. But we listened, and we heard a sound far below us—faint, like the smashing of an egg.”

“Did he speak? Did he scream?” cried several voices.

“Not he—he had no breath left in him for that; he went down to his death as straight as a stone, and if he escaped the rocks he was drowned in the sea. Corporal Derval, don’t say it was any fault of old Pipriac’s! I wanted to save him, damn him, but he wouldn’t be saved. In the scuffle I touched him; but that was an accident, and I wanted to keep him from his death. Hither with that jacket, Pierre—show it to Corporal Derval and the company!”

The *gendarme* called Pierre held up the jacket, while the Sergeant proceeded—

“There is a cut here, through the right sleeve—it is gashed right through; and the left sleeve is wet, see you: that is where I hurt him in the struggle.”

“God help us!” cried the *curé*, horror-stricken. “My poor Rohan!”

“Bah! Why did he not give in, then?” growled Pipriac. “But let no man say it was old Pipriac that killed him. He was bent on murdering himself, and perhaps some of us—that, I tell you, was his game. For all that, I am sorry I wounded him. This upon the jacket must be blood. André, let me see thy bayonet.”

The *gendarme* called André stepped forward, and held up his glittering weapon, now fixed upon his gun.

“Holy Virgin, look there!” cried Pipriac. “Yes, it is blood!”

All crowded round looking upon the weapon, all save the Widow Derval, who still kept upon her knees and wailed to God in the low monotonous fashion of mourning women in Brittany.

“Yes, it is blood!” said one voice and another.

Among the faces that concentrated their gaze on the sight was that of Marcelle. The girl still stood firm, her lips set together, her eyes wide open in horrid fascination. She could see the shining blade glittering in the light—then the dark red stains glimmering upon it—but even then she did not swoon.

"It is the last you will see of Rohan Gwenfern in this world," said Pipriac after a pause. "Yes, it is blood, and no mistake!"

So saying, he wetted his forefinger with his lips and drew it deliberately down the bayonet's blade; then he held his finger up to the light, and showed it moist and red.

A murmur of horror ran round the room, while Marcelle, without uttering a sound, dropped down as if dead upon the floor.

Early the next morning, when it was *morte mer*, or dead low-water, a crowd of villagers gathered right under the enormous crag on the summit of which stood the colossal Menhir. Looking up, they saw a precipitous wall of conglomerate and granite, only accessible to the feet of a goat, which was feeding' far up on scanty herbage, and moving cautiously along the minute crevices of stone. It was Jannedik, with whose form the reader is already familiar. Looking down from time to time from her dizzy eminence, she inspected the chattering throng below, and then proceeded leisurely with her refreshment.

Right at the foot of the crag lay fragments of loose earth and rock, recently detached from above, but of the body of Rohan Gwenfern there was no trace. At high water, however, the tide washed right up against the foot of the crag, and the waters there were swift and deep; so the presumption seemed to be that Rohan, after falling prone into the sea, had been washed away with the ebb.

Pipriac and his satellites, accompanied by Corporal Derval, inspected every nook and cranny of the shore, poked with stick and bayonet into every place likely and unlikely, swore infinitely, and did their duty altogether to their own satisfaction. The women gathered in knots and wailed. The villagers, with Mikel Grallon and Alain and Jannick Derval, gaped, speculated, and talked in monosyllables. Several boats were busy searching out on the sea, which was dead calm.

Sustained by the unusual courage of her temperament, Marcelle came down, with all her hidden agony in her heart, and her face tortured with tearless grief. Since she had swooned the night before—and never before had she so lost consciousness, for she was of no "fainting" breed—she had wept very little, and uttered scarcely a word. Too great a horror was still upon her, and she could not yet realise the extent of her woe. She had scarcely even uttered a prayer.

The decision of the men assembled was unanimous. Rohan must have been killed by the fall before he reached the sea; on reaching

it, his body had in all probability sunk, and then been sucked by slow degrees out into the deep water. There was very little chance of finding it for some days, and indeed it might never rise to the surface or be recovered at all.

"And between ourselves," said Pipriac winking grimly, "he is as well where he is, down there, as buried up yonder with a bullet in his heart. He would have been shot, you see, and he knew that. Don't say old Pipriac killed him, however—it was no fault of mine; but duty is duty, after all."

Mikel Grallon, to whom these remarks were addressed, quite concurred. Honest Mikel was indefatigable in all respects—both in aiding the general search, and in convincing Marcelle that her cousin could by no possibility have escaped. He was if anything a little too zealous, and taking into consideration the terrible nature of the catastrophe which had just occurred, several degrees too buoyant in his spirits.

Leaving the crowd at the foot of the crag, Marcelle walked slowly along the shore in the direction of Mother Gwenfern's cottage. The sun was shining on the sea, and in her own sweet face, but she was conscious of nothing save a heavy load upon her heart. Lifting the cottage latch she entered in, and found the widow seated in her usual upright attitude before the fire, her grey face rigid and tearless, her lips set tight together. Standing close to the fire was Jannick Goron, who was speaking in a low voice as she appeared, but grew silent as she entered in.

It was very strange, but the widow showed no sign of absolutely overwhelming grief; her face rather betokened an intense resolve and despair. The news of the extraordinary catastrophe had not struck her to the ground; perhaps its very horror upheld her for the time being.

Silent as a ghost, Marcelle crossed the room, and sat down before the fire.

"There is no hope," she said in a low voice; "it is all as they said, Aunt Loiz."

No wail came from the lips of the widow, only a deep shivering sigh. Goron, whose whole manner betokened intense nervous agitation, looked keenly at Marcelle and said—

"I was there this morning before them all; I could not find a trace. It is a terrible death."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE JUNE FESTIVAL.—AN APPARITION.

A MONTH had passed since that memorable night of the struggle on the cliffs, and it was the morning of the June Festival. The sea-pink was blooming, the lavender was in flower, the corn had thrust its green fingers from the sweet-soiled earth, and the fields behind the crag were sweet with the breath of thyme. Heaven was a golden dome, the sea was a glassy mirror, the earth was a living form with a beating heart. In that season to live at all was pleasant, but to live and be young was paradise.

There was a green dell in the meadows behind the cliffs, and in this green dell were the ruins of a dolmen, and to this dolmen they flocked from Kromlaix, with music and singing, happy as shepherds in the golden climes of Arcady. Young men, maidens, and children came gathering merrily together; for here in Kromlaix the usual Breton custom, which excludes from the festival young people under the age of sixteen, was never enforced and indeed scarcely known. The only members of the population rigorously excluded were the married of both sexes. The feast was the feast of youth and virginity, and no sooner did a man or maid pass the portal of Hymen than his or her festal days were over for ever.

Every youth that could play an instrument was in requisition. Alain Derval was there with a new black flute bought lately in St. Gurlott, and Jannick was to the fore with his *biniau*; but besides these there were half a dozen other *biniaus*, and innumerable whistles both of tin and wood; and to crown all, the larks of the air, maddened with rivalry, sang their wildest and loudest overhead. Around the ruined dolmen, clad in all colours of the rainbow, were groups of sunburnt girls and lads: some romping and rolling, some gathering cowslips and twining daisy-chains, some running and shouting, while voices bubbled and the medley of music rose. In the broad hat of every man or lad was a blade of corn, and on the breast of every girl was a flower of flax, with or without an accompaniment of wild heath and flowers.

Presently, approaching these groups from the direction of Kromlaix, came a little procession, such as might have been seen of old during the Thalysia and sung in divine numbers by Theocritus. A flock of little children ran first, their voices singing, their hands full of flowers, and behind them came a group of young men, bearing on their arms a kind of rustic chair, in which, with her lap full of butter-

cups and flowers of flax, sat Guineveve. By her side, laughing and talking and flourishing his stick, trotted Father Rolland, as eager as any there.

Strange to say, his presence scarcely disturbed the idyllic and antique beauty of the picture; for his black coat was scarcely noticeable in the gleam of colours surrounding him, and he carried his hat in his hand, and his round face was brown as a satyr's, and he was joining with all his lungs and throat in the choric song. The little *curé* was no killjoy, and he had enough Greek spirit in his veins to forget for the nonce that skulls were ever shaven or sackcloth and ashes ever worn.

It was, however, an almost unprecedented thing to behold Father Rolland at such a gathering. The feast was of Pagan origin, discountenanced in many parishes, especially by priests of the new Napoleonic dispensation, and Father Rolland, although he was not bigot enough to interfere with the innocent happiness of the day, had never before been present on such an occasion. His coming was not altogether unexpected, however, and he was greeted on every side with a pastoral welcome.

Coming close up to the Druidic stone of the dolmen, the men set down their burthen, while Father Rolland stood by wiping his brow with a silk pocket-handkerchief. Then Jannick Goron, who had been one of the bearers, lifted Guineveve in his arms and placed her on a knoll among a group of girls, who greeted her by name and made room for her beside them. The eyes of Guineveve were sparkling brightly, and she spoke rapidly to her comrades in Brezonec;—it was something amusing, for they all laughed and clapped their hands.

At that moment, however, Father Rolland raised his hand. The music and laughter ceased, every face was turned one way, and all became quite still: only the larks kept on singing overhead in a very ecstasy of triumph at having (as they imagined) beaten and silenced all other competitors.

Father Rolland's face was very grave. Every face around him suddenly grew grave too.

"Boys and girls," he said in Brezonec, "do you know what has brought me here? You cannot guess—so I will tell you. It is simple enough and very sad. It is right for you to make merry, *mes garz*, because you are young, and because there will be a good harvest, but it is also right to remember the dead." Here the little *curé* crossed himself rapidly, and all the other members of the gathering crossed themselves too. "Sad events have taken place since

last you gathered here; many have been taken away by the Conscription, some have died and been buried, and some are sick; but it is not of any of those that I want to speak, but of the poor *garz* who was your patron last year, and who is now—ah God, where is he now? Let us hope at the feet of holy St. Gildas himself and of the blessed Virgin!”

Again, automatically, they made the sign of the cross, even little children joining. Some looked sad, others careless and indifferent, but all knew the little *curé* spoke of Rohan Gwenfern. It was the custom every year for the young people to choose among themselves a sort of king and queen, who led the sports and reigned for the day, and last year Rohan had been king and Marcelle had been queen—or to translate the dialect of the country, “patron” and “patroness.”

“I am not going to praise or blame him who is gone; he was foolish perhaps and wrong, though for all that he came of a fine family, and was a pleasure to look at for strength. Well, he is dead, and there is an end—peace to his soul! Now that you are so merry, don't forget him altogether, nor poor Marcelle Derval, who was his patroness last year, and is too heartbroken, I am sure, to join you to-day.”

Here the little *curé* was greeted with a loud murmur from all his hearers, and all heads were turned, looking away from him. Then to his amaze, he saw Marcelle herself rise up and approach him. She wore no mourning but a saffron hood; her dress was dark and unadorned, and her face was pallid and subdued.

“I am here, Father Rolland,” she said as she met his eye.

“Blessed saints!” ejaculated the *curé*. “Well, my child, thou art right to cast off care; it is courage, and I am pleased.”

Nevertheless the priest looked very serious. In his own heart he thought Marcelle rather unfeeling, and would have been better satisfied to hear that she had stayed away.

“I did not think of coming at first,” she said, approaching close, “but Guineveve begged me, and at last I consented. It is for Guineveve's sake I came, and for Jannick Goron's. My cousin Rohan is not here to-day, and will never be here again, but I know what would have been his wish. He would have wished Jannick Goron to be patron, and Guineveve to be patroness; and that is my wish too.”

There was a moment's silence, then came a loud crying and clapping of hands. “Yes, yes!” cried the groups of men and girls, only a few dissentient voices crying “No, no!” But the affair had

been settled long before, and that was why Goron had carried Guineveve thither.

"The blessings of the saints be upon you, Marcelle Derval," said the *curé*, "for you have a kind heart; it is good to think of those whom the good God has afflicted, though for that matter Guineveve is a girl in a thousand. Well, boys and girls, is that your choice?"

The answer was unmistakable, the consent almost unanimous. And already, seated on a knoll in the midst of a garland of girls, Guineveve was enjoying her sovereignty with supreme and perfect happiness, light in her face, joy in her heart, flowers on her breast and in her lap; while Goron, clad brightly as a bridegroom, stood over her, looking down into her eyes with perfect admiration and love.

Marcelle saw it all,—the bright, the happy smiling faces,—and her thoughts went back to last year, when she and Rohan, then almost unconscious of passion, were merrymaking in the same place. Her cheek grew whiter, and for a moment all she saw went dim. Then she thought to herself, "No one must know! I will creep away as soon as I can, for it all seems dreadful now Rohan is dead."

After a few more words Father Rolland lifted up his hands to pronounce a blessing; and all knelt down on the grass around him in silence as he prayed. It was done in a minute, and before they could all rise up again the priest was trotting away back to the village. The pipes and *binious* struck up again, sports and rompings began, all voices chattered at once like the voices of innumerable birds, and great grew the fun of the feast.

It was the custom for the new patron and patroness to lead off the *gavotte*, or country dance; but since Guineveve was lame, Goron took another partner, and the dance began. One after another couple joined, all uniting hand in hand till they formed one long chain of shining glancing bodies, leaping, crying, intertwining, interturning, performing the most extraordinary steps with heel and toe, till the eyes grew dizzy to look at them.

"Marcelle, will you not dance?" said a voice in her ear.

She was standing looking on like one in a dream, when she heard the voice, and she did not turn round, for the tones were familiar.

"I shall not dance to-day, Mikel Grallon."

"That is a pity," said Mikel quietly, for he was too shrewd to show his annoyance. "One turn—come!"

"No, I am going home."

"Going home, and the sport has only just commenced! But you will try your charm on the love-stone before you go?"

It was the custom on that day for every single woman to leave a flower of flax, and every single man a blade of corn, on the stone of the dolmen. So long as flower and blade keep their freshness the hearts of their depositors are faithful; if they wither before the week is out all will go wrong. So Marcelle answered—

“I have brought no posy, and I shall try no charm. It is all foolish, and I shall not stay.”

And truly, in a little time she had slipped away from the company, whose merry laughter sounded in the distance behind her, and was hastening heartbroken homeward. She walked fast, for she was trying in vain to shake off Mikel Grallon, who followed close to her talking volubly.

“You shall not soil your fingers or carry a load—no, not even a drop of water from the Fountain; and I shall take you sometimes to Brest to visit my uncle who keeps the cabaret, and you shall have shoes and new gowns from Nantes. And if the good God sends us children, one of the boys shall be made a priest.”

This was plain speaking for a wooer, but Marcelle was not shocked. The height of a Breton mother's ambition is to have a son in the priesthood, and Marcelle was by no means insensible to the promise, especially as she knew well that the speaker had means enough to carry it out.

“I shall never marry,” she replied vaguely.

“Nonsense, Marcelle! The good Corporal and thy mother wish it, and I will take you without a dower. It is yourself that I wish, for I have enough of my own. I have set my heart upon it. . . . You should see the great press of linen my mother has prepared for the home-coming: soft as silk and white as snow—it would do your heart good, it smells so kindly.”

Marcelle glanced at him sidelong, almost angrily.

“I have told you twenty times that I will not have you. If you speak to me of it again, I shall hate you, Mikel Grallon.”

Mikel scowled—he could not help it; his brows were knitted involuntarily, and an ugly light shot out of his eyes. He took a false step, and lost his temper.

“I know why you treat me so. You are thinking of that *chouan* of a cousin!”

Marcelle turned upon him suddenly.

“If he was a *chouan*, you are worse. He is dead—his soul is with God; and it is like you to speak of him so.”

Mikel saw his blunder, and hastened to retrieve it if possible.

“Do not be angry, for I did not mean it. Rohan Gwenfern was

a good fellow ; but look you, he is dead—besides, you were cousins, and the Bishop might not have been willing. ‘Drown’d man can’t marry dry maid,’ says the proverb. Look you again, Rohan was poor ; my little finger is worth more silver than his whole body. I am a warm man, I, though I say it that should not.”

More he uttered in the same strain, but all to the same effect. At last he left her and returned to the gathering, angry with himself, with her, with all creation. For her last words to him were, as she passed down into the village, “Go back and choose a better ; I shall never marry but one man, and that man is lying dead at the bottom of the sea.”

That night a singular circumstance occurred, which was remembered for many a long year afterwards by the superstitious in Kromlaix. A party of fishermen, returning home late after lobster trawling, and rowing on the glassy sea close under the shadow of the gigantic cliffs, suddenly beheld an apparition.

There was no Moon, and although it was summertide, a black veil covered the sky. Under the cliff-shadow all was black and still, save for the solemn crying of the unseen birds and the moaning of the sea on rock and sand. There was not a breath of wind, and the men were rowing wearily home with sails furled and masts lowered, when their eyes were dazzled by a sudden ray of brilliance streaming out of the Gate of the Cathedral of St. Gildas.

Now, as we have seen before, the Cathedral was well known to be haunted, and there was scarcely one man in Kromlaix who would have entered it, sailing or afoot, after sunset. On the present occasion it was high water, and the Cathedral was floored with the liquid malachite of the sea.

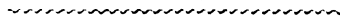
Abreast of the Gate before they perceived the light, they raised their terrified eyes and looked in, each man crossing himself and murmuring a prayer, for the very spot was perilous. In a moment they were petrified by fear,—for the vast Cathedral was illuminated, and high up on the mossy altar stood a gigantic figure holding a torch of crimson fire ! The light illumed the face of the cliff behind him, save where his colossal shade trembled, reaching up to heaven. His shape was dark and distorted, his face almost indistinguishable, but every man who gazed, when he came to compare his impression with that of his companions, agreed that the apparition was that of the blessed St. Gildas.

The view was only momentary, but before it ceased another terror was added. Crouched at the feet of the Saint was a dark figure,

only the head of which was perceptible, and this head, ornamented with hideous horns and with eyes of horrible lustre, was gazing up awe-stricken in the face of Gildas. The men covered their eyes in horror and uttered a low cry of terror. Instantly the light was extinguished, the figures vanished, and the whole Cathedral was in pitch darkness. Sick, horrified, praying, and half-swooning, the fishermen rowed madly away.

They had seen enough ; for in that moment of horror they had not only perceived the terrible Saint so dear to God, but had recognised in the figure at his feet, which was doubtless doing some dreadful penance for iniquities to mankind, the horrid lineaments of the EVIL ONE himself!


(To be continued.)



MY OCEAN LOG

FROM NEWCASTLE TO BRISBANE.

BY RED SPINNER.

 ENGLAND is doubly dear to the man who has left it: yet it has when the fit seizes it—and that is not seldom—a villainous climate. In days to come, when homesickness gnaws at the heart, the emigrant may yearn even for English fogs and east winds, but never can he desire to pass through two such days as those which marked the commencement of this long voyage of mine.

The Tyne is a fine river—for business purposes; and, as aquatic men are aware, some excellent boating is done upon its turbid tide. Far up in the country the young stream adds to the beauty of Northumberland landscape, and affords good sport to the angler. But the scenery from Newcastle to Tynemouth is, to put it in the mildest form, depressing—ay, depressing under the most flattering conditions. The patriot who loves to behold material signs of his country's prosperity cannot do better than steam up the Tyne; the artist going forth in search of the beautiful should choose another way. The outward-bound traveller wishing for final glimpses of home that shall be pleasant to recall upon distant shores could not do a worse thing than sail from the Tyne on a foggy January afternoon, when the smoke hangs like a funeral pall over the grimy docks and dingy river banks and the gloom penetrates one's inner being.

The east coast of England has neither the variety of the indented western shores of our islands nor the bold characteristics of the southern cliff land, but it has its agreeable points. At any rate it is better than none. So thought we all as, the land wholly obscured, our noble vessel crawled through the foggy night at slow speed, the dismal steam-whistle hooting at frequent intervals to warn other belated ships of our neighbourhood. After trying our best during four-and-twenty hours of thick fog and piercing cold the anchor was cast and, according to the maritime law in such cases made and provided, the clangorous bell, in lieu of the whistle, was kept going night and day. There is no such dangerous or disagreeable

navigation as that in the shoal water of which the Goodwin Sands are a dreaded and terminating feature.

We were lying somewhere near that fishing ground which in two short papers in the *Gentleman's Magazine* I have previously attempted to describe; * to me, therefore, it was a kind of native heath. Now and then my old friends the fishing vessels came and went ghostlike, magnified by the fog into gigantic and weird figures. During a partial clearance of the thickness a smack appeared a short distance at sea, and we found some occupation in watching the men shooting their long line for cod fishing. This is purely a winter pursuit of the East Anglian fishermen, and is by some conducted not far from shore. The majority of the fleet which in the herring season I had seen busy with their drift nets are now trawling in the North Sea; the trim yacht-like cutter which in the afternoon sailed across our bows towards land was one of the fleet carriers whose business it is to convey the smacksman's hauls to shore. As far distant as the eye could stretch in the miserable yellow haze you might descry a keg-like buoy floating in the sea, conspicuous afar by reason of a blue flag fluttering from its head. This was the termination of the cod line which we had watched the men in the boat shoot out from the smack. It was an immensely long line, and attached to it by snoods six or seven feet long were probably a hundred or a hundred and twenty hooks baited with sand lance, mussel, or morsels of fresh white fish. Cod is the one sea-fish that is caught only by hook and line as a matter of habitual business, and when the creature does bite he takes the bait freely. I have heard of three hundred fine cod captured by one boat during a single night of long line fishing.

The line having been shot across the tide the crew of our smack in view proceeded to fish with hand lines from the deck of their craft; and in default of better employment our first officer kindly got out such tackle as the steamer carried and we attempted a little angling on our own account. But our lines were too coarse and we had nothing but butchers' meat for bait. To state this is tantamount to saying that our labours were in vain, for the small fish which alone were likely to cross our station were not to be caught in so ignominious a manner. Nevertheless we tried perseveringly, and deserved better fortune than befell us in our last bit of angling in English waters.

Oh! how well one knew whither those birds were bound; nor was

* December 1874, and December 1875.

it without a pang that one speculated as to when, if ever, one should again breathe the pure air of those splendid Broads which in winter teem with wild fowl, and from whose waters in the quietude of many a summer morning one had captured the shining bream until one's arms ached with the exercise. Doubtless as the short January day was hastening to its close, and as we paced the deck and called up many a delightful angling reminiscence, the gunners and punters were out upon the muddy banks of the creeks, in their flat-bottomed boats, looking after ducks and geese, and bagging an occasional *rara avis* driven thither during the storms of the previous month. Why, but a week since, a piscatorial friend in one of the loveable angling clubs of town had filled me with envy and desire as he told his experiences with yacht and gun upon this coast, and to-day each land-bound bird seemed to be a messenger from that snug room with Buckland's grand cast of the giant pike taken at Windsor on the sideboard, a tray of fine perch, pike, and roach fresh from the Thames on the table, and Rolfe's inimitable pictures (the genial artist was himself one of the company) interspersed with the stuffed fish on the walls. Oh! excellent true Waltonians, Stanley anglers and West-end piscatorials, when shall I look upon your like again? But a truce to grizzling.

It was not till the morning of the third day that we were emancipated from the bondage of fog and shoal, and able to put our pilot over the side in the Downs. Then the voyage commenced in good earnest; familiar landmarks passed in review; at night the brilliant beacon of St. Catherine's at the back of the Isle of Wight gleamed boldly over the waters, and a soft haze of light brooding over the land marked the whereabouts of Ventnor, where, one might dare assert, midwinter though it were, you could find a bouquet of flowers in the open air. Next evening, as a farewell token, came Start Point. One traveller was there upon the deck who looked long and wistfully towards the Devonshire shore, albeit its outlines were indistinct. That wistful looker was on the feet of fancy roaming booted and basketed over bonny Dartmoor, picking out its delicate little trout from the purling brooks; was climbing the Tors into an atmosphere of dry champagne, to feast the eye upon the lovely panorama that stretched between his moorland standpoint and the Cornish hills in the west. In his pocket-book there was, as there had been by accident during the two previous years, a specimen fly known to Devonshire anglers as the Meavy Red, and he must forsooth bring it forth to inspect it in the uncertain flicker of the binnacle lamp, and wonder if that tiny artificial insect would again be cast upon any waters. Eight Bells cut the reverie short. It was appropriate that Milton's lines should

that very evening fall in my way, for a truer description of what was lying in our wake could not be :—

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the landscape round it measures.
Russet lawns and fallows grey
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

And now being fairly at sea may I be allowed the luxury of open confession? I have no objection to plead that there is something more resounding—call it pretentious if you will—than correct in the title chosen for this paper. A “log” should be distinguished above all its other qualities by the painful minuteness of its details: it should bristle with facts and abound with figures. In this sense “My Ocean Log” will be a rank imposition; it is only as the fancy hits me that I enter my paragraphs, and it does not hang heavy upon my conscience if the topic which intrudes itself is but indirectly connected with the voyage.

Would the fortunate gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease be surprised to discover that in these days an ocean trip is apt to be an extremely humdrum affair? A journey of between seventeen and eighteen thousand miles, extending over say a couple of months, might, perhaps, be expected to produce a heavy crop of exciting adventures. But such is not my experience. A veritable log of our voyage from England to Australia would be no doubt more interesting than “Bradshaw's Railway Guide,” but not much. The fact is, there is nothing new in these days: we know all about everything; and there is no denying that steam, while it has given us rapidity of communication and conveniences and luxuries which never entered into the conceptions of the mariners of the wooden-wall period, has introduced a wonderfully prosaic element into travel. The man who used to sail round the world was a hero, now he is merely a globe trotter. For which and other reasons I post up “My Ocean Log” after my own fashion, and on the assumption that the reader knows as much of the chart of the route as the writer himself.

Suppose we take then, at a bound, the Bay of Biscay? This is an expanse of water with which all the terrors of the ocean are associated, and, as we know full well, many a gallant ship has been

drawn down into its treacherous depths. But the experienced sailors on board assure me that storms in "the Bay" are the exception rather than the rule : that they are awful when they do rage, but that on the whole there are many other latitudes more dreaded by the mariner. We naturally expected to meet with a rude Biscayan reception in the month of January, but we encountered nothing unpleasant save a ludicrous rolling motion due rather to some previous disturbance than to present tempest. The dark billows had never a crest, and were scarcely curled by the breeze ; but they were long and high notwithstanding—very innocent and smiling of countenance but downright teasers in their actual effects. A steadier or better sea-boat, or a better handled, than the *Queensland* never sailed the seas, but she was compelled to give in to the Bay of Biscay : after a few gallant attempts at resistance she rolled until the decks described angles of from twenty to thirty degrees.

If you intend to travel on the ocean never write a book about shipwrecks. That was an enormity I once perpetrated, as I had good cause to remember during the first night's roll and racket in the Bay of Biscay O. Disasters that had long since, as I imagined, escaped my memory were brought to mind by some evil spirit which took a delight in marshalling the details in their most harrowing form. "Look you, my brave comrade," it would whisper, "you pretend that you are enjoying the fun of this midnight uproar, the portmanteau rushing after the hatbox, the glasses crashing in the saloon, the cabin floor the arena of contending pieces of furniture. Remember, it was in the Bay of Biscay the *Kent* East Indiaman was lost through just such reeling as this ; here went down the ill-fated *Amazon* ; and what of the *London* with her 230 lives, or the *Captain* with her 500 brave blue jackets ?" In this manner the memories of bygone work arose to haunt the dreams and harry the dozer. In one sense I had my revenge, however, for falling half asleep I dreamt I was jack-fishing at Luton' Hoo, a privilege so rare that I strove to make the most of it. It seemed to be an immense float that was bobbing up and down ; but there are big fish in those waters, and the bait, from the motion it imparted to the float, was lusty and lively. By-and-by this large round float began to sink lower and lower and lower, and what a splendid run it was ! Aye. The circular porthole upon which I had fixed a dreamy gaze had with the roll of the ship gone down as my berth came up, and the water obscuring it for a while accounted for its final disappearance. Altogether that was a funny night in the Bay of Biscay, and the steward had not many passengers to wait upon at the next breakfast table.

The sea-gulls, being the only living creatures to look at for days together, obtained a lion's share of attention. You cannot angle for gulls as you do for the wandering albatross; that is to say, you may angle for them if you choose, but it will be to no purpose. The gull is a sufficiently pretty bird, but it is not what is called interesting. And what is the use of shooting it? Few commanders of a large steamer would be willing to stop their ship in her proud career of twelve knots an hour, and man and lower a boat, to pick up the fowl which an idle passenger had shot. Else we might have brought down several which, wheeling over the stern, presented that favourable under-view of the breast which is anything but favourable to the bird under the observation of a good marksman. We had gulls at all times around us in the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, and the pretty black and white winged kittiwake was frequent as we neared the Spanish coast. In the Mediterranean one afternoon I noticed a fine brown-backed fellow amongst the flock that followed us to pick up whatever unconsidered trifles the cook gave to the waves. The bird's left leg was dangling, as if broken—a particularly noticeable disarrangement of the gull's physical economy, considering the compact manner in which in flight its pink legs and feet are tucked under its shapely body. In other respects too the bird was noticeable; it was larger than its comrades, its wings were stronger, and it was always in the forefront, and boldest of all in circling over the poop. About the same time next day what must have been the identical bird still flew in our wake, and there it remained at dusk. In the four-and-twenty hours the steamer had made two hundred and fifty knots in the teeth of a strong head wind; it was almost incredible that a bird could have performed this feat of endurance, but the evidence was overwhelming.

A starling boarded us in the Mediterranean, a stray, panting, tired-out castaway, that must have hailed from the dusky mountainous coast of Algeria, about twenty miles off. Starlings are not in the habit of making journeys except in large flocks, and one would like to have heard the story, perhaps tragical, perhaps romantic, of this feathered wail's unfortunate flight. It was at its last extremity when it reached the ship and perched upon the gunwale of the captain's gig; after a few minutes' rest it was able to take a feeble flight into the shrouds, to which higher refuge it was driven by an attempted capture by one of the crew. The bird, in lieu of the trim and prettily marked plumage of good condition, was a rumped mass of faded feathers. The men chivied it from point to point until it reached the main yard. When the field was clear it descended,

very warily watching all the time, and enjoyed a hearty feed from the poultry coop. It took leave of the ship some time during the night. A day or two previously a couple of large hornets gave us a passing call, having been tempted fifteen or eighteen miles from their sunny haunts in Estremadura by a light wind from the land. Under similar conditions butterflies have been seen over a hundred miles at sea.

A very jolly set of dogs the porpoises appear to be: quite the Mark Tapleys of the sea. Even in captivity, when deprived of the society of their playfellows, they are admirable examples of making the best of things. A specimen that lived for a while and died lamented in the Brighton Aquarium used to dart from the farthest limits of its spacious tank at the sound of a whistle, and would take its food gently and mannerly from Mr. Henry Lee's hands. (If the porpoise were a fish this would be proof positive that fish can hear; as it is, it proves that sound travels readily under water.) This intelligent member of the whale family was a mature specimen, weighing about seventy pounds, and it ultimately died of diseased liver—too much to eat and nothing to do. A smaller porpoise when I saw it in the same tank was full of life and jovial pranks; but it died in the course of a week, and it has always been found equally difficult to keep porpoises on exhibition. The sea is their proper sphere, and right pleasant it was to watch them in every variety of gambol.

Porpoises we saw everywhere—members of the same order, at any rate, though perhaps of different families. Sometimes they would be small, and sometimes seven feet long, but, light or heavy as their carcasses might be, their spirits were at what the poet would call the "highest top-sparkle." They, of course, have their feelings like other folk, and cannot always be in the same mood. Thus to-day they would rise gently like trout, merely touching the surface to blow and disappearing noiselessly the moment that necessary function was performed. To-morrow they would leap six or seven feet clear out of the water, as if engaged in a high-jump contest, and at such times we could take stock not only of their sleek hides but of their sly little eyes. In the morning they would be seen rolling over lazily with that arched back which leads many people to entertain a very erroneous opinion of the animal's shape; in the afternoon they would try their speed against that of the ship, and in every case would out-distance her. We entertained ourselves by backing our favourites, and some excellent sport they gave us. A shoal of eight on one occasion ranged up close to the ship, and without any apparent effort kept a level pace until, apparently

satisfying themselves that the *Queensland* was their inferior, they gave a frisky plunge out of the water, shot ahead at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and in very wantonness darted across the stem before going down into the blue depths with a flourish. In the shoal you would generally find one or two specially "larky" individuals who were clever at maintaining a sinuous course, at vaulting head over heels, at imitating the flight of a bird, and at turning and twisting so that you could contrast the dark greenish-brown back with the dirty white underclothing. If sometimes they rose like trout, at others they would, also like trout, of a sudden, without any apparent cause, cease playing and withdraw from our gaze. The smallest porpoises were those off Cape St. Vincent. They were, perhaps, under twenty pounds in weight. The largest were leaping high in the air off the Island of Ceylon, and there were specimens amongst them that could not be far short of two hundredweight each.

The good Saint Anthony must have been a humourist if he preached that sermon to the fishes. By great good luck one of the books in the ship's library contained Addison's translation of the homily, and after enjoying it over a Friday afternoon cigar somewhere near the pigeon-haunted island of Pantellaria I copied an extract or two for the benefit of my readers who may not have met with the composition. The saint, it should be known, disgusted because the heretics paid no heed to his discourses, went down to the shores of the Adriatic and summoned a finny congregation. Forthwith the fish came swimming around in multitudes, ranged themselves in their tribes and households apart into "a very beautiful congregation," and listened with devout attention to the saint. He, wondering and delighted at the spectacle, found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul and an inner prompting that bade him discourse. The legend narrates that the preacher employed the orthodox mode, "My dearly beloved fish," and went on to point out that fishes have to be thankful for many special mercies. "For," he observed :—

Notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tossed among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold; notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine greatness shows itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The Holy Scripture has also made use of you as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

The preacher next reminded the fishes from Whom they received being, life, motion, and sense, and, in compliance with their own

inclinations, the whole world of waters for their habitation, observing of the latter—

It is He that hath furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottoes, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings or in the palaces of princes. You have the waters for your dwellings, a clear transparent element brighter than crystal; you can see from its deepest bottom everything that passes on its surface; you have the eyes of a Lynx or an Argus, you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in everything that is beneficial to you, and avoiding everything that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves and to propagate your species; you obey in all your actions, works, and motions the dictates and suggestions of Nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

The colds of winter and the heats of summer are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky is indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruit or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains, thunders, lightnings, and earthquakes; you have no concerns in the blossoms of spring or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years, the variableness of the weather or the change of seasons.

At the conclusion of Saint Anthony's sermon the fish, every angler will be proud to hear, bowed their heads with becoming humility, moving their bodies up and down as if approving of the good words that had been spoken.

If this article should meet the eye of any lover of angling who is likely to be spending any time in the Suez Canal, may I suggest that he should not forget to include fishing-rod and tackle in his kit? From what I saw and heard of the abundance of fish in these waters it would, indeed, be almost worth the while of a man of leisure to go to Port Said or Ismailia for the express purpose of sport, especially if he also cared for wild-fowl shooting. Lazy Arab fishermen, in high-prowed boats, not twenty yards from the Port Said wharves, standing picturesquely in the bows of their boats with nought but a wisp of cloth round their loins, made feeble casts with their nets and were instantly rewarded with a dozen or twenty fish. This was enough to satisfy their modest wants, and, their bronze skin shining with the wet, they pulled leisurely ashore, cooked their spoil over the embers, squatted on their hams to eat their meal, and fell asleep, where they ate, for the rest of the day. Mullet were plentiful, and a large fish salmon-shaped and prettily tinted with pink and grey. Sea bream and a number of fish new to me were on sale in the fish market. In the Arab village the native fish shops were in the open air and generally by the side of a gutter not half so savoury as the fried fish. The negro boys seemed to have a sweet tooth in the direction of fried fish, and so did the spectral curs which, in Port

Said as in other Egyptian and Turkish towns, do the work of public scavengers.

The Canal itself swarms with fish, which are taken in considerable numbers by the sailors anchoring in the sidings for the night. The mullet rarely take bait, but the salmon-shaped fish above referred to, sea bream, a sea perch, and cat-fish are not at all fastidious. They prefer a whitebait description of small fry first, after this a cockle, but do not reject pork or beef. The native anglers use fine hooks and lines and no rods. Had we not by ill luck consigned our rods and spinning-flights to the hold, "not to be used on the voyage," I am convinced we might have employed our time most pleasantly and profitably during the many hours we were doomed to linger in the Canal. The native fishermen, chiefly Egyptian-Arabs, might be seen stealing silently into the Canal at nightfall, and at very early morn they would be in the market with the results of their night's hook-and-line work—in some instances fifty pounds of fish and over, all of good size, and, until breakfast-time, good quality too, and of a dozen different varieties. After nine or ten o'clock fish in hot climates can no longer be called fresh. The fishing is conducted on the old-fashioned system to which we are accustomed at our English watering-places, and with the varying fortune to which fishermen in all climes and times are resigned. The oriental—and I presume the Port Said Arab is of that generic multitude—does not lust after a meat-laden table, but is generally satisfied with very frugal fare; fish, however, are favourite morsels everywhere.

At Ismailia we contrived to rig up some kind of tackle—cross-stick, gut, hooks, and ordinary deep-sea lines. The promises held out to us were not realised, but I did contrive to catch a brace of the beautiful fish that I hold would have taken a spinning or live bait as keenly as pike or trout. The French pilots informed me that it is called the Bitter Lake trout, and that it is abundant in the Canal and all the lakes connected with it. But for its perch-like dorsal fin it might pass anywhere for a well-fed, handsome, deeply-speckled sea-trout; and I can answer for its game character, although my specimens were not over half a pound in weight. The seamen anchoring in the lake frequently, according to trustworthy accounts, catch fish enough in an hour or two to supply the tables for a couple of days. The Waltonians in turbans and flowing robes, who came on board in the mornings with their night's spoil, thought nothing of fish of this kind eight or nine pounds in weight, and splendid specimens they were. I dare say I ought to be able to give the name of this fish, but I must confess it was new to me. It seemed as plentiful in the Greater

and Lesser Bitter Lakes as in Lake Timsah ; and, on the latter half of the Canal, fishermen sitting on the sand or in their rude feluccas and baking hard in the sun waited patiently for a communication from the bottom to their forefinger.

At Ismailia one afternoon—for a break-down of the engines, brand new from a Tyne shipbuilding yard, detained us in Lake Timsah for eight-and-forty hours—I cut me a reed from the way-side, a lissome cane rod, fifteen feet in length and tapering from an inch in diameter to a point. To this I attached an ancient fly-tracing, and having cut the wings and body from a cinnamon fly that killed a fine trout last year in a Surrey meadow kneedeep in grass and flowers, and having by the gift of a few centimes persuaded a black-eyed young Arabling to fetch a small heap of cockles, I proceeded to angle from the jetty, in the company of a couple of donkey boys whose love of sport tempted them to neglect their duties and to come in for as neat a drubbing when detected as any old world pedagogue would desire. The young rascals I regret to say caught nothing but their whacking, while there seemed to be no limit to the number of three inch fry falling to my share. They were either mullet or a charmingly tinted bream, but always the small fish preying about the woodwork. The engineer of one of the pilot boats stepped ashore and in a minute caught two silversides, just the things for live or dead bait fishing, and for that purpose he used them, threading a large single hook through the skin of the side and hurling the bait with a pound and a half of lead far out into the lake. He said he generally took a fish as long as his arm when he tried.

The proverb mentions a certain unnameable person as not so bad as he is painted. I will mention the Red Sea—speaking of seas as I found them—in that conjunction. That it was the cool season in those regions I knew, but I had been led to expect a gradual frying even in January. The temperature in fact was extremely enjoyable, as it had been from the time of our entrance into the Mediterranean ; it was not till we were much nearer the equator than the outlet to the Red Sea that we began to know what heat really meant. The scenery on either side of the Gulf of Suez is very wild and at times romantically sterile. One side was as bad as the other. It may be, as I have somewhere read, that the Peninsula of Sinai is geographically, geologically, and archæologically one of the most interesting places in the world, but it is not a whit the more attractive to the general traveller for those intrinsic merits. If the western side was not more fertile in the early days of the world than it is now the Israelites did not gain much by their flight

from the fleshpots of Pharaoh. The lofty hills skirting the tableland of the interior may be, and certainly are, grand in their outline, but it cannot be forgotten that they stand sentinel over the Wilderness of the Wanderings. The sides of the hills and rocks appear to have been calcined by a terrible convulsion, and in places to have been seared as with a hot iron. The occasional glimpses of Arabia and Nubia as you pass down the Red Sea are of the same hard, burnt, treeless character, and the only attractiveness lies in the fantastic forms of the granite peaks and spurs. These, looked at with the most interesting historical associations as motive power, are of course not to be neglected, but the observer who had recently been reading highly coloured accounts of what the Prince of Wales was to wonder at in his passage through the Red Sea would not obtain the superb views he had been led to expect.

It was in the Indian Ocean that we had what I may be permitted to call a great flying fish field day. Up to that time we had been a good deal disappointed at the non-appearance of this extraordinary little creature. On sea, as on shore, as I found out more and more every day, rules have their exceptions. Naturalist friends at home, and the officers on board, had led me to believe that the Mediterranean would certainly introduce us to the flying fish, and it was hinted that we should probably find them there in even wearisome numbers. But it was not so. Day by day, watch after watch, I swept the waters with my glass, and fixed the sea with my glittering eye; scouts in the bows and scouts in midships were changed to keep the fire of scrutiny alive with the coals of hope. But never a flying fish was to be seen, though of the thirty species which the genus comprises several if not the majority are known to favour the Mediterranean. The Red Sea in the matter of flying fish proved to be likewise a blank. Now and again we fancied that certain *dim*, distant, and half palpable specks fitting like meteorettes over the crests of the billows were the long-looked-for link between bird and fish, and in very truth such they might have been, though to be sure they might equally have been scatterings of fugitive foam, white seabirds, or torn fragments of paper cast to the winds by the idle passengers of other ships. The Indian Ocean, however, amply rewarded our patience, and gave us abundant opportunities of examining the so-called "Sleeper-out" (*Exacætus Volitans*), as well as it could be examined without actual handling and dissection.

(To be continued.)

FALL OF KING AMADEO.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.



OTHER causes helped, no doubt, but the more immediate cause of the King's fall was want of money: a perennial evil in the Calle de Alcala and in the Palace at Madrid.

My first object in going to Madrid in 1872 was to see Don Ruy Gomez, Minister of Finance, chief member of Zorilla's Government, and to learn by trial whether that gentleman could be induced, for the honour of his country, to put an end to the old system of swindling the foreign creditors of Spain.

Every one knows that Spain is a great borrower of money; every one knows that London is a place where money is borrowed by emperors, kings, presidents, and ministers. In the last days of King Amadeo Spain owed about a hundred and sixty millions sterling to her foreign creditors: a very large portion of which she owed to her English bondholders. For several years that country has been using her creditors shabbily; failing to pay the interest on their debt, and laughing in their faces when they hinted that coupons were falling due. It is not to be expected that a man will love his creditor as himself, especially if he comes of proud and ancient stock, and his creditor is nothing more than a butcher, or baker, or candle-stick maker. Now, your Spanish hidalgo is a man of proud and ancient race, with a back as stiff as a column, and a pedigree as long as that of Charles the Fifth. "Our obligations," he exclaims—your true hidalgo never speaks of debts—"are guaranteed by the honour of Spain." What more can money-lender want? Surely his savings must be safe with a hidalgo who can pledge the honour of such a land as Spain! He hands them over, and receives his dividends with a thankful heart—so long as they arrive. At length they fail. "What now?" he asks. "Ah, di me," replies the great hidalgo, "there has been a fire—a flood—a mutiny—a bad harvest—a cattle-plague; cash payments are deferred, but you can have your dividend paid in bonds." The lender gets annoyed. "Why don't you pay your debts in cash?" Hidalgo smiles in an unpleasant way. "Why, so I would, if I only knew where to borrow the money." But the lender has some weapons left. He forms a committee; he sends out a

commissioner ; he opens fire on the unpunctual Minister. Ministers are men, especially Ministers of Finance. Men may be baited as well as badgers. You can make his hole too hot. If his case is very bad, you may drive him into Ministerial suicide.

What happens when a Spanish Minister resigns? The Funds go down. There is a crisis in Madrid. Usually there is a rising in some sergeant's guard-room. Confidence in the ruling power is shaken ; not unfrequently the edifice of cards comes rattling down. A Ministry may be upset ; a dynasty may be overthrown.

A knowledge of such facts is something of a weapon in your hand.

Alighting at the Fonda de Paris, you glance at the opposite balconies of the Minister of Finance with something like the feeling of a man who stands at the end of a train of powder, the firing of which will blow up a great fortress and decide the fate of a great empire.

My credentials began :—

October 9th, 1872.

. You have rendered such valuable aid by your counsel and co-operation on many matters of importance to public interests that on learning that you are going to Madrid it is natural to ask your intervention with the Spanish Government. The moment is one that is critical with the Liberal party in Spain, to the progress of which you have been a well-wisher, and with the leaders of which you have great influence.

After this flourish came a long paragraph on the part which certain parties had taken before a committee of the Stock Exchange, and then followed a statement of the situation in Madrid as things were seen from the bondholder's point of view.

The Spanish Government has prepared certain measures for obtaining accommodation and assistance from the holders of the foreign debt, which are based on the convention entered into with the late Ministry. It is much to be regretted that the Ministers have not earlier put themselves in consultation with because their propositions bear the appearance of too great assertion of the demands of Spain, and too little consideration for the concessions to be made by the national creditors, while the details have been adjusted with the financial establishment concerned in the new loan, which has naturally a greater disposition to regard its own exigencies than the wishes of the bondholders.

It is under these circumstances that your influence may be usefully exerted. . .

My main purpose was to serve the bondholders ; but my clients were convinced that no other way remained of saving the dynasty.

On reaching Madrid I found the reign of King Amadeo drawing to a close. The King still rode in the Prado, smoked in the bull-ring, dined and slept in the Palace ; but his friends seemed few in number, timid in expression, and of no great weight in the political

scale. The Queen, a striking figure, with a lovely face, attended mass and gave her soul to acts of charity. She was admired, not loved. Her taste was fine, her life was pure. No one could say of her, as every one had said of Isabel, that she was "every inch a Spaniard." In the position of those royal personages there was something romantic and something grotesque. A young and gallant soldier, Amadeo had left the luxury and repose of Italy in answer to a call from General Prim. He had been told that an Italian prince, of gallant spirit and popular manners, might give a Catholic and yet a Liberal Government to Spain. On coming to Madrid he found the mangled body of his chief supporter at the gate. Without a pause he entered, putting his life in the assassin's hands. His queen soon joined him in his lonely state. He dared the worst, riding about the streets without a guard—the aim of every bravo's knife and every fanatic's slug. Some people pitied him; still more admired him; but whether they pitied or admired him, they watched him only as a stranger, with the curiosity that might have been inspired by any other royal guest. "A nice young fellow—sits his horse well," you heard men mutter with approving nods. "When does he mean to leave?" All persons seemed to wish him well—and out of their way.

In the Puerto del Sol, in the Café Suizo, in the smoking-room of the Cortes, every one was talking of a change in public affairs. A mutiny had broken out in the fleet at Ferrol, and the royal troops had been repulsed in an attempt to storm the arsenal. Cadiz was expected to follow in the wake of Ferrol, and repeat the movement which had driven out Queen Isabel and carried Prim, Topete, and Serrano into power. Navarre was much disturbed. Don Carlos was supposed to be in Spain, though he had not yet announced his presence by a formal act. Cataluña was unsafe. A party of pious pilgrims, going from Manresa to the Virgin's shrine on Montserrat, were captured by a gang of ruffians and held to ransom, with no more sentiment than if the party had been a company of rich heretical Americans. Seville, Malaga, and Barcelona were excited. Clerical meetings were called in Burgos, and Republican assemblies in Valladolid. Worse sign of all, the capital was in a sullen and contemptuous mood. Persons who knew the revolutionary quarters of Madrid assured me that the smallest accident—the explosion of a pistol, the arrest of a cabman—might suffice at any hour to send up barricades. If barricades ran up, the King might be taken prisoner—and the ghost of Emperor Maximilian stood before our eyes!

The first necessity of King Amadeo was a loan. In trying to

negotiate that loan with foreign bankers and contractors, Don Ruy Gomez, Minister of Finance, was fighting for his place as well as for his King.

No Minister of Finance has ever yet been able to satisfy Spain, for she demands a service at his hands which is hardly to be achieved by human wit. She asks her Minister to rob her creditor and yet preserve her credit! She requires a man who, while she stops the payment of her dividends in either whole or part, will keep intact the power of making further loans! It is a trick, she thinks, this matter of procuring loans and squaring dividends—and from her semi-oriental nature she believes in wizards, medicine-men, and other charlatans who profess the art of doing tricks.

A Minister presents a budget highly favourable to the State. Hurrah! Up go all caps—for him. 'The foreigner is done!—the Minister is a man. A loan will set things right, and give that medicine-man a lease of power! Then comes the rub. No one will lend a cent. Why not? The Spaniards, on attempting to borrow money, find they have forfeited the confidence of every one who owns a dollar, and instead of getting money they are maddened by abuse and persecuted by duns. Once more they see the trick has failed; but their belief in tricks remains. The trick, they say, was not well done, and so they fail to get the cash. Then, in their anger, they kick the unsuccessful humbug out of office, and engage some other charlatan to make and deal the cards afresh.

When Amadeo entered Spain the foreign debt was placed, on the honour of Spain, under the solemn guarantee of the new monarchical constitution. What more could man—and money-lender—want? Honour of Spain, and guarantee of the new monarchical constitution! Some Governments, such as Turkey and Russia, had pledged special revenues, and Governments in general pledge the national credit, as security for the national debt; but what King before Amadeo had ever thought of pledging the "honour" and the "constitution" of his country for the payment of her dividends?

Don Ruy Gomez reigned in a great palace in the Calle de Alcalá. Ministers in Spain are nobly lodged; soft carpets, gilded chambers, select chairs, obsequious servitors on every side. In an ante-room to the Minister's cabinet sat an aged clerk, serenely smoking a cigarette. He raised his eyes, and nodded at my companion, a deputy, who had more than once held a portfolio. "You know that person?" asked the deputy. "No; he is a secretary perhaps?" "Hush!" the deputy whispered in my ear, "*he* is the Minister of Finance. For many years he has framed the budgets.

Isabel or Amadeo is the same to him. Moderato or Progressisto is the same to him. Every Minister employs him, for nobody else understands the public accounts." We turned to look at him as a messenger 'passed into the cabinet with our cards. In answer to some hints of mine the deputy added: "In three days that person will make you a budget to order—well arranged, neatly written, fit to present, and above the reach of criticism. You merely say, according to your party needs, Make me a budget showing a deficit; make me a budget showing a balance: in a few hours you have his labour on your desk."

As I stepped into the Ministerial sanctum I thought of some accounts I had once seen in Cairo, and whispered to myself that the old saw is true—Africa begins at the Pyrenees. Don Ruy was bland and sweet, with the air of Ismail Pasha when the astute Egyptian wants to negotiate a loan.

Don Ruy's budget had been laid before the Cortes and well received, for he had taken care to cut out his predecessor, Comacho, by giving to his treatment of the outer debt an appearance of his having thoroughly spoiled the foreigner. A new loan had been arranged with the Banque de Paris and the Banque des Pays Bas; but the success of this new loan was likely to turn very much on the fact of his getting the assent of my clients, the foreign creditors, to the proposal in his budget. Here I held some of his cards and was a factor in his game.

My mission had two parts: first to prevent, if possible, the Minister from taxing the foreign debt; second, to obtain an equitable payment of the dividends on that debt.

Taxing foreign creditors for the benefit of Spain was and is a favourite idea with Financial Ministers in Madrid. They look on their debt as so much property, and want to tax a deficit as though it were an asset. That is the oriental way. My introduction said on this point:—"You will see on perusal of the budget that it fails in many essentials. Thus the controversy, which so seriously affected confidence in Spain, having regard to an attempt to tax external bonds, the exemption is only expressed by an incidental reference to the liability of internal bonds. There must be a clear and unequivocal expression and acceptance of the public financial law of the world as to the non-liability to taxation of external bonds."

On this point I had no great trouble with his excellency. What I had to press for was a promise, not an act, and promises are easily made in oriental Spain. After ten minutes' debate Don Ruy gave me a clear and strong assurance that no attempt should ever again

be made to tax the foreign bondholders. Don Ruy is a bold man ; since he answered, not only for himself, but for his successors in office. Like Mr. Lowe at the Exchequer, he was then quite confident of being his "own successor." The new monarchical constitution had placed the foreign debt under the protection of the honour of Spain. "I will maintain that principle," said his excellency, with fervour ; " nay, I will proclaim it in the Cortes !" Well, his promise, as I felt, was something gained. Don Ruy might, or might not, be his own successor. Spanish Ministers of Finance, like Turkish Ministers of Finance, rarely stay in office more than five or six months. His words would hardly bind himself, much less another man. Yet, seeing that the world goes on by yea and nay, it was something to have got from him a plain declaration of principle. (Let me add, as something to the good account, that this promise has been kept. Since that day Spain has had to pass through many fires, but she has never threatened to renew her tax on the foreign debt. Perhaps her self-denial springs from the fact of her being unable to pay her dividends in cash !)

Amadeo had pledged the constitution, so that the security for his foreign debt was now as solid as his throne !

While I was staying at the Fonda de Paris, in daily intercourse with Don Ruy, an incident occurred which made most men merry, and a few men grave. Those who were nearest to the King, I noticed, laughed with a peculiar dropping of the chin. They hardly seemed to like the joke.

On the doorsteps of the new palace of the new Constitutional Cortes crouched two new lions. They were meant as symbols ; from the royal mane down to the pert and defiant tail. Cast in solid and enduring metal, these royal beasts, the representatives of kingly power, were placed at the entrance of the chamber as guardians of the new constitutional monarchy. One morning every passer by observed that one of these bronze royalties had lost his tail. Some wags had come upon him in the night, had taken him at a disadvantage, and had shorn him of his hinder part. What food for party sarcasm ! What is the Cortes without its lion ? What is the lion without its tail ? Courtiers were in despair. An officer of the household ran to sculptors and metal-casters. Let the royal symbol be repaired, the purloined tail restored. Madrid, a grave and sober town, was ringing with merriment. But how was courtier to repair his loss ? A lion's tail is part of the lion. To cast a tail, you must cast the whole animal ; but in a city like Madrid the casting of a big bronze lion is a work of time. The Cortes could not wait for a new lion to

be cast. A tail must be got at once, and soldered to the mutilated beast. The sculptor laughed, the courtier winced; the situation being too comic, and the application of the whole parable to King Amadeo too plain. But the true irony lay in the facts, and could not be put out of sight. A tail was made and soldered on; but the effect was far from happy in a political sense. If you cannot unfire a gun, neither can you smooth away the ripple of a jest. When people have begun to laugh, a lion with a soldered tail is just as funny in their eyes as a lion without a tail. Let the royal beast attempt to whisk a fly from his nose! For days you could not name the Constitutional Cortes in society without provoking shouts of mirth—that cynical laughter that consumes like fire.

On every hand the constitutional monarchy of Amadeo was said to be that lion with a soldered tail.

My second object was to induce Don Ruy to adopt an honest method of paying the foreign dividends. The proposal of his budget was to pay these dividends in full: partly in cash and partly by fresh bonds. He was to pay—

Two-thirds of the amount in cash,
One-third of the amount in Spanish stock.

This proposal had been accepted in principle by the English bondholders, but there was a detail in the Spanish budget to resist. Don Ruy meant to pay his "third" in stock at fifty, when the market price of that stock was only thirty. Here was *his* trick, by which he hoped to cheat the foreigners and gratify the Spaniards. My instructions were precise—

The proposition to pay the one-third of the dividends in Three per Cent. stock at a fictitious price is of course exposed to severe criticism and reflection. The offer of stock worth thirty at the price of fifty is nothing but a form of bankruptcy injurious to the Government and the bondholders.

I asked Don Ruy to do his country a service and the bondholders an act of justice by paying the "third" in stock at the market price. He was annoyed at these proposals, all the more as they had been his own proposals in the previous year before he accepted office as a Minister. I took from my pocket a copy of the "*Diario de las Sesiones de Cortes*," and showed him a report of one of his own speeches, not yet ten months old, in which he had told the Cortes, as an independent deputy, that if he were Finance Minister he would begin the great reform of Spanish credit by acknowledging the sacred obligation of the foreign debt, and paying the interest on that debt in full.

"All that was spoken from the Opposition benches," he replied,

quite coolly, as if that were all that need be said. Unhappily, such language is familiar to a Spaniard. When Rivero entered office as Minister of the Interior he was pledged to abolish the conscription. He forgot his pledge, and when his friend Figueras taunted him in the Chamber with being false to his principles, he answered that speaking as a deputy was one thing, speaking as a Minister another thing, and that the conscription could not be abolished!

There is a part of this little history of my negotiations in Madrid that cannot yet be written down. "The Banque de Paris writes to me," said Don Ruy, "that I should be a fool to pay the 'third' at market price, since we might as well pay the whole in cash. In fact, they offer to buy the bonds—in other words, to lend me the money—at market price. Why then should I give way?" Other people had reasons of their own for compromise; and Don Ruy, who had agents in London, regular and irregular, persuaded some of the English holders to accept his terms—for fear of having to submit to worse. I draw the veil here, as I drew it in Madrid. Don Ruy smiled as we shook hands in the Calle de Alcala. He thought he had won his trick and saved the dynasty of his choice!

That afternoon I went to the bull-ring with a member of his Government. It was the last performance of the year; an extra bull and four or five extra horses were to be gored and stabbed to death. The King was present. Ladies with pedigrees going back to Scipio graced the sport. The "fancy" of Madrid strolled in and out among the corridors, clicking their paper fans, ogling the pretty girls, and jerking their cheap cigars into the arena. Fierce sun shone overhead; bravely the bulls turned on their adversaries. One man was badly hurt—the bull-ring echoed with applause. A maddened animal broke the barriers, knocking down two or three policemen. Every one was radiant. For five minutes the King was almost popular; but the weather turned against him, and he was lost again. While the sport was not half finished drops of rain began to fall—first drops, then showers, then floods. Ten minutes served to fill the arena with as many inches of water. All the finery was spoiled. Ladies crept into corridors; matadores ran under shelter; and the deserted bull, with eight or ten barbs in his flesh, stood bellowing in his pain and fury, as the deluge smote his head and swelled about his knees. In agony, the Mayor announced the closing of the ring, on which King Amadeo left the royal box without a cheer. With slow and sullen steps the crowd dispersed. "God grant that it may pour like this till night," said

the Minister sadly, as we drove into the town ; " if not, there may be fighting in the streets."

Don Ruy passed his budget and proposed his loan. The monarchy hung on that loan, but the " compromise " effected by his too clever agents in London had destroyed the confidence of lenders, and his contract with the French and Netherlands banks led to nothing. The issue failed.

One evening I was leaning on the balcony of my hotel, looking down on the excited crowd in the Puerto del Sol, when I heard a cry as of a pedlar vending broadsides, followed by shouts of laughter and contempt. At first I thought the man was selling bills of the play, the singing-room, or the bull-ring ; but on listening with a closer ear I caught the ominous words—" Who will assassinate the stranger ? " " Stranger ! " I repeated to myself, " that means the King ! Have we already reached this pass, that pedlars can ask for the King's assassination in the Puerto del Sol, under the eyes of his guards, Ministers, and his police ? " I stepped into the square, and bought a copy of the broadside for a couple of cents. It was a serious, not a comic, paper. On the following day I mentioned the fact to an ambassador in Madrid. He too had heard the pedlar's cry, and bought a copy of his paper in the crowd—as an extraordinary illustration of the times. The sale was carried on so impudently, that when a policeman came nigh, the pedlar only moved across the square and gathered up another crowd, who bought his wares and treated his defiance of authority as an excellent joke.

The lion of the constitutional monarchy seemed to have lost his teeth as well as his tail.

Don Ruy's loan having failed, the Minister retired from office, a discredited and broken medicine-man. The Cabinet of Zorilla could not stand without Don Ruy's loan, and when King Amadeo found himself with an empty treasury and without a Ministry he took the train to Portugal, escaping his imperial cousin's fate.

THE TOKEN OF THE SILVER LILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

PART IV.—THE PLIGHTING OF THE TROTH.

THERE came the sound of singing to the ears
Of Ethelred, who lonely sate and mused
Mid the grey shadows of the armoury.
Upon his brow had grown a calm content
And steadfast peace that was as grateful to
The eye as azure of the summer skies
Following after storm. This was the song
He heard, unheeding, and it mingled with
His thoughts, yet did not turn them :

"So long is life that half of it we sleep
Away! 'Tis but a little step we creep
When, waking not, eternity we reap.

"It can be no such bitter thing, I wis,
To meet and woo the Reaper with a kiss,
When his fair land holds that which doth not this.

"Call, call on him, and he will not reply ;
Fear him, faint heart ! and he will draw a-nigh,
And not to us he tells the reason why."

"A dismal song for such a happy maid"
Cried Ethelred, and neither heard nor saw
His daughter enter and stand motionless
Behind his chair. "She takes most soberly
Her great good fortune . . . pale she is, I vow.
I grow to love her, and to mark her moods
Since she hath ceased to be a stumbling-block
Set in my path—a pretty gaudy weed
To mock me with its gayness . . . had she come
Following after a fair first-born son,
A little copy of my Margaret,
I might have loved her, but I ever saw

In her the weak usurper that did fill
Her brother's place, her very loveliness
Anger'd me when my restless heart did yearn
To see a brown-faced lad with hardy frame,
Skilful in all things appertaining to
A soldier's son . . . but now, I thank Thee, God !
That hunger has departed, and no more
Shall vex me with its sharpness ; nay, I think
My very son, flesh of my flesh, had been
No comelier in my eyes than he who comes
To turn my days to summer . . . for his sake,
And for your own, my girl, I do cast out
The long and bitter hate I nourishèd
For you, who knew not, only thought me harsh,
Indifferent, and cold. Ay, that was I ;
But in this present am not. . . Now, my girl,
Forward I look and see about your knees
Children who shall be warriors, and whose deeds
Shall ring throughout the land when I have gone
Unto my last long home . . . to-morrow's noon
Shall see the troth-pledge uttered ; and when spring
Melts into summer, and the throbbing earth
Is all a-blow with flowers, they shall be wed,
This happy pair of lovers " . . . here his voice
Ceased. He was thinking of *his* marriage-day,
And the one little span of lover's joy
That lived its every hour of fullest life,
And faded. . . . Came there never unto him
Such other, 'twas the jewel of his life,
Costly, unmatched, nor powers of heaven nor hell
Could give its fellow, that had floated out
Upon the ocean strown with murdered hopes
And strangled joys that men do, for the lack
Of something better, christen " Might-have-been."

Ethelwyn heard, at first unconsciously,
As one who, lending outward ear to sound,
Listens with inner hearing to a voice
That calleth from afar. Hither she came,
To learn her father's will . . . if he were set
Upon this marriage, then, ah ! then there still
Was left one narrow gate thro' which she yet

Might creep to Gilbert, whose clear voice she heard
By night and day, whispering "Come . . . I wait." . .
And ever saw she the swift river set
About with rushes, and fair meadowsweet,
And beckoning from a distant flowery bank
Gilbert . . . but as the meaning of the words
Her father spoke did reach her brain, she stood
As one who sudden wakens. New to her
Was Ethelred's wild yearning : cold indeed
And bitter as his ways were unto her,
She guessed not of their reason—now all things
That had been strange were plain and in her heart
A faint and curious pity stirred that he
Should be so doomed by circumstance to miss
All that he most did long for. "Vain indeed
It were to make my prayer," she thought, and turned
And left him sitting there with April smile
Of mem'ry on his lips. "I too shall smile,"
She said, "to-morrow," and the brightness of
Her face struck Harold with a sudden joy,
Seeing her as she passed. "This is for me,"
He thought . . . "she wakes at last, and love doth make
His home within her breast. Mistress," he said,
"One seeing you would say that in your ear
Some gracious spirit whispered and informed
You sweetly." . . "Yea," she answered smilingly,
Looking at him with dreamy lovely eyes
That saw him not, "my heart will be at rest
To-morrow at this hour" . . . and so passed on,
And left him marvelling ; he thought she spoke
Of their betrothal, and the sudden change,
From coldest pride of bearing to this fair
Outspokenness, did send through all his veins
A current of fresh gladness. . . Now and again
A fear had seized him that some earlier man
Had caught and chained her fancy ; for he knew
How rare and delicate a thing is this
Same fancy, that is tinted by the hues
Of heaven, not earth, and all untainted by
The dimming breath of passion, does not die
The death of common love, but tarries in
Some inner chamber of the maiden's heart

I give thee all . . more than my life, yea, more
 Than my own soul, and do compel myself
 To such unnatural and horrid deeds
 As should drive woman mad, and call upon
 My body, heart, brain, mind to strengthen me
 To work the sacrifice that I do vow
 In my own person to set forth, so thou
 Lose not thy heart's desire. . . O! could'st thou know
 All—all, thou mightest, for thy daughter's sake,
 Do that which she hath sworn most steadfastly
 To do for thee. . . *Thy* agony ne'er gave
 Thee such a deadly horror as doth creep
 Thro' flesh and bone as nearer and more near
 I see the hour approaching that shall make
 Me his—*his*. . . Father, curse me not if in
 That most unutterably awful hour
 Spirit and body part . . remember that
 I did my best, and made for your dear sake
 This sacrifice. . . Sweetheart,—my Gilbert—pray
 Thee now look down on thy unhappy girl,
 And say thou dost forgive her. . . She will come
 Unto thy side thine own true wife, not his,
 In that unknown beyond where thou dost wait
 Her coming. . . For though Harold's arms shall bind
 Her hapless body yet can not he reach
 The spirit that doth fly up straight to thee,
 Leaving most poor and worthless the mere husk
 That he calls . . *his*."

And so it fell

That at the noontide in the banquet hall
 Ethelwyn in a shining robe of silk
 'Broidered with silver lilies, and about
 Her neck a single string of orient pearls
 No paler than her beauty, stood beside
 Harold, in presence of the household and
 Ethelred and her mother. Such a pair
 They made as not the world from end to end
 Had matched, and Ethelred's proud happy heart
 Swelled in him as he laid her bare right hand
 Within her lover's. . . Looking up she caught
 Some glimmer of the great and pure content
 That sunn'd him thro' and thro'. . . But Harold saw

No face but hers, and in the days to come
He, looking back upon a life that had
Held many glorious moments, found not one
To lay beside those few when he had stood,
Her little hand in his, the while she spoke
The few and low-toned syllables in which
She plighted her fair troth. . . In days to come
She, looking back upon her life, could find
No moments that contained such sick despair
As filled her soul when on her hand the clasp
Of his did close, and in his eyes she read
The deathless faithful love he bore to her:
Love, when she asked but hate. . . Ethelred cried
"What! do you take no kiss? Not thus did I
Hold back when sweetheart Margaret and I
Stood as you stand to-day." Harold bowed down.
His head and kissed her hand, no more, but when
Anon they found themselves alone he took
And clasped her in those eager arms that long
Had wearied for such burden and would lay
His lips upon the blossom of her mouth,
But 'neath her breath she cried—"I do conjure
You by your strength, and by the weakness of
My womanhood, to force from me no touch
Of lip, or cheek, or hand: that which is stolen
Should hold no value to a true man's heart. . .
When I am yours do with me as you will:
Till I am yours I pray you let me be."

He loosed her, pale as she, and in his veins
The love, that as a mighty river fed
By brook, and stream, and rivulet, had grown
So strong and deep that every obstacle
And barrier did chafe and madden it,
Turned back and was congealed. . . So may one
Who in full tide of onslaught dashing on
With heart, soul, spirit set towards
His goal, is suddenly plucked backward by
A hand he needs must honour . . . and his strength
Frustrated in its purpose falls to earth,
A very scorn and sport, a nullity,
Misshapen, broken, void. "Mistress," he said,

"I would not lose in you that exquisite
 And noble modesty that is the crown
 And glory of your sweetness. Yet methinks
 You make it seem unlovely when you do
 Refuse to me so much as one small touch
 Of lip, or hand, or cheek. If I to you
 So hateful am that you may not endure
 My presence or my love, I do beseech
 You let me leave you now, ere I do lose
 My manhood, and my honour, to accept
 The base, dishonoured life of one who makes
 His heart a plaything for a woman's foot
 To toss or spurn at pleasure. . . Though I love
 You more than man should love who hath respect
 For his own self, since there is not on earth
 A thing more fickle or more variable
 Than woman's fancy, and no man should stake
 His life upon her favour, yet could I
 Leave you (ay! leave you with that better part
 Of my existence that when man doth lose
 He loses all) if you are very sure
 You cannot learn to love me. . . Not for me
 The chilly joys of toleration or
 The phantom food of kindness, or the mock
 Of slow affection born and bred by use,
 A homely earth-born child without one ray
 Of likeness to the lovely boy who springs
 Rosy and radiant in our hearts, from whence
 He comes, we know not, but he bides our guest
 Through life and death. . . So now, since I will have
 Love for my love, none other, tell me this—
 Are you so sure you cannot love me, or
 Is there some other man upon this earth
 Whom you have dowered with the precious gift
 Of your true maiden heart?"

Ethelwyn raised
 Her head, and thro' her brain there sudden flashed
 A loophole of escape, flashed and died out;
 For if she bade him go, did not she steal
 The very life-blood from her father's veins,
 And something more than life, the lovely hopes
 That sprang like flowers about the gnarled roots

Of his most starved existence? Yet as she looked
On Harold, who awaited her reply
As one who knows his fate is trembling in
The balance, yet hath strength and nerve to face
His lot whate'er it be—lo ! thro' her heart
There smote a keen and bitter pang for him
Who gave such noble trust, and was repaid
By treachery so vile. . . “ Sir Knight,” she said,
“ There is no man upon this earth that I
Do love, nor any man that I would wed
Save you . . . if this content you not, I can
No more . . . farther I do beseech you that
You leave to me my few remaining days
Of maidenhood, for have you not my years
And all my long to-morrow ?”

“ Mistress,” he said,

And on his face shone such great happiness
As made his beauty god-like, “ You have set
My troubled heart so utterly at rest,
That I am well content to leave to you
The days that shall elapse till I do call
You by the dear and sacred name of wife ;
And I will wait with patience until one
By one the petals of your virgin heart
Unclose and let me in.” . . She turned her head
Aside, and drew a long, long, sobbing breath,
Then turned and fled away, and Harold thought
“ These sudden fears do please me better than
A calm indifference : I yet shall win
Her to my arms of her own sweet free will,
And if she still is cold I will recall
Her words ‘ There is no man upon this earth
That I do love, nor any man save thee
That I would take to be my own liege lord.’ ”

And so the weeks crept by until with proud
And royal pomp fair May was ushered in,
Who came, the fairest daughter of the year,
With tripping footsteps and her gracious hands
Brimful of dropping flowers, while from her breathed
Such sweetness and rich scents as did make all
The air a holiday, that fed the heart

Subtly as with a feast. And on a day
 Came Ivon unto Ethelwyn, and said,
 "Mistress, I fear our Athelstane must die
 Ere sunset, and he calleth upon you
 By night and day, who have not looked upon
 His face since Gilbert died." Ethelwyn rose
 And followed him by meadow and by wood,
 Until he came unto the castle where
 Athelstane lay a-dying. "Are you there?"
 He said, and turned his hollow eyes on her
 Clear with the vision death alone can give.
 "Yes, I am here," she said, and stooped and kissed
 His weak and shrivelled hand. He, fixedly
 Looking upon her face, said suddenly
 "You loved my Gilbert?" "Yea," she said, and bowed
 Her head upon his hand, the hand of him
 Who gave her darling life. "Ay, ay!" he said,
 "You loved him, and he died . . . he died . . . To me
 The pain is short, for in the narrow grave,
 Lo! all things are forgotten, but to you
 Ever thro' life a bitter memory
 Shall live . . . who beckons yonder? 'Twas but now
 Methought I saw my Winifred, and at
 Her side five sons . . . The sixth, say, where is he?
 Hath he not found his brothers? Ivon says
 That he is dead . . . ay, ay! He broke his vow
 And his old father's heart." So for a space
 He lay and babbled, half unconsciously,
 Until at blood-red sunset in his bed
 He reared himself, and with a mighty cry
 "Gilbert!" he cried, and calling him, he died.

In the night watches, in the blaze of noon,
 In early morning and at cool of eve,
 Echoed a lonely death-cry in her ears,
 Wistfully looked a dead face into hers,
 And ever like the singing of a dirge
 Came back his words. Yea, never unto her—
 Till One should take her softly by the hand
 Unto the land where He doth evermore
 Wipe away tears—forgetfulness should come
 To bless her with its mercy. Margaret,

Looking upon her, felt a sudden dread,
So asked her was she well content, or would
She rather live unwed? To which the girl,
Smiling a little in her chill despair,
Answered, "Sweet mother, I am well content."

And when the first
Red rose of summer blossomed on the wall
Ethelred spake and fixed the marriage day,
And bade her haste to buy her silks and gauds,
And such gay gewgaws as young maidens do
Provide against their wifehood, and she smiled
Again, as thinking that the only robe
She coveted was a fair woven one
Of white, such as is wound about the forms
Of those who were, but are not
Once came her women, bearing in their hands,
Lustrous and costly, her white marriage gown.
Heedless, she looked. Touching it curiously
She asked them what it was, and as they stared
Thinking her mad, remembering, her thoughts
Came back to earth, and with a quiet hand
Softly she put the garment from her side.

And when the hours were numbered, and to her
Scanty two days of maidenhood were left,
She in the garden wandering alone
Came to the court and at the castle gates
Stood, and as twilight fell upon her there
Suddenly, like the cracking of thin ice,
Broke her composure from her at a breath,
And as a frightened, tired, and lonely child
Calls on its mother with continuous wail
Although it knows its mother is so far
Away she cannot catch one echo of
Her darling's weary cry . . . so Ethelwyn
Called on the dead, and "Gilbert . . . my beloved,"
She cried—and softly, softly thro' the night,
Lost to her ear in beating of her heart,
Muffled and faltering horse's feet drew nigh.
Looming thro' shadow nearer to her came
Horse and his rider, phantom like, the twain
Parting the darkness, stood before her eyes.

Two half seen faces glared upon each other,
Two palsied tongues essayed to utter speech ;
One brain by God's great-mercy did not turn,
One heart that anguish could not break, half broke
With joy so awful that no woe could bear
The half its strength . . from off his horse he lit,
And ghastly, stiff, and like a dying man,
Madly he took and strained her in his arms
And kissed her . . All the long, long burning thirst
Of days and weeks and months was quenched in
That close and perfect kiss . . Upon her there
Safe in his arms there fell such pure content
As not one thought of aught in the wide world
Save him could enter—'twas enough to her
This golden hour that gave her back her love,
And time was not, and all the world stood still.

(To be continued.)

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# THE REGENERATION OF PALESTINE.

BY ADOLPHUS ROSENBERG.

**S**PEAKING as an English Jew, I venture to express a doubt whether the Hebrews of England, France, Germany, America, or even those of Russia, would look with favour upon a project for the universal emigration of our people to the Promised Land, though every day the Israelites spread abroad among the nations pray for the restoration of Zion and a speedy return to the land of their fathers. For throughout the civilised world, wherever the wandering nation has made a settlement, its members have earned the respect of those among whom they have dwelt and wrought. A Jew, looking around him, say in England, and contemplating the position which his brethren in faith have attained, feels a natural pride. In the Senate, at the bar, in literature, in art, Jews have taken places in the foremost rank, and I do not think they would be disposed to depart from their high places to be magnates in Jerusalem, however sincerely they may pray for the day of restoration. Modern enlightenment and intellectual progress have not been lost upon the Semitic tribes in their western wanderings and settlements, and among other things they have learned that religious aspirations must bow down somewhat to the influences of the times. This may be a dangerous statement for a Jewish writer to make of his people, but the time has come when it may be well for us to look straight in the face such facts as these.

Nevertheless, the Jewish inhabitants in Palestine are very numerous, and in Jerusalem alone there are, I believe, about ten thousand. Of these but a small portion are indigenous, the great majority being immigrants from Poland and Eastern Germany. Polish Jews are the most orthodox of the scattered tribes. From their youth they study Hebrew literature and theology, and in Poland at the present day are to be found the most accomplished Hebrew *savans*. If these men could set down the results of their study and their learning in an intelligible language, there would be a new literature which would outrival the work of the lamented Emanuel Deutch. Trained from infancy to look upon Jerusalem as the goal of earthly happiness, they gladly avail themselves of any opportunity of removing from their native towns with their wives and families to the Holy



City. The influence upon them of the place and its traditions and associations is to intensify the religious feeling within them. They repair to the synagogue three or four times daily, and spend the rest of their time in the study of the Talmud and kindred works. There are others who fly to Palestine to elude the conscription, and others again to escape the necessity of maintaining their wives and families, whom they do not take with them to the Promised Land. The result of the building up of the Jewish population by these processes is not happy, and Palestine has fallen to a considerable depth in the social scale. Of late it must be acknowledged, to the credit of our people there, that the Jewish inhabitants generally have strenuously exerted themselves to remove the stigma that has fallen upon them, by engaging to some extent in manufacture, by tilling the soil, and by cultivating various other branches of industry. But the poverty of the mass of the population has crippled their endeavours to raise themselves out of their abject condition.

For a long time past the Jews everywhere have been sending sums of money to be distributed among the poor of the Holy Land, and as the major portion of the population have fallen under the denomination of paupers most of them have been in the regular receipt of the charity thus provided. The natural result has followed. The prospect of a life of idleness and freedom has attracted to the old country large numbers of Jews who, under the pretence of coming to Jerusalem to be buried in holy ground, have swelled the ranks of the idle and indigent objects of charity. Children have grown up to look to the portion of relief sent from abroad as their own by legal right, and the pauper community has flourished in its miserable way under this demoralising system of dependence. For awhile this went on without exciting criticism, but presently it began to be said, in this country and elsewhere, that the Jews of Palestine cared not to labour so long as the means of living was provided for them. The charge, of course, was only partially true. At the present moment I believe the majority of the Jews in Palestine are extremely desirous of earning an independent livelihood, and many of my co-religionists in this country and elsewhere have too rashly accused the whole Hebrew population of Palestine of having fallen into a state of pauperised and contented idleness.

The mistake of the Jewish friends of Palestine in this country has been that the aid they have rendered to their brethren in the East has taken too exclusively the shape of occasional alms as a means of temporary relief. Charity was needed, but this was the worst form that charity could take. It remained for Sir Moses Montefiore to indicate the right form of help. For many years this venerable

champion of the Jewish race has made frequent journeys to the East, sometimes to relieve his co-religionists from the intolerant persecutions of the Turks and sometimes to devise means for the improvement of the social condition of the people. He has built houses, arranged gardens, and done his utmost to direct the energies of the people to the development of trade, agriculture, and general industry. He has devoted a large portion of his princely income to this work; but single-handed he could not do much towards the realisation of the great ends he had in view. In one direction he has done much. He has spread abroad a knowledge of the fact that the only way in which the Jews of Palestine can rise out of their present condition of social degradation is by labour. This, he saw, must be the basis; but until last year no definite scheme had been projected for the sound and permanent regeneration of the Holy Land.

For many years Sir Moses Montefiore had occupied the position of President of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, an association for the protection and promotion of the interests of Jews at home and abroad. In January, 1875, being then in the ninety-first year of his age, the venerable baronet tendered his resignation as President of that Board, and the resignation was with much hesitation and regret necessarily accepted. The Deputies then proceeded to consider how the Jews might fitly express their sense of the great services of Sir Moses Montefiore to the Hebrew people everywhere, and indeed to humanity. A testimonial was resolved upon, and when the worthy baronet was consulted as to the form which this mark of appreciation should take, he told them they could not please him better than by organising some scheme for improving the condition of the Jews in the Holy Land generally and in Jerusalem in particular. Thus the testimonial to Sir Moses Montefiore assumed the form of a great scheme to promote the raising up of a fallen land and the rescue of a wretched and to a large extent degenerate population. The suggestion of this good old man was that the funds raised in his honour should be devoted to the encouragement of agriculture and other mechanical employments, and he specially asked that no part of the money should be expended in alms.

Then arose the cry of the sceptics. People who had helped for years past to maintain the Jerusalemites in "sweet idleness" averred that they were a good-for-nothing set of vagabonds, who, under pretence of doing honour to certain religious aspirations, subsisted upon the fat of the land which their generous brethren provided. The inconsistency of first transmitting the means for the support of the Jerusalem Jews, and then condemning the wretched people for accepting them, did not strike many philanthropic Israelites, and the

result was that the Sir Moses Montefiore Testimonial Fund did not at first meet with the success which was hoped for. Even now, when the project has been before the Jews for nearly a year and a half, not quite 11,000*l.* has been contributed from all sources. A prominent and benevolent member of the Anglo-Jewish community paid a visit to the Holy Land extending over three weeks, and on the strength of the information afforded to him during that brief period he published a report confirming the sinister rumours affecting the ability and desire of the Jerusalemites to work for their livelihood. Long previous to this Sir Moses Montefiore had, in answer to a number of questions put to the chiefs of the most important Palestinian congregations, received information that the Jews would be eager and willing to commence any kind of remunerative labour rather than live on charity, but that they were debarred from giving practical form to their wishes by the want of means. Ten or eleven thousand, or even twenty thousand pounds, is a small sum with which to commence a task whose aim is to effect the regeneration of a country the inhabitants of which are almost demoralised. Bearing in mind the veneration in which Sir Moses Montefiore is held by the Jews at large, and the admiration felt for his noble work by the community in general, it was expected that, without considering the purpose to which the fund collected was to be devoted, 150,000*l.* or 200,000*l.*, the sum required at the outset, would have been immediately subscribed. But the rumours that gained currency as to the unwillingness of the Jewish inhabitants to work, and the report of the tourist which partly substantiated them, had an unfortunate effect upon a really promising scheme.

It was at this juncture that Sir Moses Montefiore, then nearly ninety-two years old, determined once more to visit his beloved city, and he travelled to the Holy Land in the company of trusty companions, of whom one was the able and learned orientalist Dr. Loewe. The result of that journey is now before the Jewish community in the form of a narrative by the doughty baronet, with which is embodied a valuable and truthful report of the actual condition and character of the Jews of Jerusalem by Dr. Loewe. From this it appears that the libelled people are not only physically able to work, but desirous, nay, painfully eager, to commence operations without delay. It also bears testimony to their skill and aptitude in various manufactures.

In his narrative Sir Moses says that the Jews of Jerusalem "are more industrious than many men even in Europe, otherwise none of them would remain alive; but when the work does not sufficiently pay, when there is no market for the produce of the land, when famine and cholera and other misfortunes befall the inhabitants, we

Israelites unto whom God revealed Himself on Mount Sinai, more than any other nation, must step forward to render them help and raise them from their state of distress." The worthy baronet suggests that houses with modern improvements, colleges, and public schools should be erected in and out of the Holy City, and in order that the tenants may acquire a taste for agricultural pursuits Sir Moses suggests that each home shall be provided with plots of ground in which olive trees, vines, and ordinary vegetables should be cultivated. With reference to the health of Jerusalem, Sir Moses observes in the course of his narrative, "I had some conversation on the subject of general drainage in Jerusalem with a gentleman of authority; he told me that all the refuse of the city is now carried into the Pool of Bethesda, which, strange to say, I was informed, is close to the house intended for the barracks, and the soldiers living there appear not to experience the least inconvenience on account of its vicinity. If arrangements could be made to clear that pool entirely, to admit pure water only, and to dig special pools for the purpose of conducting there the city drains, Jerusalem might become free from any threatening epidemic. All the doctors in Jerusalem assured me that the Holy City might be reckoned, on account of the purity of its atmosphere, one of the healthiest of places."

It is hoped that this report will alter the feeling prevalent previous to Sir Moses Montefiore's pilgrimage, and that the fund will now be liberally supported. The committee of the fund have determined to authorise its disbursement without further delay, and proceedings, I believe, are now in progress to purchase land, build houses, and establish a loan fund in Jerusalem. Most of the able-bodied inhabitants will be expected to turn their attention to agricultural employment, others devoting themselves to general businesses; and thus there seems to be a good chance of effecting the regeneration of a long neglected country. What the future may produce cannot be foretold, but much will depend upon the ability of the agents whom the committee of the Testimonial Fund will appoint to watch the improvements.

But the committee must not expect that their labours, however arduous and multifarious, will obtain fruition speedily; the work of renovation and regeneration will be slow. The major portion of the inhabitants of Jerusalem have been accustomed to sedentary occupations, and it will be very difficult indeed to persuade these to give their attention to the tilling of the soil. It is much to be feared that the robustness necessary for the successful pursuit of agriculture will be found wanting in the Jews of Palestine. They have too long been

accustomed to the inertness consequent on living in badly-ventilated dwellings and on witnessing the desolation around them, and the Testimonial Committee must not feel discouraged if they meet with many obstacles in the good work which they have imposed upon themselves. The young, who should receive the committee's best attention, will be the gainers by this movement. The older part of the inhabitants may engage in trade, but it is a matter of absolute certainty that they will be unable and unwilling to gain their living by actual manual labour. In the end, however, the committee will succeed, and thus will they raise the best and noblest monument to the memory of the great services which Sir Moses Montefiore has rendered to the Jewish nation.

It has been pointed out by Professor Marks, a learned and deservedly popular Jewish minister, that in order to effectually crown this work it will be necessary to make some provision for the introduction of secular education among the Jews of Jerusalem. As the objects of the Testimonial Fund are clearly defined, viz., the encouragement of agriculture and other mechanical employments, it would be legally impossible to devote any portion of the moneys collected to educational purposes; but Professor Marks's suggestion is one of paramount importance, which must not be lost sight of. It is secular education which has raised the Jews of England to their present position. It has thrown down the Ghetto walls and equalised the Jew with the Christian. It has opened the Jewish mind, and taken from it the narrowness and exclusiveness of vision which, together with the oppression of the intolerant, barred their way to progress; and it will be found that if the Jews of Jerusalem are kept ignorant of the language of the country, oblivious of the enlightenment around them, unconscious that there are nations which have other ideas, other languages, other customs; if they be not permitted to emerge from their own peculiar Hebrew studies—valuable and rich as those studies may be—it will be found that the good work will all come undone. The Jews, I am glad to know, are everywhere awakening to a sense of the prime importance of secular education. They are establishing schools in the East, and the *Alliance Israélite Universelle* has been called into existence for the express purpose of founding schools for the Jews in Turkey, Russia, Persia, and in many other countries where secular learning suffers under neglect. Professor Marks well understands the character of his people, and he knows full well, as we all must learn, in the East as in the West, that there will be no permanent improvement and no possible regeneration for our people in Palestine until secular schools are established throughout the length and breadth of the Holy Land.

# SHOOTING IN NORTH AMERICA.

BY KI SPURWAY.

**M**Y subject is civilised sport. I am not writing of pioneer life or of the doings of the degenerate, gambling, Indian-aping desperadoes of the frontiers, whose wondrous deeds find fitting interment in the pages of the dime novel. I confine myself to the facilities for shooting and the practice of sport in the more prosaic Eastern States, and select New York as the particular field of illustration.

The country is beautiful in the latter end of September and through October, and unfolds to the sportsman a panorama which seems to promise a carnival of autumn shooting. The foliage is rich in colour. There is a crimson blush upon the maple, set here and there in a groundwork of harmonised tints of brown and orange and gold, and rising at intervals in seasonable clouds of colour from the likeliest underbrush and tracks of open cover. Intersecting and cutting up the country are quiet alluring "creeks," and occasional marshes and ponds fringed with rushes and sedge. These are tempting tokens of a sportsman's paradise; but unhappily the worst and most senseless form of pot-hunting has well-nigh rendered the game-proper of the Eastern States extinct. Prosecution for trespass is unheard of, and the only effort at preservation has been a feeble parade of close days which, as a rule, have been entirely disregarded.

The Virginian deer, formerly plentiful everywhere in the country, are all but exterminated, and a delicious esculent has been lost to the commonwealth. These beautiful animals up to about thirty years ago were found in vast numbers on the New York and Pennsylvania boundaries, but they have been wantonly slaughtered by prowling loafers at all seasons. The noble "fire-hunter," who glides along at night by the banks of deer-frequented waters, and lures the buck by the blaze of pine-knots in the bow of his canoe, has done his part in the havoc. He rarely misses his prey. The animal, fascinated by the fire, is revealed to him a few feet off by the light reflected on its eyes, which beam forth their own destruction and signal the murderous bullet. But a more wholesale butchery is described by the late William Henry Herbert ("Frank Forester"),

in his "Field Sports of the United States." He tells of a particular season when "hordes of savage rustic ruffians, profiting by the deep snows and unexampled crust, went into the woods on snow-shoes and slaughtered the helpless deer by droves with clubs and knives for the worth of their skins, the flesh at that season being useless. Since that time they have never gathered to any large head."

The ruffed grouse (the "partridge" of New York and the "pheasant" of Pennsylvania), the Canada grouse, a beautiful but always rare variety, the pinnated grouse (the "heath-hen" of the east and the "prairie-hen" of the west), and the quail (styled "partridge" in the south, and familiarly remembered in the north as "Bob White," a most beautiful and interesting species), have all virtually been expunged from the game list of New York. In some sections during a season's shooting not one of these birds would be found. A farmer in Monroe county last year discovered a bevy of quail on his land, and used strenuous efforts to protect them, but a neighbouring loafer found them grouped together in their "huddle," and of course destroyed them. Technically there is no rabbit in America; but of the two varieties of hares, the northern and the American, the latter has been far more general in the Eastern States. This little fellow is usually supposed to be a rabbit, from his close resemblance in many respects to the English rabbit. His colour is very nearly the same, and in weight he averages two pounds; but the preponderance of evidence goes to establish him as a hare, for his hind legs are too long for a rabbit, he is never found in large gatherings or warrens, and he does not burrow,—though, when hard pressed, he will take shelter under a rock or among the roots of a tree.

Although war has been waged on this creature after every fresh fall of snow for years, by numerous village idlers who track him to his seat with guns and dogs and clubs, still one is not unfrequently met with during a day's woodcock-shooting, which with snipe-shooting constitutes nine-tenths of the sport in the Eastern States.

Wild-fowl shooting is of course a distinct branch of the art, but it is a pursuit fraught with an excitement, to my mind, surpassing that which belongs to the shooting of upland game. What English sportsman living, say, on the Devonshire coast, will not agree with me as he calls to mind the December and January evenings when, ensconced in some friendly hedge running out to the river's bank, or hidden amongst the flags and rushes that skirt a favourite feeding-ground, he has with strained eye watched the short black lines as they floated inland from the sea, and noted with jealous ear the

brief low whistle of wings too far away, until, by-and-by, a regal mallard with emerald crown and coral feet has rewarded his vigil? Many a one may live over again, in memory, the exquisite thrill that quivered through the whole system as he crouched and glided, panther-like, over the crusted snow, hugging the uneven ground and seeking the cover of every tuft and twig until the barrels were brought to bear on a trip of widgeon or a flock of dainty teal. To sportsmen such as these many attractions still exist in the State of New York. On the south of Long Island an area of water extends for about seventy miles, limited on the south by a sandy beach which separates it from the Atlantic and on the north by far extending salt marshes and meadows. Here, countless varieties of water-birds assemble in the proper seasons, and this locality has, in times gone by, been the scene of the very revelry of sport. Even now, although the birds have become wary in the extreme by reason of the fusillades and artifices of years, many a good bag is recorded daily throughout the season. Of birds more or less frequenting Long Island five varieties of geese may be found, and about fourteen of sea-ducks. Shore and sand-shooting is supplied by several representatives of the *Rallidæ* or rail tribe, eight or nine of the *Charadriadæ* or plover, and between twenty and thirty of the *Scolopacidæ* or snipe—embracing the snipe, curlew, and sandpiper. In addition, amongst the birds which, though usually shot at, must be classed as outside the sportsman's bag, may be mentioned some of the *Pinnatipedes* or lobe-footed swimmers, two or three divers, and several of the *Gruidæ* order, including the bittern, ibis, heron, and crane. The Canada goose, the brent, brant, or barnacle goose, the redhead duck and canvas-back duck, are more frequently shot than many others, and they are decidedly more desirable for the table.

Of these, the first two breed principally in Labrador, and arrive, the former late in the autumn and the latter in the spring and autumn. The other two breed in the north, and approach the coasts about the 1st of November. Strategy necessarily appertains to all wild-fowl shooting, and the decoy and masked battery are the schemes for the most part adopted here. A boat is made fast and concealed in some convenient retreat near a feeding place, and the decoys are set in the shallows. At the flow of the tide the birds flit from the deeper water more inland and, allured by the decoys, fall to the hidden shotsmen. "Sailing for brent" is another method, fruitful of fun; this is accomplished by running before the wind in a light boat after the retreating flocks. The birds invariably swim away from a boat, and the gradual approach of the boat appears to delude



them as to its distance : at close quarters they rise, and present easy shots to the pursuers. It must be admitted, however, that this grade of sport is fast on the wane. Lake-shore ducking varies little from that practised on Long Island, and ambush and decoy are again in requisition. Good sport is generally to be had late in the autumn at Braddock's Bay, on the shore of Lake Ontario, not far from Rochester. The shooting takes place at morning and evening feeding times, when the "gunners," hidden in the rushes, either wait for daybreak to reveal the ducks in their haunts before they leave for the lake, or entice them by decoy in the evening as the flocks drop in for the night. The greenhead or common wild duck of Europe, and the black duck, which breed throughout the States ; the blue-winged teal, and the green-winged teal (identical with the English species), which breed along the great lakes, all visit the inland waters of the middle Atlantic States in spring and autumn, and go far to make up the bulk of the spoil. Perhaps, however, more teal are bagged by day-shooting along the sedges of the bays and ponds, which are stocked with bitterns, rails, and mud-hens. Vast numbers of ducks are killed by the initiated, who choose rough windy days when the birds are driven inland from the lake ; the sportsmen station themselves, armed with two or three guns to a man, under the line of flight, and blaze away at all and sundry whilst their ammunition holds out. The supply continues, more or less, until the country becomes bound in the chains of the relentless winter, when the guns must be put away until the vernal sun has loosened the frost in its lowest depths and has prepared the ground for different sport by the advent of spring snipe-shooting.

The American woodcock, plentiful throughout the State in spring, summer, and autumn, differs more in colour and size from its English congener than is noticeable in many other instances ; whilst the symmetry of the birds is alike, the weight of the former averages about seven and a half ounces—of course being much lighter than the other—the under parts are of a light cinnamon colour, but the back shows a much closer resemblance to the plumage of the British bird.

The snipe, abundant in spring and autumn, is undoubtedly identical with the English bird, although, as a rule, the American averages a trifle less in weight. Controversy has existed on this point, one reason advanced against their identity being that the American bird was once seen by a celebrated sportsman to "voluntarily swim across a wide ditch," and another being that a well-known author has remarked that the English snipe is a winter visitor, and

the American an autumnal one. Now, since the bird bores in succulent ditches for his sustenance, and since he may as well try to drill a hole through an ironclad as to work a hair's-breadth through the crust of a North American winter, this argument for distinction is not worth much. I have killed numbers of snipe in both countries without discovering the slightest difference between them, and I may record the fact of having been a witness to the "voluntary swimming" of English snipe, on various occasions in a partially flooded meadow on the banks of the Coly in Devonshire, where the birds paddled across the ditches and small pools intersecting their feeding grounds.

In referring to the "gunning" for these birds, it must be said that when a ray of the true spirit of sport is visible it is almost invariably traceable to the presence of "old-countrymen." The genius of the shotsman and the naturalist is not often found amongst the gentlemen of North America, and the landowners and citizens generally value game only for its weight as so much aliment entering occasionally into the details of household economy. There is no passion of sport. The excitement is hardly superior to that engendered by the decapitation of a capon or the taking off a sucking pig. This fact is manifest in many of the Sportsmen's Clubs of the cities and larger villages, where the trap of the "pigeon shoot" is the supreme allurements, baited by a restaurant supper and a scale of money prizes.

To this state of things may be attributed the present abominations of spring snipe and summer cock shooting. Early in April snipe may generally be found for a few days on the marshy pastures, and are usually more plentiful after the first mild rain. Their stay at this season is but short, as they merely utilise the grounds as resting places on their journey northward from the south. Now the birds which are thin and worthless begin to pair; but this fact fails to protect them, and they are butchered in cold blood over pointers by men whose aim it is to be habited in "the pomp and circumstance" of sport.

Summer woodcock shooting commences early in July, when the young birds of the first broods are a little more than half grown. They are shot over pointers, in cover, of course, under the blaze of a summer sun, with a posse of mosquitoes continually humming round your head and ever and anon throwing out skirmishers on your features to embellish them with the most painful and exasperating eruptions. Picture yourself in cover far more dense than any you ever shot in in England, and conjure up if you can a pointer not ranging in the open but squeezed by the thicket into an

unnatural and deformed point at a few feet from you ; and imagine further that you kick the bush, and flush a young bird like a brown butterfly, which you knock down as if it were an oil rag, and sweep away from your brow the perspiration with its captive mosquitoes. These are the delights to which are sacrificed the splendid prospects of Fall sport.

In North America, where the extinction of native game is so nearly complete, the last days of September open up a short, enjoyable snipe and woodcock season. The snipe, on their return journey to the south from their breeding grounds in the north, remain longer than in the spring. They are lusty birds, found in fair numbers ; they lie well to dogs in the wet sedgey pastures, and furnish good average sport. Enough woodcock seem to escape the pot-hunting in July, or are supplied by later broods, to render their pursuit at this time well worth the effort ; but of course not a tithe of the summer birds remain, and the illimitable and unequalled cover may be tried in some cases for half a day without flushing a bird.

Still, I know of one little valley, north of the railway between Rochester and the Falls of Niagara, where you and I (for you must be of the craft to have followed me thus far), with a couple of good spaniels, in about the third week of October, may appreciate the delight of American cock shooting proper, and learn what it would be generally but for its unseasonable abuse. Here the land is principally owned by men, primitive and austere in their "Methodist discipline," whose only use for gunpowder is in a medicinal sense, for cattle. Here, in this favoured spot too, the gay and festive "pigeon shoot" fraternity have never, from some merciful mystery, indulged in their July exercises. Suppose small beds of rushes and tufts of coarse grass and sedge a gunshot wide and two miles long ; in the centre of this strip a ditch of still weed-grown water which renders the ground flanking it soft and yielding to the feet. On the one side, gradually descending to it, fields of Indian corn, the uncut canes growing in "hills" at short intervals and springing from ground traced with vines. On the other side a range of magnificent woodland, starting from your feet, with the likeliest growth of sapling and underbrush, which receding merges into the forest and is rolled upwards in volumes of beauty—a thousand tints in matchless blending, now swelling in billows from a groundwork of rhododendron or oak, now rising behind a belt of crimson maple, until this matchless scene of vivid colouring, of harmony and accident, of light and shade, melts into the sober distance and is bounded by the clear blue heavens. Here, believe me, we may have two or three days'

good sport, and as most of our birds will be found in the corn we shall enjoy an immense advantage over those gentlemen whose sense of propriety sends them forth with their pointers, and whose vexation of spirit is so distressing to contemplate after an hour's tramp in search of a dog that has been standing all the time in pistol shot from the starting point.

In a neighbourhood where shooting is dependent on migratory rarities, I must not omit a bird which, though strictly without a title to be ranged with the aristocracy of game, is inferior to none in excellence. The golden plover—he that is seen sparingly on the western vales of England during the winter—is abundant in the State during the latter part of autumn. The flocks remain on the low ploughed lands and rough pastures until the approach of frost, when just before the first “gaggles” of geese are seen steering south from Canada they assemble and precede them. Last season was a favourable one for plover, and thousands were killed. On the day of their departure I, with others, had been looking for them on some locally famous and extensive ground, a little north of Brockport, on the New York Central Railroad. Ambuscades of a few leafy boughs had been scattered at intervals over the flat for some days before, and good sport had been obtained as the flocks continually circled round. Two gentlemen, I believe, bagged over a hundred birds during an afternoon's shooting. On this day, however, which was cloudless, with a sharp bracing air, followed by a frost at night, there were no birds in shot; but overhead many flocks were seen against the sky, wheeling and diving in the boldest and most graceful curves until, gradually forming a denser mass, they rose higher and higher in a spiral ascension—now lost to one's gaze in the heavens, and now revealed by glittering specks like grains of gold and silver sand—as they shaped their southerly course, and proclaimed the upland shooting for the season at an end.

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# LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

Edited by his Literary Executor: W. McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

## VI.—A WRONG WITHOUT A REMEDY.

5th October, 1858.



LETTER of introduction from Grimstone, who has been for the last two years serving with his regiment in the Ionian Islands, was presented to me recently by a singular man, whom I did not like at first, but to whom, on better acquaintance, I am more than reconciled. Wybrants is indeed an unaccountable sort of person. Full of information, and possessing abundant activity of mind, he disclaims having any speciality or ambition. A bachelor, and the owner I believe of a handsome competency, he lives without rule or definable purpose. Without notice to his numerous circle of acquaintances he occasionally disappears. Invitations remain unanswered, and engagements to visit country houses are unfulfilled, without explanation or apology. To inquiries at his house the only answer is "Gone abroad, and don't know when he will return." Other ramblers beyond sea bring back no account of him; but in the fullness of time he turns up, walks down St. James's Street as languidly as if he had never been out of town, stares at the chattering baronet who assails him at the club with questions as to his recent whereabouts; and quenches the questioner by the quiet remark that he is sorry to see him looking so ill, or by a recommendation to try Malvern before letting the system run down too far. No one was ever known to succeed in making him talk or even seem to listen to any interrogatory about himself or his own affairs; and in truth no one was ever on a footing of intimacy with him that would properly justify such inquisitiveness. His house, old-fashioned and spacious, is one of the most likeable in London—rather grave in its general aspect, without being gloomy, and full of fine examples of every kind of art, all of his own collecting, which occupy their fitting places as if they had been always there. There is no library, no gallery, no amber drawing-room for state occasions. With him there are no occasions of the kind. Everything is for every day. The rooms open into one another; differ in colour

to suit the pictures and marbles they contain and the varying temperature of the air without. Each chamber has its appropriate cases of books, two or three rows only from the floor, their continuous lines being broken at intervals by a pedestal, a cabinet, or a statue. There are no hideous slabs of white marble to remind one of the chemist's shop at a watering-place or a confectioner's in Paris. Not a morsel of new gilding is anywhere to be seen. The mirrors simply fill the places of panels or arched doorways, serving thereby their true and legitimate use—that of deceiving the eye by doubling the seeming space. Hangings with hardly any ornament, and carpets with hardly any pattern, leave the undistracted eye to rest on the beautiful or curious objects which are really worth looking at or remembering; and these are so far isolated as never to encroach on one another's claim to admiration. Wybrants is a foe eloquent and inveterate to what he calls packing. If you are a dealer, he is wont to say, Put your pictures how and where you will; if your shop is small and your stock large, range them three deep against the wall if you like: but for love or worship there must be no jostling. Three or four good pictures in an ordinary-sized room are as many as it will hold if you would really treat them with the deference they deserve. Cheating is all fair—indeed a sort of duty in one respect; that is, that your best painting or best marble should be reflected in the glass opposite, for then, whichever way you look, the eye rests on the image of beauty. But to try and squeeze within the limits of a single compartment several groups or figures unequal in size, dissimilar in treatment, and jarring in tone, is barbarism. The greater part of every wall is better empty than filled with indifferent or unattractive forms; their close juxtaposition only serves to weary the eye, which ought to be allowed to dwell undisturbedly on one object at a time. The real difficulty hard to overcome, especially in a town house, is the want of light. In a climate like ours the insane practice of making all the windows down to the floor, and covering their heads with an unmeaning mass of cornice, drapery, or fringe, renders our dwellings for the most part unsuitable abodes for the productions of the pencil or the chisel. No true sculptor or painter ever wrought with the light the wrong way. If not deriving the supply of that requisite from a skylight, he takes care to let it into his studio from the top panes only of the window, the lower ones being closely barricaded. The shadows which give all the reality and at the same time all the poetry to his work then fall in their ineffably beautiful and subtle gradations; and without these Phidias or Thorwaldsen could accomplish nothing. Yet, in defiance of all reason and feeling, you see a

group or a bust perked up three or four feet from the floor, with no light at all coming down from heaven, and a refracted glare from the balcony or roadway deforming every lineament, attitude, and fold. Artificial light is somewhat more manageable with the help of dark screens for each lamp; but then you can hardly ever get rid of the show-box associations that are so disagreeable: and the backs of the dark lanterns are hideous if undisguised—theatrical looking if veiled or hidden. Wybrants seldom talks of these things—he is too fastidious for that; but every part of his house is the realisation of dreams and the result of numerous experiments in form and colour in which he has passed unnumbered hours and days of solitude. For he is a lonely man: he has been so from his youth; and now “that from the downhill steep life is seen by him to be all limited,” there is little chance of his changing his condition.

Why should a whimsical, reserved, and haughty epicurean of his sort bring an introduction to me? He left it with his card without uttering a word, and I must of course seek him. Of the two, perhaps there will be less *mauvaise honte* to overcome in an interview so brought about. What does he want with me? What has he to say? A man of the world, he is certain to be courteous. A man of culture and refinement, he will probably look for some elucidation of an inscription or of some doubtful point in theological antiquities. For he is well read in the Fathers, this eccentric man. Can it be that he grows weary of stoicism and yearns for the rekindling of long extinguished faith? What can he want with me? Grimstone is major of my young friend's regiment stationed at Corfu; but there is no mention in any of Gerard's letters of his having made the acquaintance there of my visitor from Grosvenor Street. Yet a misgiving haunts me that in some way or other Gerard or his affairs are at the bottom of this business. We shall see.

9th October.—Well, I have had my interview, and the mystery is solved. It is as I rather apprehended. Gerard has been getting wrong with his commanding officer; and Grimstone, finding himself unequal to the task of guiding him through somewhat serious difficulties, has availed himself of the proffered aid of Wybrants to put me in possession of his cause for anxiety regarding his impetuous subaltern; believing fondly that timely words of warning from him may possibly save him from breaking his professional neck. At such a distance, and in ignorance so profound as mine of the temper and character of the man with whom he has unluckily to deal, I hardly venture to hope that I shall be able to be of much use. Youth, pluck, and earnestness are not to be controlled by surplised admoni-

tions from afar on the prudence and piety of submission to the powers that be "whether they will bear or whether they will forbear." Indeed I have serious doubts if any attempt at interference under the circumstances might not make bad worse. Colonel Ruysdael may be a martinet in discipline, a despot in the mess-room, and deputy *no*-quarter-master general under his wife, as Wybrants calls him ; but how can I help that, or how, by covering quires of paper with the praise of patience, persuade Gerard that it is his duty to dance with the daughter of a woman who, he dimly hints, has slandered the mother he adores ? It is a curious story ; but, as an illustration of the tyranny sometimes exercised under our regimental system, far from wearing an unusual or extraordinary aspect in the eyes of military men. The tale as told by Wybrants is full of minute and characteristic episodes, each of which seems to have photographed itself upon his tenacious memory. While he was recounting one incident after another I could not help suspecting that at bottom some strange sympathy had been awakened in his epicurean soul by the troubles of the young lieutenant, whom till a few weeks ago he had never seen ; and about whom as a stranger he could not possibly care. I think Vavaseur told me that twenty years ago he had been in the Guards, but had sold out in consequence of some disagreement with a superior officer the cause of which had never been explained. Possibly the smouldering embers of his own resentment at injury unatoned for may have been fanned into flame by what he heard from Grimstone, when in Greece, of the tantalising and tyrannic ways of Colonel Ruysdael. Not a hint of this he breathed to me, and I must keep wide offing of the hidden shoal, if shoal indeed there lies under the silvery ripple of his friendliness. Meanwhile his impression is highly favourable of the weaker party in the struggle. He talks of Gerard as a gallant boy who is likely to be worried out of his reason or out of his commission, for no real fault of his own, but merely to gratify the spleen of an unscrupulous woman whose money has enabled her husband to buy his promotion step by step over the heads of worthier men until at length he has obtained a position of command. Her daughter by a former husband she would fain dispose of in marriage to any one who would bid the reserved price ; and many have been the snares laid for the juniors of the regiment, hitherto ineffectually. Madame is related, as she gives out, to a well-known personage in the War Department at home. That way promotion lies.

Gerard's easy unsuspecting nature led him at first to fall into the wiles of the step-mother of the regiment ; and having left (as I



know) his heart at home, he was all the more ready, I dare say, to make himself agreeable without the consciousness of his quickly being regarded as paying particular attention. Good-natured, light-hearted, and unversed in guile, he seems to have become intimate before he was well acquainted with the lady and her daughter. What so natural at five-and-twenty as that he should prefer the lively badinage, pretty good music, and latest gossip from England where-with they always welcomed him, to the monotonous grumbling, small betting, and eternal smoking at quarters ?

Summoned one day unexpectedly to make one of a riding party, he brought with him an unfinished letter to his mother, which, the excursion over, he asked leave to close and send with the letters of his hostess to catch the homeward mail. She took it from him herself, scanned the direction carefully and, with a look which struck even him as significant of something he could not understand and did not like, handed it to the servant who waited, post-bag in hand, to bear the correspondence of the garrison to the steamer at the quay. He afterwards remembered that in this letter he had sketched for his mother's eye alone, more quizzically than was usual with him, the features and the foibles of garrison life in the Egean ; but the parting look already noticed, which did not fade from his remembrance, confirmed his assurance that his letter was despatched five minutes after it was finished : and of his mother's reticence and discretion it never occurred to him to entertain a doubt. I wish I could feel equally assured ; but my experience tempts me often to desire that every amusing letter written to a woman, or that a woman writes, should ere sunset be committed to the flames. It is not treachery or perfidy or villainy of any kind that makes mischief out of such materials. Carelessness incurable, unguardedness unspeakable, and the feminine love of being communicative of clever or sharp things, written or spoken, sets more good people by the ears, without any one specially intending it, than all the wickedness of Judas and Iago transmitted through their generations. Gerard vows he never thought of flirting with, still less of making serious love to, Miss Arabella ; but he could not help admiring her perfect seat on horseback, admirable facility in Italian, and unfaltering voice in ascending and descending the most difficult scales of German music which in a mad moment of flattery he compared to the light and sure steps of the angels up and down Jacob's ladder. Blockhead of a boy ! he had better have nipped off the tip of his tongue than suffered it to lisp such dangerous nonsense. The siren duly requited him for the compliment by declaring, two days later, that the ballad of all others

which brought tears into her eyes was the one she overheard him singing in the verandah the evening before, when she supposed he thought nobody was near : adding that she wondered how he could say he knew nothing of music and refuse ill-naturedly when asked to sing. Mamma said it was dreadful ; but the young men of the present day were so vain that they never would affect to do anything unless they could perform with great applause before an audience. I can imagine poor Gerard thoroughly bewildered under this craftily candid treatment ; and all too easily led into talking a great deal too confidently about himself, his family, and their affairs. Time wore on, and ere he knew what he was about every one except himself understood that he was engaged to marry Miss Winnington. Grimstone at length asked him abruptly when it was to be ; the scales dropped from his eyes ; he found that he had been absurdly compromising himself ; and in the first impulse of vexation and anxiety, to put an end to all future misapprehension, he sought an interview with Mrs. Ruysdael and told her that he was about to apply for leave in consequence of an urgent letter from home describing the health as more than precarious of the person who more than any other in the world had claims on his devotion. The scene which ensued may be imagined. The infuriated lady reproached him in unmeasured terms with deceitfulness and levity in return for hospitality and affection. He had come there a stranger, and they had taken him in. The Colonel had cared for his comforts more than any young man in the corps. His absence had never been noticed from duty ; and he had come and gone in their house as if it had been his own : as for Arabella, she never did see, really never, more attachment shown by any innocent girl : it would simply kill her if she thought him capable of suddenly wrecking all the expectations he had systematically led her to form. In vain he pleaded that he had never offered or received vows of affection or promises of life-long obligation. There was a language, she exclaimed, more expressive than any speech. Why Colonel Ruysdael had never asked her to marry him, and yet they were married all the same. But *he* was an honourable man, by birth as well as breeding : and she was sure that he would not permit any man, even though his extraction were as good as his own, to trifle with the happiness and prospects of her daughter. From dark insinuations which her victim shrank from noticing, the gathering vengeance of his adversary broke forth at last into imputations not obscure against the character of his mother. This was too much, and in a frenzy of humiliation and despair the unwary and outwitted youth rushed from the house and

was found the following day in a state bordering on delirium, fight and haggard for want of sleep and food.

It was lucky for him that so true and common-sensical : to his as Grimstone saw him before he was tempted to commit him from his paper to the Colonel, who, being naturally an intellectually is, was morally timid man, had betaken himself to "silent contempt" as her usual shelter of persons of his kind in any great social strait. apprehensive one absorbing idea in his mind was the fear of being laughed at. That his step-daughter should seem to have been jilted by her own course, annoying ; and that he could get no sleep at night because the partner of his bosom was in a state of rage that made a momentary doze unattainable was very trying ; but these were borne by he could bear with equanimity becoming his age and station so long as the mortifying disclosure was deferred. Gerard might keep his room for a week and welcome, without inquiry into the cause ; namely if he would betake himself home without asking leave, the great disciplinarian would only be too much obliged to him. This, however, was not to be thought of ; and meanwhile no explanation was for a day or two demanded for Gerard's absence from parade. The doctor visited him, found him low, labouring under cerebral disturbance and prostration of the nervous system, with loss of appetite, a parched skin, and all the premonitory symptoms of Levantine fever. Daily he grew worse, and his faithful friend to whom alone he had unburthened himself waxed more and more uneasy for his actual condition, and more and more perplexed at the prospect ahead when he should recover, for recover he made sure he would or else he would have written to me or some other friend in England long ago. He did get well before a month was out—sufficiently well to stagger into the evening air and receive visits from some of his comrades. But he could not help noticing that some had not asked for him and that others left their names with brief inquiry how he did, without offering to look in. Slowly he became aware that he had been put into regimental quarantine and that something worse than the contagion of fever inspired the prevailing dread. While he was still weak and liable to flush when spoken to on any serious matter, Grimstone made a point of laughing at the construction which he put upon neglects or slights. But as the time drew near when he must resume duty and meet the awful gaze unflinchingly of his military master, Grimstone felt it necessary to let in by degrees the lurid light of female vengeance which he saw plainly would thenceforth illuminate the scene. Steadfastly he set his face against the sending beforehand any of the elaborate vindications of his con-

act with whose composition Gerard had occupied many a sleepless and "Make no move till he moves," was his judicious counsel. He dared not give the invalid all the reasons for it, one of the best being that, as far as he could make out, the disappointed girl and her implacable mamma had been wise enough to keep their heads and that, for aught apparent on the surface, there was no reason why the once-envied favourite should not be welcomed back to words of sooth and wreathed smiles. No alternative in the if of a possible proposer had loomed in sight; and if the reluctant, appalled at the consequences of what he had done, could be induced to pick up the distaff again where he had dropped it and play his former part ever so carelessly for a short time, it would obviously be easy enough to turn the tables on him and bid his presumption back with a publicity intensely comforting to the maternal mind. For the ultimate purposes of snubbing and worrying, this point of vantage would be manifestly worth much to gain, and many little bubbles of the suppressed intent rose to the surface unobserved except by Grimstone. It did not seem, indeed, as if the Colonel had been let into the project, or if he had, the muscles of his dignity were not flexible enough for him to be entrusted with even a minor part in the hypocrisies of the second act in this garrison adaptation of "Measure for Measure." On the other hand, there seemed, as Grimstone thought, no little to be gained on Gerard's side by his being ostensibly received as of yore, if he would only consent to be so. Here was the rub, for every allusion, however guarded, to the cause of his illness obviously disconcerted him most painfully.

As fate would have it Mrs. Ruysdael and her daughter were engaged to join a party formed with a design of visiting the mainland. Two or three of the officers accompanied them; and Grimstone was of those who escorted them to the yacht on whose deck unexpectedly he recognised his cousin Wybrants. After taking leave and just as he was about to quit the vessel, Miss Winnington laid her hand lightly on his arm, and said hurriedly in a half whisper, as if she would not be overheard, "I know you have been a brother to our poor invalid; tell him with my love—I mean with my kind regards—that I hope we shall see him quite well when we return." It took him a couple of days to settle in his own mind how he should deliver this communication, which would certainly do either good or harm, according to the way in which it was taken; if angrily, he was prepared to laugh at it; if sentimentally, to make it the text of a homily on caution. To his surprise and relief it seemed to evoke no other

feeling than content. Of sentiment Gerard had not, he said, brought an atom with him from Derbyshire; it all lay safely locked up there. To repel expressions so gracious from a woman was foreign to his nature; and to suspect insincerity in one so young, and with whom he had never passed an hour which was not frank and joyous, was beyond him. He was simply glad to think she did not share her mother's feelings, and that when they met again he need not apprehend the faintest signs of effort to avoid a scene. This was a very common-place view of matters for an insulted hero to take of his own accord, and Grimstone said [he felt thenceforward certain that there was no danger of his doing anything hare-brained or irreparable.

While the yacht was cruising he went on mending steadily, and by the time her anchor dropped again under the guns of the old Venetian castle he was reported once more fit for duty.

Wybrants sought out his relative ashore, and amused him with an impromptu journal of their pleasure trip. In a few graphic touches he described the picturesque incidents and depicted the contrasting characters as they struck his fancy. One of the companions he had brought with him from home had been smitten with the charms of Miss Winnington; had paid her exclusive attention on rolling billow and on rocky strand; and for his pains had been invited more pressingly than anybody else to make the Palazza Risdallo his home in Corfu. What Seaton was up to he knew not, and did not particularly care. But one consequence of his companion's pertinacity in monopolising the society of the younger lady had been an infliction on him of compensating attentions from the elder; and if ever there was,—well, no matter; and he went off on some other theme. Grimstone derived some useful hints from his astute observation, and more than ever learned to apprehend that mischief was in store for Gerard. Thinking herself safe with one whom she had never seen until the other day and whom after a few days she might never see again, Mrs. Ruysdael had endeavoured to be interesting to her *compagnon de voyage*, as they sat on deck one stilly night, by unfolding the female difficulties of military command; and she narrated, by way of illustration, how a tender and confiding mother, whose husband was colonel of a regiment once quartered along with theirs, had admitted to the bosom of her family a youthful subaltern of ingenuous looks and manners, and permitted him to entangle in the meshes of his profound duplicity the innocent affections of her darling child; and then after months of what everybody deemed betrothal the shameless fellow wanted to be off, and yet retain his position in the service. "But you know," she said,

“what a life a commanding officer, if he likes, can lead a subaltern ; and wasn't the wretch made to suffer ! Of course it was impossible, with due regard to dignity, for the Colonel to complain, and the girl had too much spirit to betray how deeply her pride was wounded. But day or night the deserter had no peace ; and if he did not repent, it was not because his sins were not always present before him. After twelve months' punishment he wanted to exchange ; but no, nothing of the kind would be allowed ; and if it had not been that my dear friend sold out soon afterwards I really believe he would have broken the culprit's heart, if he had any heart to break.” The intensity of feeling she had shown in the recital, and the emphasis she laid upon each particular of persecution inflicted under the abused name of discipline, interested Wybrants more than usual, “and he could not help,” he said, “remarking, when she had done, that it showed that no man subject to the feelings of an offended or resentful woman ought to command a regiment.” He doubts not now that the story of the other regiment was a myth, and the cowardly cruelties of the other Colonel a vision of judgment to come. Already I am convinced the process of slow torture has begun. “I once knew”—he paused and corrected himself—“I should rather say, I once had reason to know, upon the best authority, how a subordinate, even within eye-shot of the Horse Guards, may be tormented beyond endurance, taunted into loss of temper, and then twitted publicly for having mislaid it ; bullied in presence of his men about blunders he had not committed, and scolded for having said it was hard ; put under arrest without justification, and then liberated without *amende*, even in private ; over-passed in his turn of advancement to favour those who had seen less service and endured less toil ; told at length that he had better sell out of a corps to whose commander he was not acceptable, and to whose personal shortcomings he refused to pretend to be blind ; and finally I have known such a man driven out of the service without his consent and against his respectful protests, and denied the redress of court-martial.” His eye kindled as he recalled the circumstances of the case referred to ; and I thought his small clenched hand trembled with emotion as he pressed it gently on the table near him in uttering the last word. “By this time,” he added, after a pause, “your young friend, or I am much mistaken, is beginning to feel the teeth of the harrow which irresponsible power can draw at will up and down any corner of its peculiar field. If by hook or by crook he could be got out of the regiment before his overstrained capacity of endurance snaps, he might be saved

substantial loss and infinite mortification. In the main he is certain never to give in ; and from his look I gather that he is not made of the stuff that is capable of dodging a despot by compliances unworthy even when feigned. A better adviser, because a more prosaic and matter-of-fact one than my kinsman he could not have, but even he shudders at the prospect of the unequal struggle which may be protracted for months or years. Depend upon it, as military law now stands, an English officer, even when he has long passed the probationary stages of subaltern, is wholly helpless against oppression unless he is so fortunate as to have some friend in Parliament or at Court who can snatch him out of a difficulty unscathed. Homer allots this protecting function to Venus, and sometimes even in these unclassic days beauty asserts her power from behind the cloud which vulgar eyes must not essay to pierce. But golden hair and radiant glances are not indispensable for feats of modern rescue ; and if you can enlist any dowager of high enough degree in the cause of your endangered friend, don't throw away the chance and don't lose time. Put not your trust in principles of administrative justice, for in them there is no help. Whatever platitudinarian lawyers say to the contrary, there is many a burning wrong without a remedy."

*(To be continued.)*



# RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS

KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.

BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

## PART X.—LEIGH HUNT AND HIS LETTERS.



WE have said that Leigh Hunt's conversation even surpassed his writing, and that his mode of telling a story in speech was still better than his mode of narrating it with his pen. His letters and friendly notes have something of both his conversation and his style of composition — they are easy, spirited, genial, and most kindly. To receive a letter from him was a pleasure that rendered the day brighter and cheerier ; that seemed to touch London smoke with a golden gleam ; that made prosaic surroundings take a poetical form ; that caused common occurrences to assume a grace of romance and refinement, as the seal was broken and the contents were perused. The very sight of his well-known handwriting, with its delicate characters of elegant and upright slenderness, sent the spirits on tip-toe with expectation at what was in store.

At intervals, through a long course of years, it was our good fortune to be the receivers of such letters and notes, a selection from which we here place before our readers that they may guess at our delight when the originals reached us. Inasmuch as many of them are undated, it has been difficult to assign each its particular period ; and therefore we give them not exactly in chronological order, though as nearly according to the sequence of time in which they were probably written and received as may be. The first five belong to the commencement of the acquaintance between Leigh Hunt and C. C. C., and to the "Dear Sir" stage of addressing each other ; yet are quite in the writer's charming cordiality of tone, and make allusion in his own graceful manner to the basket of fresh



flowers, fruit, and vegetables sent weekly from the garden at Enfield:—

To Mr. C. C. Clarke.

Surrey Gaol, Tuesday, July 13th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be truly happy to see yourself and your friend to dinner next Thursday, and can answer for the mutton if not for the “cordials” of which you speak. However, when you and I are together, there can be no want, I trust, of cordial hearts, and those are much better. Remember, we dine at three! Mrs. Hunt begs her respects, but will hear of no introduction, as she has reckoned you an old acquaintance ever since you made your appearance before us by proxy in a basket.—Very sincerely yours,  
LEIGH HUNT.

To C. C. C.

Surrey Gaol, January 5th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—. . . The last time I saw your friend P., he put into my hands a letter he had received from your father at the time of our going to prison—a letter full of kindness and cordiality. Pray will you give my respects to Mr. Clarke, and tell him that had I been aware of his good wishes towards my brother and myself, I should have been anxious to say so before this; but I know the differences of opinion that sometimes exist in families, and something like a feeling to that effect kept me silent. I should quarrel with this rogue P. about it if, in the first place, I could afford to quarrel with anybody, and if I did not believe him to be one of the best-natured men in the world.

Should your father be coming this way, I hope he will do me the pleasure of looking in. I should have sent to yourself some weeks ago, or at least before this, to come and see how we enjoy your vegetables, only I was afraid that, like most people at this season of the year, you might be involved in a round of family engagements with aunts, cousins, and second cousins, and all the list at the end of the Prayer-book. As soon as you can snatch a little leisure, pray let us see you. You know our dinner-hour, and can hardly have to learn, at this time of day, how sincerely I am, my dear sir, your friend and servant,  
LEIGH HUNT.

To C. C. C., Enfield.

Surrey Gaol, May 17th, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—. . . I am much obliged to Mr. Holt White for his communication. Your new-laid eggs were exceedingly welcome to me at the time they came, as I had just then begun once more to try an egg every morning; but I have been obliged to give it up. Perhaps I shall please you by telling you that I am writing a *Mask* \* in allusion to the late events. It will go to press, I hope, in the course of next week, and this must be one of my excuses both for having delayed the letter before me, and for now abruptly concluding it. I shall beg the favour of your accepting a copy when it comes out, as I should have done with my last little publication,† except for a

\* “The Descent of Liberty.”

† “The Feast of the Poets.”

resolution to which some of my most intimate friends had come for a particular reason, and which induced me to regard you as one of those to whom I could pay the compliment of *not* sending a copy. This reason is now no longer in force, and therefore you will oblige me by waiting to hear from myself instead of your bookseller.—  
Yours, my dear sir, most sincerely,  
LEIGH HUNT.

To C. C. C.

Surrey Gaol, November 2nd, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you have not been accusing your friends Ollier and Robertson of forgetting you—or, at least, thinking so—for all the fault is at my own door. The truth is, that when I received your request relative to the songs of Mozart, I had resolved to answer it myself, and did not say a word on the subject to either one or the other; so that I am afraid I have been hindering two good things—your own enjoyment of the songs, and an opportunity on the part of Messrs. O. and R. of showing you that they were readier correspondents than myself. After all, perhaps a little of the fault is attributable to yourself, for how can you expect a man rolling in hebdomadal luxuries—pears, apples, and pig—should think of anything? By the way, now I am speaking of luxuries, let me thank you for your very acceptable present of apples to my brother John. If you had ransacked the garden of the Hesperides, you could not have made him, I am sure, a more welcome one. I believe his notion of the highest point of the sensual in eating is an apple, hard, juicy, and fresh. . . . The printers have got about half through with my Mask. You will be pleased to hear that I have been better for some days than ever I have felt during my imprisonment—and in spite too of rains and east winds.

To C. C. C., Enfield.

Vale of Health, Hampstead,

Tuesday, Nov. 7th, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have left a picture for me, I understand, at Paddington, where the rogues are savagely withholding it from me. I shall have it, I suppose, in the course of the day, and conjecture it to be some poet's or politician's head that you have picked up in turning over some old engravings. I beg you to laugh very heartily, by the bye, if I am anticipating a present, where there is none. I am apt, from old remembrances, to fall into this extravagance respecting the Enfield quarter, and do it with the less scruple, inasmuch as you are obliging enough to consult my taste in this particular—which is, small gifts from large hearts. I am glad, however, in the present instance that I have been made to wait a little, since it enables me, for *once*, to be beforehand with you, and I can at least send you your long-promised books. The binder, notwithstanding my particular injunctions, and not having seen, I suppose, the colour of the fields lately enough to remember it, has made the covers red instead of green. You must fancy the books are blushing for having been so long before they came.—Yours most sincerely,  
LEIGH HUNT.

The books here referred to were "The Descent of Liberty" and "The Feast of the Poets, with other pieces in verse." The binder to whom I (C. C. C.) subsequently entrusted the task of putting Leigh Hunt's volume of poems entitled "Foliage" into an appropriately coloured cover of *green* played me a similar trick to the one above recorded, by sending the book home encased in bright *blue*! Perhaps this fellow had been so long without seeing the colour of the trees that he confused it with that of the sky above their heads.

The next letter alludes to John Keats, by the playful appellation that Leigh Hunt gave him of "Junkets," and commences by a pleasanter and more familiar form of address to C. C. C. than the previously used "Dear Sir":—

To C. C. C.

Maida Hill, Paddington, July 1st, 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . I saw Mr. Hazlitt here last night, and he apologises to me, as I doubt not he will to you, for having delayed till he cannot send it [the opera-ticket] at all. You shall have it without fail if you send for it to the office on Thursday, though with still greater pleasure if you come and fetch it yourself in the meantime. You shall read "Hero and Leander" with me, and riot also in a translation or two from Theocritus, which are, or ought to be, all that is fine, floral, and fruity, and any other *f* that you can find to furnish out a finished festivity. But you have not left off your lectures, I trust, on punctuality. Pray do not, for I am very willing to take, and even to profit by them; and *ecce signum!* I answer your letter by return of post. You began this reformation in me; my friend Shelley followed it up nobly; and you must know that friendship can do just as much with me as enmity can do little. What has become of Junkets, I know not. I suppose Queen Mab has eaten him . . . I came to town last Wednesday, spent Saturday evening with Henry Robertson, who has been unwell, and supped yesterday with Novello. Harry tells me that there is news of the arrival of *Havell*; and so we are conspiring to get all together again, and have one of our old evenings, joco-serio-musico-pictorio-poetical.—Most sincerely yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

The next three letters bear date in the same year. "Ave Maria" and "Salve Regina" were names sportively given by Leigh Hunt to Mrs. Vincent Novello and her sister, in reference to their being dear to a composer of Catholic Motets. "Marlowe" was where Percy Bysshe Shelley then resided, and where Leigh Hunt and his

family were then staying on a summer visit with his poet friend. The jest involved in the repeated recurrence to "Booth" is now forgotten :—

To Vincent Novello, 240, Oxford Street.

Hampstead, April 9th, 1817.

MY DEAR NOVELLO,—Pray pardon—in the midst of our hurry—this delay in answering your note. My vanity had already told me that you would not have stayed away on Wednesday for nothing ; but I was sorry to find the cause was so painful a one. I believe you take exercise ; but are you sure that you always take enough, and stout enough ? All arts that involve sedentary enjoyment are great affecters of the stomach and causers of indigestion ; and I have a right to hint a little advice on the occasion, having been a great sufferer as well as sinner on the score myself. If you do not need it, you must pardon my impertinence. We set off at eleven to-morrow morning, and are in all the chaos of packed trunks, lumber, litter, dust, dirty dry fingers, &c. But Booth is still true to the fair, so my service to them, both Ave Maria and Salve Regina. The ladies join with me in these devoirs, and so does Mr. Keats, as in poetry bound.—Ever my dear Novello most heartily yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

P.S.—I will write to you from the country.

To Vincent Novello.

Marlowe, April 17th, 1817.

MY DEAR NOVELLO,—One of Mr. Shelley's great objects is to have a pianoforte *as quickly as possible*, so that though he cannot alter his ultimatum with regard to a *grand* one, he wishes me to say that, if Mr. Kirkman has no objection, he will give him the security requested, and of the same date of years, for a cabinet piano from fifty to seventy guineas. Of course he would like to have it as good as possible, and under your auspices. Will you put this to the builder of harmonies ? I have been delighted to see in the *Chronicle* an advertisement of Birchall's, announcing editions of all Mozart's works ; and shall take an early opportunity of expressing it and extending the notice. I would have Mozart as common in good libraries\* as Shakespeare and Spenser, and prints from Raphael. Most of us here envy you the power of seeing "Don Giovanni" ; yet we still muster up virtue enough to wish you all well, and to send our best remembrances in return to Ave and Salve, to whom I am as good a Boothite as I can be, considering that I am also very truly yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

To Vincent Novello, 240, Oxford Street.

Albion House, Marlowe, Bucks,

June 24th, 1817.

MY DEAR NOVELLO,—You must not think ill of me for having omitted to write to you before, except, indeed, as far as concerned

\* Thanks to Vincent Novello, this is now the case. [C. C. C.; 1875.]

an old bad habit of delay in these matters, which all my friends have reproved in turn, and which all help to spoil me by excusing. I begged Mr. Clarke to let you know how much we liked the piano here; but when you wrote about poor Wesley, I happened myself to be suffering under a pretty strong fever, which lasted me from one Friday to the next, and from which I did not quickly recover. I have since got well again, however, and yet I have not written; nay, I am going to make an excuse out of my very impudence (I hope the ladies are present), and plainly tell you, that the worse my reason is for writing at last, the better you will be pleased with it, for we are coming home to-morrow. If that will not do, I have another piece of presumption, which I shall double my thrust with, and fairly run you through the *heart*; and this is, that we are coming to live near you, towards the end of the new road, Paddington.

I am sorry I can tell you nothing about the music of this place, except as far as the birds make it. I say *the* music, because it seems there are a party of the inhabitants who are fond of it. At least, I was invited the other day in a very worshipful manner to one, and regret I was not able to go, as I fear it might have been misconstrued into pride. There are other things, however, which you are fond of—beautiful walks, uplands, valleys, wood, water, steeples issuing out of clumps of trees, most luxuriant hedges, meads, corn-fields, brooks, nooks, and pretty looks. (Here a giggle, and a shake of the head from the ladies. *Ave* and *Salve*, be quiet.) The other day a party of us dined in a boat under the hanging woods of Cleveden—mentioned, you know, by Pope:

Cleveden's proud alcove  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love.

(Giggle and shake) and a day or two before we spent a most beautiful day, dining, talking, wining, spruce-beering, and walking, in and about Medmenham Abbey, where strangers are allowed to take this liberty in memory of a set of "lay friars" who are said to have taken many more,—I mean Wilkes and his club, who feasted and slept here occasionally, performing profane ceremonies, and others perhaps which the monks would have held to be not quite so. (Giggle and shake.)—If these people were the gross libertines they were said to be, the cause of kindly virtue was indeed in bad hands,—hands but just better than the damnatory and selfish ones to which the world has usually committed it;—but there is little reason to doubt that the stories of them (such as the supposed account for instance in "Crysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea") have been much exaggerated. If men of the most heartfelt principle do not escape, although they contradict in theory only the vile customs of the world, what can be expected from more libertine departers from them?—It is curious that the people at Medmenham itself do not seem to think so ill of the club as others. To be sure, it is not easy to say how far some *family* feelings may not be concerned in the matter; but so it is; and together with their charity, they have a great deal of health and beauty. It was said with equal *naïveté* and

shrewdness, the other day, by a very excellent person that "faith and charity are incompatible," and so the [*illegible, torn by seal*] seem resolved to maintain; but hope and charity are excellent companions, and seem [*illegible*] of St. Paul's reading, I would have the three Graces completed thus,—Charity, Hope, and Nature. I have done nothing to my proposed *Play* here:—I do not know how it is; but I love things essentially dramatic, and yet I feel less inclination for dramatic writing than any other,—I mean my own, of course. Considering also what the taste of the day has been,—what it is to run the gauntlet through managers, actors, and singers,—and what a hobgoblin I have been in my time to the playwrights themselves, I cannot help modestly repeating to myself some lines out of your favourite Address of Beaumont to Fletcher about the Faithful Shepherdess,—upon which, by the bye, I am writing this letter, seated on a turfy mound in my friend's garden, a little place with a rustic seat in it, shrouded and covered with trees, with a delightful field of sheep on one side, a white cottage among the leaves in a set of fields on the other, and the haymakers mowing and singing in the fields behind me. On the side towards the lawn and house, it is as completely shut in, as Chaucer's "pretty parlour" in the "Flower and the Leaf."—Mrs. Hunt in the meantime is revenging the cause of all uninspired fiddlers,—namely, scraping Apollo. Pray let the ladies remain out of the secret of this as long as the suspense shall give them any pleasure; and then tell them that the said Apollo, whatever they may think or even hope to the contrary, is no gentleman, but a plaster statue, which Marianne is putting into a proper condition for Mr. Shelley's library. A Venus is already scraped, to my infinite relief, who sympathised extremely with her ribs,—a sentiment which the ladies nevertheless are not very quick to show towards *theirs*. I beg pardon of *Ave*,—I mean *are* very,—"nevertheless" being a shocking and involuntary intrusion, suggested by my unjustifiable forgetfulness of Mr. Booth.

I will let you know where I am when I return. If I have written no play, I have not been idle with other verses, and am in all things the same as I was when I left town, so that I need not say I am sincerely yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

The following letter has no date; but its postscript explanation of the verse-signatures in the "Literary Pocket Book" shows it to have been written in 1819, which was the first year in which that publication appeared. It begins without set form of address; but plunges at once, in sportive fashion, into a whimsically worded yet most kindly rebuke to C. C. C. for having been impatient with his friend's delay in answering a communication. The reference to the actor Fawcett and his grating laugh comes in with as pleasant an effect as the reference to John Keats's loss of his brother Tom

strikes with painfully vivid impression after this long lapse of years :—

To C. C. C.

[No date.]

And so Charles Clarke is very angry with me for not sooner answering his two letters, and talks to my friends about my "regal scorn." Well,—I have been guilty certainly of not sooner answering said two ;—I have not answered them, even though they pleased me infinitely :—Charles Clarke also sent me some verses, the goodness of which (if he will not be very angry) even surprised me, yet I answered not :—he sent me them again, yet I answered not :—undoubtedly I have been extremely unresponsive ; I have seemed to neglect him,—I have been silent, dilatory, unepistolary, strange, distant (            miles) and (if the phrase "regal scorn" be true) without an excuse.

C. C. C. (meditative, but quick)—Ho, not without an excuse, I dare say. Come, come, I ought to have thought of that, before I used the words "regal scorn." I did not mean them in fact, and therefore I thought they would touch him. Bless my soul, I ought to have thought of an excuse for him, now I think of it ;—let me see ;—he must have been very busy ;—yes, yes, he was very busy, depend upon it :—I should not wonder if he had some particular reason for being busy just now ;—I warrant you he has been writing like the Devil ;—I'll stake my life on 't,—he has almost set his tingling head asleep like my foot, with writing ;—and then too, you may be certain he reproached himself every day nevertheless with not writing to me ;—I'll be bound to say that he said : I *will* write to Charles Clarke to-day, and I will not forget to give another notice to him in the *Examiner* (for he did give one), and above all, he will see his verses there, and then he will guess all ;—then one day he is busy till 't is too late to write by the post, and in some cursed hurry he forgets me on Saturday, and then—and what then ? Am I not one of his real friends ? Have I not a *right* to be forgotten or rather unwritten to by him, for weeks, if by turning his looks, not his heart, away from me, he can snatch repose upon the confidence of my good opinion of him ? I think I see him asking me this ; and curse me (I beg your pardon, Miss Jones), but confound me, I should say—no, I should not say,—but the deuce take—in short, here's the beginning of his letter, and so there's an end of my vagaries.

My dear friend, you are right. I *have* been very busy,—so busy both summer and winter, that summer has scarcely been any to me ; and my head at times has almost grown benumbed over my writing. I have been intending everything and anything, except loyal anti-constitutionalism and Christian want of charity. I have written prose, I have written poetry, I have written levities and gravities, I have written two acts of a Tragedy, and (*oh Diva pecunia*) I have written a Pocket Book ! Let my Morocco blushes speak for me ; for with this packet comes a copy. When you read my Calendar of Nature, you will *feel* that I did not forget you ; for you are one of

those in whose company I always seem to be writing these things. Had your poetry arrived soon enough, I should have said "Oh, oh!" and clapped it among my Pocket Book prisoners. As it is, it must go at large in the *Examiner*, where it will accordingly be found in a week or two. And here let me say, that bad as I have been, I begged Mr. Holmes to explain why I had not written; so that if he has been a negligent epistolar as well as myself, why—there are two good fellows who have done as they ought not to have done, and there is no epistle in us. (Here Charles Clarke gives a laugh, which socially speaking is very musical; but abstractedly, resembles fifty Fawcetts, or ten rusty iron gates scraping along gravel.) You must know that you must keep my tragic drama a secret, unless you have *one* female ear into which you can own for me the rough impeachment. (Here ten gates.) It is on the same subject as the "Cid" of Corneille; and I mean it to be ready by the middle of January for the theatre; so if you will get your hands in training meantime, I trust, God willing, the groundlings will have their ears split. If not, I shall make up my mind, like a *darned* vain fellow, that they are too large and tough; and so with this new pun in your throat, go you along with me in as many things as you did before, my dear friend, for I am ever the same, most truly yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

P.S.—The verses marked  $\Phi$  in the Pocket Book are mine,  $\Delta$  Mr. Shelley's, P.R. a Mr. Procter's, and I. Keats's, who has just lost his brother Tom after a most exemplary attendance on him. The close of such lingering illness, however, can hardly be lamented. Mr. Richards, who has just dropped in upon me, begs to be remembered to you.

The following letter alludes to a project for a work which was to be published by Power, was to be entitled "Musical Evenings," and was to consist of poetry, original or selected, by Leigh Hunt, adapted to melodies original or selected by Vincent Novello. The work, most tasteful in conception and most tastefully carried out by the poet and musician in concert (so far as it proceeded towards execution), was ultimately given up, as being much too far in advance of the then existing public taste for music, and the project was relinquished from the conviction that not enough copies would be sold to make the enterprise profitable to either publisher, poet, or musician:—

To V. N.

13, Mortimer Terrace, Kentish Town,  
Feb. 15th, 1820.

MY DEAR NOVELLO,—Unless you should avail yourself of the holiday to-morrow to transact any unprofessional business elsewhere, will you oblige me by coming and taking your chop or your tea here



to-morrow, to talk over a proposal which *Power* has made me, and which I think you will consider a good one? The truth is, I want you, if you have no objection, to negotiate the money-part of the business between him and me ; as I have no face in these matters but a mediating one, like your own. I will chop at half-past three. At all events, in case you go to Hampstead, and can come after your schooling. Hampstead is now in my eye, hill, trees, church and all, from the slopes near Caen wood to my right, and Primrose and Haverstock Hills with Steele's cottage to my left. I trust I shall have an early opportunity of introducing Mrs. Novello to Pan—both in his frying and sylvan character. When I add that we have been in great confusion (it is not great now), I do it to bar all objections from you on that score, and to say that I expect you the more confidently on that very account, if you can come at all. The house is most convenient and cheerful, and considered by us as quite a bargain.

P.S.—Power is half prepared to welcome you, if you have no objection. He speaks of *your* power (I must call him fondly my Power) in the highest terms ; but this, I suppose, is no new thing to your lyrical ears.

If you can come early we will make a whole holiday ; which will be a great refreshment to me.

*(To be continued.)*



# A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE,"  
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S  
FORTUNE," &c.

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## BOOK II.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Then the nightingale would raise  
Her hymn of passionate praise  
'Till the woodland's silent maze  
    Turned to song alone—  
'Till the sparrow in her nest  
Woke, and longed, and could not rest,  
For the music filled her breast  
'Till it seemed her own.

**N**O great misfortune ever appears to fall heavily. We storm over a broken tea-cup or turn the house out of windows to find a lost sixpence, but we wait till to-morrow if what is broken is a heart instead of a tea-cup, and if what is lost is not a sixpence but a fortune. And, when to-morrow comes, we find that the first bitterness has passed away unrecognised.

Nevertheless that blunt-edged second bitterness is the worse, because, as it seldom kills or drives mad, it has to be borne. Even Mr. Deane, in the hotel at Redchester, had talked as a sufferer from abstract injustice rather than from actual ruin. He, no more than Annie or Beatrice, was able to realise what he had never known—Poverty: that almost poetical abstraction to those who have never lived with her. Even yet her presence was not felt, though she had come. Mr. Deane was poorer than a day labourer who happens to be out of debt, and he travelled to London with Beatrice comfortably in a first-class carriage and was treated with extra respect, if possible, so long as he was in his own country. There was nothing but extraordinary courtesy and civility to remind him that he was Mr. Deane of Longworth no more. Only one Irish porter, at Redchester station, with more heart than tact, refused an ostentatiously liberal tip of half-a-crown with a "No, thank your honour kindly, but I wouldn't indeed," and hurried away. Mr. Deane swore under his breath, and threw the coin out of the window. "Confound the fellow," he said to Beatrice,

“as if I didn't know the bye-laws as well as he! Who's that taking off his hat to you? I shall complain to the company: these lamps are abominable—one can't see.”

“I don't know, Uncle George.”

“I do though—I see now—and he dared to take off his hat to you, that pettifogging thief who has turned Longworth into a bill of costs—is he coming in here? I hope he will—I hope he will!”

But Mr. Adams did not become their fellow-traveller. Beatrice hardly knew her uncle: he had not only lost hope but he had lost dignity. It was the first part of the lesson that she must now soon learn—that it is heroic to stand upright under ruin, not because ruin is tragic, but because it is mean.

They arrived at Arlington Gardens without farther adventure, except that they caught sight of Mr. Adams once more as he left the train for the Eastington line. And then their real troubles began.

Beatrice had hoped that Tom, wherever he might be, would learn of his father's ruin from the newspapers, and would lose no time in coming to take his share of whatever remained to be done. His absence was becoming something more than a mystery: she could only hope that in a fit of boyish pique and disappointment he had gone abroad. But he made no more sign than after the fire. Her uncle spent a great part of every day with his London lawyer: in the course of a fortnight all the servants were discharged, the house in Arlington Gardens was let to another tenant, and the ex-owner of Longworth was living with his niece in a cheap lodging in a cheap part of the town, advantageous only from its nearness to Lincoln's Inn—if it be an advantage to the doomed sheep to graze in sight of the shambles. Beatrice, with all her courage, and with all her eagerness for a life of toil and hardship, found but little sweetness in the uses of adversity: and her uncle did not better them. There was no fear of his committing suicide, but she began to be haunted by a terrible dread that he might be growing imbecile. In truth she had no cause for anxiety. Such as he had always been, he was now, only with the worse side of his nature turned outside instead of being decently concealed. Adversity has often made wise men wiser, but it never yet made an unwise man wise.

As Abel had often dreamed of wealth, so had Beatrice often dreamed of poverty. She had seen herself in Mrs. Burnett's place, combining the deepest study with the picturesque elements of a life of toil—and she found neither picturesque elements to combine, nor time to combine them. Mrs. Burnett had surely, she thought with a sigh

been exceptionally favoured by fortune in having a blind father, in eating oatmeal, and in living on the edge of a moor. Had she been burdened with an uncle whose eyes magnified every speck of dust into an injury, had she been obliged to buy her food at the butcher's and to live in a London lodging, how much Greek and mathematics would she have been able to learn? In this poor, Cockney imitation of Mrs. Burnett's place, what was there for Beatrice to do? She might just as well be living at Longworth in luxury, as far as she could see.

She was indeed in as difficult a position as it is possible for a girl to be. It must not be supposed that Mr. Deane's old friends and acquaintances turned their backs upon him and cut him as soon as he was down. The story of Timon belongs to a simple age. It is doubtful if so many cards had ever been left in Arlington Gardens in one fortnight before, or so many warm invitations pressed upon Beatrice to stay with anybody and everybody for as long as she chose. She might have had almost any sort of help that she did not want, and have found any number of Capuas. But, in these days at least, it is not Timon's friends who drop Timon so often as it is Timon who drops his friends. The invitations were not accepted, and the cards were not returned. Mr. Deane shrank from kindly attentions as if they were insults, and Beatrice had not come to London to be patronised, but to fight her way—like a man. And how does a man fight his way? Certainly not by having neither unusual talent, nor a profession, nor unfeminine thickness of skin, nor a vigorous body, nor a healthy spirit, nor knowledge of the world, nor tolerance of much that is mean and base, nor a capacity for keeping his old friends when he is down, nor the sense of humour that shakes even adversity by the hand, nor the privilege of entering Bohemia when every other land is closed. And Beatrice, not being a man, had few of these things: and, not being a Mary Burnett, could not afford to dispense with one. A man is raised by talent, but fortunate if he is not crushed by genius: a woman must have genius to rise at all. Talent is of little use, when it is joined with gentleness, in a fighting world—unless indeed it is the talent of being gentle, and making others brave. Or the talent of getting others to do one's fighting: which is no doubt the most useful that can be named, and even rivals genius—for an hour.

## CHAPTER XX.

“When house and land are gone and spent,  
Then learning is most excellent.”

So the days passed on till the last carriage had found its way to the door of their lodging, and till Beatrice and her uncle were practically alone in London. And still the question continued, What can I do that is worthy of my hands? Mrs. Burnett, I think, would have put the question in another form—What can I find for my hands to do? But it has been repeated often enough now that Beatrice Deane was in no way made of the superior clay that can never feel itself degraded even by being put to the commonest uses. She had always held her head so high, and looked down with such lofty contempt upon her more frivolous sister-women, that she was put by adversity upon her mettle to prove to all who had ever heard of her that her way of life had made her the mistress of her fortunes, and not their slave. She was neither proud enough nor humble enough to simply earn her living by going out as a governess—that would be owning herself beaten at the outset, and classing herself among the shipwrecks before she set sail.

She knew, and truly, that there was not one man in a hundred who had gained her mastery over the key of knowledge which is popularly supposed to unlock the gates of the world—as if it were easy to use a key when a jostling crowd is working at those same gates with crowbars. Her opportunity had come, and she was well armed to meet it; but how can one fight a foe who insists upon running away? There was nobody to help her—even Mrs. Burnett, who must have known the way to win, kept it as secret as if she feared a rival: as if her paradoxical fashion of elevating the liver as an intellectual organ over the brain were intended to throw dust in people's eyes. It was small comfort to be able to tell herself that her whole trouble came from being too well armed. There was no one to tell her that knowledge has but two practical uses—creation, of which she was incapable; and inward growth, which does not pay.

At last the need of advice became pressing: and, after much casting about, she bethought herself of the silent man in gold spectacles who had been invited to Longworth—how long ago?—to talk to Mrs. Burnett, or rather to be talked to by her. He, at any rate, knew her abilities and her views, and would tell her how they could be utilised. She had put off taking this obvious course as long as

possible, for even in this she had to swallow down one mouthful of pride. He ought to have come to her.

However, she called upon him one morning, and, after a long delay, was shown into Dr. Archer's study, where she found him busily engaged in reading a—novel. She thought he did not look particularly pleased at the interruption of his studies; but that might have been fancy. Dr. Archer was famous for *gaucherie*, and was anything but a lady's man.

"I suppose you wonder what I have come for?" she began as soon as the formal discussion of the weather was over.

"I am too grateful," he answered, ponderously, "for anything that brings me such an interruption to find a place for wonder."

"Is it impossible," she thought, "even for a man of sense and learning to speak to a woman without thinking himself bound to laugh at her? Why can't he say—Yes, I do: what's your business?—as he would to a man?" "What do you think of my abilities?" she asked abruptly and almost brusquely in her determination to show that she knew what coming to the point means. "What do you think of them, and what can I do with them?"

"Eh? What a strange question. Of course I have the very highest opinion of your abilities, Miss Deane. Indeed they are well known to be extraordinary. You are the cleverest young lady"——

"No compliments, if you please. Pray don't call me a young lady. Imagine me a young man—what should you say then?"

"My dear young lady, it is quite impossible to imagine you anything but what you are. How can one fancy a charming young lady a young man? And how could one have the heart to try when that young lady is Miss Beatrice Deane?"

"Then please shut your eyes." "How odious," she thought, "are these great men when they try to be gallant—why do they always seem to think it their duty to try to be taken for men of the world?"

"Then, with my eyes shut, I have the very highest opinion of your abilities—the very highest opinion."

"Then—what can I do with them? You know of our misfortunes. I want to earn my living by making the highest use I can of my brains."

"It is a very creditable determination—most laudable. Nothing is more easy, I should say."

"Ah!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Then tell me"——

"You are an accomplished musician. You play and sing quite like a siren. Ah, Miss Deane, you young ladies have the pull of us there—your path to fortune is strewn with roses, and music is all

the rage now. It was very different formerly. I am no musician myself, but I envy those that are."

Her face fell. "I should not have troubled you if I had ever thought of being a public performer," she said in a tone of bitter disappointment.

"No? It is the best advice I can offer you. What had you in your mind? You don't want to be a doctor, I hope?"

"I would if I could. But" —

"But of course not—of course not. A delicately brought up young lady like you—well, as the whole idea is absurd I need not explain. And then how about the patients? You would not want for them if you practised among my sex—indeed your consulting room would have to be as large as St. Paul's—but that would hardly do."

"There are lady doctors," said Beatrice.

"There are man-milliners, my dear—so at least Mrs. Archer tells me. *Exceptio probat regulam*. I am also told that a lady is among the best of doctors and a man among the best of milliners—nevertheless men do not adorn limbs, and women do not amputate them. Never think of such a thing. Perhaps you can paint. That is an excellent and thoroughly unobjectionable calling for any young lady, especially when it takes the direction of landscapes and flowers. Or you might write novels? Or articles for magazines? That is an excellent idea—write a novel. All women can write novels—at any rate they all do."

"I have never tried—I am sure I couldn't even if I did try. But is there no way at all that I can use what—what I hoped makes me a little different from all the others?—What did Mrs. Burnett do?"

"Ah—Mrs. Burnett—yes—she is a great woman. Let me see—you know her, I think? Of course—it was at your house I had the pleasure of meeting her. I should say you had better get her opinion. She, as a lady, would be able to advise you far better than I."

"I might as well go to a rock for counsel. How did she begin?"

"I don't know how she began. I only know she has ended by being one of the foremost women of her time."

"But she must have begun somehow—or do people like her never begin? When I read biographies I sometimes think great endings have no beginnings, but of course they must—Why is she such a mystery?"

"Is she a mystery? I don't know her early history, but I believe

she had to bear a great deal of hardship when she was young. But surely you know what brought her into notice? Surely you know all about her great discovery?"

"Of course. But everybody cannot make discoveries—one certainly cannot expect to make them. To stake one's future on such a chance would be like gambling."

"An excellent way of putting it, my dear young lady. A life of science is, as you say, a life of speculation, in more senses than one. And I will give you another paradox—science, when it is profitable, is mostly unprofitable. When a branch of science begins to pay, it is best left to mere men of business who you may be sure will carry it as far as ever it will go, and the *savant* should turn his attention to showing how something else may be made to pay."

"Then—do you mean—if Mrs. Burnett had not been lucky, she would have starved?"

"Unless she had married Mr. Burnett I am sure she would have very nearly starved. In fact I doubt if she is a penny the richer for all she has done."

"But you are?"

Dr. Archer smiled complacently. "Yes—I am. I, too, made a discovery—not so brilliant as Mrs. Burnett's, but of more practical utility. Did you ever hear of Archer's Patent Roaster? I am Archer. It was a happy thought, that flashed upon me one morning while shaving—it's a pity women don't shave, my dear young lady: you don't know what sudden ideas come to one then. And if you can invent, say, a machine for frying without waste, and can steer through the quagmires of the patent laws, then you will make science pay. I am not proud of my Roaster, and I trust my reputation is based on higher grounds, but it gives me the meat that is necessary for the application of my engine—it is my pot-boiler. I would advise you to invent a frying machine—if you can."

She left Dr. Archer in a state of down-heartedness pitiable to think of. She felt insulted by the complimentary manner in which he had informed her conclusively that the field of science contained no place where honour and profit could with reasonable certainty be combined. Of course she could not build upon the chance of her possibly turning out a second Newton or a second Watt: and she remembered that Watt had a profession and a business partner, and had to fight not only against the laws of nature but the laws of England.

"Then," she thought with a sigh, "if art is a woman's only grand career, art let it be, if it may."



Signor Fasolla, the music-master of whom Annie had spoken in one of her earlier letters to Tom, was of easy access, and Beatrice summoned courage to hail an omnibus: for though she had not walked far, she was tired. And there went down another mouthful of pride. The fashionable singing master—for he was no professor, though, like an ambitious barber, he called himself one—was eminently fitted for the position he held in the world of art, being a typically handsome Italian, with an interesting aroma about him of having suffered for *la patria*.

"Signor Fasolla," said Beatrice, "I don't think of taking any more lessons at present, but I want you to hear me sing."

"I shall be enchanted, mademoiselle."

"What can you judge me best by?"

"Oh—anything you please. I have but to hear one note, and presto! I know all. I even tell by the face, many times. But I am ravished to see my best, my favourite pupil, once more. You have been a long time away, mademoiselle."

"You have all the best pupils in London, Signor Fasolla. Now—as an honest man who has been a soldier—don't flatter me, but tell me what you really do think of me. I know I am not your best pupil: but I am not your worst"—

"You are the very best of the very best, Mademoiselle Deane. I meant it—it is true."

"For example—what would they think of me if I were poor and had to sing for my living?"

"They would think? They would think Grisi had come again."

"Does that mean, in English, that I should succeed fairly?"

"I should be proud to hear people ask, Who taught *la divina Beatrice*? and to hear them answer—Fasolla!"

"Then—tell me how to enter your profession. I mean to enter it, and to fight my way."

Signor Fasolla was necessarily accustomed to the caprices of amateurs. He had known many a misguided pupil of his—tenor-voiced, mostly—rush frantically from the drawing-room or the Government office to the stage after taking a sniff of Italian air, for form's sake, by the way. This intention of a rich English girl, eccentric by nature and nation, did not in the least surprise him.

"Ah," he said, "you would be an English Piccolomini? You honour art, mademoiselle, by such zeal. It is done with ease. You will go and live in Italy for one whole year, in a beautiful villa on the Lake of Como. You will take lessons of me every day till you go, and every day of my brother, who is the great *maestro* of Milan,

when you are there. You will make your *début* at La Scala. Nothing will be so easy. Everybody will become fanatic for *la bella Inglese*."

"Yes—but what do people do who cannot afford to wait, who cannot rent villas on the Lake of Como, or pay for the best masters in London and Milan? If I am so advanced as you say, cannot I begin at once low down, and work my way up by degrees? Understand me at once, Signor Fasolla. I do not come to you as a rich pupil. I must sing for my bread—literally, for my bread—and I want you to tell me how."

"You do not mean it, mademoiselle! No!"

"I do, indeed."

"What can I say?" he asked, clasping his hands and shrugging his shoulders. "I am distracted—what a pity!"

"Can you introduce me? Are not arrangements sometimes made about future earnings?"

"Yes—but no. On second thoughts—it would be too cruel, mademoiselle. The public is capricious: you might not please. Your voice is not strong, mademoiselle—and then you have still so much to learn."

"You said I was a second Grisi, Signor Fasolla."

"Yes, mademoiselle. As an amateur."

And that was doubtless exactly what he had meant: for, though he knew his own business, he was an honest man. Few indeed would have been his pupils had he not made a mental distinction between the meaning of epithets when applied to artists, and the meaning of the same epithets when applied to amateurs. But Beatrice did not appreciate this almost legitimate piece of duplicity, and her eyes filled with angry tears.

"You mean I should not do."

"I should be cruel if I said otherwise, mademoiselle. You are a young lady—an English young lady: ah, it is impossible you can imagine to yourself what young artists have to go through. They need to be pretty—and you are that—or else rich—you understand? You are an English young lady, mademoiselle—I need say no more."

"I will call on Herr Von Brillen. I could become a pianist perhaps if I cannot sing."

"You are a fine pianist—and everybody is a fine pianist in these days. That field is too full. If you could play the bassoon—that would be something: it would pay to be the only young lady who plays the bassoon. There would be twenty more by the end of the

season, but you would make your fortune by then. If I had a daughter, mademoiselle, she should not sing—no : she should not learn the piano—no : she should learn the bassoon.”

“I must invent a frying-pan, or learn the bassoon ! Thank-you, Signor Fasolla—Good-day.”

“But no !” she exclaimed in thought. “Be the difficulties what they may, I will be a Mary Burnett still ! She worked on without despairing—so much at least I have learned—and so much at least I also can do.” And so she went back to her books again.

“They are determined to drive us to the workhouse, I suppose,” said Mr. Deane at least three times every day. “Let them. People will see what British justice comes to then. When I am dead they’ll make a fuss, and alter the law of ejection when it’s too late to do any good to those who’ve suffered by it. It’s very strange we’ve seen nothing of Herrick since the trial—very strange. I suppose he is afraid I should blame him for the way the case went—as if I don’t know how to lay the blame on the right shoulders. It’s not his fault : it’s the fault of the law. It is outrageous that a parish clerk should be allowed to contradict his own vicar.”

Beatrice, whose patience was less marked than her courage, began to weary of the endless repetition of the same words, without variation even in form. But in a very little while the prophecy of a possible workhouse became something more than a mere form. It was quite out of the question that her uncle would ever find or even look for a way of keeping the wolf from the door. Sixty years at least of prosperity had not strengthened him, and it was a case in which it needed the qualities of a hero to save him from sitting down in despair, folding his hands, and letting the worst come. Even Beatrice never thought of blaming him for want of an almost impossible energy—his hair was white and his heart was broken.

“Don’t you think we ought to borrow something of Mrs. Burnett, Uncle George ?” she asked at last. “There can be nothing wrong in letting a friend help us—you would never have let her refuse you ?”

“No. I’ve said No, and if I never altered my word when I was rich, I’m bound not to alter it now that I’m poor. Why don’t you go and stay with her like Annie ? I may be a pauper, but a beggar I won’t be.”

She knew, when he spoke of never having gone from his word, that he was thinking of Tom, whom he never named. “I suppose I must bring myself to teach, after all,” she said to herself. “He will

die if I can find nothing to do." "Nothing great," she would have said a week ago, but then the wolf had still been outside the door. It was the most heroic, perhaps the only heroic, thing she had ever done when she at last swallowed almost all her pride by calling on a lady whom she had rather patronised in other days—that Mrs. Campbell whose daughter Flora had once had a passing chance of becoming her cousin by marriage.

Mrs. Campbell received her with even exaggerated cordiality. She was a pleasant person, not over rich, but with the power of keeping a large and profitable acquaintance well in hand—the very woman to help Beatrice to an opening.

"I am so glad you have called on us at last, Miss Deane!" she said as warmly as if no change had happened. "Flora was beginning to think we had offended you. I hope you have altered your mind, and will pay us a visit after all?"

"I mean to make no visits without being paid for them," said Beatrice bluntly. "I want to be a governess. I have to get my own living, and that seems to be the only way."

Mrs. Campbell, having all the tact that Mrs. Burnett wanted, said no word of commiseration.

"Well, my dear," she said kindly, "I should say nothing was more easy for you. Anybody would be only too glad to have you with them, I'm sure—and so clever as you are, besides."

"I hope this is not a preface to another frying-pan or bassoon," thought Beatrice. "Can you help me to what I want? Only—I dare say you will understand that I would rather not take a place"——

"A situation. Servants take places."

"A place—among people who know me. I don't want to be interesting. I want to go on my own merits, like anybody else"——

"Well—I dare say you are right. Let me see—I know lots of people who want governesses—real ones, I mean, and not professors in disguise. I will look about, and will let everybody know what a Phoenix I can recommend them—one who can see a girl's education right through from beginning to end. Of course you will not think of going out under the very highest terms."

"Please don't say too much about me. Then you really think you can find me something to do?"

"I am sure of it—I only wish that Flora was still unfinished. You may expect to hear from me very soon indeed."

"Well—I have heard nothing about frying-pans here," thought Beatrice as she went her way, not quite so happy in so good a

prospect as she ought to have been. "I suppose if I had asked to be a kitchen-maid I should hear still sooner. Well—it shall only be for a time."

"Miss Deane!" exclaimed a well-remembered voice behind her shoulder. Once more, and—as always—just when least welcome, she found Sleepy Dick at her side, whom she had not seen since her last *tête-à-tête* with Abel. She gathered up her old smile, however, as well as she could, and gave him her hand.

"Captain Burnett! And where do you come from this time? From the moon?"

"No—from the Strand. It is odd as well as lucky that I met you, for I was just coming to call."

"You know what has happened."

"Only just. I have been out of England, and had a letter from my mother only—only some time ago."

"You won't be offended if I tell you I think you had better not call? We see nobody now, and Uncle George is not at all well. And I am very busy—what makes you always just arrived in England whenever I see you?" she asked, to turn the talk from her own troubles. "Why do you never tell anybody the secret of your perpetual motion?"

"Why, Miss Deane? Well—why, because, I suppose, nobody ever asked me."

"Then I'll ask you now."

"There's nothing much to tell. I go where I'm sent, and I very seldom know where they'll send me to"—

"But who are 'they'? The whips of the Furies?"

"No—the owners of a daily paper."

"Then—then you *do* do something with yourself after all?"

"Hardly—I'm done something with, that's all. How's Annie? She's with my mother, I hear. And now tell me what I can do for your uncle. I'm not in harness at present, and don't expect to be yet awhile, so I should be glad if there's any way to make myself generally useful. You would be doing me a real kindness if you could give me anything to do."

It was the first time she had ever seen him without his mask on: and she had an oddly feeling suspicion that some of her former jests at his expense had fallen blind because they had been aimed in the wrong direction.

"I should never have thought that you, of all people, would submit to wander about at anybody's beck and call! Why I thought you told me you left the army because it took up so much of

your time—your bed-time, and obliged you to get up too early in the morning?”

“So I did. It took up so much of my time with doing nothing that it left me none to do anything. And it was an awful bore to have to get up early in order to do nothing at all.”

“I should have found plenty to do.”

“Ah, you mean studying. That’s all very well for you, but I can’t study—I never could, since I was born. But never mind me. What can I do for your uncle? Of course, I know there isn’t much I can do, but still”——

“Nothing—but it is very kind of you. Captain Burnett—do you think I could do any work for a newspaper?”

If in former times it had ever been prophesied to her that the time would come when she, Beatrice Deane, would ask Sleepy Dick for counsel, she would have laughed at it as the most ridiculous joke she had ever heard. But it seemed so natural to her now that she did not even observe how all things must have changed.

“You! On a newspaper!” It was the first time she had ever seen him surprised.

“Why not? Is there any reason? I have to get my living now. Do you think I can?”

“Good God! I had no idea”——

“Yes—and I am glad of it too. I am going out as a governess if I must, but I would rather do anything else if I can.”

“Good God! And Annie?”

“Poor girl! No—she is not made to fight the world. I mean to fight for all. Besides, when I leave home she must take my place with Uncle George. I am a poor economist, I am afraid. I will earn, and she will save. Women do write for newspapers, don’t they?”

“My mother does, certainly, sometimes. But you—no—I could not think of such a thing—such a thing must not be thought of, I mean.”

“I must and I will know why your mother is allowed to do everything she likes and I nothing at all.”

“My mother is a very extraordinary woman, you see.”

“Which means I am a very ordinary one. Must one be so very extraordinary to write for a newspaper? I should hardly have thought so.”

“No. But the question is—what could you write for one?”

“I don’t know.”

“But you would have to know. My mother only writes now and

then, when there is some special reason. Don't think of it again, Miss Deane—it would never do." And then, for the first time, she heard him speak not only unaffectedly but even eagerly.

"But why?" she asked, obstinately.

"For hundreds of reasons. But the first is enough—you will get no start unless you can show at once that you can do trained men's work better than hundreds of trained men, and rough work with delicate hands better than with rough hands. It is impossible."

"But you were not trained?"

"Not for writing: but you see I can stand climate and knocking about better than most fellows. If I couldn't have done that there'd have been no place for me. I can sleep anywhere and anyhow and anywhen, you know, and that gives one a pull."

"You are as provoking with your sleep as your mother with her digestion. Between you and her I shall have to believe we're nothing but machines, or that ostriches and squirrels are our models. Well—I must take your word for it, I suppose."

"You must indeed. But is it so absolutely necessary that you should have to work?—It is very strange."

"Why? Don't you know I always longed for such a necessity? If it were not for Annie and Uncle George I should not even complain."

But that was very far from what Sleepy Dick meant by very strange. What he meant was, Can my mother be mistaken in thinking she is engaged to that fellow Herrick after all? Cad as he may be, even a cad would not leave a girl to fight for herself while he had an arm to help her.

The mask he chose to wear has surely not proved impenetrable to other eyes than those which of course, after the custom of relations and friends, read him according to preconceived ideas. There is surely no need to suggest that the man who sickens at the sound of his own trumpet is not likely to be labelled as having a trumpet particularly worth blowing. The school-boy of Horchester who never could play well except on the losing side and was ashamed of winning prizes when others got none; the soldier who could not distinguish himself except when distinction meant death, and who then hid away the visible sign of his honour; the lover who spent his life in trying to make himself more worthy of one whom he believed he could never worthily win; the man who did brave deeds and lazily left the credit to be picked up by any chance rascal was certainly not qualified to understand Abel. He walked by her side, thinking silently in his slow way. He had been content to spend all

these long years in trying his best to live as he thought she would have him live, only careful to conceal imperfect service from her eyes. And now her situation touched him with an infinite pathos that probably he alone could read therein. We only see a proud and headstrong girl forced, by sudden ruin, to enter the battle of life with thousands more. But to him she was a dethroned empress: and he, the most loyal and devoted of her subjects, was not allowed to help her. His was the primitive manliness, that regards woman's toil as man's shame. Beatrice would have been more rebellious had she known all the reasons that made him shrink from the idea of her soiling her hands with printers' ink as if it were profanation. "Why may I not ask her to take all I have without myself?" was the burden of his thoughts as he walked beside her. But at last, after looking down upon her with grave tenderness, he looked up as if struck with a sudden idea.

"By the way," he said, carelessly, "I have not asked after our friend Herrick. Is he in town now?"

She had not realised till then how much of the nature of a feverish nightmare her short engagement had been, or how coldly she was now able to think of Abel—as coldly as that letter was worded in which she had dismissed him with no more regret than was due to a broken dream.

"Mr. Herrick?" she said, thinking only that he in his turn wished to turn the conversation. "I last saw him at Redchester."

"Then he is not in town?"

"Uncle George is expecting him daily. Why?"

"Oh—nothing. I only wanted to know. He is a very clever fellow. I hope he is getting on well at the bar?"

"I hope so—but it seems to be a very slow profession, from all I hear of it. I wonder how men can take to it. If barristers were women, I could understand well enough," she said, bitterly. "Waiting seems to be our destiny. I must say good-bye now. It was very kind of you to think of calling, but I think you had better not—Uncle George does not care to see his old friends now things are so much changed."

"And Tom—my old school-fellow? How is he getting on? What is he going to do?"

"We have not seen Tom since the fire. We do not even know for certain if he is alive. You don't know the worst part of our story."

"You have not seen Tom?"

"Of course you can't understand—nobody can. Uncle George



and he quarrelled on the night of the fire—quarrelled terribly, and for ever I am afraid, though Uncle George won't have it so. How terribly you may guess—when I tell you that Tom left home that night and never returned. If he is alive I don't know."

"Good God! My mother told me something—but even she cannot know—then he knows nothing of what has happened? Surely he must know from the papers"—

"He has made no sign."

"Perhaps he is abroad? But alive he is, or you would have heard: and Tom may be trusted to fall on his legs—he hails from Horchester. Why have I never heard of this before? Quarrel or no quarrel, he ought to be with you now."

"If he only were!"

"Where was he last heard of? You don't mean he took himself off without even a word to you or Annie?"

"Letters used to come sometimes, but they told us nothing—till—I'm afraid—Uncle George as good as ordered him to write no more."

"May I ask the cause of the quarrel, if you know?"

"He was engaged to a girl of whom Uncle George did not approve."

"The deuce he was! Then I don't think it's altogether so hard to understand. My friend Tom is as stubborn a fellow as I know, and Mr. Deane—well, he takes a little after his son, if you'll let me say so. And they loved one another so much that a small quarrel would be awfully hard to heal."

He was speaking to himself rather than to her: and his words took her by surprise. Dick Burnett turned psychologist was even more wonderful than Dick Burnett turned man of action.

"Where did he write from?" he asked.

"I don't know whether it was from Cambridge or Eastington. I never saw his last letter—it was to Uncle George."

"Cambridge or Eastington? Well, they are not very far away."

"He is far enough from us, wherever he may be. But-I don't want to worry you with our family troubles. Good-bye now. Perhaps we shall meet again in better times."

He took her hand, and held it for no perceptible fraction of a second longer than was needful. "Well," he thought, "then I can do something for her at last, thank Heaven, after all! Who knows but what I may be able to do two things? Tom, I should say, will not want the help of a detective to find him—of course there's a woman in the case, and he isn't a fellow to read the papers, and the law

news least of all. So I don't suppose I should do very wrong if I went down to Cambridge *viâ* Eastington or Eastington *viâ* Cambridge, whichever way may be. Eastington, I should say. Nothing but a woman or a cricket-match could take a fellow like Tom Eliot to a place like Eastington. As to the rest, if she cares for that fellow Herrick—and it seems she does, though God knows why—he can't be such a cad as I took him for, after all. She must know him best: and she told my mother she was proud of loving him. He must have honestly dreamed he saved her. She could not be proud of a liar, and no man alive, cad or no cad, could have told such an impudent lie, knowing it to be one. And if he loves her—as any man must who knows her—why the devil doesn't he marry her? If the bar's too slow, why doesn't he give up the bar? However, if he won't or can't, he mustn't be allowed to let her work her fingers to the bone while he's waiting to be Lord Chancellor. He must be a good fellow at bottom if she cares for him—but I doubt if he'd prove very thick skinned—I'm sure he wouldn't—and I've got plenty for three. What's the good of having money of one's own if one can earn it? However, Tom's the first thing."

He took the first train to Cambridge, and went straight from the station to St. Christopher's, where he learned, as he expected, that nothing had been heard of Mr. Eliot for a considerable time. It was now late in the evening: and it might have been fairly supposed that Sleepy Dick would have made the best of his time by going to bed, seeing that there was no train to Eastington till the next day. He did what would have considerably astonished his mother. In the dead of the night he set out to walk all the way to Eastington, having calculated that he should thus arrive an hour or so before the earliest train.

There he found that Mr. Eliot had been tolerably well known at the Lamb, but, as at Cambridge, had not been heard of lately. But he also learned that Tom had at least once been known to call on Mr. Adams the lawyer. So he went at once to Hog Alley, of course knowing nothing of Mr. Adams's connection with the fortunes or misfortunes of the Deanes.

He, too, was kept waiting the orthodox half hour in the outer office before he was shown into the lawyer's private room. But having, for all his sleepiness, a wider knowledge of men and things, and of their varieties and sub-varieties, was not taken aback by the crimson dahlia that Mr. Adams had to-day in wearing.

"One moment, sir, if you please," said Mr. Adams, without raising his eyes from the large parchment before him. "'And whereas

the said Duke of'—that'll do—Now, sir, what business can I have the pleasure of doing for you? Captain Burnett—in the army, I presume?—Here's another of 'em: we'll have the Irish curate to-morrow—I beg your pardon, captain, but I am so overwhelmed with business"——

"I'm not come to disturb you. I've only heard that you may perhaps know Mr. Eliot"——

"If I wasn't cock-sure of it—' I think there be two Richmonds,' as Martin said the other day!—Yes, captain, I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Thomas Deane-Eliot: I know him well—he's a particular friend of mine. And his cousins too, the Miss Deanes—charming girls they are too, especially Miss Annie."

"Never mind the Miss Deanes. Where is Mr. Eliot now?"

"First and foremost—why do you want to know? Are you acquainted with my friend Mr. Deane?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Then, captain, it's no go—it won't do. Professional confidence is not to be tampered with. Mr. Thomas Deane-Eliot is a respected client as well as a valued friend of mine, and I decline *in totus*."

"Nonsense, man. What harm do you think I want to do to him? I'm not a creditor. His family want news of him."

"Ah! And I s'pose they wish they may get—I dare say they do. He's all there, if that'll ease their mind. But where he is—that's another pair of shoes."

"Really, Mr. Adams, you are a very singular young man."

"I've heard that before. I ain't plural. But as for being young, I wasn't born yesterday. Some people keep their looks a long while, and I rather think that you'll find that the case with me."

"From what you say, I suppose he is in some trouble? If it's about money, you are doing him an ill turn, I assure you, by making such a mystery of his whereabouts."

"Thank you sir,—that's well meant, but it won't do. That's a very old game."

"What's an old game? You won't help me to serve him? He is in England, I suppose?"

"He may be in England, captain, or he may be in Jericho."

"Which means he is not in Jericho."

"Not a bit of it—it only means I never make admissions. If he hadn't been so quick to make admissions, old Deane would very likely have kept Longworth to this hour. P'raps I say he is

in Jericho just to make you think he isn't because I say he may be: and p'raps I say that to make you think he is in Jericho because you might think I mean he isn't, because I don't say he mayn't be. But honestly, and as man to man, I'll tell you one thing—I don't think it'll be worth your while to look for him in Jericho. Farther than that, I admit nothing. But if you'll take anything, I shall be proud. And if ever you want professional assistance in the shape of ready cash, as being a military officer it's on the cards you may, you can't do better than come to Hog Alley—or if you only want a nip at any odd time, I shall be very glad to see you if you're passing by."

"You seem a cool hand: though I'm hanged if I know what you mean. Thank you for both your offers—when I want either, I'll not forget you. If I leave a message for Mr. Eliot, I suppose you won't object to let him have it?"

"I see—you want to trap an admission. But if you'll write one down, and I approve it as his legal adviser, I dare say I can let him have it in the course of time."

"I'll dictate it to you if you like. 'Dear Eliot,'"—

"Well—that's unobjectionable so far. 'Dear Eliot'"—

"As you have not been home—I suppose—you don't know—that your father has lost Longworth—by a law-suit.—Write—or come to me—and I will explain.—Yours ever—Richard Burnett.' Will that do?"

"Yes—that'll do: with the substitution for 'law-suit' of 'action at law.' But that is only a technical error, which can be amended. Only doesn't it strike you as being rather a short way of telling such a piece of news?"

"Why? Do you think he will go into a fit? If he does, he must come out again. Thank you, Mr. Adams. When I *don't* want a secret kept I shall certainly come to you."

He went back to the Lamb, where he had the pleasure of stealing a march on Mr. Adams after all: for it was not difficult to learn there that Tom was nephew to the Vicar of the neighbouring village of Winbury, and had been in the habit of visiting his uncle. "A country parsonage—a dangerous place," he thought, "for a fellow that's inclined to spoon. It's not difficult to put two and two together there: where there are uncles there are pretty safe to be cousins. Those country vicars always have six daughters at least, and one would be enough for Tom—at least, I hope so." So he lost no time in starting for Winbury.

That long, straight, utterly uninteresting road has now been

travelled so often by such widely different people on such different errands that Winbury is becoming, not the starting point, but the very centre of their histories, whither all their roads converge. Dick Burnett, who, as he never looked for the picturesque, did not miss it, went straight to the vicarage and almost astonished the servant who answered the door out of her senses by asking to see the Vicar—if he was at home : as if every Christian did not know that the Vicar was always at home. He looked about as he asked, but the flower garden at least looked as if no Vicar's daughter had been near the place since the Reformation permitted Vicars to have daughters at all. Nor did he see any other feminine traces, save a duster and brush in the passage, when he was ushered into the Vicar's study and found the old gentleman poring over a newspaper which he laid down when his visitor entered in order to stare inhospitably.

"Before you mention your business, sir," said the Vicar, "allow me to say one word. If you are bringing me another subpoena I give you fair warning I'll throw it into the fire whatever the consequences may be. Do you bring me a subpoena?"

Dick Burnett looked at the old gentleman, and felt more sure than ever that it was not the pleasure of his uncle's society that had attracted Tom to Winbury. There must surely be cousins to account for Tom's having been there a second time.

"You need not be alarmed——" he began.

"Speak louder, please. I have caught cold in the head—through a subpoena—and it's flown to my ears, though I can hear as well as any man. Not a subpoena? Then what is it? Do you want to be married?"

"I am a friend of your nephew, Tom Eliot ; and I thought, being in the neighbourhood, I might see him if I ran over."

"Tom Eliot? Who's Tom Eliot?"

"Is he not your nephew?"

"Oh—you mean old Deane's son, that used to come pottering about here, Heaven knows why—an eye on my will, I suppose. He's not here now, though—and, please goodness, he'll never be here again."

"Two angry fathers!" thought Dick Burnett. "I wonder if a Miss Markham is missing too? Do you happen to know where he is? where I am likely to see anything of him?"

"No, Major What's-your-name, I don't—and I don't mean to. The Deanes have treated me scandalously. They dragged me from home—they put me into a box to be badgered by a Whig lawyer—

they made me a public laughing-stock—they deceived me into putting up at a Whig inn, where there was nothing to eat but Whig mutton chops, half cinder and half raw—they gave me the gout and the influenza. And after all this they lost their cause! They used' me like a blind tool, and threw me away. They lost their cause by trusting it to a Jackanapes that was once a scarecrow in this very parish, and calling a rascal of a blacksmith that I got turned out of his clerk's place for drunkenness and debauchery to contradict me to my own face, as if I couldn't remember things that happened to me at six years old. And now I'm held up to ridicule in the *Mercury*—but I know whom I have to thank for that—an impertinent pettifogging rascal named Adams, a whipper-snapper, a snub-nosed law-clerk, who's the pest of the neighbourhood. But I'll be even with him. I've given a rub to the Whigs in the matter of old Crook, and I'll give 'em another before I've done. He and able Harry ruined Deane between 'em, and I'm glad of it—I'm glad of it: he deserved it for the shabby trick he played me. I know nothing about him or his, major, and if you've come to tell me anything about them, I give you fair warning I won't hear a word. All I know is they'll never get anything from me."

"But"——

"I can't hear you—I'm very deaf: I can't hear a word you say."

And that was all that Dick Burnett could get out of the Vicar of Winbury.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"Far orb'd Methratton, whom no meaner gaze  
Than seraphs', eagle-eyed with love, hath seen:  
Razael, the lord of wisdom, darkly known:  
The seven that sway the world: and they that rule  
The four times seven mansions of the moon—  
These be the broken lights that Hamar saw,  
Caught in a trance beyond the outer verge."

ANNIE, staying with Mrs. Burnett, knew little or nothing of what was passing in London. She wrote to Beatrice every day, and Beatrice to her every two or three days. But her sister's letters were always written in a sanguine strain, and made the best even of her uncle. No secret anticipations of possible failure must run the chance of betrayal to Mrs. Burnett's eyes.

But, one morning, a very different letter arrived at the cottage—very different at least to anybody who knew how to read Beatrice between the lines.

"Don't stare," she wrote, "but I have made up my mind to teach

till I can do something better. Mrs. Campbell has got me a place—situation she tells me to call it—with a lady at Birmingham who has two daughters, for whom I mean, since I must, to do all I can. It goes to my heart to ask you to take my place with Uncle George—if I have found it hard to manage, how will you? But you must try to rough it a little for all our sakes, and to put up with a good deal. As I shall be at free quarters, I will send you every penny I earn, and you must study housekeeping. I will wait till you come of course, but must leave the moment you do. I have plenty of clothes to my back to start with, for I have worn literally nothing in London. Tell Mrs. Burnett from me that I have learned a great deal of the world now, and see clearly that one must stoop to conquer—but that I will conquer, all the same. I am stronger than ever—I keep house all day and work all night, and feel all the better. I am awfully sorry to bring your visit to an end, but it must be done. Details will keep till you come.”

Mrs. Burnett rather shook her head over this letter, but said nothing. There was only one possible answer—that Annie would go home instantly.

“I’m vexed to lose ye, my dear,” said Mrs. Burnett; “but after all ’twas not you so much as Bee that I wanted to keep out of harm’s way for awhile. When ye see Mr. Herrick, ye may tell him from me I don’t think much of him. Mr. Burnett was a prudent man, but I don’t think he’d have let me go out for a teacher—unless I pleased. Poor Bee! God help her—pupils, poor bairns!”

Annie, being a yet more common-place girl than even her sister, cannot be blamed for shedding many tears on finding matters in London very much blacker than they had been painted. She did not show even one of her tears, however, and took the keys, metaphorically speaking, from Beatrice without a murmur, save on the score that she had been kept in ignorance of the real truth so long. She could not help feeling that her sister had been trying to trick her out of her proper share of the burden. The evening of her arrival was mournful, but not altogether unhappy. It was a kind of reunion; and even Mr. Deane fell into a mood not altogether unlike cheerfulness before Annie had been with them an hour. But when she looked at Beatrice she guessed what sort of life her sister’s must have been. While Beatrice’s talk was braver, more hopeful, and scarcely a shade more bitter than ever, her face had grown pale, thin, almost haggard, and hard and wretched even when she went through the form of smiling. It was as if Abel’s instinct had told him rightly, and Longworth had in truth been the whole of her charm.

The ensuing period of the history of the Deane household, so far as it yet hung together, would prove but a paltry record. Annie's destiny was to be the centre of little things. But—I know not how, nor has anybody who has been acquainted with such cyphers ever been able to tell—the little things that Beatrice had left in a state of chaos gradually grouped themselves into harmony, as if they recognised in her a sympathetic mistress who did not despise them for being so small. The sitting-room began to look less lodging-like and more home-like, and even her uncle spent less of his time in quarrelling with the laws of his country. Annie was of course, on the authority of the family label, not to be compared with Beatrice in any way; but perhaps, in his disgust with the world at large, he found it pleasanter to live altogether with Nobody for awhile as his companion. In short, the absence of Beatrice made itself felt rather as a relief than otherwise.

And so, once more, the days went on. Nothing happened—nothing was likely to happen. They were but days, and not a very great many had passed since the loss of Longworth even now. But everybody knows that days are years sometimes, and weeks centuries. So the wonder is that Annie remained young, and not that Beatrice and her uncle had grown old. Perhaps it was that, having so many things and so many people to think of, she could not feel any one of them so deeply as to exclude the others. But people like Annie, though common enough, are always mysteries. They certainly do not try to make themselves out, so why should others trouble themselves to try?

But an adventure happened at last.

One morning Annie went out as usual to do her marketing, in which, for an apprentice, she was quickly becoming fairly skilled. She had already learned the value of pennies, so that the knowledge of the value of halfpennies might possibly follow. She had made the acquaintance of farthings, not as curiosities of coinage, but as things that are held important in a bargain. It is true she still sometimes made the butcher stare at her ignorant blunders, but I think he took less advantage of her than if she had been as good a hand at a bargain as most of his customers. She had provided the daily dinner for two, or rather for one and a half, and congratulated herself upon growing a proficient in what she would once have wondered at as miserly ways. Of course it is a mark of intense stupidity to be unable to feel consistently miserable: so let her be branded accordingly. Somehow the sun will persist in gleaming, even in London: and



there is a moral sun also that is equally persistent and equally out of place at times. Both suns were gleaming upon Annie to-day. Beatrice had, as usual, written home most courageous letters, and Annie, though once deceived, had lost no scrap of her profound belief in her sister's capacity for being and doing anything she pleased. She had heard of Dick Burnett's assurance that Tom must surely be on his legs somewhere, and her faith in Beatrice's talent for climbing was not more unlimited than her faith in Tom's talent for falling—that far more useful and difficult accomplishment of the two. Perhaps things might take a turn for the better after all—"When Bale is hext, Boot is next," as the old saying goes.

In this stupid but hopeful frame of mind she returned from the butcher's to find in the passage a black leather portmanteau looking strangely like one that ought to be in Birmingham.

Not only so—it was labelled "Miss Deane."

She ran upstairs breathlessly—and there found that she ought to have provided dinner for three.

"It's the story of the bad penny," said Beatrice. "It's no use. I'm beaten again. Robert Bruce's spider never tried to be a governess, Annie."

"Bee—what can have happened now?"

"I'm going in for an examination—in writing, I believe, and in arithmetic I know. It has all been arranged. I may get a place in the Post Office as a reward, if I do my sums well. Here are my first and last wages for teaching, Annie—I didn't earn them, but the Crewes made me take them, and I've lost every atom of pride. Take them and make them last as long as you can. If I cannot make something in the Post Office before they are spent, and if I know anything of Uncle George's affairs,—I wonder how people feel when they go into a pawnbroker's, Annie, for the first time?"

"Beatrice—tell me, please, what has happened. Have our troubles only just begun?"

"Not at all. I have only found out what I am not fit for, and that is the first step to knowledge of what I am fit for, I suppose."

"But you liked the people so much—you wrote—have they sent you away? Were they not kind?"

"They were kindness itself—the kindest people in the world. No, Annie—I am not the martyred governess that people write about: if I had been that, I would have stayed."

"Then" —

"I have dismissed myself: the kinder they were, the more I was bound to go."

"What can you mean?"

"I mean that, not being a man, I could not sell my conscience. They have that advantage over us, I own, that they can do as they like without thinking the worse of themselves. I very soon found out that I was not wanted to educate the girls at all. I was only wanted to see that they grew up just as I would not have made them. They were not to learn singing, for instance—they were to learn songs, to show off before company—and not songs either, Annie: things that are sold for songs." The piano the same. In fact they were to learn everything and know nothing. I can't and won't help any girls to make the worst of themselves. When I talked seriously of their studying something that might make reasonable creatures of them, the father smiled and the mother looked frightened—she thought me a lunatic, I believe. However, they were determined to bring up their children in their own way, so I gave them a bit of my mind—and here I am. They are really excellent people—I should have offended nine people out of ten by the half of what I said—and they treated me like a friend to the end."

"Of course you know best—but could you not have tried? Could you not have gradually brought them round to agree with you?"

"No—I should have brought myself round to agree with them. I have had enough, to last me my life, of doing evil that good may come. It would have been like treachery—and, in short, it was impossible. So now I must begin again in the only honest way that seems to be left me, except going out as a shop-girl or a housemaid—and perhaps I shall come to these in time. We will take the same place—I will wait at table and you shall be lady's maid. I begin to see that people who take to dishonest ways may not be so blameable after all. If I get a place in the Post Office I won't open the letters till I am positively obliged."

"Bee! Pray don't talk like that—please don't say such horrible things! Let us change places, Bee—Do you stay at home a little and rest, and I will see what I can earn."

"You, Annie? What could you do?"

"Being frivolous myself, I might teach frivolities. I think I should rather like it"—

"I know you would not—I have tried. No—I will not give in. Bruce's spider tried seven times. I will try seven hundred. You are in your place here. Don't speak of my resting. I am like Mrs. Burnett in one thing—I should keep all the accounts by algebra, so I must learn how business people manage—I must go back to the beginning and practice sums."

“Beatrice! You here!” said her uncle, who just then came back from his lawyer’s. But he spoke neither as if he were very much surprised nor, considering that she was his favourite niece, over warmly. “Well, I knew you wouldn’t be away for long. That’s what comes of our forgetting that we are still what none of their laws can unmake us. If we must starve, we must—never let me hear of your going into service again. You were turned off, of course—we may look for any insult now, and we deserve it if we put ourselves in the way.”

“No, Uncle George—I dismissed myself: but for the rest I think you are so right that I will never try that sort of service again. That’s all over now. Let us talk about other things.”

In only one thing did Beatrice still keep a grain of good sense—she did not accuse men or any class of men of having entered into a vast conspiracy to keep women down and all the fields of work for themselves. On the contrary, such a view would have been degrading to her views of womanhood: she would as soon have accused Europe of conspiring to keep down Africa. Women kept themselves down, she held, of their own free will: otherwise her sex would be in the position of the negro, who is kept down by want of power to rise.

She and Annie now had to share the same room. But when her uncle had gone to bed, and Annie was preparing to follow his example by finishing up the day’s odds and ends, she sat down with pencil and paper.

“Don’t do anything to-night, Bee,” said Annie in dismay. “You must be more tired than I am. What can you be going to do now?”

“I am going to use all the brain I have in doing sums. I must be prepared in three days, as I told you, and for aught I know it may take me three days to prepare myself. A baby could learn all I want to know, but even a baby would want time. I’m always afraid of easy things, and this is my last chance, I feel it, Annie—and I must not fail now.”

“You who know mathematics—how can you want to learn how to do sums?”

“I do—mathematicians never know how to reckon, I’ve heard Mrs. Burnett say, and I’ve never troubled myself about every-day rules, and ‘dodges,’ as—as Tom used to say.”

“Let me sit up and help you. I’m not tired at all.”

“Nor am I. I’m never tired now. And there’s no way you could help me now except by letting me know that you are safe in bed

and asleep. You need not think I'm going to puzzle my head over problems: it will be only play.—Good night: the sooner I get to work the sooner I shall follow you.”

Annie sighed good night, and left her. Beatrice set to work, as in fact she had done every night since the trial.

But “I must be sleepier than I thought” she said to herself presently. “I feel as if I was stupid—like people do, I suppose, when they tie up their heads with wet towels and dose themselves with green tea. Why in the world should one know perfectly how to do things and yet not be able to do them?—I have certainly made some blunder here—ah, I see—poor Annie! It is lucky on the whole that one of us is a good manager—Let me see—where was I? No wonder I make mistakes when I'm not attending—Never mind: I shall attend hard enough when the test comes.—I must not meet it haphazard as Tom went in for his scholarship—Ah, I wish I could solve that problem: Why are there no magic mirrors now? I wonder whether it will be from Australia that we get his next letter? Poor fellow, scholar of St. Christopher's as he was, I hope it may be from there: that would be the field for him, from all one hears.—Off the track again!—This will never do: dreaming is no magic mirror, any way.—I wish Annie had married.—Why hasn't she? Even Flora Campbell has—why does not Dick Burnett fall in love with her? But he wouldn't think of doing that now. Eight times seven is—He may not be quite what I used to take him for, but men are men—and he has taken me at my word about never coming near us—But come—I ought to be thinking of—Eight times seven is—Fancy thinking of Sleepy Dick of all people in the world, when I ought to be thinking of—well, one can't help one's wits running away now and then over this charity girl's stuff—but I should certainly be plucked to-night, I'm afraid. I wish I was to be examined in something that shows I have worked—what would Dick Burnett say if he could see me now, working at what I have no doubt he has at his fingers' ends—those stupid men can always reckon—that's why rich men are always so stupid, I suppose.—Is he so stupid, though? He is not the same Dick Burnett I used to know. If I did not know him of old—but eight times seven is—sixty-five and eight is seventy-three, and how can there possibly be a nine too many? It can't have come from nowhere. I must have grown stupid, and then of course Dick Burnett would seem wiser than he used to be. Fancy his doing brain-work after all—ah, not sixty-five—fifty-six: I shall have to buy a parrot to teach me the multiplication table. Well, that nine's gone. I feel terribly sleepy. I shall have to spur myself up with

some real work that will make me attend whether I will or no. And six into sixty-five, nine and five—and there is that eternal nine again! Yes, six into sixty-five *is* nine and five over: and if the nine will come—and the farthings in eighty-seven pounds eleven and sevenpence three farthings—twice eighty-seven—twice seven is—twice seven is—Good heaven, twice seven is—seven times two is—seven times two is seventy-two thousand two hundred and thirty-four times six inches from the earth to the moon—the sun—Ah, seven times two is fourteen—fourteen what? Am I to learn the alphabet over again?—Is it the same in Africa?—Ah—it is fire! God in heaven, I shall be burned to death—and nobody comes—not even Tom”——

Suddenly the world spun round and round with her for a thousand years.

“It is plain enough,” said a man’s grave voice, half heard through the whirlwind as the world spun round and round. “I have scores of such cases—I expect to see hundreds more, till you girls learn that she who will not play hard, neither shall she work hard. The brain happens to be part of the body, Miss Deane. Your sister has been mistaking it for part of her soul—and she has broken down.”

“Do you mean—she is gone mad? Do you mean—Dr. Vaughan—do you mean,” whispered Annie’s voice in agony, “she will die?”

But the answer, if there was one, was drowned in the whirl.

*(To be concluded next month).*

# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

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MISS LOUISA CHARLOTTE FRAMPTON sends me the following Legend of Berlin Palace, opening with a characteristic anecdote of the famous author of German unity :—“From a lady at the Palace of Berlin came a telegram to Prince Bismarck announcing that her *femme de chambre* had been seized with hysterics on the anniversary of the first victory gained by the Prussians over the French in the late war. On traversing the long gallery at the Palace at midnight the *femme de chambre* had heard the clattering high heels and the tapping walking-stick of the ‘Little White Woman,’ whose appearance announces death or misfortune to royalty. The lady, who enjoyed the personal friendship of Prince Bismarck and was a woman of great intelligence, merely telegraphed to know how to keep the matter secret, so as to prevent idle gossip and hysterical emulation. The statesman’s answer was brief: ‘Make it public on the contrary; at the same time let people know that your maid’s head has been shaved, and that she has had a shower bath and blisters, and bleeding, and *let it be done.*’ The lady having no choice but to follow the prescription, sent her attendant to the nearest asylum, and it was supposed that nothing more would be said about the ill-timed apparition at the Palace. The ‘Little White Woman’ has, however, appeared since then, in spite of Prince Bismarck’s method of treatment; once in October, 1872, just before the death of Prince Albrecht; again in the spring of 1873, to announce the death of Prince Adalbert; and the last time in October, 1873, when Queen Elizabeth of Prussia lay on her death bed. The Queen Dowager was not, however, a born Hohenzollern, and so for a while the visitation was supposed to forebode the death of the Emperor, who was ill at the time; but his Majesty recovered. Here is the legend of the ‘Little White Woman’ of Berlin Palace: A great many years ago lived a Hohenzollern princess, a widow with two children, who fell in love with a foreign prince, rich, handsome, and brave. She sent him a proposition of marriage, but the brave and handsome prince declined her offer, explaining that ‘four eyes stood between him and acceptance.’ He referred to his aged parents, whom he did not wish to leave, but the princess understood

him to refer to the four eyes of her two children, and to his unwillingness to become a step-father. Whereupon she promptly suffocated the poor babes and wrote to her beloved that the obstacle was removed. The foreign prince, stricken with horror at the foul deed, made the wickedly infatuated lady understand her horrible blunder, and soon after he died with execration on his lips for the woman who had to such fell purpose loved him. The princess fell then into the deepest and bitterest remorse and died, and was buried under the old castle at Berlin. But not to rest quietly in her grave. At rare intervals she appears in white attire at midnight, carrying a heavy stick and gliding in ghostly fashion about the Palace; and the apparition is a warning of the death of some member of the house of Hohenzollern." Among stories of ghostly visitants and death warnings this one is not remarkable, but it stands redeemed from ordinary competition by the likely incident of the great Chancellor's specific for the vagaries of ghost-seeing at Court.

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A READER of last month's paragraph on old dedications, referring to my remarks on ceremonial forms of expression, sends me a list of the more remarkable of those which have been in use among us and compares them with others which have never taken root in English. The latter are the most amusing because they are the less familiar. Here are a few specimens from the Courts of Diocletian and Constantine: "Your Sincerity," "Your Gravity," "Your Sublime and Wonderful Magnitude," "Your Illustrious and Magnificent Highness." More curious still are "Sebastocrator," "Panhypersebastos," and "Protosebastos," the coinage of the pedant Alexius Comnenus. But since with perfect seriousness we can address a magistrate on the bench as "Your Worship," and a County Court judge as "Your Honour," there is no reason why we should smile at the Chinaman who apostrophises his ruler as a near relative of the heavenly constellations.

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FROM Mr. R. H. Horne I have an interesting note expressive of his sympathy with Mr. Robert Buchanan's letter of last month touching Walt Whitman, and asking me to read a short poem of his own which has been published in the volume of Mr. Horne's works known as "Cosmo de' Medici and other Poems." I will add Mr. Horne's lines to Mr. Buchanan's sonnet which I printed last month, by way of further proof that the eccentric American poet has not been unappreciated by English singers. In the following lines, which were written, I believe, long ago, Mr. Horne symbolises Walt

Whitman by Niagara and, as he says, "an equally neglected genius," William Blake, by a star:—

A STAR OVER NIAGARA.

BRIEF COLLOQUY OF TWO SPIRITS.

BLAKE.

More form, and less of catalogues, brave Walter.  
A cumulative rush of powers  
O'erwhelms design. Give to Art's flowers  
A spirit more ethereal.

WHITMAN.

No defaulter

Am I, pure Star!—but my waves boil to hear  
Echoes of sham psalms, o'er æsthetic tea,  
While pantomime shines foul round many an altar,  
And saintly-sensual courtships leer,  
Or half-born poets woo the fruitless tear,  
Lost to our nature's cosmic energy.  
Star, of rare beams! by thee  
All sons of Art should better learn to steer—  
Thou (living) man of men, incapable of fear!

BLAKE.

Flow thine own way. Let the Great Baby jeer,  
Or pass: the living truth it doth not see.

A LIKE temptation besets the high tragic actor and the representative of high comedy. It is as if all audiences implored the former to rant and the latter to make play in buffoonery. It is true that outside the theatre—in the press and in society—ranting on the one side and buffoonery on the other are loudly enough condemned, and it is equally true no doubt that within the walls of the playhouse the judicious grieve at the one fault and the other. But the judicious do their grieving quietly while they look on at the performance; the voice of society and of the critics may well be forgotten by the player who has before him an eager-minded audience; and I think, therefore, we ought to regard the actor as in some sort a hero who has the courage to resist the temptation to secure the hearty round of applause which invariably greets the tearing of a passion to tatters, or the genuine happy outburst of laughter which comes forth from every part of the house at the introduction of a bit of mere nonsense.

BUT there are heroes on the stage who are not spoiled by these temptations, though constantly beset by them. Let me give an instance. A few nights ago I was watching with keen interest



Mr. Hare's elaborate and highly artistic study of Lord Kilclare in "A Quiet Rubber" at the Court Theatre. For the sake of those who have not seen the performance it is necessary to explain that Mr. Hare is a young man and the part he plays is that of a very aged and decrepit, but very active-minded and highly sensitive, Irish nobleman. The success of the impersonation is quite wonderful. Age has robbed the old man of all flexibility of muscle and all free action of the joints, and the blood has gone out of his long lean hands and left the fingers stiff and hard to manage. So, when he attempts to seat himself and when he rises, when he essays to grasp any object and when he is moved to give expression to his feelings under strong emotion, there is, of course, if you like to look at it in that way, an element of grotesqueness. But it is vexing to note how the audience—I am not speaking of the gallery, but of the spectators throughout the house—take this performance. They seem to me to persist in regarding Lord Kilclare as a low comedy character. Every little distortion of face or figure, every odd movement betokening the contest of pride and physical weakness, elicits a crack of laughter from stalls and boxes, from pit and gallery, until you wonder whether the bulk of the people have mistaken the piece for a pantomime and Lord Kilclare for pantaloon. I am glad to see folk happy around me, but I fear that art must suffer when a delicate, exquisite study like Mr. Hare's Lord Kilclare is looked at from a point of view which renders it possible to go off into shouts of laughter. We are not usually so much amused when the respected aged lady of our respective households at home has to be assisted from the easy chair to her place at the dinner-table, or when grandfather has a difficulty in holding his cards at whist by reason of the stiffness of his fingers consequent upon defective circulation; and inasmuch as Lord Kilclare on the stage at Sloane Square is exactly what Lord Kilclare would be at home or in society, without a trait of exaggeration, and inasmuch as he is not really an absurd character, I cannot help thinking that the laughter is mainly due to what seems to me to be an unfortunate habit of looking for and insisting upon discovering an element of buffoonery in everything that presents itself in the guise of comedy. Happily the actor does not allow himself to be misled by the too superficial risibility of his audience. By the smallest possible effort, by the slightest relaxation of the artistic outlines of the study, by the faintest concession to the laughter-loving spirit that seems to move the house, he might set the theatre in a roar and convert Lord Kilclare into the most magnificent burlesque. But he is true to the high art which I am afraid

so many of his audience cannot see for laughing, and I hope that in time a little faithfulness in many of the higher class of comedians to the dictates of their own better judgment in the face of adverse temptation will teach good-humoured audiences the difference between high comedy and burlesque, as already, I am fain to believe, the larger number of playgoers are learning the difference between high tragedy and melodrama.

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A HARD reader, who delights in discovering parallel texts or passages in great authors suggestive of readings from distinguished writers of different nations or periods, sends me the following rendering from one of Calderon's Spanish comedies, "L'Alcade de Zalamea," of a father's advice to his son on going to the wars, in many points resembling Polonius's speech to Laertes :—

Be modest, because one is always well with much modesty, sustained by right. It is the mode of avoiding the mortifications which too much pride brings on. Modesty effaces the faults that one has and pride often makes those appear which one has not. Be thou honest, polite, and never miserly ; it is with the hand to the hat and with money that one makes friends. All the gold of the Indies, all the riches that the sea swallows up are not worth the reputation of a man generally loved. Never speak evil of women. The vilest in appearance deserves always some regard from a man, since, after all, it is to them that we all owe birth. Do not fight without cause. When I see young men exercise themselves with weapons, I say to myself, it is not that which they should learn. It is well that a man knows how to draw his sword with grace. It is necessary that he should know when he may draw it. If there were a master capable of giving such lessons it is into his hands that every one should trust his children.

The aphoristic hint to make friends with "the hand to the hat and with money" smacks of the proverb of Henri IV. :—

Parole douce et main au bonnet ne coûte rien, et bon est.

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LOOKING again through portions of the late Dr. Bleek's "Brief Account of Bushman Folk Lore," sent to me from Cape Town by Mrs. Lloyd and quoted in these pages last month, I find a passage relating to "Bushman presentiments" which puts the case for presentiments on a better footing, I think, than that which it occupies among civilised believers in this country. In summarising the Bushman creed with respect to presentiments, Dr. Bleek says :— "They feel in their bodies that certain events are going to happen. There is a kind of beating of the flesh which tells them things. Those who are stupid do not understand these teachings ; they disobey them and get into trouble—such as being killed by a lion. The beatings tell those who understand them which way they are not to

go and which arrow they had better not use, and also warn them when many people are coming to the house on a waggon. They inform people which way they must go in order to find the person of whom they are in search." There is something very definite in this form of presentiment. The vague sensation which some of our countrymen and countrywomen interpret as a spiritual forewarning is, in the Bushman psychology, a "beating of the flesh." This may be a contracted conception of an emotion, but I perceive an element in it favourable to the Bushman type of mind. There is something Baconian in the reduction of an unseen and unheard spiritual admonition into a feeling in the body—a beating of the flesh; and the people who begin thus to analyse their feelings might go onward to psychological conclusions safer than any to be arrived at by those whose presentiments seem to them to be dictations from the world of spirits. Dr. Bleek's investigation into the mental character of these aboriginal South African people has placed the Bushman on an interesting platform, and I trust that he takes too gloomy a view of the prospects of the race when he tells us that they are doomed to early extinction.

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A GENTLEMAN who, from his advanced age, is no doubt warranted in speaking of himself as one of the oldest surviving correspondents of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as "a humble brother member of the republic of letters" appeals to me to quote from an old country newspaper a paragraph touching the death of a valued friend and contemporary of his, Mr. John Temple Perceval. SYLVANUS URBAN has long since ceased to compete with the daily newspapers in the presentation of obituary notices, but yet he feels reluctant to refuse the request of an aged correspondent to mention a fact which has an interest of its own; for this Mr. John Temple Perceval, who died only a few weeks ago, was the youngest son of that Mr. Perceval, Prime Minister of England, who was assassinated in the House of Commons sixty-four years ago. The unfortunate Prime Minister's youngest son was, by the testimony of my correspondent, a man of culture, refinement, public spirit, and philanthropy, and at one period of his life devoted much time and energy to the exposure of the abuses of private lunatic asylums. The gentleman who favours me with this communication published a work called "The Coast of Sussex" in 1833, but his name had appeared among the contributors to the *Gentleman's Magazine* as early as the year 1821.

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1876.

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THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

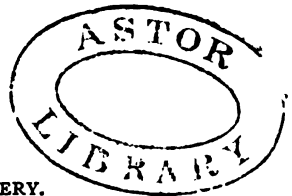
A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

MIKEL GRALLON MAKES A DISCOVERY.



**T**HE day after the miraculous vision in the Cathedral of St. Gildas all Kromlaix was ringing with the tale. No one questioned for a moment the veracity of the eye-witnesses, indeed everybody was only too ready to accept without question anything supernatural, and the present account possessed every attraction the most superstitious individual could desire. There might have been a certain commonplace about the appearance of the Saint himself—he had often been seen revisiting the glimpses of the moon; but he had never before, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, been beheld actually in the company of "Master Roberd," the horned one of Satanic fame. Success emboldens the most timid tale-teller, and the eye-witnesses, finding their hearers ready to accept any and every embellishment, gave full liberty to their superstitious imaginations.

"He had two great eyes, each as red as a boat lantern," said one of these worthies, an aged fisherman, "and they looked up in the blessed Saint's face all bloodshot and glittering—one flash of them would have withered up a mortal man; but the blessed Saint held up his torch and made him go through his confession like any good Christian, word after word."

The speaker was lying on the shingle surrounded by a group of men and boys, among whom was Mikel Grallon.

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"Made him go through his confession?" echoed one of the group.

"How do you know that, old Evran? You could not hear?"

The first speaker nodded his head sagaciously.

"Ask Penmarch! question Gwesklen! They were there. For my own part, I believe 'Master Roberd' was repeating the blessed Litany, and God knows he would rather burn for a hundred years than be made to do so. One thing is certain—here stood the blessed Saint, and there knelt the Black One; and every one knows that is the sort of penance the Saint puts upon him whenever he catches him on holy ground."

A murmur of wonder went round. Then Mikel Grallon said, knitting his brows heavily—

"It is strange enough. A torch in his hand, you said?"

"A torch. A great wild light like a comet, Mikel Grallon. It made us nearly blind to look."

"And the Saint—you saw him quite plain?"

"Am I blind, Mikel Grallon? There he stood: you would have said it was an angel from heaven. Gwesklen says he had great wings; for my own part I did not see the wings, but I will tell you what I did see—the Devil's feet, and they were great cloven hoofs, horrible to behold."

There was a long pause. Presently Mikel Grallon muttered, as if communing to himself—

"Suppose, after all, it had been a man!"

The old fisherman stared at Grallon with prolonged and stupefied amazement.

"A man!" he echoed. "Holy saints keep us, a man!"

The others repeated the words after him, staring at Grallon as if he had been guilty of some horrible blasphemy.

"A man in the Cathedral of St. Gildas at dead of night!" he exclaimed with a contemptuous laugh. "A man as tall as a tree, shining like moonlight, and with wings, with wings! A man teaching 'Master Roberd' his confession! Mikel Grallon, art thou mad?"

Grallon was in a minority. Less grossly superstitious than many of his fellow-villagers, and disposed to inquire in his own rude manner into matters they took on hearsay, he was regarded by a goodly number of his neighbours as officious and impertinent. For all that he bore the character of a pious man, and did not care to lose it.

"Oh, I say nothing!" he observed. "Such things have been, and the Cathedral is a dreadful place. But is it not strange that the Saint should carry a light?"

"Strange?" grunted the fisherman. "And what is strange in that, Mikel Grallon? Was it not black-dark, with never a peep of moon or star, and how should the blessed Saint see his way without a torch of fire to light him? Strange—ugh! It would have been strange if the blessed one had been standing there with 'Master Roberd' in the dark, like a miserable mortal man."

This answer was so conclusive that not another word was possible, and indeed Mikel Grallon seemed to think he had committed a blunder in making so very absurd a suggestion. This was decidedly the opinion of his hearers, for as Grallon walked away into the village, leaving the group behind him, the old salt observed, shrugging his shoulders—

"Mikel Grallon used to be a sensible man; but he is in love, you see, and perhaps that is why he talks like a fool."

Here doubtless the weather-wise worthy was at fault, for Mikel Grallon was no fool; he was only a very suspicious man, who never took anything for granted, always excepting, of course, the dogmas of that religion wherein he had been born and bred. Physically, he was timid; intellectually, he was bold. Had he been one of the original witnesses of the vision in the Cathedral he would possibly have shared the terror of his comrades to the full, and brought away as exaggerated a narrative; but receiving the account coolly in the broad light of day, reading it in the light of recent events, weighing it in the scales of his judgment against his knowledge of the folly and stupidity of those who brought it, he had—almost involuntarily, for with such men suspicion is rather an instinct than a process of thought—come to a conclusion startlingly at variance with the conclusions of the general populace. What that conclusion was remains to be seen; meantime he kept it carefully to himself. His time was fully occupied in prosecuting his suit with Marcelle Derval.

Now he had not exaggerated in the least when he had said that that suit had been favourably heard by the heads of the Derval household. By means of innumerable little attentions, not the least of which lay in his power of listening without apparent weariness to tales that were repeated over and over again, and which had invariably the same Imperial centre of interest, he had quite succeeded in winning the heart of the Corporal; while in the eyes of Mother Derval he was a low-spoken, pious person, of excellent family, well able to maintain a wife, and well worthy of a virtuous girl's esteem. As to Alain and Jannick he found in them tolerable allies so long as he plied them—particularly the wicked humourist Jannick—with little presents such as youths love. He might, therefore, be said with

justice to be already an accepted suitor in the eyes of the whole family.

Had Marcelle been a girl of a different stamp, more submissive and less headstrong, the betrothal would have been as good as concluded. Unfortunately for the suit, however, the chief party concerned was resolute in resistance, and they knew her character too well to use harsh measures. The etiquette for a Kromlaix maiden under such circumstances was to take unhesitatingly the good or bad fortune which her guardians selected for her, to leave all the preliminaries in their hands, and only at the last moment to come forward and behold the object of the family choice. Marcelle, however, had a way of following her own inclinations, and was not likely to alter her habits when choosing a husband.

Just then the very thought of love was terrible to her. No sooner did she feel assured that Rohan was dead than all her old passion sprang up twentyfold, and she began to bathe the bitter basil-pot of his memory with secret and nightly tears. She forgot all his revolt, all his outrage against the Emperor; nay, the Emperor himself was forgotten in the sudden inspiration of her new and passionate grief. "I have killed him!" she cried to herself again and again. "Had I not drawn the fatal number he might be living yet; but he is dead, and I have killed him; and would that I might die too!"

In this mood she assumed mourning—a saffron coif, dress of a dark and sombre dye: there were young widows in the place who did not wear so much. Nor did she now conceal from any one the secret of her loss. "Tell them all, mother; I do not care. I loved my cousin Rohan; I shall love him till I die."

In due time, of course, this travelled to the ears of Mikel Grallon.

Strange to say, honest Mikel, so far from persisting under the circumstances, delicately withdrew into the background and ceased to thrust his attentions on Marcelle. This conduct was so singular in a being so pertinacious that it even awakened amazement in the Corporal.

"Soul of a crow!" he said, "have you no courage? She sees you too little—let her know that you mean to win. Girls' hearts are taken by storm; but you have not the spirit of a fly."

Mikel Grallon sighed.

"It is no use, Uncle Ewen. She is thinking too much of one that is dead."

Corporal Derval scowled, but replied not; he knew well to whom Grallon was referring, and having latterly thought more tenderly and

pityingly of his unfortunate nephew, not without certain sharp twinges of the conscience, he did not care to discuss the subject. Under any other circumstances he would have been savage with Marcelle for having formed her secret attachment to her cousin ; but the bloodhounds of the Conscription had been unleashed, and the man, his own flesh and blood, had been hunted down to death,—and now, after all, silence was best. It cannot be denied that at this period the Corporal showed an uneasiness under fire unworthy of such a veteran. He who would have cheerfully led a forlorn hope or marched up to the very jaws of a cannon now fidgeted uneasily in his chimney corner whenever he felt the great silent eyes of his niece quietly fixed upon him. He felt guilty, awkward, almost cowardly, and was glad even of Mikel Grallon to keep him company.

But, as we have already hinted, Grallon's attentions began to fall off rapidly soon after that memorable vision of the fishermen at the Gate of St. Gildas. You would have said, observing him closely, that the man was the victim of some tormenting grief. He became secret and mysterious in his ways, fond of solitude, more than ever reticent in his speech ; his days were often passed in solitary rambles among the cliffs, his nights in lonely sails upon the sea ; and from the cliffs he brought no burthen of weed or samphire, from the sea no fish. He, naturally a busy man, became preternaturally idle. There could scarcely be found a finer example, to all appearance, of melancholia induced by unsuccessful love.

It was one wet day, during one of his long rambles, that, suddenly approaching the Stairs of St. Triffine, he found himself face to face with a woman who leant upon a staff and carried a basket. She was very pale and breathing hard from the ascent, but when she encountered him her lips went quite blue and a dull colour came into her cheeks.

"What, Mother Gwenfern !" he exclaimed ; "you are the last woman one would have thought of meeting in such weather. Shall I carry your basket for you ? You must be tired."

As he held out his hand to take her burthen from her, she drew back shivering. A thick misty rain was falling, and her cloak was dripping wet.

"God's mercy, mother—you are pale as death—you have caught fever perhaps, and will be ill."

As he spoke, he watched her with a look of extraordinary penetration, which strongly contradicted the simplicity of his manner. She had been struggling all this time for breath, and at last she found her speech.



"I have been gathering dulse. You are right, Mikel; it is a long journey, and I should not have come so far."

"It is not good for old limbs to be so fatigued," replied Grallon simply; "at your age, mother, you should rest. Look you, that is what all the neighbours say is strange."

"What is strange?" asked the woman sharply.

"A little while ago you were for ever sitting by the fire or busy in the cottage; not even on a holiday did you cross the door; and we all thought it was your sickness and were sorry. Yet since you have lost your son—amen to his soul!—you are never content at home—you are for ever wandering up and down as if you could not rest in peace."

"That is true," exclaimed Mother Gwenfern, looking at him fixedly with her cold scared eyes; "I cannot rest since"—she paused a moment shivering—"since they killed my boy."

"Ah, yes," said Grallon, forcing into his face a look of sympathy. "But mother, in such weather!"

"When one has a broken heart, wind and rain cannot make it better or worse. Good day, Mikel Grallon."

As the tall figure of the old woman disappeared in the direction of the village, Grallon watched it with a strange and cunning look; when it was quite invisible, he quietly descended the Stairs to the seashore, walked quickly along the beach, and came as close as possible to the Cathedral—but the tide was too high for a passage round to the Gate. So he stood on the water's edge, like one in profound meditation; then, as if an idea had suddenly occurred to him, he began curiously to examine the shingle shore.

He soon came upon traces of human feet, just where the retiring tide left the shingle still dark and wet; the heavy marks of wooden shoes were numerous and unmistakable—Mother Gwenfern had been wandering to and fro on the water's edge. All at once Grallon stooped eagerly down over a patch of sand, soft as wax to take any impression left upon it; and there, clear and unmistakable, was the print of a naked human foot.

With a patient curiosity worthy of some investigator of natural science, some short-sighted ponderer over "common objects of the sea-shore," Mikel Grallon examined this footprint in every possible way and light—spanned and measured it lengthways and across, stooped down close over it with an extraordinary fascination. Not the immortal Crusoe, discovering *his* strange footprint on the savage shore, was more curious. Having completed his examination, Mikel Grallon smiled.

It was not a nice smile, that of Mikel Grallon ; rather the smile of Reynard the Fox or Peeping Tom of Coventry ; the smile of some sly and cruel creature when some other weaker creature lies at its mercy, though mercy it has none. With this smile upon his face, Mikel reascended the steps and returned quietly and peacefully to his virtuous home.

From that day forth his conduct became more peculiar than ever ; his monomania so possessing him that he neglected proper sustenance and lost his natural rest. Curiously enough, he had now so great a fascination for Mother Gwenfern's cottage that he kept it all day in his sight, and when night came was not far from the door. It thus happened that the widow, whenever she crossed her threshold, was almost certain to encounter honest Mikel, who followed her persistently with expressions of sympathy and offers of service ; so that, to escape his company, she would return again into her cottage, looking wearied out and pale as death. And whenever he slept, some other pair of eyes was on the watch ; for he had a confidant, some nature silent as his own.

Whatever thought was in his mind it never got abroad. Like one that prepares a hidden powder mine, carefully laying the train for some terrible explosion, he occupied himself night and day, hugging his secret—if secret he had—to his bosom, with the characteristic vulpine smile. Whenever he found himself in the company of Marcelle, this vulpine look was exchanged for one of pensive condolence, as if he knew her sorrow and sympathised—under gentle protest, however—with its cause.

A little later on, Mikel Grallon had another adventure which, however trifling in itself, interested him exceedingly, and led at last to eventful consequences.

He was moving one evening along the cliffs, not far from the scene of the fatal struggle between Rohan Gwenfern and the *gendarmes*, and he was very stealthily observing the green tract between him and the village, when he suddenly became aware of a figure moving close by him and towards the verge of the crags. Now, it had grown quite late, and the moon had not yet risen, but there was light enough in the summer twilight to discern a shape with its face turned upon his and moving backward like a ghost. For a moment his heart failed him, for he was superstitious ; but recovering himself, he sprang forward to accost the shape. Too late ; it had disappeared, as if over the very face of the cliff, as if straight down to the terrible spot where the traces of death had been found some weeks before.

Strange to say, this time also, but not until he had recovered from the first nervous shock of the meeting, Mikel Grallon smiled.

After that, his watchings and wanderings grew more numerous than ever, and his reputation as a confirmed night-bird spread far and wide. "I will tell you this," said one gossip to another, "Mikel Grallon has something on his mind, and he is thinking far too much of the old Corporal's niece." Even the announcement of the arrival of the mackerel did not alter him; for instead of taking his seat as captain of his own boat, he put another man in his place, and took only his one share as owner of the boat. He had the air of a man for ever on the watch—a contraband air as of one ever expecting to surprise or be surprised.

At last, one day, final and complete success having crowned his endeavours, he walked quietly into the Corporal's kitchen, where the family was gathered at the midday meal, and said in a low voice, after passing the usual salutations—

"I bring news. Rohan Gwenfern is not dead; he is hiding in the Cathedral of St. Gildas."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE HUE AND CRY.

ALAIN and Jannick were out at the fishing, and the only members of the family present were the Corporal, Mother Derval, and Marcelle. The Corporal fell back in his chair aghast, gazing wildly at Mikel; Mother Derval, accustomed to surprises, only dropped her arms by her side and uttered a deep moan; but Marcelle, springing up, with characteristic presence of mind ran to the door, which had been left wide open, and locked it quickly,—then returning white as death, with her large eyes fixed on Mikel, she murmured—

"Speak low, Mikel Grallon! for the love of God, speak low."

"It is true," said Grallon in a thick whisper; "he lives, and I have discovered it by the merest chance. True, I have suspected it for a long time, but now I know it for a certainty."

"Holy Mother, protect us!" cried the widow. "Rohan—alive!"

By this time the Corporal had recovered from his stupor, and advancing on Grallon before Marcelle could utter another word, he exclaimed—

"Are you drunk, Mikel Grallon, or are you come here sober to outrage us with a lie? Soul of a crow! take care, or you will see me angry, and then we shall quarrel in good earnest, *mon garz.*"

“Speak lower!” said Marcelle, with her hand upon her uncle’s arm. “If the neighbours should hear!”

“What I say is the truth,” responded Mikel, looking very white round the edges of his lips; “and I swear by the blessed bones of St. Gildas himself, that Rohan is alive. I know his hiding place, and I have seen him with my own eyes.”

“His spirit perhaps!” groaned the widow. “Ah God, he died a violent death, and his poor spirit cannot rest.”

Mikel Grallon cast a contemptuous look in the widow’s direction, and faintly shrugged his shoulders.

“I am not one of those who go about seeing ghosts, mother; and I know the difference between spirits of air and men of flesh and blood. Go to! This is gospel that I am telling you, and Rohan is hiding in the great Cathedral, as I said.”

“In the Cathedral!” echoed the Corporal.

“There, or close at hand. Of that I am certain. I have tracked him thither thrice, and thrice he has disappeared into the Cathedral; but I was alone, see you, and I did not care to follow too close, for he is desperate. I should have put my hand upon him once, but he walks the cliffs like a goat, and he went where I could not follow.”

The news, though thus quietly announced, fell like a thunderbolt on the hearth of the Corporal, and perfect consternation followed. As for Uncle Ewen, he was completely overpowered, for the announcement of his nephew’s death had been pleasant compared with the announcement that he was not dead at all; since to be alive was still to be in open arms against the Emperor, to be still a miserable “deserter,” worthy the contempt and hate of all good patriots; to be, last and worst, a doomed man, who might be seized and shot like a dog at any moment. Uncle Ewen was horror-stricken. Of late he had been conscience-twinged on account of Rohan, and had secretly reproached himself for undue harshness and severity; and in his own stern way he had thought very softly of the gentle dead, so that more than once his rough sleeve had been brushed across his wet eyes; but now to hear all at once that all his sorrow had been wasted, and that the spectre of family shame was still haunting the village, was simply overwhelming.

Marcelle, for her part, rose to the occasion instead of sinking under it. She was one of those unique women who feel rather than think, and whose feeling at once assumes the form of rapid action. With her eyes so steadily and questioningly fixed on his face that Grallon became quite tremulous and uncomfortable, she seemed occupied for a brief space in reading the honest man’s very soul;

but speedily satisfying herself that she had completely mastered that not very abstruse problem, she said with decision—

“Speak the truth again, Mikel Grallon! Have you spoken of this to any other living soul?”

Mikel stammered and looked confused; he replied, however, in the negative.

“If you have not spoken, then remember—his life is in your hands, and, if he is discovered through you, his blood will be upon your head, and the just God will punish you.”

Mikel stammered again, saying—

“Others may have also seen him; nay, I have heard Pipriac himself say that he suspects! Look you, you must not blame me if he is found, for other men have eyes as well as I. Ever since that night of the vision in the Cathedral, they have been on the watch, for it is clear now that it was not the blessed Saint at all, but a mortal man, Rohan Gwenfern himself.”

This was said with such manifest confusion and hesitation, and accompanied with so guilty a lowering of the vulpine eyes, that Marcelle leaped at once to a conclusion fatal to honest Mikel's honour. She fixed her eyes again upon him, so searchingly and so terribly that he began bitterly to reproach himself for having brought his information in person at all. The truth is, he had expected a wrathful explosion on the part of the Corporal, and had calculated, under cover of that explosion, on playing the part of an innocent and sympathetic friend of the family; but finding that all looked at him in suspicion and horror, as on one who had conjured up some terrible phantom, and who was responsible for all the consequences of the fact he had announced, he lost courage and betrayed too clearly that his conduct had not been altogether disinterested.

At last Uncle Ewen began to find his tongue.

“But it is incredible!” he exclaimed. “Out there among the cliffs, with no one to bear him food, a man would *starve!*”

“One would think so,” said Grallon, “but I have seen his mother wandering thither with her basket, and the basket, be sure, was never empty. Then Rohan was not like others; he is well used to living out among the sea-birds and the rock-pigeons. At all events, there he is, and the next thing to ask is, What is to be done?”

The Corporal did not reply, but Marcelle, now pale as death, drew from her breast a small cross of black bog-oak, and holding it out to Mikel, said, still with her large eyes fixed on his—

“Will you swear upon the Blessed Cross, Mikel Grallon, that you have kept the secret?”

Mikel looked amazed, even hurt, at the suggestion.

"Have I not just discovered it, and to whom should I speak? If you wish it, I will swear!"

Providence, however, had not arranged that Mikel Grallon was to commit formal perjury; for at that moment some one was heard fingering the latch, and when the door did not open there came a succession of heavy knocks.

"Open!" cried a voice.

Even the Corporal went pale, while the mother sank on her knees close to the spinning-wheel in the corner, and Marcelle held her hand upon her heart.

"Holy Virgin! who can it be?" whispered Marcelle.

"Perhaps it is only one of the neighbours," responded Mikel, who nevertheless looked as startled as the rest.

"Open!" said the voice; and heavy blows on the door followed.

"Who is there?" cried Marcelle, running over to the door, with her hand upon the key.

"In the name of the Emperor!" was the reply.

She threw open the door, and in ran Pipriac, armed, and followed by a file of *gendarmes* with fixed bayonets. His Bardolphian nose was purple with excitement, his little eye was twinkling fiercely, his short legs were quivering and stamping on the ground.

"*Tous les diables!*" he cried, "why is your door locked at mid-day, I ask you, you who are honest people? Do you not see I am in haste? Where is Corporal Derval?"

"Here," answered the old man, straightening himself to "attention," but trembling with excitement.

"It is strange news I bring you—news that will make you jump in your skins; I cannot linger, but I was passing the door, and I thought you would like to hear. Ah, Mother Derval, good morrow!—Ah, Mikel Grallon,—I have a message for you; you must come with us and have some talk."

"What is the matter, comrade?" asked the Corporal in a husky voice.

"This—the dead has risen; ha, ha, what think you of that?—the dead has risen! It is more wonderful than you can conceive, comrade, and you will not know whether to be sorry or glad; but your nephew, the deserter, is not killed,—*corbleu*, he is like a cat or an eel, and I defy you to kill him! Well, he is alive, and that is why we are here again!"

During this little scene Marcelle had scarcely once taken her eyes

off Mikel Grallon, who showed more and more traces of confusion ; but now she advanced to the Sergeant and said in a voice low, yet quick with agony—

“How do you know he is alive? Have you seen him with your eyes?”

“Not I,” answered Pipriac ; “but others have seen, and it is on their information I come. Malediction ! how the girl stares ! She’s as pale as a ghost !”

“Marcelle !” cried the widow, still upon her knees.

But Marcelle paid no heed ; white as a marble woman, she gazed in the irascible face of the little Sergeant.

“You have had information !” she echoed in the same low voice.

“*Tous les diables !* yes. Is that so strange? Some honest rascal” —here the Sergeant glanced rapidly at Mikel Grallon—“has seen the poor devil in his hiding-place, and has sent us word. If you ask me who has informed, I answer—That is *our* business ; though he were the fiend himself, he will get the reward. Don’t blame old Pipriac for doing his duty, that is all ! It is no fault of mine, comrades. But I must not linger—Right about face, march !—and Mikel Grallon, a word with you.”

The *gendarmes* filed out of the cottage, and Pipriac, with a fierce nod to the assembled company, followed. Mikel Grallon was quietly crossing over to the door when Marcelle intercepted him.

“Stay, Mikel Grallon !”

The fisherman stood still, not meeting the angry eyes of the girl, but glancing nervously at the Corporal, who had sunk into a chair and was holding his hand to his head as if in stupor.

“I understand all now, Mikel Grallon,” said Marcelle in a clear voice, “and you cannot deceive me any more. Go ! You are an ingrate—you are a wretch—you are not fit to live.”

Mikel, thus addressed, even by the woman he professed to love, gave the snarl of all low curs in extremity, and showed his teeth with a malicious expression, but he quailed before the eyes that were burning upon him.

“You have watched night and day, you have hunted him down, and you will have the blood-money when he is found. Yes, you have betrayed him, and you have come here to deceive my uncle with a lie, that your wickedness might not be known. God will punish you ! may it be soon !”

“It is false !” cried Mikel, scowling wildly.

“It is you that are false ; false to my uncle, to my poor cousin, to

me. I always hated you, Mikel Grallon, but now I would like to be your death. If I were a man, I would *kill* you. Go!"

With a fierce look and an angry shrug of the shoulders, the man passed out, quite cowed by the looks and gestures of the angry girl. It was characteristic of Marcelle that she could bear great agony in silence and in reticence, but that she could not bear the storm of her own passionate nature when once it rose. As Mikel disappeared, she uttered a wild cry, threw her arms up in the air, and then, for the second time in her life, swooned suddenly away.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### ON THE CLIFFS.

OUT there among the cliffs, midway between the top of the precipice above and the wave-washed rocks below, a man is crouching, so still, so moveless, he seems a portion of the crag.

It is one of those dark summer afternoons, when the heavens are misted with their own breath, and a cold blue-grey broods upon the sea, and there is no stir at all either of sunshine, or wind, or wave. The roar of the sea can be heard miles away inland; all is so very still; and there is something startling in the shrill minute-cry of the great blue-backed gull, as it sails slowly along the water's edge, predatory as a raven, yet white and beautiful as a dove.

Where the man sits, there is a niche in the cliff; a dizzy path leads to the rocks below, but overhead the precipice overhangs and is utterly inaccessible. Not one hundred yards away stands, roofless under heaven, the great natural Cathedral, and the man from where he sits can see the gleaming of its emerald floor, formed now by the risen tide. Over the Cathedral flocks of kittiewake gulls are hovering like white butterflies, uttering low cries which are quite drowned in the heavy cannonade of the sea.

The sun is invisible, but the sullen purple which suffuses the western horizon shows that he is sinking to his setting; and far out upon the water the fishing-boats are crawling out like black specks to the night's harvest. It is the dark end of a dark day, a day of warm yet sunless calm.

The man has been crouching in his niche for hours, listening and waiting. At last he stirs, throwing up his head like some startled animal, and his eyes, wild and eager, look up to the dizzy cliffs above his head. Something flutters far above him, like a sea-gull flying, or like a handkerchief waving; and directly he perceives it he rises



erect, puts his finger and thumb between his teeth, and gives a shrill whistle.

Could any mortal eye behold him now, it would look with pity ; for he is bareheaded, his beard has grown wild and long, his features are darkened and distorted with exposure to the elements, and the clothes he wears—a coloured shirt and *bragon bras*—are almost in rags. His shirt is torn open at the shoulder, and his feet are bare. Altogether, he resembles some wild hunted being, some wretched type of the primæval woods, rather than a rational and a peaceful man.

Looking up again eagerly, he sees something descending rapidly from the top of the cliff. It is a small basket, attached to a long and slender cord. As it descends, he reaches out his hands eagerly, and when it reaches him he pulls gently at the cord, as a signal to the person who stands above. Then taking from the basket some black bread, some coarse cheese, and a small flask containing brandy, he places them on the rock beside him, and pulls again softly at the cord ; when the basket, thus emptied of its contents, rapidly reascends.

His niche in the crag is a dizzy one, fitter for the feet of eagle or raven than those of a man ; but crouching close against the face of the crag, with his feet set firm, he proceeds rapidly yet methodically to satisfy his appetite. He is doubtless too hungry to delay ; his eyes, at least, have the eager gleam of famished animals. When his meal is over, he carefully gathers together what remains and wraps it in a kerchief which he unloosens from his neck. The brandy is his *bonne-bouche*, and he sips that slowly, drop by drop, as if every drop is precious ; and so indeed it is, for already it lights his famished cheek with a new and more lustrous life. He sips only a portion, then thrusts the flask into his breast.

Even now he seems in no hurry to go, but takes his *siesta*, watching the purple darkness deepen across the sea. There is a strange far-away look in his eyes, which are gentle still, despite the worn and savage lineaments of his face. The smoke of the waters which break far beneath him rises up to his seat, and the great roar is in his ears, but he is too familiar with these things to heed them now ; he is occupied with his own thoughts, and half unconscious of external sights and sounds.

But suddenly, as a hare starts in his form, the man stirs again—stands erect—looks up—listens ; and now he hears above him a sound more terrible than the sea, the sound of human voices. A sick horror overspreads his features, and he begins, with swift and stealthy feet, to

descend the dangerous path which leads to the shore; but as he does so, he is arrested by a cry far overhead.

Looking up, he sees the gleam of human faces, overhanging the gulf and glaring down upon him. He staggers for a moment and grows dizzy, but recovering himself in time, glides rapidly on; as he goes the wild cry rises again faintly overhead, and he knows that his pursuers have at last discovered him and are again upon his track.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE FACES IN THE CAVE.

LEAVING Kromlaix with his *gendarmes*, Sergeant Pipriac at once made his way up to the great Menhir, and thence along the green plateau above the cliffs. In eager conversation with him walked Mikel Grallon, and behind them came excited groups of the population—men, women, and children—all in high excitement now the “hue and cry” had again begun. They had not proceeded far when they encountered Mother Gwenfern, creeping slowly along with her basket on her arm, and looking gaunt and pale as any ghost. Never one who stood upon much ceremony, Pipriac pounced upon the old woman with savage eagerness, and roundly announced his errand.

“Aha, and have we discovered you at last, Mother Loiz? *Tous les diables!* Has old Pipriac found you out, though you thought him so blind, so stupid? What have you got in your basket—tell me that? Where do you come from—where are you going? Malediction, stand and listen! Come, answer, where is he? The Emperor is anxious about his health; quick—spit it out!”

The old woman, now white as death, and with her lips quite blue, looked fixedly in the Sergeant’s face, but made no reply.

“So you are dumb, mother!—well, we shall find you a tongue. It is your own fault if old Pipriac is severe, mind that; for you have not treated him fairly—you have led him up and down like a fool. Things like that cannot go on for ever; the Emperor has a long nose to scent out deserters. Malediction,” he added, with mock irascibility, “did you think to deceive the Emperor?”

Despite his air of cruelty and brutality, Pipriac was not altogether bad-hearted, and just then he could not quietly bear the steady reproach of the widow’s face, which remained frozen in one terrible look, half agony, half defiance; so there was more pity than unkindness in his heart when he took the basket from her, grumbled a minute over its emptiness, and then, with a comical frown, handed it back. All the time Mother Gwenfern kept silence, with an unearthly

expression of pain in her pale grey eyes; and when Pipriac swaggered away at the head of his myrmidons, and women from the village came up garrulously and joined her, she moved on in their midst with scarcely a word. All her soul was busy praying that the good God, who had assisted Rohan so well up till that hour, might still remain his friend, and preserve him again in the hour of his extremity.

Leaving the majority of the stragglers behind them, and accompanied only by Mikel Grallon and a few men and youths of the village, Pipriac and the *gendarmes* pursued their way rapidly along the edges of the cliffs, now pausing to converse in hurried whispers and to gaze down the great granite precipices which lay beneath their feet, again hurrying on like hounds excited by a fresh scent. The party consisted of some twenty in all, and among them there could be counted no friend to the hunted man; indeed, who would have dared, in those days of short shrift and speedy doom, to avow friendship for any opponent of that fatal system which Napoleon was building up on the ashes of the Revolution? In strict truth, there was little or no sympathy for Rohan, now that it was discovered that he still lived; for the old prejudice against him had arisen tenfold, and not one man there, except perhaps Mikel Grallon, believed he was anything more than a feeble and effeminate coward; unless indeed, as Pipriac individually was inclined to affirm, he was simply a dangerous maniac, not properly responsible for his own actions.

Never had the gigantic cliffs and crags, always lonely and terrible, looked so forbidding as on that day; for the sullen rayless sunset and the dead lifeless calm deepened the effect of desolation. Rent as by earthquake and fantastically shaped by the sea, the vast columns and monoliths of crimson granite glistened beneath like the fragments of some extinct world; so that walking on the grass above, and peeping dizzily over, one seemed surveying a place of colossal tombs; and on these tombs the moss and lichen drew their tracery of grey and gold, and out of their niches grew long scrannel grass and rock ferns, and on them, silent, sat the raven and the speckled hawk of the crags, while the face of the cliff far under was still snowed with the darkening legions of the little herring-gull.

Whenever old Pipriac looked over, his head, unaccustomed to such depths, went round like a wheel, and he drew back with an expletive. Mikel Grallon, more experienced, took the survey coolly enough, but even he was careful not to approach too near to the edge. Here and there the sides were so worn away that close approach was highly dangerous; on the very brink the stone had

loosened and crumbled down, the rocks were loosening, and the grass was slippery as ice.

Presently Mikel lifted up his hand and called a halt. They were standing on a portion of the cliffs which ran out, by a green ascent, to a sort of promontory.

"Listen," said Mikel. "The Cathedral is right under us, and I will peep over and see if anything is to be seen."

So saying, he cautiously approached the cliff, but when he was within some yards of it, he threw himself upon his stomach and crawled forward upon the ground until his face hung over the edge. He remained so long in this attitude that Pipriac grew impatient, and was growling out a remonstrance, when Mikel turned slowly round, beckoned, and pointed downward. He had gone as white as a sheet.

Instantly, Pipriac and two or three of the *gendarmes* set down their guns, took off their cocked hats, approached, threw themselves on their stomachs, and crawled forward as Mikel Grallon had done.

"Is it he?" growled Pipriac, as he reached the edge.

"Look!" said Mikel Grallon.

In a moment, all their heads were hanging over the precipice, and all their faces, eager and open-mouthed, glaring wildly down. At first, all was dizzy and indistinct—a frightful gulf at the foot of which crawled the sea, too far away for its thunder to be heard; a gulf across which a solitary seagull flashed now and again, like a flake of wavering snow. Right under them, the precipice yawned inward, so that they hung sheer over the void of air. Beneath them, but some distance to the left, they saw the roofless walls of the Cathedral of St. Gildas stretching right out into the sea; but these walls, which to one below would seem so gigantic, seemed dwarfed by distance to comparative insignificance, lying as they did far below the heights of the inaccessible crags.

"Where? where?" murmured Pipriac, with a face as red as crimson.

"Right under, with his face looking down upon the sea."

At that moment Rohan Gwenfern, startled by the voice, stirred and gazed up, and all simultaneously uttered a cry. Seen from above, he seemed of pigmy size, and to be walking on places where there was not foothold for a fly; and the cry that followed, when he staggered and looked up again, was one of horror and amaze.

When Pipriac and the rest crawled back and rose to their feet, every face exhibited consternation; and the voice of Pipriac shook.

"He is the Devil!" said the Sergeant. "No man could walk where he has walked, and not be smashed like an egg."

"It was horrible to look at!" said the *gendarme* Pierre.

"No man can follow him," said André.

"Nonsense," cried Mikel Grallon. "He knows the cliffs better than others, that is all, and he's like a goat on his feet. You can guess now how he saved his neck that night when you fancied he was killed. Well, he will soon be taken, and there will be an end of his pranks."

"We are wasting time," exclaimed Pipriac, who had been glaring with no very amiable light of his one eye at Mikel Grallon. "We must descend and follow, down the Stairs of St. Triffine; but you four—Nicole, Jan, Bertran, Hoël—will stay above and keep watch on all we do. But mind, no bloodshed! If he should ascend, take him alive."

"But if he should resist?" said one of the men.

"Malediction! you are four to one. You others, march! Come, Mikel Grallon!"

Leaving the four men behind, the others hastened on. They had not proceeded far when Pipriac uttered an exclamation and started back; for suddenly, emerging from the gulfs below, a living thing sprang up before them and stood on the very edge of the cliff, gazing at them with large startled eyes. It was Jannedik.

"Mother of God!" cried Pipriac, "my breath is taken away;—yet it is only a goat."

"It belongs to the mother of the deserter," said Grallon; "it is a vicious beast, and as cunning as the Black Fiend. I have often longed to cut its throat with my knife, when I have seen Rohan Gwenfern fondling it as if it were a good Christian."

Having recovered from her first surprise, Jannedik had slowly approached, and passed by the group with supreme unconcern. For a moment she seemed disposed to butt with her horned head at the *gendarmes*, who poked at her grimly with their shining bayonets, but after a moment's reflection over the odds, which were decidedly against her, she gave a scornful toss of her head and walked away.

They had now reached the Ladder of St. Triffine; and slowly following the steps cut in the solid rock, they descended until they emerged upon the shore. Looking up when they reached the bottom, they saw Jannedik standing far up against the sky, on the very edge of the chasm, and tranquilly gazing down.

By this time it was growing quite dark in the shadow of the cliffs,

and wherever they searched, under the eager guidance of Mikel Grallon, they found no traces of the fugitive. Grallon himself, at considerable risk, ascended part of the cliff down the face of which Rohan had so recently descended ; but after he had reached a height of some fifty or sixty feet, he very prudently rejoined his companions on the solid shingle below.

"If one had the feet of a fly," grumbled Pipriac, "one might follow him, but he walks where no man ever walked before."

"He cannot be far away," said Mikel. "Out that way beyond the Cathedral there is no path even for a goat to crawl. It is in the Cathedral we must search, and fortunately the tide has begun to ebb out of the Gate."

Another hour had elapsed, however, before the passage was practicable, and when, wading round the outlying wall which projected into the sea, they passed in under the Gate, the vast place was wrapped in blackness, and the early stars were twinkling above its roofless walls. Even Pipriac, neither by nature nor by education a superstitious man, felt awed and chilled. A dreadful stillness reigned, only broken by the dripping of the water down the sides of the furrowed rocks, by the low eerie cries of seabirds stirring among the crags, by the rapid whirr of wings passing to and fro in the darkness. Nothing was perceptible, Night there had completely assumed her throne, and the only lights were the rayless lights of heaven far above. Ranged in rows along the walls sat numbers of cormorants, unseen, but ever and anon fluttering their heavy pinions as the strange footsteps startled them from sleep.

The men spoke in whispers, and crept on timidly.

"If we had brought a torch!" said Pierre.

"One would say the Devil was here in the darkness," growled Pipriac.

Mikel Grallon made the sign of the cross.

"The blessed St. Gildas forbid," he murmured. "Hark, what is that?"

There was a rush, a whirr overhead, and a flock of doves, emerging from some dark cave, crossed the blue space overhead.

"It is an accursed spot," said Pipriac; "one cannot see well an inch before one's nose. Malediction! one might as well look for a needle in the great sea. If God had made me a goat or an owl I might thrive at this work, but to grope about in a dungeon is to waste time."

So the retreat was sounded in a whisper, and the party soon retraced their steps from the Cathedral, and were standing in the

lighter atmosphere of the neighbouring shore. Total darkness now wrapped the cliffs on every side.

A long parley ensued, throughout which Mikel Grallon protested vehemently that Rohan could not be far away, and that if watch were kept all night he could not possibly escape.

"Otherwise," averred the spy, "he will creep away directly the coast is clear and fly to some other part of the coast. My life upon it, he is even now watching to see us go. If he is to escape, good and well—I say nothing—I have done my duty like a good citizen; but if he is to be caught you must keep your eyes wide open till day."

In honest truth, Pipriac would gladly have withdrawn for the night and returned to the pursuit in the morning; for, after all, though he was zealous in his duty, he would just as soon have given the deserter another chance. Something in Grallon's manner, however, warned him that the man was a spy in more senses than one, and that any want of energy just then, if followed by the escape of Rohan, might be misrepresented at head-quarters. So it was decided that the Cathedral of St. Gildas, with all the circumjacent cliffs, should be kept under surveillance till daybreak. Despatching two more members of his force to join the others on the cliff, and scattering his own force well over the seashore and under the face of the crags, he lit his pipe and proceeded to keep watch.

The night passed quietly enough, despite some false alarms. At last, when every man was savage and wearied out, the dawn came, with a rising wind from the sea and heavy showers of rain. All the villagers, save only Mikel Grallon, had returned to their homes, shrugging their shoulders over what they deemed a veritable wild-goose chase.

Once more, for the tide had again ebbed, Grallon led the way round under the Gate, and the lone Cathedral echoed with the sound of voices. Great black cormorants were still sitting moveless in the walls; some floundered away to the water with angry wings, but many remained moveless within a few yards of the soldiers' bayonets. All now was light and visible;—the crimson granite walls stretching out from the mighty cliff, the Gate hung with dripping moss as green as grass, the fantastic niches with their traceries of lichen green and red, the blocks upon the floor like black tombs, slimy with the oozy kisses of the salt tide, and the mighty architraves and minarets far above the roof of the Cathedral, and forming part of the overhanging crag.

The men moved about like pigmies on the shingly floor, searching the nooks and crannies in the walls, prying this way and that way

like men very ill-used, but finding no trace of any living thing. At every step he took Pipriac grew more irritated, for he was sorely missing his morning dram of brandy, and the *gendarmes* shared his irritation.

"*Tous les diables!*" he cried, "one might come here hunting for crabs or shell-fish, but I see no hiding place for anything bigger than a bird. Look you here! The high tide fills this accursed place whenever it enters; there is the mark all round, as high as my hand can reach;—and as for hiding up there in the walls, why only a limpet could do that, for they are slippery as glass. Malediction! let us depart. There is no deserter here. March!"

"Stay," said Mikel Grallon.

Pipriac turned upon him with a savage scowl.

"Perdition! what next?"

"You have not searched everywhere."

Pipriac uttered an oath; his one eye glittered in a perfect fury.

"You are an ass for your pains! Where else shall we search? Down thy throat, fisherman?"

"No," answered Grallon with a sickly smile; "up yonder!"—and he pointed with his hand.

"Where?"

"Up in the *Trou!*"

The great Altar of the Cathedral, which we have already described to the reader as consisting of a lovely curtain of moss covering the cliff for about a hundred square yards, was glimmering with its innumerable jewels of prismatic and ever-changing dew; and just above it was the dark blot on which Marcelle had gazed in terror when she stood before the Altar with Rohan. High as the gallery of some cathedral, the *Trou*, or Cave, out of the heart of which the mystic waters flowed, loomed remote, and to all seeming inaccessible. As Pipriac gazed up, a flock of pigeons passed overhead and plunged into the Cave, but instantly emerging again, they scattered swiftly and disappeared over the Cathedral walls.

"Did you mark that?" said Grallon, sinking his voice.

Pipriac, who was gazing up with a disgusted expression, scowled unamiably.

"What, fisherman?"

"The blue doves. They entered the *Trou*, but no sooner did they disappear than they returned again."

"And then?"

"The Cave is not empty, that is all."

Pipriac uttered an exclamation, and all the men looked in stupe-



faction at one another, while Grallon smiled complacently and cruelly to himself.

"But it is impossible," exclaimed the Sergeant at last. "Look! The walls are as straight as my hand; and the moss is so slippery and soft that no man could climb; and as to entering from above, why see how the crags overhang. If he is there, he is the Devil; if he is the Devil, we shall never lay hands upon him. Malediction!"

It certainly did seem incredible at first sight that any human being could have reached the Cave—if Cave it was—from above or from under, unassisted by a ladder or a rope. Mikel Grallon, however, being well acquainted with the place, soon demonstrated that ascent, though difficult and perilous in the extreme, was not altogether impossible. In the extreme corner of the Cathedral, close to what we have termed the Altar, the cliff was hard and dry, and here and there were interstices into which a climber might press his hands and feet, and so crawl tediously upward.

"I tell you this," said Mikel whispering; "it can be done, for I have seen the man himself do it. You have but to insert toes and fingers thus"—here he illustrated his words by climbing a few yards—"and up you go."

"Good," said Pipriac grimly; "I see you are a clever fellow, and understand the trick of it. Lead the way, and by the soul of the Emperor we will follow."

Mikel Grallon grew quite white with annoyance and mortification.

"I tell you he is there."

"And I tell you we will follow if you will show us how to climb. Malediction! do you think old Pipriac is afraid? Come, forward! What, you refuse? Well, I do not blame you; for I have said it, only the Devil could climb there."

Turning to his men, however, he continued in a louder voice—

"Nevertheless, we will astonish the birds. Pierre, take aim at the *Trou* yonder. Fire!"

The *gendarme* levelled his piece at the dark hole far above him and fired. There was a crash, a roar, a murmur of innumerable echoes, and suddenly, overhead, hovered countless gulls, shrieking and flying, attracted by the report. For a moment, it seemed as if the very crags would fall and crush the pigmy shapes below.

"Again!" said Pipriac, signalling to another of his men.

The terrible concussion was repeated; fresh myriads of gulls shut out the sky like a blinding snow, and shrieked their protestations; but there came no other sign.

"One would say the very skies were falling," growled Pipriac. "Bah! he is not there."

At that moment, the *gendarmes*, who were still gazing eagerly upward, uttered an exclamation of wonder. A head was thrust out of the *Trou*, and two large eyes were eagerly gazing down.

The exclamation of wonder was speedily followed by one of anger and disappointment; for the head was not that of a human being but that of a goat;—no other, indeed, than our old friend Jannedik, who, with her two fore-feet on the edge of the Cave, and her great grave face gleaming far up in the morning light, seemed quietly demanding the reason of that unmannerly tumult. Mikel Grallon ground his teeth and called a thousand curses on the unfortunate animal, while the *gendarme* Pierre, cocking his piece with a look at his Sergeant, seemed disposed to give Jannedik short shrift.

But Pipriac, with a fierce wave of the hand, bade the *gendarme* desist, and warned his men generally to let Jannedik alone; then turning to Mikel Grallon, he continued sneeringly—

“So this is your deserter, fisherman?—a poor wretch of a goat, with a beard and horns! Did I not say you were an ass for your pains? Malediction! the very beast is laughing at you; I can see the shining of her white teeth.”

“Since the brute is yonder,” answered Grallon angrily, “the master is not far away. If we had but a ladder! You would see, you would see!”

“Bah!”

And Pipriac turned his back upon Grallon in disgust, and signalled to his men to depart.

“Then if he escapes, do not say that I am to blame,” cried the fisherman, still in a low voice. “I would wager my boat, my nets, all I have, that he hides in yonder, and is afraid to show his face. Is not the goat his, and what is the goat doing up in the *Trou*? Ah, I tell you that you are wrong, Sergeant Pipriac! I have watched for nights and nights, and I know well where he hides. I did not come to you before I had made certain. As sure as I am a living man, as sure as I have a soul to be saved, he is up yonder, up in the *Trou*!”

Despite the intensity and evident honesty of this assertion, Pipriac did not vouchsafe any further reply;—and he and his men had turned their sullen faces towards the Gate, when a voice far above them said, in low clear tones, which made them start and turn suddenly in a wild amaze—

“Yes, Mikel Grallon, I am here.”

*(To be continued.)*

# LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA: A TOAST.\*

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

**B**RETHREN of the Urban Club, the toast which I have next to propose, "Literature and the Drama," comes on me like one of those conundrums so frequently fired at one from red and gold paper after dinner in a friend's house, and which are supposed to favour the babble of small talk. To take up "Literature and the Drama" in the abstract, *à propos* of nothing, in response to nothing save the request of a secretary, is like launching off into infinite space. How are we to feel solid ground? Two gentlemen, I find, are set down to answer for this toast. Well, they are tangible. These gentlemen will expect me to lay myself open to some reply. I shall speak about ten minutes, which will give them time to gather up numbers of impromptus. The gentleman who replies for "Literature" is one whom I need not indicate otherwise than by his name. The author of "Live it Down," "Not Dead yet," and other charming stories, as well as such semi-historical works as "Brides and Bridals," and "A Book about Doctors," needs, in a society of literary gentlemen, no other announcement than that of J. C. Jeaffreson. My friend Mr. James Albery will, I see, return thanks for the "Drama." You know how much he needs those ten minutes of which I spoke just now to collect *his* thoughts. We have all seen him do it in less—collect, condense, discharge a whole battery of thought and wit, while you could hardly say "it flashed!"

When I was a student in the Inner Temple there was a society in London called the "Syncretical Society." Some of the philosophers who adorned that society are still, I understand, members of the Urban Club. We attended the meetings in white waistcoats, and sat in solemn rows in front of a black board. Some gentleman, with reverend beard and youthful manner, hopped in front of that board and wrote on it some such enigma as I have got to deal with

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\* Notes of a speech delivered at the Urban Club by Mr. Dixon as president of the evening. In revising this report in proof, Mr. Dixon has drawn his pen through many humorous passages having a merely local reference.—ED.

now. The first night of my appearance a gentleman wrote on the black board—

“The Great I Am : what of Him ?”

This event happened under the high priesthood of John Abraham Heraud. Mr. Heraud is remembered within these walls as an earnest, hard-working man of letters, who did a good deal of work, which was never fully appreciated. Men felt that he was in his way a subtle and curious thinker, with a great capacity for explaining his system in mysterious language. I cannot say that I understood much of it myself; his methods and explanations always staggered me; but no enigma written by him on the black board of the Syncretical Society ever staggered me so much as this toast of “Literature and the Drama”—which is to be fired off to-night into infinite space.

“This is good wine, if a man had only time to enjoy it,” said Raleigh, as he tossed off a beaker on his way to execution. This would be a good room in which to talk of letters, and of the drama, if the night could be stretched into forty hours and we had time to dig up the literary anecdotes of the eighteenth century which have been laboriously buried by the Messrs. Nicholls in a dozen octavos. This Gate I find has been connected with letters from the time of Cadmus (this quite new fact is stated in your programme) down to the time of Cave. It is possible that Spenser and Raleigh may have lighted this chamber with song and wit. It is certain that Johnson and Garrick were its frequent tenants. Here is the chair in which Johnson sat. There is a portrait of Garrick, and the record of his first effort as a dramatic artist. From the age of Samuel Johnson down to that of Richard Gowing this Gate has been identified with the issue of a famous magazine. For a long time the magazine flourished under the shadow of this roof. It flourishes still in the immediate neighbourhood under various shadows of its own. On opening it to-day I saw that the first page began with Mr. Buchanan’s “Shadow of the Sword,” and that the last page ended with Mr. Francillon’s “Dog and his Shadow.” Thus we have the past and the present with us, connected by a living literary illustration—the *Gentleman’s Magazine*.

We of the present, as well as those who have gone “the way of the roses,” are called the children of Literature. She claims us all: some on one pretext, some another; but every one she claims—Mr. Buchanan on the score of his having written “Lyrics of London Life”; Colonel Haywood on the ground of his having written “Reports on the Paving of London Streets.” Dr. Richardson

finds a place in her affections on account of his new and beautiful "Hygeia"; Mr. Albery on the strength of his morality called "The Two Roses"; Dr. Karl Blind no less on behalf of his admirable political essays than for his aspiration towards ideal commonwealths. She sweeps us all beneath her maternal wing—statesmen, scholars, travellers, historians, journalists. On every man who dips a pen into the black immortality called ink she sets her mark and signs him to herself.

My neighbour here whispers "The drama: What of it?" The drama! What of it? Literature has many children—Drama, Poetry, History, Philosophy. Drama was the first-born. Shall I also say—the favourite? It is hardly a debateable fact that the dramatic form of composition is in every age and every tongue the highest and most popular form. It is probably so in Greek. It is certainly so in Latin, French, and Spanish. There may be doubt about Italian. There is hardly any room for doubt in German, and assuredly none for doubt in English. The Shakespearean drama stands at the head and front not only of all literary work in England, but of literary excellence in every part of the earth. Drama is nature, shaped and draped; the story, character, and passions of the heart set forth by the constructive faculty of the imagination under rhythmical and radiant forms.

It is the common cant, my friend here reminds me, to say that this present time is not poetical and dramatic. Not poetical and dramatic! You might as truly say it is not logical, not commercial, not adventurous, not scientific. These things are always said. At a time when Spenser had published his "Shepherd's Calendar," and Shakespeare was commencing his dramatic studies, Sir Philip Sydney described Poetry as declining and decaying. "Poor Poetry! which from among the highest estimation of learning is fallen to be the laughing stock of children," said the man whom Raleigh called the Scipio and Petrarch of his day. Sydney said so in earnest and in sorrow, for he loved poetry and was himself a poem. Eight years later, when the "Faërie Queene" was written and Shakespeare had become an author of repute, Puttenham called the age "an iron and malicious age." What said this critic more? "Poets as poesie are despised, and the name become of honourable, infamous." Yet Puttenham, a very able critic, wrote this nonsense in the age of Good Queen Bess!—the age of Sydney and Raleigh—the age of Spenser and Shakespeare!

I could illustrate the general truth of contemporary misconception by many examples. The Elizabethans thought Ben Jonson their

chief dramatic poet. Audiences in the reign of James the First preferred Beaumont and Fletcher to Shakespeare. The copyright of "Paradise Lost" fetched no more than a column of prose in leader type brings to-day, and Milton's merits were not generally allowed until the criticisms of Addison brought them to the front. So with history; and what may be called historic foresight. A few years before the French Revolution broke out Gibbon expressed his opinion that history was then written out, and that no future events would happen worthy of a great writer's pen. Some people are now of opinion that the only history worth reading had not then commenced!

To me the present age appears the most poetic and dramatic of all ages. Are not the elements which are most active in our day poetic and dramatic elements? Are not science and discovery feeding the poetic instinct and dramatic passion of mankind in every sense and at every pore? Every day brings forth a new fact; every year brings out a new truth. All corners of the earth are scoured, and every hidden secret brought to light. We attack the sun, we question the fixed stars, we plunge into nebulae. We pierce, we bind, we transform the earth. Some of you may recall the outcry raised against the introduction of railway lines as spoiling the physical beauty of our landscapes and taking away the poetry from English life. Martin and Turner answered that snarl; as Spenser and Shakespeare had answered the snarl about "an iron and malicious age." These masters showed us how to look on new phases of the picturesque. They put a train in motion; veiled it with night; touched it with point of flame; and every one felt, when gazing on their pictures, that a railway train was a poetic and dramatic embodiment of human ingenuity and human power.

Among these false and fading criticisms we hear it said that steamships take away all poetry from the sea. There never was a time when new forms were given to man's rule over the ocean in which small cynics ceased to moan and groan about the old poetry of the sea being killed. The poetry of the sea will never die. Under the wings of steam that poetry of the sea has taken a new lease of life. What man can make a voyage in which his safety and his fortunes are at stake without a feeling of solemnity in his act? Who can pass a night at sea in a steam vessel, conscious of wrestling with the great forces which not long ago made men their slaves, without being proud that he is a man? It matters little for the terms under which a night is spent at sea. Let it be under summer stars, the moonlight playing in your track. You have the even-song,

the badinage and compliment, the rippling water on your keel, and all around your feet the sweep and mystery of sea and night. A man who can pass through such a scene with pulse unmoved and heart untouched is not a poet and will never be a dramatist. Drama! Here is the living thing. You step on board a boat: that machine which the great man whose voice has often ruled this chamber called "a prison, with a chance of being drowned." A plank divides you from death. Are you afraid? Do you make your will? Do you leave a blessing to your children, and a legacy to your club? Nothing of the kind. You are about to be shot across the sea, shot in the face of opposing winds and tides; yet you are calm and confident as when you mount a horse—some of you perhaps more! And why? Because you know the steeds of Neptune have been tamed. Man's [sense of poetry and victory fills his brain. He knows that he has conquered—he is safe. Has any poet, any dramatist, ever spent one night at sea without a mingled and mysterious sentiment of awe, surprise, and confidence? If so, I should not like to meet that fellow on the Cossack steppe. Take a night of storm and wreck, when every plank is groaning, and the voices of the deep sough in your ears, and the caverns open in that wash and waste. How close you are!—a wheel breaks—you are adrift; a plank springs—you are a wreck. Yet with what confidence you tread that deck and ride that storm; rejoicing in the tumult at your feet; feeding the inner sense of majesty with a conviction that you must and will go through that wrack, because man has laid his hand on nature and commands her like a god.

Our friend the vice-president, Mr. Haliburton, has crossed the Atlantic many times. He can tell you that every voyage across that ocean is a drama; often a comedy, not unfrequently a tragedy. Now, hereby hangs a tale.

A few months ago I was coming home from New York, after many months of absence in the United States. My house in Regent's Park had been blown up: a land drama, full of its own pathos and humour. We were anxious to get on shore. When we left Cork the sea was running high, and when we caught the outer lights near Liverpool the question rose whether we could save the tide. Near midnight the captain whispered me his fears that we should not be able to pass the bar. As this bad news ran down the cabins pale lips, white faces, staring eyes, all told the tale. I lit a fresh cigar and went on deck. Impatience is a vice of which a traveller soon gets tired; and I was leaning on the bulwarks, peering into mist and rain, when I felt a lady's hand laid on my wrist, and a lady's

voice throb in my ear : " Must we lie out all night ? " She was a lady under my care. " I hope not, " I was saying in a tone of comfort to the pale creature, when a thick black mantle, like the wing of some monstrous bird, spread over us—covered us—and the dark sky, murky and moving, seemed to press down suddenly on our heads. A voice cried out in front of us and near us, " Larboard—larboard ! " Peril fills you like a draught of wine. Clutching the lady's arm, I swung her round the deck-cabin, and had brought her close under the protecting framework when a crash was heard. Above, our sails and masts were interlacing, scratching, fighting with some other sails and masts. Outside, I heard a thud—a scrape, a gnash ! A plank was rent and rammed. Yes ; there it was. Collision in the night, and in the storm ! Yes ; something had been crushed. But what ? A voice was heard from the front ; voice far in front this time ; right from the fore—the out-look—" Clear ! All right. " The masts and sails overhead appeared to part, the battle of spars and canvas to be over. As we looked again, the strange ship was gone into the night. A few minutes later we scraped the bar, but pushed across the sands, and as we lay at anchor in the river, waiting for the dawn, our sleep was not unpleasantly disturbed by the wail and agony of the storm outside. But what of the strange ship with which we had that sudden pass of arms ? Of her no news was ever heard. Her name, we afterwards found, was *Heart's Ease*. She had left Liverpool at sundown for New York. She never came to land. The last thing seen of her afloat was that interlacing of her masts and sails with ours ; the last thing heard of her on earth was that cry from the look-out—" Clear ! All right. " She sank, with every soul on board. Night and silence covered that ship and crew with their great mysteries.

Now this kind of thing is going on every day and every night on the surface of that great waste. Just as there is " always daylight somewhere in the world, " so there is always tragedy somewhere in the world. I ask Mr. Albery whether that is not drama ; the living element from which dramatic shapes and passions are evolved by means of your creative art.

As with the steamship, so with the telegraphic wire. Marking a telegraphic wire in the London streets, trailing by lamp-posts, crawling near gutters, you reject the poetry that palpitates in that wire. Let us leave this question open. The familiar is rarely picturesque. No Venetian artist thinks a gondola picturesque ; no English artist thinks a cab picturesque. But English artists flock to the lagoons in order to paint gondolas ; and a famous Venetian artist has recently been in London for the purpose of painting cabs ! Set the wire in



a strange scene, and we catch the picture at a glance. In the Syrian desert you come on the telegraphic line connecting London with Calcutta by way of the Euphrates Valley. You may find a Bedouin sheikh standing near it with a carbine in his hand ; a dozen of his servants by his side ; his mare and camels in a group apart ; and this wild bit of wire—to him a Sheitan's messenger—running through the wild man's country ; and a black bird perched on one of the telegraph poles—an emblem of that Sheitan which the untamed Arab sheikh conceives—alighted on his throne ! Is there no poetry in that bit of wire ? That wire, at which the bird pecks and the Arab glares, is thrilling with a thousand human emotions—a word of whispered love from separated hearts ; a dying mother's blessing to her son ; a desperate merchant's order to buy or sell ; a Minister's command to levy war. Who knows ? All kinds of messages are streaming on that line, at which the black bird nibbles and the Bedouin hesitates to fire. The same thing, in an equally poetic aspect, may be seen among the Rocky Mountains and along the arid plains of Santa Fé. Through desolate hunting-grounds, on which the Sioux and Osages chase their prey and scalp their enemies, the wire runs forward, wedding the wealth, energy, and civilisation of New York and Boston with the growing wealth, energy, and civilisation of Sacramento, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. When you see how we girdle the earth in a few minutes—how we throw our chains over the wildest chasms, making the wild inhabitants of these waste places wonder and inquire—the first steps towards their better knowledge and their ultimate civilisation—can you say there is no quickening spirit in that wire, no poetry and drama in that electric spark ? Brethren of the Urban Club, that wire is a poetic and dramatic instrument—especially a dramatic instrument. It brings the very ends of the earth together, fusing the sum of human emotions into one common sentiment. Can the dramatic poet in his highest reach of tragic passion do as much ? Take the case of a great battle fought and won—Sadowa, Sedan, or any other of the typical class. I take Sedan. Two armies clash. A victory is gained. An empire rises, and a second empire falls. Events occur in a few hours which change the flow and custom of the world. A crash, an onset, and a rout—Napoleon is a prisoner, Wilhelm is on his way to Versailles. The political and military centre of Europe is transferred from Paris to Berlin. These things are done in a dozen hours, and in another dozen hours men are talking in their breathless haste and fever of these great events, not only in Paris and Berlin, but in the mosques of Cairo and the streets

of Archangel, in the bazaars of Calcutta and on the quays of Rio, by the falls at Ottawa, in the market places of San Francisco, and in the shops at Sydney. Within a day the news is told, and at the same instant of time every human heart is quivering with the shock of these great events. That is drama. All the corners of the earth are joined, kindled, fused. Just as in a theatre you speak directly face to face with five or six hundred persons, so that every one laughs or weeps under a common impulse; laughing with the same wave of merriment, crying with the same pang of emotion; so the poetical telegraph speaks to the whole world—now become a theatre—bringing joy and sorrow, exaltation and remorse, to every kind and race of man.

Brethren, I have used my ten minutes to the last second, and shall only add one sentence more.

We have, as I conceive, a field still left to cultivate: a field as rich and fertile as our literary fathers ever tilled and sowed. It is for us to do our duty in a faithful and a generous way. Our task as men of letters—and especially of such as strive to make of literature a learned profession—is one of great ends and modest means. With pen and ink, and some blank sheets of paper, we have to do the most enduring work on earth. What, after all, is so enduring as good literary work? Those ancient Indian systems, which at one time reigned over nearly the whole of Asia, had many witnesses, literary, ritualistic, legal, hierarchical, and architectural. Few except the literary witnesses remain. The legal and the ritualistic witnesses are changed. The architectural witnesses have almost perished. But the Vedas are still there; and if the minds of men were favourable to such revival, the ancient creeds of India might easily be revived from those ancient records. It is the same with Greece. Delphi is desert waste; the Parthenon a pictorial ruin. No one kneels to Pallas Athene now. No lover toys with Aphrodite. No voice invokes the Olympian Zeus. But Homer lives, and Æschylus lives; the Greek epic and the Greek tragedy survive: mere strings of sentences, yet having in their loveliness of form and their intensity of spirit a strength that has outlived the constitutions of their country and the dynasties of their gods. So with all poems, dramas, histories, records, whether sacred or profane. Where is the Temple of Solomon?—where the tabernacle which that edifice replaced? Gone: to the last beam, possibly to the last stone. Yet the rituals used in that temple and in that tabernacle are as perfect now as in the day when they were first reduced to shape. Where is the proud Temple of Herod? Gone, too. Yes; gone,

the granite pavements and the marble courts. In vain we seek beneath the soil for evidence even of the site of that proud pile! The Gospel and Epistles live; the deathless heritage and blessing of mankind.

And so through all the fields in which we live and labour. Let our work be worthy, and it will not pass away. Let us be worthy of our high calling, and we shall not have lived in vain. We have to save all that is best worth saving—the old, old story of man's heart and mind—and if we do it well the record may be found alive when brass is worn to dust, and marble ground to sand.




# MY OCEAN LOG

## FROM NEWCASTLE TO BRISBANE.

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BY RED SPINNER.

### PART II.

HE flying fish seems to prefer wind, and is particularly merry when the sea is agitated by a six-knot breeze. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the larger fish which prey upon it are very much on the alert on such occasions, even as the pike of the fresh waters at home make more frequent demands upon the fisherman's energies in rough than in calm weather. The fact remains, on the evidence of my own observations renewed every day for a fortnight, and on that of the seafaring people on board who must be excellent authorities on the subject, that the flying fish appear in greater numbers and friskiness on moderately rough days.

The movements of the flying fish are as graceful as a swallow's, and the creature is a much more shapely object than I had been led to expect from pictures, written descriptions, or the few preserved specimens I had seen. The stuffed affair at the British Museum, like all the other representations of the fish world there, is, of course, an outrage on Nature. The wings, large in comparison with the body, which may be compared roughly, in shape and size, to a Christchurch mackerel (a small, sweet-eating description much prized on the Hampshire coast), are, as we saw them in flight, outspread at right angles, and underneath you might at times catch sight of the second set of smaller wing-fins, which are thought to have more to do with the actual flight than the others. The upper wings (we may so term them for convenience) were a dark brown in some, a reddish brown in others, beautifully speckled in many, while the tiniest varieties displayed brown fringes to wings which differed but slightly from the grey coloured back. The twinkle of these singular membranes as the sun caught them was a very beautiful sight.

No less beautiful was the method of flight. I am aware that some naturalists deny that the flying fish flies at all, deny that it flaps its wing-fins, deny or doubt that it has the power of changing its course.

If rising five or six feet out of the water, skimming now up now down, wheeling first to the right and then to the left, and sustaining these movements for a distance of a hundred yards or more do not constitute flying there is no meaning in words. The fish did all this unmistakably, and in their flight they repeatedly turned over slightly on one side until the silvery white of their bellies flashed again. Their sweep from the trough of the sea, parallel with the side and over the summit of the billows, forcibly reminded one of the joyous return of a martin to the household eaves. Sometimes two or three fishes would be in company, sometimes a numerous shoal would get up from close under the ship's bows, scattering like a covey of partridges, and with a patter-patter that recalled the wild fowl roused from their reedy retreat by the margin of some inland lake. They were probably frightened by the approach of the noisy steamer, and dispersed beyond what is usual when their motions are regulated by hungry pursuers swimming in the rear. On such emergencies the shoal keeps well together. I noticed that the "flights" consisted generally of fish of uniform size, and not of an admixture of great and small. The most numerous shoals were of fish that could not have been over six inches long—and this I take to be the average dimensions of the species. Perhaps not more than a dozen individuals of the multitudes I watched without tiring in the Indian Ocean were a foot in length, and the people on board were unanimous in saying that fourteen inches is an extreme size. The majority of the fish reminded one of the swallow tribe as much from their bulk as from their rapid airy flights. At fifty yards distance a flying shoal might be likened to a handful of half-crowns hurled into the air by some submerged distributor of largesse; should the ship come unexpectedly into the very thick of the gathering they would disperse on either hand with a flutter that might go far to excuse the alarm of "Breakers under the bow."

The theory that the large pectoral fins, or wings, do not actually flap may after all be well grounded. The doctor of the ship and myself resolved ourselves into a committee of investigation to decide this point, and leaning over the bow we loyally performed our duties for the space of an hour, during which hundreds of flying fish of all sorts and sizes passed under our review, and frequently at such close quarters that we could clearly mark the shape of their large round eye. Notwithstanding these favourable opportunities we could not agree in the result. The fish were here now and the next moment gone like a gleam, touching the top of a wave perhaps fifty yards off, and away again with undiminished rapidity. I was certainly at first

rather inclined to the non-flapping theory as far as the major wing-fins are concerned, but not with respect to the lesser pair underneath. But afterwards I formed a decided opinion that the creature begins its career by a rapid motion of the wing-fins, and that, having acquired the requisite momentum, it keeps them fixed and outstretched until it touches water once more. The following I quote as a technical description of the flying fish's *modus operandi* :—

The principal external agents employed in this mode of locomotion are the large lobe of the tail-fin and the broad transparent pectoral fins which on this occasion serve at least as a parachute, and which being situated close to the back, place the centre of suspension higher than the centre of gravity. It is also curious to notice how well the specific gravity of the fish can be regulated in correspondence with the element through which it may move. The swim bladder when perfectly distended occupies nearly the entire cavity of the abdomen, and contains a large quantity of air; and in addition to this there is a membrane in the mouth which can be inflated through the gills; these two reservoirs of air affording good substitutes for the air cells so freely distributed within the bones of birds, and having the additional advantage of being voluntary in their function.

Whether the occasional dipping of the fish into the sea as it flies is an absolute necessity to further progress is also an open question, but it would seem reasonable to suppose that the delicate wing-fins outspread in the sun and wind would soon become dry, and like the throat of the orator require occasional moistening. The fish does dip, and pretty often too, but it struck me sometimes not because there was pressing occasion for it so much as because the ridge of the billow afforded a passing temptation. Neither could it have been for purposes of rest after exhaustion, since there was no pause; the fish on the wing simply brushed through the water without perceptibly "slowing" the mysterious engine power with which it has been invested.

Very earnestly did everybody wish to welcome a few flying fish to the deck. The mouths of those passengers to whom the morning and evening publications of the ship—to wit the neatly got-up breakfast and dinner *menus*—were all important as official gazettes remembered that there had been no fresh fish for many days, and the officers and stewards drove them frantic by repeating at every meal their descriptions of the luscious morsel. It was little short of mockery to tell us that the cook—and a capital cook that yellow bearded Frenchman was—had a special gift in the browning of flying fish, and that to a well regulated human being who was not hypocrite enough to affect contempt of good living nothing more delicately succulent, more exquisitely flavoured, could be offered. Was it only to tantalise that

the chief officer told us how last year, in the same latitude and almost the same longitude, the deck one morning was covered with the welcome fish, which had taken a flight, alas, in the dark, from which there was no return? If so the second officer was in the plot, for he supplemented his superior's experiences with his own; the effect of his asseverations being that many a time and oft he had hung lanterns over the bulwarks and attracted the fish to their doom—a cause and effect in which the sailor places unhesitating belief, though I suspect there is about as much ground for the notion as there was for the statement of the ancients that the flying fish invariably flew ashore every night to escape its manifold enemies at sea.

The flying fish undoubtedly does fly on board ships when lanterns are suspended from the chains; but then just as often it is found on deck when no such reputed lure has been exhibited. However, that not at all uncommon circumstance of dead flying fish being found on a vessel's decks at daybreak did not happen to us. This was a matter of special regret to me. I do not deny that I should have been very glad of so agreeable an addition to the pleasures of the table, but that there was a higher motive than that I would fain protest. Years ago, I remembered, the Rev. Mr. Wood in his "Popular Natural History" pointed out that the climbing perch and other fish of similar habits possessed certain reservoirs of water which oxygenised the blood, but that such a provision was not found in the flying fish. Mr. Wood upon this asked whether the fish might not be wrought into a temporary intoxication through the excess of oxygen caused by its passage through the air, and he suggested that it would be an interesting experiment to test the temperature of the blood of a newly-caught flying fish, and mark the length of time it would live out of water. Those experiments may have been made long ago, but in the absence of any knowledge to that effect I had determined, if ever the chance came in my way, to distinguish myself in the cause of science, and perhaps give to the world a new and wondrous locomotive power that should far surpass steam, electricity, or ballooning. It was not to be; the instrument was ready for thrusting into the fish's mouth or under its pectoral fin, the instrumentalist was both willing and anxious to find out the precise temperature; the drawback was fatal: we could not secure a single subject.

The mariner will tell you that deep sea fishes as a rule are dry and tasteless, and that the flying fish, which, in spite of its occasional trips into the upper air, must rank as one of the class, is the one delightful exception. It is likely that a similar opinion is entertained

by three, if not more, predatory inhabitants of the seas—namely, the dolphin, bonito, and albacore. The poor little flying fish is their tit-bit. They hunt it remorselessly, apparently enjoying the sport of pursuit as keenly as the ultimate capture and final crunch of its tender bones.

The popular estimation of the animal creation is, as we know in such examples as the lion, camel, goose, owl, hare, and the like, founded more upon imagination than upon observation. The dolphin must be included in the list of these overrated, if not altogether unworthy, idols. He has been made the subject of the painters' art, and for some inscrutable reason or other they have given him a curl in the tail which Nature never dreamt of. Poets have had a turn at him. Thus:—

Kind, gen'rous dolphins love the rocky shore,  
Where broken waves with fruitless anger roar ;  
But though to sounding shores they curious come,  
Yet dolphins count the boundless sea their home.  
Nay, should these favourites forsake the main,  
Neptune would grieve his melancholy reign.  
The calmest, stillest seas, when left by them  
Would awful frown and all unjoyous seem ;  
But when the darling frisks his wanton play  
The waters smile and every wave looks gay.

And that warm, wicked syren Cleopatra, wishing to say the very highest thing that could be said of her lord, the hapless Marcus Antonius, observed that his delights were dolphin-like. In the olden time the dolphin was believed to be in moral nature quite a model fish. He was lauded as the possessor of a big philanthropic soul, as a fond lover of the human race, and notably of the weak, helpless, and young ; instances, with every circumstantiality of detail, were given of boys riding to school on a dolphin's back, and of distressed seamen rescued from peril by the eager dolphin who volunteered to convey them in safety to the shore. It would be highly interesting to hear what the flying fish had to say touching this Shaftesbury of the shoals—this scaly pattern of piscatorial piety.

One dark night, far out in the Indian Ocean, we were treated to a series of highly-effective illuminations. It seemed as if all the finest stars in the firmament had fallen down into the sea, and after sinking somewhat had been arrested in their descent by an under current which took them in slow procession past us. We could see them luminously pale half a fathom beneath the surface floating solemnly on in never-ending numbers. The larger lights—the planets, so to



speak—shone gloriously when not too much submerged ; the ordinary constellations glowed in meeker but not less enchanting measure. These were Medusæ—if the metaphor must be dropped—and the ocean was full of them. By-and-by the vessel steamed through what I presume must have been a dense field of spawn ; dazzling cascades of silver were cast off from her sides, and for a few minutes we were ploughing through a lake of living fire.

This peculiar condition of the water revealed to us something of the dolphin's philanthropic quality. Abreast of the ship, and not far removed from the weather bow, a shoal of small fish could be descried scudding along after the manner of foam. At first it was believed to be foam, but a moment's reflection showed that the white mass would in that case be moving in an opposite direction. Further watching convinced me it was a shoal of flying fish. Soon there was a racket below and a pyrotechnic discharge : the fish had broken cover and flown out of the sea. After a short flight they settled again, and then I understood the secret. A couple of long luminous bars appeared in rear of the shoal—dolphins beyond a doubt hotly chasing their prey. They do not often venture so near a steamship as this, but at this moment they were reckless, angry may be that the flying fish should still keep out of their clutches. The dolphins raced mostly neck and neck, but the outer one sometimes sheered off and increased the distance between him and the ship. As the flying fish flew out of the sea the dolphins would put on a spurt, and literally side by side shoot ahead with the evident intention of catching the quarry as it touched water. So they disappeared—the dolphins very confident, the flying fish wary but alarmed. It was an exciting race, though the odds were not by any means even.

The brilliant-coloured fish which is always called dolphin, but which is, accurately speaking, the coryphene, knows the difference between a steamer and a sailing ship, and is therefore rarely to be seen in the vicinity of the former. The noise of propeller and paddle is, indeed, most effective in frightening the monsters of the deep, and this, coupled with the great speed at which steam vessels travel, robs the steamboat passenger of the enjoyment which falls to the lot of those who go down to the sea in canvas-propelled ships. At a moderate speed, say from four to six knots an hour, dolphin, bonito, and albacore may be taken, either by harpooning from the bowsprit or the chains underneath, or by trailing white and red rag, or any other rude imitation of the flying fish, from the stern. In the Red Sea I attempted something with two tassels of crimson and white wool, but as the ship was making eleven knots an hour the experiment was

a miserable failure. No fish was likely to have been so befooled, and if one had been hooked I must have hauled its head from its shoulders before I could have brought it to the ship. In the Gulf of Aden three or four bonitos leaped out of the sea a little astern, affording us a fair view of their kind. They were handsome fellows, about two feet long, with roundish body and mottled blue back—in short, an overgrown mackerel. Indulging in useless regrets never pays; for all which I should not have bemoaned the fate that had given me a few hours amongst the bonito in a nice little sprit-sail boat, with a certain whiffing apparatus twirling along the wake.

Before setting forth on my long voyage I received from a very clever friend a letter, in which this sentence occurred: "Do not omit to slay the regulation shark with the silver watch and seals and the partially-digested pair of boots in his interior, and do not try to investigate his mysteries until you have divided the spinal marrow just above the tail, *secundum artem*, with an axe, while Neptune and Amphitrite, and all the rest of them, are holding high jinks at the Equator." Now it so happens that on the afternoon which introduced us to the bonitos, and not far from the spot whence they had leaped, after the manner of roach eluding the grab of master jack, an innocent bit of fan-shaped leather, as it would appear, protruded from the water. Strange to say, it veered round and began to sail leisurely off in the wind's eye. It was a rascally white shark; and even he did not fancy the noise of our revolving screw, though plainly on the war-path in general, with a design in particular upon the bonito. So runs the world, my masters—shark eats bonito, bonito eats flying fish, flying fish eats other fry, other fry eats something else. One of the officers had in his cabin a walking-stick, of which he was very proud—a richly-mounted and highly-polished staff, that had once "officiated" as the spine of a great shark.

The history of this officer's walking-stick, as told to me, was on this wise: Cat in saloon falls sick, becomes useless, and is voted a nuisance. Boatswain, according to orders, heaves Tabby overboard about seven bells in the dog watch, which, as everybody should know, is half-past seven o'clock. First-class passenger jokes because cat is drowned in dog watch, and cat is thereafter forgotten. Shark is caught next morning on hook baited with three pounds four ounces of pork; hideous beast is boused up, and slain in the customary manner with axe. Shark being opened, cat is found in the interior; that it is the defunct Tabby is patent to the meanest understanding. This may be considered by some persons a mere long-bow shot; for myself, I firmly believe the story. The man who told it me, and

who assisted in the capture, was incapable of lying over such a matter.

The passing view we obtained of the southern extremity of Ceylon was a grateful break in the monotony of the Indian Ocean and Bay of Bengal, and it was hailed with delight, not only because it was land seen after many days of sea and sky, but because it presented the first grateful foliage (with the exception of the gardens of Ismailia) we had seen since leaving England. A few catamarans came off as a matter of course, but as they had no fruit on board we treated them with true British contempt. The cocoanut-palms are drawn up in line all along the shore, and the entire island, mountain and lowland alike, appears profusely wooded. A haze wrapped up in its jealous curtain Adam's Peak, which from its distance in the interior can only be seen in the clearest of atmospheres. The harbour of Point de Galle is surrounded by leafy groves, and to us, passing two miles out at sea, its avenues and plantations, with cool habitations peeping above the plaintains and palms, smiled like a Land of Promise.

Equally bright, by contrast with the brown granite ranges of Africa, the desert expanses of the Isthmus of Suez, and the hopeless sterility of the land bordering the Red Sea, were the beautiful islands and islets of the Straits of Malacca. In these straits one of the sailors caught a booby bird. As the sun sank rose-red over the island of Sumatra vivid lightning began to play on the western horizon, and as we watched the distant storm a dark form swept along the bulwarks and silently vanished. In the brief twilight, which in these low latitudes comes and departs without ceremony, this mysterious apparition attracted considerable notice. A young person given to sentiment suggested that it was the Spirit of the Tempest hovering over to warn us of impending doom. Whatever it might be, it seemed to have a decided *penchant* for hovering; it hovered sometimes within a few feet of us, mournfully flapping its long wings; after an absence of a few minutes, or moments as the case may be, it would return, as though unable to overcome the doubt it entertained of our honesty, or to resist the temptation of keeping near the ship. Soon there was a shout forward, succeeded by a speedy solution of the matter. The mysterious Spirit of the Tempest was a booby bird; it had been taken prisoner, and was now being brought aft a miserable captive. It had fluttered around the steamer until the coloured lights were being put in their accustomed niches, and then the stupid bird, as if it were a moth and the green lantern a candle, clumsily alighted on the head of the man who had affixed the lamp. It reminded me

of the gannets of Bass's Rock, but was smaller ; although its body did not weigh a pound, its wings outstretched measured more than four feet. We tried the silly creature by judge and jury, tying its wings as a temporary precaution, and allowing it to flap about as best it might on the deck. The balance of evidence tended to show that the booby most righteously deserves its name, that it foolishly courts attacks that another bird would avoid, and that it would be useless to us either for food or preservation. The sentence therefore was that the captive booby should be set at liberty. Its bonds were accordingly unfastened, and its long dark wings began to bang the deck, while its outstretched head, terminated by a formidable beak four inches long, invested it with dangerous propensities in the eyes of the ladies. The booby, like the albatross, is unable to rise from the deck ; our released prisoner was therefore treated to a friendly heave by the deck officer—an act of kindness which it repaid by a vicious parting tweak from its bill.

*(To be continued.)*



# THE TOKEN OF THE SILVER LILY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

## PART IV.—THE PLIGHTING OF THE TROTH.

(Continued.)



WAKING from that trance he cried to her  
In strange and bitter voice : "Thou knowest not  
What thou dost welcome ; better had it been  
That death had kissed my lips, than I kissed *thee*.  
For had I not returned thou wouldst have laid  
Me in thy heart a hero, and thy tears  
Have borne some sweetness, since they fell for one  
Who died as brave men die . . . But now ! Lo ! now  
I do return to thee that most abhorred  
And hateful of created things, a man  
Who, being given opportunity,  
Doth miss it . . . one whose earth-bound lagging feet  
Fame hath outstripped and, vanishing, let fall  
No laurel leaf of favour . . . one whose strength  
And skill have fallen, abortions, to the ground,  
Leaving him such a dastard residue  
Of power (how far too little and too much !)  
As sets him creeping homeward to the walls  
That should in very mockery belch forth  
Again the worthless body they receive,  
Athelstane's shameful son. . . See you this sword ?  
'Tis virgin as my fame, it hath not drunk  
One foeman's life blood, or one valiant blow  
Struck in my master's cause . . . this virile hand  
Is innocent as your weak woman's one  
Of slaughter . . . and it was but yesterday  
I shouted out the things that I would do,  
The glory I would win . . . Fool . . . fool, and *this*  
Is glory, *this* is fame . . . Harken ! there was  
A curse set on me from the very hour  
In which I joined my men . . . Naught prospered,

And all things turned to evil in my hands,  
Until my followers muttered 'neath their breath,  
And looked askance at me, as though I brought  
Disaster to their ranks, and when at last  
The armies met in battle, there did seem  
To press about me a great viewless host,  
That turned my sword aside ere it could reach  
The lives for which I thirsted, and my strength,  
Recoiling on itself in wantonness  
Of waste, was viler in its impotence  
Than sheer and helpless weakness, till as one  
Gone mad I leaped from off my horse and hurled  
My body on the foe, and grappling with  
A swarthy Dane as desperate as I,  
Strove with him for his life—thus only could  
I quench the savage hunger of my soul.  
But as a man who buffets with the air  
So wrestled I with him, until he smote  
Me thro' the breast, but as I fell there flashed  
'Twixt him and me a man who clove to earth  
Mine enemy, and then I swooned . . . anon  
Waking from stupor, found myself beyond  
The din and bruit of battle and beside  
Me one who stanch'd my wound. He wore the garb  
Of Alfred's followers, and on his sleeve  
Broidered in silver the fair Fleur de Lys  
Of France, and by his look and mien I knew  
Him for no common man, and cried aloud  
'Tell me thy name, the name of him who saves  
A stranger's life at peril of his own,  
And I with Death will battle and compel  
The victory from him, that in future days  
My heart and hand have strength to pay thee back  
Some portion of the boundless debt that I  
This day incur, for thou bestowest on  
Me something more than life, thou givest me  
A chance of rescuing my sword from such  
Dishonour as no soldier's heart could bear,  
And break not. . . Sir, though thou be great and I  
Am worthless as the dust beneath thy feet,  
Yet homely things have uses, and I swear  
That if the day shall ever come when I

By yielding up my heart's desire can give  
 Thee one hour's gladness, I will lay it down.  
 With gladness and account my loss as nought,  
 So thou shalt be the gainer' . . . But ere yet  
 He could reply I fell away unto  
 Unconsciousness, and so thro' long, long months  
 Lay on the borders of that shadowy land  
 That hath no name to mortals . . . and I thought  
 (Though if in dreams or pure reality  
 I know not) that the stranger knight did stand  
 At intervals beside me ; but when I  
 With painful slowness did regain such strength  
 As set me creeping homewards, I could glean  
 No word or tidings of him. Tell me now  
 How fares the poor old man? My Mother, thou  
 Art well avengèd of my broken vow.  
 But he, *he* will forgive me." . .

Ethelwyn

Slipped from his arms, and stood a little space  
 Apart, and as impatiently he strove  
 To reach her, thro' the darkness came a voice  
 That was, yet was not hers . . . the voice of one  
 To whom has died out every hope upon  
 God's earth . . . and having reached the boundary  
 Of human anguish, halts, and can no more  
 Till death strips off the clogging flesh that binds  
 The spirit in such thralldom, and sets free  
 The shackled soul . . . "When you your foot, shall set  
 Upon the threshold of your father's house  
 The old man shall not meet you . . . never more  
 Shall his weak voice make music in your ears  
 Or vex you with its babble . . . or his hand  
 Rest in a blessing on your weary head . . . .  
 Yea, nevermore his footfall shall you hear  
 By morn or eve, for dumb and desolate  
 He lies, and o'er his head the daisies spring  
 In wanton gladness . . . 'twas at sunset hour  
 He called on you, and calling you he died."

There came to break the aching void no sigh,  
 Or word, or whisper, till she nearer stole  
 And touched him, then he, stretching out his arms,

Clasped her unto his breast, crying "Sweetheart,  
I am not reft of all, since I have . . . thee" . . .  
It was the lonely and despairing cry  
Of one who having lost all pride of life,  
And being balked of every vig'rous hope  
Of manhood, sought to stay himself upon  
A woman's frail support. . . Ethelwyn laid  
Her arms about his neck and sudden cried  
"Kiss me, my king, and kiss me . . . . let me feel  
Your arms about me, and your lovesome voice  
Use it to woo me to forgetfulness,  
One moment's space ere time doth swallow up  
This hour and leave us bankrupt . . . kiss me as  
If it were a dying kiss that sunderèd  
Our lives, for Fate doth set 'twixt thee and me  
That which no love can bridge, no honour spurn,  
Or overleap . . . henceforward all our days  
Do lie apart, but this, this hour is ours  
And none shall wrest it from us." . . Gilbert cried  
"What thing is this, and who shall dare to come  
'Twixt thee and me? What! hast thou dared to smile  
On any new-found lover? O, it is  
Not possible . . . if thou be false there's not  
On earth one faithful woman. . . *False*, 'tis not  
A word for such as thee; and yet if thou  
*Be* false, then may this solid earth gape wide  
And snatch me from a world that is so robbed  
Of all that I hold pure. . . I charge you, girl,  
Answer me, is there any man who hath  
Approached you with the wooing words of love,  
Wooing what hath been won?"  
She answered in her chilly voice, "There came  
One man who loved me, and our marriage day  
Was fixed upon, the day that follows on  
The morrow. . . here she paused, and Gilbert cried,  
"So this, O! woman, is your constancy,  
This is your love! Methinks upon your cheek  
Can hang no blush of shame, for in your voice  
Rings such indifference as makes your heart  
Easy to him who reads. . . Madam, how long  
Ago was it you loved me? 'Twas but now  
You whispered '*kiss me*' . . . are you grown so fond



Of kisses that one man alone doth not  
 Content you? Go, poor flutterer! bid him keep,  
 If he *can* keep, the thing that he has won,  
 For bolts and bars do not conspire to hold  
 A woman who hath lightness in her blood,  
 And bears within her heart the one foul speck  
 That to corruption turns her loveliness,  
 And puts to vilest use that which was given  
 To gladden earth and man . . . (gone, gone, my heart!  
 Fame, fortune, mistress, love, the old man, all!)  
 And girl, I tell you I had rather died  
 With never doubt of your nobility,  
 Than have returned to find you what you are . . .  
 Your beauty is unlovely in my eyes,  
 It is not mine, your kisses are not mine  
 But his . . . Yet had you shown more modesty,  
 And more regard and honour for this man,  
 Had you not been so prodigal of lip,  
 And clinging arm, and falsely honeyed word,  
 To welcome me, since you are his, not mine."

His cruel words,  
 Shaped by the jealousy that outrages  
 The object of its madly bitter love,  
 Smote on her as the vehemence of hail  
 Breaks the young tender blossoms of the earth,  
 Yet woke no spark of anger in her breast  
 'Gainst him she loved. . . "Gilbert," she said, and crept  
 One little step the nearer, and would touch  
 His hand, but he recoiling, she fell back,  
 And stood alone.

"Master," she said, "you err:  
 In thinking I am false; that am not I,  
 Or ever could be; but unhappy fate  
 Dresses me for a moment in your eyes  
 In robe of worthlessness that is not mine . . .  
 For cursed and most unhappy that I am,  
 Upon my soul there lies no treachery  
 Of thought or deed to *thee!* . . . If thou wilt look  
 Within thy heart, believing that 'tis but  
 A spotless mirror that gives back *my* heart,  
 Thou wilt perceive how pure impossible

Is faithlessness 'twixt such as thee and me.  
For lo ! our love doth bloom a single flower,  
Formed by two passionate souls, and if one fall  
Away and die, then must the other, reft  
Of life, die also. . . Listen ! . . . You know well  
My father's cruel story, though maybe  
You know not of the long and bitter hate  
He bare his daughter for th' unconscious fault  
Of her existence ; but when she was grown  
To womanhood, he swore within his heart,  
Ay ! and to her, that when he should have found  
A knight to please his fancy, him should she  
Wed, and no other . . so by night and day  
Ever she watched and prayed that none might come  
Before her own true knight . . and so it was  
That thro' the early morning, with the clouds  
Flame tinted o'er his head, and 'neath his feet  
The dew-drops lying thick, there came a man  
Riding at desperate speed . . she thought it *him*—  
No other . . and she wakened from that dream,  
And died not . . yea, and hearkened to the words  
Anon her father uttered, when he bade  
Her hold herself in readiness to be  
This stranger's wife, for in her heart a hope—  
A little lovely hope—did live and grow,  
And hour by hour she whispered low 'To-morrow !'  
And when the morrow came she yet again  
Whispered 'To-morrow !' and *her* morrow came  
When Ivon, Gilbert's follower, did lay  
A little silken scarf within her hand,  
Saying 'My master sleeps' . . and still she lived  
Not mad, till thro' her sluggish veins there leaped  
A thought so sweet and pleasant that it sucked  
Out half her heart's black sorrow, and she went  
Gaily, as one who, in the distance, hears  
Her bridegroom calling, while his gentle steps,  
Nearer and nearer, echo thro' the night." . .

Gilbert cried

With sudden angry scorn "Why tell ye me  
This foolish, prating story? There is not  
On earth a perjury, or crime, or sin, .

That is not capable of being washed  
 As white as driven snow by argument  
 And windy explanation ; unto me  
 It doth suffice that scarcely had you heard  
 Of my imagin'd death than you did haste  
 With most unnatural speed to give yourself  
 Unto this new-found lover. . . Madam ! I  
 Had thought a cousin, even in third degree,  
 Might have some trifling claim upon the grace  
 Of your sweet mem'ry . . tell me of this man,  
 He needs must be uncommon . . is he great ?  
 (You should receive good wage for this your swift  
 And shameful fall from honour) or doth he  
 Possess such beauty as turns woman's hearts  
 To water ? Or hath he the subtle gift  
 Of silvern speech that oftentimes doth unlock  
 The fortress, when more potent arts have failed ?  
 Tell me his name, his name I say, that I  
 May sheathe this virgin sword within his heart ;  
 Ay ! as a man who spurneth from his path  
 A coward loathsome thing that doth uprear  
 Its head accurst 'twixt him and that which was  
 Once, but now is not, precious." . .

Ethelwyn said

" His chrissom name is Harold of the Fells,  
*And on his sleeve he wears the token of  
 The Silver Lily.* (O ! I am not mad,  
 Not mad !), and this is he to whom you sware  
*' If ever unto me shall come the day  
 When I by yielding up my heart's desire  
 Shall give thee one hour's gladness, I will lay  
 It down before thee and account my loss  
 As nought, so thou art gainer' . . this, your loss,  
 By which you shall be gainer, this O ! Heavens,  
 It is your hapless girl !*" Shrieking, her voice  
 Rose thro' the night, and Harold from afar  
 Heard it, and following that voice drew near,  
 Drew near as Gilbert spake . . and in that hour  
 There brake a strong man's heart, and at his feet  
 Fell down the ruined promise of a life.

Gilbert cried,

As one in truth gone mad, " Thou sayest this

For folly, 'tis impossible, I say  
It cannot be. . . The very skies should fall  
If thou art speaking truth . . . 'tis but a trick  
Of thine, by which thou seek'st to step between  
Thy lover and my vengeance . . . upon earth  
There is one man and only one 'gainst whom  
I dare not lift my hand, and shall it be  
That Fate, with smile at your inconstancy,  
Hath singled from the millions upon earth  
This man, and made thee . . . love him? O! I'll not  
Believe the monstrous story, I will see  
Him with my very eyes and hearken to  
His voice . . . if it be he, then, madam, I  
Will wish you joy of that which you have won,  
And speak no word of yielding up my heart's  
Desire, since you outran me and bestowed  
With hasty generosity the pearl  
That I had given, as one who giving it  
Is beggared for all time . . . enough! I ask  
No pity, rather weep for thine own self,  
Who will be lonely ere the morrow's sun  
Have set, if he we wot of wears not on  
His sleeve the Silver Lily . . . though my arm  
Be weak, methinks it still doth hold the strength  
To slay th' unrighteous lover." . . . Then he turned,  
To leave her, but with sudden leap she clasped  
Her arms about him . . . in extremity  
Of life or death great passions do drive out  
All scruples, and she thought not, no, nor recked  
Of modesty: one consciousness had she,  
And only one, that he was leaving her,  
Believing that the earth held nought so vile  
As she. . . "Gilbert!" O! what a wealth of love  
Was there, and he, that other, heard and yet  
Wailed not aloud his anguish. . . "Nay, not thus  
Shalt thou depart . . . 'twas for my father's sake—  
My father's sake, I say . . . I thought thee dead,  
Else had no claims of duty wrung from me  
Such awful sacrifice . . . O! say that thou  
Dost know her faithful ere thou leavest her,  
Unto the fate that honour doth compel  
Her to fulfil. *My* sacrifice I would

Forego, and deem my broken vow no sin,  
 Since it was made when I believed thee dead,  
 But thou—thou must in stainless honour keep  
 Thine oath to *him* . . . pray you, remember in  
 The days to come, that she whom long ago  
 You thought too timid for a soldier's wife,  
 Seeing two paths before her, one so fair  
 With love, and joy, and gladness, that her heart  
 Ached as she looked, for longing . . . turned aside  
 And trod the other, and with bleeding feet  
 And starved soul, endured, since thus she held  
 Her master's honour safe. . . Thou standest mute  
 As one who understands not, and with cold  
 And cruel hands doth seek to free thyself  
 From bonds that once no prison made to thee. . .  
 What! wilt thou speak *no* word? Then I beseech  
 Thee do me this last grace, unsheathe thy sword  
 And strike into the heart thy wretched girl . . .  
 For dead in her doth lie all that is worth  
 The living, therefore 'twere no sin to give  
 Her body to the worms, and be thou sure  
 That faithful and most innocent she dies,  
 And that upon her lips no man hath set  
 One kiss save thee." . . . But Gilbert, as a man  
 By evil thoughts possessed, and maddened by  
 Love, shame, despair, amazement, and a wild  
 And bitter jealousy that shaped all things  
 To frightful meaning, cried "Thou knowest not  
 What thou dost ask. To-morrow's sun will shine  
 Upon thee, smiling o'er thy happiness  
 With *him*. . . Methinks this sacrifice of which  
 Thou pratest out so loud were better called  
 Thy secret inclination. What so sweet  
 As when our duty and our heart's desire  
 Do pull together? And indeed 'twill be  
 A flowery, pleasant burden unto thee,  
 Thy *honour* . . . and altho' it pleases you  
 To think you still do love me, let me tell  
 You 'tis but fancy—a mere echo of  
 A thing you once did feel, and e'en if you  
 Loved me in earnest, think you I would take  
 Back one who, having loved me and told o'er

A million tender vows, could haste to love  
Another with the very self-same vows,  
That trod like murdered ghosts upon the track  
Of murdered oaths, warm living yesterday?  
So I, first fooled, can have no cause for pride  
If yet again your veering phantasy,  
Sated of sameness, turn to me again!"—  
Then turned to where his horse stood whinnying,  
And rode away, and on her naked heart  
Each hoof-beat fell as clanging blow that strikes  
The fatal hour of doom . . . as died the last  
Faint echo, thro' the night there clave a cry,  
Bitter and wild, "Forsaken!" and the winds  
Whispered and wailed "Forsaken!" and one man,  
Pale and dumb-lipped, low unto his dull heart  
Whispered "*Forsaken!*"

\* \* \* \*

Low by her casement kneeling thro' the hours  
Ethelwyn watched the trembling light of Heaven  
Scatter itself in paly precious stones,  
Girdling in the shining Queen of Night.  
And something in that passionless repose  
Woke a fierce anger in the girl's tossed heart,  
And moved her to such vehemence of speech:  
"In you, fair moon, there beats no pulse of life  
Such as impels your lesser satellites  
Restless to throb and sparkle, though forbidden  
To quit the azure carpet of great Heaven;  
While you, who grow and lessen day by day,  
Journeying through illimitable space,  
In the calm even brightness of your light,  
Seem to be frozen into quietude,  
Chilling hot life with your indifference.  
Are you the husk, the ruin of a past  
Splendour created in a bygone age  
And filled with life, to grow and fructify,  
Now thro' some vast unpardonable sin  
Doomed by God's own inexorable will  
To be a beacon and a hollow shell  
With light, warmth, movement calcined out,  
And barren light to gild your emptiness?"

Lower she drooped

Her head upon her softly shining arms,  
 And in the moonbeams lay a little space  
 Mid tumbled tresses light as ocean foam,  
 Then raised her brows and murmured dreamily :  
 " A sweet and subtle strand of hidden joy  
 Runs through the woof of my calamities,  
 And lulls me to a treacherous repose.  
 So might a mariner, parted from his ship,  
 Snatch at a spar in his extremity,  
 And as he floats a moment at his ease,  
 Honey-sweet life approaching to his lips,  
 Gives him a moment of fierce ecstasy  
 Ere yet the waters, sporting with their prey,  
 Sucking him downward, clutch him and his hope.  
 So I, with weak futility of love,  
 Open my heart to the warm sunny gleam  
 That parts the night of my adversities.  
*He lives !*—the cruel darkness and the worm  
 Are empty names ; they have not my beloved !  
 And God is over, earth below us both.  
 He lives !

Though I should never see

His face, or hear the echo of his voice,  
 The same earth-wind that blows upon my cheek  
 Shall wanton round him, and the early flowers,  
 Common to him as unto me, shall find  
 Place in his eyes, and every mellow fruit  
 Ripening to me, shall ripen unto him,  
 And cold that nips and freezeth up my blood  
 Shall touch him also, and the sun at noon  
 Burn on his brow as it shall burn on mine. . .  
 He is not lost in blackness of the tomb,  
 Merged in the horrible uncertainty  
 That girdles round the mystery of death,  
 Making it less the anodyne of life  
 Than a stark image that in fleshless arms  
 Takes our heart's best, and to our tears and cries  
 Makes us no answer, nor come any back  
 To tell the story of their wanderings.  
 He lives ! O ! love, if you are in the world

It cannot be a prison house to me !  
And though I live a woman's daily life,  
(That men call happy, as from morn till eve,  
With folded hands and restless beating heart,  
She sits and counts the jewels of the past),  
Yet unto you, in crowded manhood's life,  
Some peace of mind shall gather with the years,  
And I, apart in my life solitude,  
Shall know you healed . . so well . . it is enough."

God's messenger  
Of sleep stole nearer, and with quiet wing  
Touched her deep eyelids, and the folded brow  
Smoothed into peace ; took memory away  
Of past and future, leaving not a dream.

\* \* \* \*

*(To be continued.)*






# UNDER FOREIGN MAHOGANY.

BY FIN BEC, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF MENUS," "THE EPICURE'S YEAR-BOOK," &c.

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## I.—EN PENSION.

 HERE is too much reason to fear that in a few years the traveller on the Continent of Europe will be compelled to content himself, in the way of *cuisine*, with a series of bad imitations of the art which is to be enjoyed to perfection under the auspices of Bignon or Gouffé in Paris, which is cultivated successfully in a few of our London clubs—though these are degenerating in the hands of senile committee men who want no more than a muffin, a broth, and a chop; and which flourishes, at home, not only in the houses of the great families who can keep a *chef*, but in some of the humbler places where cultivated and travelled men and women of moderate means are able to fashion and direct a modest *cordon bleu*. Just as the shops in most continental cities are filled with the *article de Paris*, and you can find nothing that is new, or if new, that is worth buying, away from Paris or London; Swiss, German, and Italian *chefs* now offer little more than dishes to be found on the *menus* of the two great capitals. The British *cuisine* is imitated because imposing hosts of English and American travellers annually pass over the show places of Europe, leaving a substantial gold deposit behind them; while that of France is adopted because it is the best in the world, and is acceptable to people of all nations. I have lately suffered widespread experience of the result. I have taken notes and preserved *menus*. The example of my gastronomic tribulations shall now be put at the service of the reader who is likely to trust his knees under the mahogany of the foreigner.

Let it be understood that I have nothing to say about the *grande cuisine*. I have not to deal with *suprême de volaille aux truffes*, nor with *crépinettes de foie-gras à la Périgueux*, nor with *timbales à la Lavallière*. The hotels and *pensions* and restaurants of which the traveller obtains experience cannot reach these heights; and those are the establishments to be avoided which attempt them. There are hotels by Lake Lemman, and by other Swiss lakes, the *table d'hôte menus* of which may lead the unsophisticated epicure to imagine that

He is about to sit at a banquet that Monselet would envy him. But his illusion does not survive the serving of the soup. The manner in which hotel *chefs* christen their slovenly *entrées* is perfectly bewildering. A plain piece of hard veal *à la casserole* does duty as a *fricandeau*; it did such duty, let me inform a certain supporter of Florian, in the Piazza St. Marco, Venice, as late as the 18th of April, 1876, in the company of fried potatoes, which I took leave to call *pommes-de-terre à la blanchisseuse*. I know that Florian's is not a dining place, but it is *the* place where the Venetian *gommeux* breakfast and sup, and which pretends to be the first establishment in the city of the winged lion. A superb individual, with jewelled finger and air as grand as that of an old French marquis, begged to know my commands; and he received them with an impressive bow over every item. I surveyed the little room, dainty as a princess's *bonbonnière*, sipped a little red Falernian, and sate, in pleasant mood, anticipating a perfect *fricandeau* and an omelette golden as the sunset over Maria della Salute I had just enjoyed. As I have said, a hard square of veal represented the *fricandeau*. The ragged omelette was worthy of the first dish. The superb gentleman had offered me a *sole au gratin*. I had accepted it gratefully; but he had presently sent an underling to say—being, no doubt, ashamed of the confession—that there was no sole, but only a *friture*. The *friture* of soft crabs (he who has eaten in the city of the Doges will remember the dish) was the only decent item of my modest *menu* at Florian's. Why could not the major-domo of that establishment offer one this *friture*: a dish of macaroni and a cutlet milanaise? With these, a bit of Gorgonzola, and an orange, I could have made an excellent dinner. No, he must pretend to present me with French dishes, just as he endeavours to force upon me French wines. But Florian is no worse than his neighbours, as we shall see.

We English are answerable for much of the degeneracy of the continental *cuisines*. Now a beef steak is not a cut of beef which commends itself strongly to an Englishman unless he is provided with a farmer's appetite. A rump steak broiled *à point*: thick, tender, of fine grain, succulent, and with a suspicion of eschalot, is food at once dainty and eminently wholesome, when accompanied by a red kidney potato—a ball of flour with a pink, becoming cuticle. It leads pleasantly on a November evening to a glass of thin and tawny port, and thence to coffee and a cigar, in a way which suits in all respects our humid and uncertain climate. But what has this steak in common with the rough and often tough slab of meat which, the country round, is thrust upon us when we travel at home? Our

chops and steaks which do the whole duty of *menu* in country hotels and inns are the despair of the epicurean traveller. The home tourist who knows what a perfect rump steak means has the pleasure of his trip to the Lakes, or to Wales, or to the Highlands poisoned by the ever recurring reply to his question: "Well, waiter, what can you give us for dinner?" The waiter, with a smug complacency that never varies let the inn be where it may, answers: "Chops, sir, steaks—cold beef, 'am and eggs." He has described the culinary resources of the establishment; or, at any rate, the dainties within reach at a moment's notice.

In an evil day some foreign hotel-keepers must have made a tour of observation all through our islands. They discovered that north and south, east and west, the Englishman is content at his inn with chops and steaks—and particularly with steaks. These observers returned to the European show places and planted in every *carte*—a *bifteck*! The atom of beef which does duty as a steak in Paris, in Rome, in Geneva, in Turin, in Venice, in Vienna, varies in form and taste and texture as often as the spelling of its name. I endeavoured to eat a pale brown shapeless piece of meat, the other day in Venice, which was powerfully charged with garlic, and which appeared on the *conto* as a *bistech*. As a rule, except in Paris—and there only at one or two places—let the self-respecting epicure avoid a *bifteck*. It will be thrust under his nose on Swiss mountains and on the plains of Piedmont; but let him sternly put it aside, so that the foreign hotel-keeper may come to know in the course of time that he made *fausse route* when he concluded that Englishmen live chiefly on beef steaks. As it is our *cuisine* is responsible for that nondescript, indigestible, and altogether unsatisfactory item of the continental *carte*, a *bifteck*.

I will now note how the traveller fares at a *pension*—say, at Montreux. It is a house of long and spacious galleries—with an ample well staircase as central point, to which at the sound of the bell at midday and at nightfall the pensioners troop and defile slowly from story to story, to the *salle-à-manger*. Its grey-green massive walls have been cut out of the flanks of the mountains: its timbers are of the "forest hair" of the Alps, of which the reckless axe of the money-making Switzers is denuding their fastnesses, and preparing devastating floods for their valleys. Its staircases are rough blocks of Alpine granite; its balconies are of the warm, umber-tinted, unpainted pine of which the valleys are robbing the mountain summits. Up the broad wall of the staircase the awkward, angular arms of the *calorifere* stretch, to embrace the galleries and hold them warm.

The galleries, the staircase, and the rows of numbered doors would remind many an observer of a model prison : if the passages were not polished and matted ; if the sofas adjusted for gossips, and the groups of laughing and chattering maids, to say nothing of the rollicking children, did not proclaim the ease and freedom of the life swarming under this Swiss roof-tree ; and if the mingled sounds of many pianos did not prove that the pensioners were quite at liberty to annoy one another. Theophile Gautier described a house in which he once abided as a *piano à cinq étages*. A Swiss *pension* is a many-storied musical box in which several airs are simultaneously murdered.

Pianos notwithstanding, our *pension* is a pleasant place. It is a warm winter nest. It holds people who have sought its soft shelter from every kind of rough clime. It is packed with strange histories. The eccentricities, foibles, private affairs, affections, hates, and quarrels of the pensioners—who are pensioners on their own bounty, be it observed—supply such inexhaustible funds of conversation that the evenings are not long enough to exhaust them, and so scandal begins vigorously with the second breakfast. People resort to our *pension* from every part of Europe, and from the great republic beyond the Atlantic. Its *salon* and *salle-à-manger* are recovered sections of the Tower of Babel. In the billiard-room a Muscovite prince is playing a game with a merchant from Chicago. On the first floor the wife of a St. Petersburg magistrate is giving afternoon tea and jam, in the fashion of her world, to a lady from Belgravia, a contessa from Florence, and a German baroness. In the garden by the lake a Dutchman is flirting with a young lady who hails from Odessa. A Jew from Frankfort, whose wife follows him about like a poodle, is gazing vacantly out of the smoking-room windows at the mountains, caressing his pipe the while. A Pole is in the *salon* playing the piano to a stiff matron from an English cathedral town and her two shy daughters. In the hall two Swedish girls, well befurred and muffled, are waiting for the carriage which is to convey them to a consultation with their doctor at Vevey. The landlord is a Switzer : his wife is a Parisian.

Now all these people are pensioners who have contracted to pay Monsieur Martimpresz, the landlord, prices ranging from five to eight francs a day for board and lodging. The price differs according to the rooms occupied. He who insists upon a view of the lake and the Dent du Midi while he is shaving, pays a higher sum than the more modest pensioner who contents himself with a back view—the back view commanding superb, tawny mountain sides of rock and

forest, capped with snow, dotted with châteaux, and in the lower ranges covered with the vine. The board is the same for the Muscovite prince and the Frankfort Jew. One bill of fare goes round the house.

M. Martimprez has no easy task as caterer for his guests of many climes; for they are not only of various races, but they are full of strange whims, being mostly invalids. Yet he sets cheerily to work, assisted by a *chef* of infinite resources, who has seen better days, and whose proud spirit has been chastened by his misfortunes. Together they strive to invent and adjust *menus* that will please, now the Muscovite, and now the German element. When the Russian prince fell ill, and yearned for the *plats* of St. Petersburg, M. Martimprez and his *chef* devoted themselves to imitations of the Russian *cuisine*. If the American pensioners desired hominy or sighed for clams, hominy and clams they would have—or something as nearly resembling them as the establishment could contrive.

This devotion to his pensioners has won for M. Martimprez a commanding reputation on the banks of Lake Lemán, where he is surrounded with rivals—the *pensions* now stretching in an almost unbroken line from Vevey to Villeneuve. Year after year his pensioners return to him, having tried other *pension* landlords, for it is agreed that Martimprez's table is the most generous of any spread by astute Switzers on the borders of the lake.

The acuteness of an inveterate and experienced Swiss pensioner is extraordinary. She—for the keenest is a woman—has the comparative attractions of the *pensions* of Vevey, Clarens, Chillon, Aigle, or Bex at her fingers' ends. Martimprez, she will tell you, gives larger breakfast rolls than any of his competitors, and his tea is of finer flavour: he is open to persuasion in the vital matter of gratuitous cream with the afternoon Bohea. Then who so bountiful at the mid-day breakfast? A hot dish and a cold, with a *plat doux*, cheese, and butter! At the Beau Rivage the morsels they hand round are microscopic, whereas Martimprez positively presses you to take more. It would be Paradise to Oliver Twist! Then consider the dinners! They are bountiful. And what variety! Think of the charlottes, the creams, the ices, and the really extraordinary variety of puddings! Indeed, the wonder is how Martimprez does it!

And indeed there is a little room for surprise. For six francs a day—the pensioner being satisfied with a bedroom of moderate size—the traveller has an early breakfast of chocolate, tea, or coffee, with rolls and butter (from Martimprez's farm), and honey (from Martimprez's hives); a fourchette breakfast—say of poulet au riz, or

beef braisé ; cold tongue, or spiced beef, or saucisson, and a sweet dish ; and a dinner, of which I venture to give a few *menus* :—

1. Consommé tapioca ; féras frits ; rosbif à l'Anglaise ; pommes-de-terre maître d'hôtel ; choux-fleurs polonaise ; chapons du Mans and salade ; mousse russe—pâtisserie ; dessert. 2. Potage crème de riz ; noix de veau à la milanaise ; purée de pommes-de-terre ; langue de bœuf, sauce fines herbes ; artichauts à la polonaise ; pigeons farcis and salade ; pouding suédois, sauce vin rouge—dessert. 3. Consommé pâte d'Italie ; filet de féra aux fines herbes ; bœuf braisé ; pommes-de-terre duchesse ; choucroûte garni de saucisson ; poulet roti and salade ; gaufres à la Chantilly—dessert. 4. Consommé aux nouilles ; bœuf braisé à la Flamande ; purée de pommes-de-terre ; langue de bœuf, sauce aux câpres ; chicorée au jus ; canards rotis and salade ; pouding berlinoise—dessert. 5. Potage semoule ; veau braisé garni ; pommes-de-terre au four ; artichauts, sauce au beurre ; vol au vent financière ; canards rotis and salade ; gateau de riz, sauce framboise—dessert. 6. Consommé brunoise ; raie au beurre noir ; gigot de mouton Bretonne : pommes-de-terre au four ; choux de Bruxelles à l'Allemande ; volaille rotie and salade ; meringues à la Chantilly—dessert.

It will be observed that in these *menus* delicate attentions are paid to the various nations represented at M. Martimprez's table. There are Berlin and Swedish puddings, cauliflowers in the Polish manner, *mousse russe*, veal *milanaise*, beef à la *Flamande*, a leg of mutton *Bretonne*, Brussels sprouts as the Germans eat—or, as we should say, spoil them. Here, at any rate, we discern an intelligent mind. The fare is remarkably various. The kitchen is cosmopolitan, with discreet appeals from time to time to the many tastes of the guests. The basis of the *cuisine* is French, as it should be, for in this kitchen all nations meet ; but there is no ridiculous attempt to produce the trophies of the *grande cuisine*. The homelier dishes are selected, and, let me add, are excellently cooked. M. Martimprez's *chef* is never careless because he has fallen from a great man's house to a *pension* in a Swiss village : and in this he shows himself to be a true artist. The result is a diet of the most attractive and, at the same time, wholesome and nutritious kind. It is adapted not only to many tastes, but to many constitutions. There are always in the *menu* simple dishes adapted to delicate stomachs, and there are substantial *plats* appealing to the robust appetite of the Dutchman of our party.

M. Martimprez's *pension* is, however, an establishment apart. Not only can you live under his roof-tree for six francs a day, enjoying a

*régime* at once healthy and refined : you have the run of a commodious, well warmed, and ventilated house. He gives it up to you unreservedly, so that his pensioners organise balls and tea-parties, play cards, and improvise quadrilles (the Russian quadrille chiefly) day by day at their pleasure. You have no sense of a landlord over you, perpetually on the look-out for profits. M. Martimprez thoroughly understands his business, for he was born and bred in it; and although he is rich, and will be much richer when his mother-in-law dies, he remains at his post and does all the humbler duties of it, without derogating from his dignity as master. And this is the reason why the Pension Martimprez flourishes beyond all others in its neighbourhood and its pensioners are always a happy family. M. Martimprez is up at six o'clock in the morning, superintending the forty or fifty breakfast trays—white as the crown of the Dent du Midi—which travel along the corridors between seven and nine, diffusing through the house fragrant odours of tea and coffee. While you are munching your crisp roll, and looking idly from your window, you will see Martimprez having a quiet romp with his children, or talking to the *chef*, who is busy cutting his herbs for his day's work. Or Martimprez is seriously surveying the aspects of lake, sky, and mountain, that he may presently answer the weather questionings of his pensioners. Then our host has done most of his marketing, and over his early coffee has settled the bills of fare and other household matters with his wife, his sister-in-law, and his brother, and his old father, who have one and all a department of the domestic economy to govern. Madame Martimprez, who might give herself five-hundred franc costumes by Madame Cavin of Vevey—the *couturière* in vogue in these parts—and as astute a little Parisian tradeswoman as ever talked a lady into extravagance by the banks of the Seine—is a plain little housewife “in homespun kirtle,” who is busy in the kitchen or laundry betimes; will help to wash the plates when the *table d'hôte* is a very full one, and has always an eye on the chambermaids. The waiters come under M. Martimprez's government, and he rules with a silken glove. He calls them *mes gamins*, and he mingles freely with them and works with them. For observe, M. Martimprez not only superintends the fourchette breakfasts and the dinners: he waits at them like one of his own servants. He is an officer when he is on military duty, and he has a very dignified military mien. When carrying the *rôt* to the head of the table, albeit he throws no air of condescension into the act, he appears to be in his right place. He is not ashamed of performing the humblest detail of his business, although he is a cultivated

as well as a rich man, and can talk well on most subjects. And all the Martimprez family, working together prosperously, are the same simple folk as the head of the house.

Let me remark that this is the reason why the Pension Martimprez is a model *pension*, and why I have dwelt at length on its merits. The reason why English hotels are the hard, uncongenial, comfortless, and extravagant places we find them, is that they are governed by men who have not the most elementary knowledge of their business. British landlords are generally men of coarse tastes, and charged with a prodigious dose of presumption and vanity. They are utterly ignorant of the wants of men and women of refinement. They cannot understand that an hotel should be ruled as nearly as possible like a perfect private house; and that it is a mistake, commercially speaking, to treat the guest as a creature with a pocket to be squeezed every hour in the day. The French, German, and Italian hotel-keepers, as well as the Swiss, are not behind their British *confrères* in the subtle art of getting the maximum quantity of the blood of any human animal who trusts himself within their gates; but then the continental licensed vampire is a bloodsucker who tortures his victims less than the English. You get more for your money in a Paris or a Swiss hotel than you do in the best London establishment. The cause is that hotel-keeping is, on the Continent, a business to which a man serves an apprenticeship; that most hotel-keepers have been hotel waiters, cellar-men, and clerks; and that the host endeavours to understand the tastes of his guests, and strives to make his house bright and gay. He packs the hall with flowers, makes his buffet laugh with the freshest blossomings of the spring or summer, and piles up the rich colours of his fruit in a way that delights the eye. The English host, even in the dog-days, charges the sideboard of the coffee-room with cold meats, and harsh red and green glass, and can find no better crown for it than a vase of celery-sticks. Take the single article of bread, and compare the morning bread-basket of the best London hotel with that of any third-rate French, German, or Swiss hostelry—nay with any *crêmerie*. The varieties of well-baked breads which adorn continental breakfast-tables tempt the faintest appetite to taste. The butter is exquisite. The napery is faultless. There will probably be a vase of fresh flowers under your nose. Now no sight can be less tempting than the breakfast sideboard of a British Hotel, Limited. The cut cold joints and fowls of yesterday; pies with formidable ramparts of crust; a few radishes and pats of yellow butter floating in pools of water—with parsley plentifully scattered over all! This



is all the English manager can invent as an appetisant show ; while his waiters ring the changes to the successive groups of guests, on eggs and ham, chops, bloaters, haddocks, "homelettes" (and such homelettes !), and, perhaps, kidneys. It is midsummer, and you cannot get a morning dish of strawberries without convulsing the management ! The sleepy waiters move about as though they had been prematurely routed from their beds, after too much gin-and-water overnight.

A fastidious omnibus passenger once complained to the proprietor of the coarse language of one of his coachmen. Whereupon the proprietor replied " I really am very sorry, sir, but I cannot get gentlemen to drive my omnibuses." The just remark applies to hotel-keepers in their relations with serving-men. They must use the material which is at their command. Now waiters educated for their vocation are very rare in England, whereas in France and Switzerland the position of *garçon* is a probationary one. Alphonse learns the duties of waiting in all its branches, with the settled intention of being master at last. Nay, he is very often the son of an hotel-keeper who has been sent from home to learn to be an hotel-keeper in his turn by going through the stages of hotel service. Nearly every restaurant keeper of the Paris boulevards has been a waiter in his youth, or apprenticed to a cook. Bignon the elder made Bignon *jeune* put on the white cap and go through the curriculum of his superb *cuisine* and become a thorough artist, with pride in his art. Here is the rub. The English hotel and restaurant keeper would disdain to clothe himself in white and show himself as the first artist in his establishment ; but the Frenchman and the Switzer have no such ridiculous arrogance in their hearts. They are not ashamed of their business : just as our friend M. Martimprez does not disdain the humblest details of his. The consequence is that the Paris restaurant and the Swiss hotel are no more to be compared with the English eating-house—even the best—or the English *caravanserais* wherein the traveller's heart grows sad, than a gentleman's house is to be compared with lodgings in Soho.

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# OVER AN OLD-LAND SURFACE.

BY DR. J. E. TAYLOR, F.G.S.

**I**T has just been my good fortune to explore and personally examine one of the most interesting old-land surfaces in Europe.

In the south-easterly parts of France the geological formation termed the oolite extends over an enormous area. Large rivers, such as the Lot, Aveyron, and Garonne, have excavated wide valleys out of the rolling and uneven table-land of oolitic limestone. Nowhere in sunny France is more beautiful scenery to be found than in the bosoms of these valleys. Life flows along in a quiet, unbroken fashion. The land of the vales is wonderfully rich, the inundations of the rivers covering the cultivated areas from time to time with newly fertilising soil. Maize, tobacco, lucerne and rye carpet the low-lying lands with sheets of splendid greenery. The slopes of the somewhat precipitous hills are clad with little vineyards, or packed with forests of young trees intended ultimately to serve for fuel in the absence of coal. No railways have as yet invaded this pleasant region, and the aspect of things has not much changed during the last two hundred years. There are no large landed proprietors, and no capital therefore has to be expended in the newest scientific agricultural improvements. Ploughing is still performed with a rude wooden implement drawn by a couple of oxen or cows. The whole country is mapped out into neat little enclosures. Every peasant is a landowner, and has a "stocking" in which his hard earned savings are stored away. The people labour from early morn to dewy eve, for each is working for himself.

A new industry has recently arisen in this part of France. A few years ago a retired army surgeon, who had picked up a smattering of geology, found some queer looking stones lying on the surface of the rubbly ground in the department of the Aveyron. He was curious enough to have them analysed, when they were discovered to be phosphate of lime, now called "phosphorite." Few minerals have been more largely sought after than this since Liebig suggested the application of mineral manures to soils, and when the phosphate of lime deposits in the south of France were heard of in England, companies and private firms commenced exploring them. Plots of land

belonging to peasant proprietors were purchased, or the phosphates known to underlie them were worked by paying a royalty of so much per ton.

These phosphate deposits have brought to light the remains not only of an old-land surface but of the animals which swarmed over it during the period called the eocene or the early miocene. The places where the phosphate mines are most extensively worked are Montauban, Cailleuse, St. Antonin, Calmette, and Bach. All these are upon the wide stretching plateau of oolitic limestone. The phosphate occurs only, as a rule, on the highest ground, or on the summits of the rounded hills. There it partly fills up old caverns or gullies which were once cañons or gorges. During the process of extraction these ancient modifications of the surface are in a great measure restored to their original conditions—the caverns are once more hollow and empty, and the gorges are opened out just as they naturally existed during the early miocene period. All around the summits of the hills the limestone must have been sorely weathered and denuded since that distant epoch, so that these caverns and gorges are only the relics of a dry land surface which was once as chequered with them as is now the mountain limestone of Yorkshire and Lancashire with “swallow-holes” and caves, and that of Derbyshire with such gorges as “Cave Dale” and the “Winnats.” If we could restore all the carbonate of lime which the rivers have carried away to unknown seas in the interim, it would go far towards levelling up the valleys and hollows to the height of the hill tops. There are no traces of “drift” deposits hereabouts, and therefore we have every reason to suppose the country was dry land at the time when Great Britain was wrapped in a vast Greenland-like ice-sheet.

In these ancient French gorges are a few traces of another formation which overlay the limestone in places, but has since been removed by denuding agencies. Some of the larger of them are filled up with a kind of coarse, well-bedded sandstone, resembling many of those formed during the middle tertiary epoch. Evidently this once extended over part of the country, but the wear and tear of atmospherical action has removed it elsewhere, having planed down the rocks of the neighbourhood and left nothing of the sandstone formation but what was preserved in these sheltered positions. The sides of these ancient gorges and caverns are covered with layers of stalagmite, which has evidently oozed out of the limestone rocks, just as we may see it now in the well-known and much visited caves of Matlock and the Peak district. It is caused by water in which

lime is dissolved finding its way out of the rock along the walls of caves, &c. Part of the water is absorbed by the air, and thus the lime which it previously contained is precipitated as a fine film. In time it upholsters the rugged rock surface like petrified drapery. In most caves and fissures the stalagmite thus formed is carbonate of lime, but in these particular French caves and gorges it is phosphate of lime. You may see it covering the sides, bottoms, and surfaces everywhere, in many places for several feet in thickness. This is what the miners term "best quality," as it contains from seventy to eighty per cent. of phosphate, the rest being chiefly a carbonate of lime, or ordinary stalagmite. The mineral has all the appearance of a banded agate, owing to the slow stages of deposition being represented by so many layers. Numbers of the smaller hollows and fissures are filled up almost entirely with the phosphate, and then it has all the appearance of what the miners would call "pockets."

The phosphate of lime undoubtedly owes its origin to the soft bodies of the animals whose solid remains are still preserved in many parts of the limestone as fossils; or else to the percolation of organic matter containing liberated phosphoric acid from the once overlying sandstone formation. Anyhow, it is of animal origin, collected by percolating water from the rock, and deposited in hollow gorges, fissures, or caverns. As a rule caves are only formed in limestone rocks, where they have been formed by underground streams. Fissures, also, as well as gorges, are often the result of weather and water acting along the surfaces of natural joints until they have separated them some distance asunder. In our limestone districts this process is still going on, and is visible in every stage. Clearly neither "pockets" nor "veins" of any mineral could be formed unless the hollows or fissures had been previously excavated. Then it becomes the work of the oozing water to throw down any mineral it may hold in solution. In this manner a good many well-known mineral deposits have originated. The extensive mines of hæmatite in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven are only stalagmites of iron ore, formed layer upon layer like the coats of an onion, in ancient caves of the carboniferous limestone. The iron ore in the Whitehaven caves may have had its origin in the triassic or oolitic epoch, when the limestone was covered with carboniferous sandstone containing nodules of impure iron, which was partially decomposed and carried down by the percolating water to be deposited in the subterranean caverns beneath until they were partly or entirely filled up. Eventually this overlying series of rocky strata was stripped off and the limestone was laid bare, with its iron ores in many instances:

cropping out to the daylight. The malachite deposits in the Ural Mountains and Australia are in like manner stalagmitic formations of carbonate of copper, filling up ancient hollows with their peculiar banded layers. The surfaces of all the mineral accumulations which have originated in this peculiar way are covered with smooth knobs,—“mammillated” is the term employed to describe them by geologists.

In the phosphate beds of the South of France, by the gradual formation of thin layers of fresh phosphorite, the fissures have been solidly filled up, so that the mineral has the appearance of veins. In the case of widely separated cavities or gorges in the limestone the phosphorite does not fill up the whole. It generally lines the walls for a foot or two on each side, the middle being occupied by other deposits, in which, however, a good deal of impure phosphatic matter is distributed.

To the geologist the caverns which have been opened out in excavating for phosphate of lime are by far the most interesting. In some instances they are of great extent. I explored one which was some hundreds of yards in length, and had a roof fifty feet high. Another could not have had a less height of roof than seventy or eighty feet. These extensive caverns, with the exception of the stalagmitic layers of phosphorite on the walls, are often filled with a kind of reddish clayey rubble, containing an abundance of bones, skulls, and teeth of extinct animals. The preservation of these specimens is remarkable. Many of them have been converted into phosphate of lime. They are as perfect as if the animals had only just died. The canine teeth show the surfaces which were rubbed down by carnivorous use—the molar teeth of herbivorous mammals bear strong witness to the wear and tear produced by the extinct vegetation on which these animals fed. Some of these caves are perfect cemeteries of miocene mammalia. Even a non-geologist cannot help seeing what a wonderful difference there is in the appearance of these fossil teeth and those of any existing animals. The naturalist is perfectly bewildered by them, for he hardly knows to what kind of creature he shall assign them, on account of their partaking in many instances of the characters of three or four different classes of living mammalia. In one of these store-houses of antediluvian natural history jaws and teeth could be picked up at the surface. Hitherto these early miocene mammals have occurred singly, and a tooth has been considered a treasure. Guess, therefore, one's astonishment at seeing in the little parlour of the Mayor of Bach—a small village near Limogne—more bones and

teeth of early tertiary mammals than are to be found in the joint collections of the British Museum and the Jardin des Plantes at Paris! Some of the teeth must have belonged to gigantic animals, for there were canines four inches in length.

It is not uncommon to find the bones of animals along the floors of caves, or mixed up in what is called "cave earth," and it is now acknowledged that for the most part both bones and earth have been conveyed there from the surface by the action of water. If the reader were to witness the rubbish carried by the water, especially after a heavy rain, which finds its way down the "swallow-holes" so frequent on the limestone in the neighbourhood of Clapham and Ingleborough, he would not wonder at deposits of bones and earth occurring in underground caverns. Many caves have undoubtedly been sheltering places for wild animals which brought thither their prey in order to comfortably devour it, so that bones have accumulated in this manner also. Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, is an ancient hollow thus frequented by pre-glacial mammals. In the South of France are numerous caverns whose floors are thickly paved with bones of post-glacial creatures and the remains of primitive man. As a rule these cave floors are very hard and solid owing to the stalagmite having covered up the bones and earth and cemented the whole into a kind of breccia. To the naturalist these cave-bones are very useful, as they enable him to assign the date when the caves were already formed and in use.

This is the case with what I may call the phosphorite caverns. They are in reality early miocene caves, which communicated with the dry-land surface during the earlier part of the tertiary epoch, just as existing caverns communicate with the surface nowadays. Miocene mammals either lived in them or had their bones carried thither by some such action as that of water rushing down "swallow-holes." The jaws of some of the fossil mammals are so small that one is forced to believe their owners must have lived in these caves and died there. The commonest animal whose bones and teeth are thus met with are those of the *Palæotherium*. This was a harmless, herbivorous, tapir-like creature, first described by Cuvier. Its remains are not only abundant, but in the finest state of preservation. Associated with it is a kindred extinct animal whose harmless nature is indicated by its name of *Anoplotherium*. A large rhinoceros-like creature, called the *Acerotherium*, formed a prominent figure among the group, and by many geologists it is believed to be the original ancestor of all the species of rhinoceros. Whilst referring to the fossil remains so plentiful at Bach we must not forget those of the

*Cainotherium*. These were chiefly small jaws, having teeth of an insectivorous character. Associated with them were teeth and jaws of *Protictis*, a creature related in some measure to the racoons and weasels. The remains of the *Hyænodon* were met with more or less abundantly, and from the worn character of the crowns of the teeth the terrible uses to which they had been put were made evident. The *Hyænodon* was in all probability the ancestor of the modern hyæna, and possibly of other generic types of carnivorous animals as well, for the singular feature about these ancient mammalian forms is that they are veritable "missing links," and possess distinctive zoological characters which are now shared among half a dozen generic types. The peculiar feature about the jaws of the *Hyænodon* was that instead of having only one cutting tooth, or canine, on each side of the jaw, as all modern carnivorous animals possess, it had three. The teeth of the upper and lower jaws worked together like the blades of a pair of scissors, and proved about the most terribly developed kind of weapons with which any feline animal was ever equipped.

The remains of a very large mammal were more sparsely distributed through the cave earth. I found them chiefly as teeth, although it is more than probable that several huge bones belonged to the same creature. Geologists have given to it the name of *Anchitherium*. It was evidently an herbivorous animal, and is believed to have been hoofed. The *Anthracotherium*, whose bones and teeth were also found, is described as having affinities with the river hogs on the one hand and the hippopotamus on the other. That many of the bones thus found so abundantly had been carried in by running water was proved by the remains of crocodiles. Scutes or scales were not rare, and an anatomist would doubtless have also discovered the presence of this reptile in some of the fossil bones. Among the teeth I identified those of the *Deinotherium*, an animal which has yet furnished to naturalists no other part of its skeleton than the head; and so in pictures of it the reader will see the creature reposing, its limbs carefully tucked out of sight, for the simple reason that geologists know nothing about them. There is, however, good reason for believing that the *Deinotherium* was nearly related to the sea-cows, such as the manatee and dugong, which now frequent the mouths of large tropical and sub-tropical rivers.

It is needless to give a further catalogue of the strange creatures whose teeth and bones lie commingled in this ancient French burial-ground. The reader will have seen how unlike they are, not only

to any existing animals, but particularly to the fauna of the district. We know that the mean temperature of the climate has altered since that distant period sixteen degrees at the least. I found no remains of plants; but the flora of the early miocene age is even better known, from what has been discovered elsewhere, than its animals. Doubtless many of the bones have decomposed, and thus been removed altogether. Indeed I found them in every stage of decomposition; and perhaps it is only the chemical change which had replaced, particle for particle, phosphate of lime for carbonate of lime, that has helped to protect and preserve so many. In some caves and gorges very few traces of animals are met with, and then only as portions of teeth. These, however, are of the same kind as those I have described.

Another page in the history of our earth may be read all the more clearly from the investigation of places like these ancient French caverns. The dry bones exhumed from them live again under the constructive skill of the comparative anatomist. Even the soft fleshy tissues with which these skeletons were clothed have not altogether eluded us. In the many changes they have undergone they are yet manifest to the chemist and the geologist; and these very phosphates, now so valuable to mankind as fertilising manures, are undoubtedly in a great degree the result of the decomposition and recombination of organic matter of some sort, to which such tissues may have largely contributed.

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# LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CHAPLAIN OF EASE.

Edited by his Literary Executor: W. McCULLAGH TORRENS, M.P.

## VII.—THE REJECTED PICTURE.

*23rd March.*



BRIEF but earnest note of entreaty that I would come without delay told me when I returned home last night that something unusual was wrong at Sefton Street. The last time I was there all I heard and saw gave me the impression of disturbance if not of distress in the household. Wyvil is not a man to bare his breast to an ordinary acquaintance; perhaps not even to an ordinary friend. The pride of old blood throbs in his veins, and all the more because he resents bitterly the long neglect and disdain of his fox-hunting relatives and their idealless associates. He has bravely and patiently pursued his art under manifold discouragements, the worst of all being, as I have gathered from incidental and sometimes perhaps unconscious avowals of extreme economy, the insufficient gains from his assiduous labour. Worn and thin, his face has lately, more than ever, betrayed the weariness of decaying hope and failing health: yet I have never heard him hint a thought of giving up the struggle of a life for ultimate self-assertion. Speaking, as if not of himself, but of others who have had ill-luck to contend with, he has always said quietly but inflexibly that the duty of a man who felt he deserved recognition was to fight on until he dropped or won: he might be struck down before the goal was reached, by disparagement, disease, or debt: that was beyond his power to avert or foresee; but he should never make the admission to himself that he had been an impostor, claiming, without inherent right and persistent work, his place in the glorious company of fame. And then he would repeat the closing lines in Shelley's "Prometheus":—

To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite,  
To suffer wrongs darker than death or night,  
To live and toil till at last hope creates  
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;  
Neither to change or falter or repent:  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Great, good, and glorious, beautiful and free;  
This in the end is life, joy, empire, and victory.

But though the spirit was gallant and enduring I often feared that the flesh would prove too weak to bear the prolonged strain of penury and obscurity. I always felt on entering his studio, filled as it was with exquisite and powerful studies and designs for works unfinished, with choice engravings a little stained or torn, which otherwise he could not have afforded the luxury and benefit of possessing, that the desolation would not have been so oppressively palpable were it not lighted up as if from afar by lingering rays of the brilliant expectation with which his outset had been gladdened. I never found him but at work, never unwilling to explain his purpose in what he was about, or to discuss the details of treatment. His frankness was childlike; his gentleness under criticism feminine; and I have seen him without semblance of an effort rub out an hour's work at the suggestion of even an unskilled friend like me, and set about cheerfully trying the experiment of how another turn of outline or altered tone would answer: and once I remember when he had done this, at no little cost of time and trouble, I found that subsequently he had reverted to his own original conception of what was best, in which I then was remorsefully satisfied that he was right and I was wrong. The chief purchasers of his pictures happen to be men of secluded lives, living chiefly in the country; and two of them (though very different men) inveterate oddities who seldom allow and never ask anyone to look at their collections. The best efforts of poor Wyvil have thus been hidden away almost as soon as completed; and the phantom he has so indefatigably pursued throughout the summer years of prime and into those of premature autumn, the phantom of fame, has kept ever playing him tricks of Will o' the Wisp and cheating his eager grasp. To the high places of competition he has rarely been admitted, and then only to some obscure corner and so small a space as only to mock him with the cup of tantalisation. None of his larger or finer productions have ever been accepted by the worthies of the Hanging Committee, who can never find room, after the huge demands of the monopolists are satisfied, to offer a chance of recognition to friendless or unsycophantic applicants. I have felt my blood boil with indignation at instances of this cruel favouritism, not in Wyvil's case alone—though, perhaps, more in his than in that of others. Something told me as I rang at his door this morning that a fresh wrong of the kind had probably been sustained by him, and that the curiously powerful and exquisite conception I had seen him slowly elaborating for months past had been rejected in the usual curt and contemptuous terms. My presentiment proved too

true. I found his wife in the little morning-room, where they usually sat together after breakfast, looking wan and scared, as if she had not slept all night, and feared to name the occasion of her terror. She did not try to tell me what was amiss but, without seeming to remember the ordinary forms of greeting, said slowly, "Will you see him and get him, if you can, to speak?" He had not spoken for the last two days, and had hardly taken any nourishment. Nothing I could say in the shape of common-place inquiry as to his condition could draw from him any articulate answer. There was still nervous power in the clutch of his hand, and not much fever in his clear calm eye; but it seemed to me as if the pendulum of vitality was slowly slackening in its vibrations; and that if something more than medicinal aid could not be speedily obtained, the whole movement of the subtle mechanism would soon be still. I could not hesitate upon the spot to take a desperate risk, for I felt that hours were precious; and by a dead lift of resolution I put my hand upon his breast and whispered, in a sanguine tone, as if I did not think him really ill, "Cheer up, dear fellow, the game will yet be won." Then after adjuring Mrs. Wyvil not to despond or suffer him, if possible, to observe her distress, I hazarded the assurance to her which I had given him, and told her I would send Cheyne, the physician, whom we both knew best: and that when I returned I might possibly have a better restorative to administer than any his skill could afford. This done, I went as a last resource to seek out two of the richest patrons of my friend. One was out of town, and not to be back for a week; the other, after some hesitation, came into my view, and agreed, if two more could be found, to join with me in guaranteeing the expense of having the rejected picture separately exhibited in Bond Street. A suitable place is to be had, and without waiting for our co-partners in liability I think I will venture to play this last trump upon the table of a breaking heart, if necessary to-night.

It is only by degrees that I have come to know the life-story of this eminently gifted but sadly disappointed man. The only son of a country vicar who had nothing to give him but an early knowledge of Greek metres and mythology, the obvious career marked out for him in the judgment of his more affluent kinsmen was to work his way by dint of hard study to a fellowship at Cambridge and to holy orders as the only working trade a gentleman could follow. His father easily fell in with a notion that had for him much of the charm of living by sympathy his own life over again. Why should not Edgar do as he had done at school and college and

settle down at eight-and-twenty in Turnipshire out of sight and hearing of the busy and ambitious world? The dreamy and undemonstrative boy loved his sire too well to question his designs and hopes for him during his school days; and later on he was restrained by filial consideration for the straitened means of his parents from betraying any reluctance to pursue the only path that appeared open to early self-support. To his inquiries as to the possibility of alternative avocations he learned only that a commission in the army was not to be had without purchase; a post under Government without a political patron; or the means of living by the law without the personal favour of two or three attorneys in large business. Each and all of these were as much beyond his reach as a first-class ticket to the moon. Foreign adventure would have suited his fancy better; but this meant the heartbreak of his mother, and he quietly excluded it from his meditations. Acquiescently rather than assentingly he moved forward in the groove contrived for him. It was not till the end of his second year at Cambridge that he began to be tormented with doubts whether he could honestly assume the function and accept the obligations of the ministry. Irreverence was not in his nature; and the materialising philosophy as it forced its flippant maxims and shallow apophthegms on his attention, gained no hold of his respect. All his mental tendencies were the other way. The mysteries of the world impalpable to sense had for him an ineffable fascination; and as he told me once, the greatest disenchantment of his life was that of discovering how little concern or even curiosity as to the meaning and effect of the doctrines formally taught was entertained by students for the priesthood, or as far as he could learn by the preceptors who were to prepare them for test examinations, and even by those who occupied professors' chairs. Conformity in profession of assent to established formula and acquaintance with certain exegetical and ecclesiastical dicta, seemed to be all that was necessary for parsonhood; but when he tried to fathom difficulties and to reconcile what seemed to be incompatibilities of interpretation he found himself continually repelled by the mere perfunctory admonition to humility and obedience, which silenced but could not still his yearnings and imaginings. While he was in this frame of mind a class-fellow with whom accidentally he had become intimate proposed to him an autumn ramble on the Continent, whither his physicians had desired him to proceed, but not alone. The necessity furnished a sufficient excuse for the offer to bear the expense of both, and the young friends spent a happy and instructive time, chiefly in Italy.

When about to return to England Beresford fell ill of fever ; and Wyvil nursed him through the protracted period of his danger and debility. Their stay abroad was thus prolonged till far into the winter ; and by the time they set their faces in the direction of home the transformation had been wrought in the aims and dispositions of both of which neither had any anticipation at their setting out. Beresford had become smitten with a desire to master the science of music and to secure by lavish outlay the means of its enjoyment on a scale seldom thought of by persons even of fortune in England. In a kindred art Wyvil fancied he had found congenial occupation for his best faculties, and he persuaded himself that in its pursuit he could easily earn a competency. He was resolved to be a painter. No feeling of impiety mingled with his resolution to abandon a calling to which he felt he was not called, and to adopt that of an artist. What he had sought in vain from class-books and class-teachers he thought he had found in the looks and attitudes of superhuman love and pity, in the action and repose of supernatural dignity, wisdom, and might with which the temples and galleries of Italy are filled. Why should he not do his part in the fight with the brutalism of unbelief by picturing, in forms and hues which he who runs may read, examples of endurance of suffering, forgiveness of injury, fidelity to conviction, unselfishness in every form, moral courage in every varying exigency. Instead of becoming less religious by studying the works of Raphael, Da Vinci, and Correggio he had been more and more confirmed in all reverent and humane dispositions by contemplating them. He would devote himself to the resuscitation of Christian art, and preach to the eyes of the many whose ears brought them no vivid realisation of the heroism of the founders of the faith,—no gleam of the hallowing lustre of the primitive propagandism amid perils by water and perils by land, perils from false brethren and perils from the heathen. Of the rules and technicalities of art he knew next to nothing ; but these could by diligence be accurately learned. From childhood he had loved to employ his leisure hours in sketching from the life ; and more than once the force of character he had succeeded in portraying had called forth compliments and praises of his skill as a draughtsman. But hitherto his crayons and walking-stick easel had been regarded only as implements of relaxation like fishing-rod or gun, henceforth he thought of them as the primary tools of a profession whose discovery, as best suited to his nature, he pondered with enthusiasm. Beresford as they journeyed home did all he could to shake what he deemed a rash resolve. By every form of banter he endeavoured to laugh him out

of his purpose. "You may spend your days in drawing-schools, and your nights in the study of anatomy. You may draw demons of muscular wickedness like those of Michael Angelo or paint monks and nuns as superlatively as Barthelmeo or Francia; you may get at the trick of miraculous glory like Guido or weaken your eyesight by painting interminable processions in miniature, like Van-Eyck; but our English brain will never comprehend your meaning, and our English rich men who form collections would rather give three hundred guineas for the portrait of a favourite donkey, the property of the late Mr. Muffin, or a distant view after sunset of a Scotch bog near the residence of the Right Honourable Lord MacQuilch than your finest resuscitation of mediæval ceremonies or your most truthful and glowing picture of life in Galilee. Remember we belong to a literal people who understand neither classic nor ecclesiastical dreams. Think of the 'Hay-Carts,' 'Kings of the Kennel,' 'Blind Bagpipers,' 'Periwinkle Gatherers,' 'Shoemakers' Shops, with children in the foreground playing with a cat,' 'Bullocks looking over a Gate at Sunrise,' and full-length portraits of velvet gowns with the puffy faces of the owners at the top, and, to match, likenesses of the male elders of the family in black cravats, black coats, and black pantaloons, with the unkempt and hirsute heads of the respective proprietors to aid identification. Think of these and the scores of rural scenes with their gravelly foregrounds and spinach-green foliage, which make up the bulk of the annual exhibition that myriads throng to see, before you choose for a profession that of a British artist."

Vainly Wyvil argued with his friend that what he designed to work out for himself was specific and essentially distinct, if not antagonistic, to the embalming and enamelling of familiar rubbish. Vainly he cited, in proof that when something better came it would be appreciated, the reputations won in their lifetime by Flaxman, Stothard, and Maclise. Had his companion known the history of these men and their works he might have replied that it was not by their divine creations they were best known in their day and generation, but by productions to which they condescended in compliance with the demands of common-place and unimaginative clients. Flaxman's noblest conceptions remain to this day unmoulded in clay, uncast in bronze, unchiselled in marble. Stothard never earned by his glorious incantations of the unimmured in clay enough to keep the dogs or horses of his contemporaries who called themselves painters. Maclise was indeed more fortunate, but his case was exceptional. Reynolds struggled constantly to disguise in portraiture the literalism

in dress of transient fashion ; and a good deal of what has been found fault with in him as attitudinising and fantasticality ought really to be set down to weariness and impatience at being called on day after day to clothe with colour outlines that would now be more faithfully given by any wretched photographer in a country town. He chafed at being chained to the oar of mere copying : for copying is still copying, whether at first or second hand, whether the thing copied be the fat features of opulent vulgarity or the cynical physiognomy of worn-out statesmanship. Set off with whatever wax-work completeness of costume and furnished with whatever decoration of rococo accessories, it remains a work of pretty and pretentious mechanism, but no more art in its true and spiritual sense than the last volume of extracts admirably printed on the best paper, with gilt leaves and morocco binding, is a new poem.

Wyvil up to nineteen had lived an unmurmuring life of compliance with the paternal ways of looking at existence, which were in all things conformable to the conventional ways of the world. His father was an honest, punctual, quiet, frugal, clean-shaven, temperate, contented man, who for thirty years had never been half a minute late in the reading desk at morning or evening service, and whose wife had never seen him in a passion. As a specimen of pious prose he was as nearly perfect as could be. No doubts disturbed his faith, no objections of political economy broke the smooth current of his personal benevolence to the poor. Where he saw misery his compassion was thrown back on its haunches to wait the result of inquiry into its remote cause : when hunger cried to him for bread, he would give the remainder of the last loaf in the house, even though the baker was certain not to come till next day : and more than once he had unnoticed stolen from his own limited wardrobe articles of clothing which he could not well spare, and was not sure when he might be able to replace, in order that he might enable the head of a sickness-stricken family to go to work instead of going to the workhouse and breaking up his humble household. Even in his faults and weaknesses the Vicar was a man to love ; and was loved devotedly by wife and son. But the former had early recognised in the dreamy looks, the lonely ramblings, and wild impromptu singing of her boy the reproduction of her own nature, which as a girl had made her restless and romantic, and which it had taken years of domestic disenchantment finally to still.

His mother was less surprised than his father at Wyvil's announcement of his determination to devote his life to art. She had more sympathy and more faith in the self-reliant character of her son ; and

with an intensity of interest she cared not to reveal she listened to his enthusiastic impressions of what he had seen in Venice, Bologna, and Rome. Without proceeding to a degree he quitted the university and entered the drawing and modelling schools of the metropolis, devoting his whole time and energy to his new pursuit. His admiration of the beauty of form, as he often told me, was unspeakable ; and his exquisite appreciation of its subtleties and thorough mastery of the laws of symmetry, development, and proportion enabled him to give the reality of strength and grace to his figures in a degree not often seen. To the chemistry of pigments he also devoted no ordinary amount of care. He owned, indeed, that as regards stability the knowledge of the wisest is comparatively of little worth. Confident guesses at the secrets of Giorgione and Rubens are delightful stimulants to labour ; but he admitted that he did not feel certain, and he did not believe that any highly cultivated artist did, respecting the durability of some of the tints and hues whose transparent delicacy continually tempted the painter to adopt them.

The whole bent of his mind, however, was anti-realistic, and if by any chance he dwelt long enough on an accessory to render it singularly attractive, or as he would call it sinfully distractive from the general effect, he would without hesitation tone it down by shadow or, if need were, bid it utterly begone. With him poetic, historic, or dramatic creation was the painter's true mission ; and five-and-twenty years he has spent and been spent in the ardent pursuit of his calling. In the eyes of literalists and academic manufacturers of hall furniture he has found, indeed, no favour. Like the work of Ary Scheffer, his colouring frequently seems to want force when brought into juxtaposition with the gaudy and flaming daubistry that commands the market. Whether he might have baffled unfairly depreciating comparison had the peculiarity of his style been considered in placing his pictures, or had he been allowed, like others, to bring them up to concert pitch of tone after they were placed, I know not. I only know that in the judgment of many accomplished and discriminating friends he has never had one fair chance of being appreciated as he deserves ; and now it looks to me as if the cup of disappointment had been drained to the very dregs, and that the dregs are poison.

*26th March.*—I am glad that we made the attempt, unavailing as it has proved to stay the destroyer's hand. Molyneux was more than kind and generous, once committed to the scheme of separately exhibiting Wyvil's last picture. How beautiful it is, and how full of light and love—of the light that shone in darkness, though



the darkness comprehended it not; and of the love kindled in another world, that would uplift and redeem humanity in this! I wish that I had words to describe what I feel in looking at this admirable picture; rejected like Him who is the central figure in it, and who is supposed to be saying farewell to His mother at the door of her humble dwelling at Nazareth when about to set forth on His ever memorable mission.

I spent a good while yesterday morning trying to enlist coadjutors in our little scheme; for I had a feeling that unless we could tell our prostrate friend that several persons whom he knew were joined in the revolt against jobbery and injustice we should fail in bidding back the fiend that hovered near him. Deep was my grief and deep my disgust at some of the refusals I met with on the shallowest pretences and from men who did not even pretend to undervalue the worth of the life that lay in jeopardy, and to whom the amount of contribution we proposed could be no object. Alas! luxury and refinement are as full of selfishness as want and vulgarity: their induration is as impenetrable, only it takes a higher polish. We get, however, nominally five, including Cheyne, whose tenderness and watchfulness of the invalid endear him to us all more than ever. In the afternoon I called to tell Wyvil what had been done. He was awake and perfectly conscious, though still mute. I thought it best to give our project rather the air of mutiny against an organised system of wrong which many of us had been long disposed to resist: and then I hoped to lead him gradually to understand how his work afforded us the opportunity we desired. He moved not till I had told him my tale; then pressed the hand I had placed in his gently but affectionately, while the old smile of hope and courage lighted up his wasted features. He looked upwards for a few moments steadily, as if at something afar off. A brief flash of triumph,—then all was dark again.


Slowly, but as it seemed with little effort, he muttered audibly "It will come, but not for me": then, as if answering our efforts to beacon him back to life, he added "It is too late." The heavy eyelids rose no more and, ere I knew it, he was gone.

*(To be continued.)*

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# YACHTING PAST AND PRESENT.

BY ANDREW THOMSON.

“HE WATER CLUB” was the parent of all our Yacht Clubs. It was founded at Cork in 1820 by a handful of gentlemen sailors, and it was not until the year 1828 that it changed its name and became the Cork Yacht Club, now known to the world as the Royal Cork Yacht Club.

The original rules and orders of the Water Club are extant, and they make an interesting little chapter in the annals of yachting. It was a select little Club, for by one of its rules it was provided “that twenty-five be the whole number that the members of this Club may consist of.” The chief officer was styled, “Admiral,” and his power appears to have been considerable, judging from Rule XXI., which enacts “that the Admiral singly, or any three Captains whom he shall appoint, shall decide all controversies and disputes that may arise at the Club; and any Captain that shall refuse to abide by such decision is to be expelled.” Then follows a quaint note:—  
“N.B.—This order to extend to the chaplain or any other inferior officer!” Why should the chaplain be specially mentioned and in such terms? I am afraid the chaplain had been arguing some matter with the Admiral and had worsted him. Rule IX. says: “Ordered, that no long-tail wigs, large sleeves, or ruffles be worn by any member at the Club.” But this arbitrary law seems to have been considered oppressive, for a note is added in the old copy announcing the repeal of the rule. It is fair, therefore, to assume that in the eighteenth century long-tail wigs, large sleeves, and ruffles were regarded as convenient and orthodox articles of nautical dress. How would the serge-clad yachtsmen who now parade Ryde pier or lounge in the grounds of “The Castle” at Cowes like to appear in such attire?

The dignity of the Admiral was great, for it is more than once mentioned in the rules that during a cruise no member might go ahead of him. Among the prescribed signals is one that seems to have been a provision for cases of *mal de mer*. The rule runs: “If a Captain has anybody very sick on board him and wants to go to the island, he is to make a waft in his ensign, to lower his pendant

half down, and fire a gun ; if he gets the Admiral's leave he will be shown a white flag in the shrouds, if not a red one and a gun fired." It must have been an anxious moment for the patient waiting for the Admiral's return signal ; and it is easy to imagine the despair caused by the sight of the red flag and the sound of the gun.

They were merry fellows, those twenty-five members of the Water Club. One of the rules enacted that they were to "entertain in course of seniority," and there are many regulations dealing with eating and drinking. One of these I may mention as an example to more modern times : "Resolved, that all business of the Club be done before dinner, except appointing the time of the next meeting, or presenting, mulcting, and levying fines." This was a prudent resolution, evidently made "before dinner," and the result of long experience in laws framed and passed "across the walnuts and the wine." Another wise rule was to the effect that any one who talked of sailing after dinner was fined a "bumper."

No Admiral was allowed to bring more than two dishes of meat to a Club entertainment, nor was any Admiral to "presume to bring more than two dozen of wine to his treat ; for it has always been deemed a breach of the ancient rules and constitution of the Club, except when my Lords the Judges are invited." This is rather sinister upon "my Lords the Judges," but the prudent men of Cork had perhaps their reasons. Notwithstanding these restrictive rules, however, it seems probable that more wine than was considered prudent was sometimes consumed, for a law dated April 21st, 1737, runs thus:—"Ordered, that for the future, unless the company exceed the number of fifteen, no man be allowed more than one bottle to his share, and a peremptory." This has a stringent sound, but a good deal would depend on the meaning of "a peremptory."

From two old paintings in the possession of the Royal Cork Yacht Club some idea may be formed of the style and type of vessels which formed the fleet of the Water Club in 1738 ; they were cutter rigged, with pole masts, long booms, and short gaffs. The bowsprits were much steeved, that is to say inclined upwards, and were unprovided with either shrouds or bobstays. The entire standing rigging consisted of double shrouds, back stays, and forestays. The hulls were bluff bowed with a good deal of sheer forward, full heavy quarters and but little sheer aft. They were open fore and aft, some of them having a cabin or deck house right amidships, and they were richly ornamented with gilding and paint. In these pictures each yacht excepting one, probably the Admiral's, is represented as flying a long pendant from the masthead, and a Union

Jack on a staff at the bowsprit end; the ensign being carried on a staff at the taffrail, and not as now on the gaff. The leading vessel in one picture has a Jack at her masthead, and probably this is the Admiral's.

The yachts of the Club used to sail in company "once every spring tide, from the first spring tide in *April* to the last in *September* inclusive," but there is no record of any regatta having taken place until the 24th July, 1829, when a series of matches were sailed.

The progress of yachting does not seem to have been great until nearly a hundred years after the Water Club was established. The first active sign of increase was the formation of "The Yacht Club" at Cowes in 1815. This Club was founded by about forty gentlemen, comprising at that time nearly all the yachtsmen in England. It was instituted to celebrate the victory of the battle of Waterloo. In 1820 the name was changed to "The Royal Yacht Club," and in July, 1833, it became "The Royal Yacht Squadron"—a designation now nearly as well known as that of the Royal Navy. In 1823 "The Royal Thames Yacht Club" was founded, and since then Clubs have sprung up all round our coasts.

In 1869, according to "Hunt's Yacht List," there were thirty-three Yacht Clubs, three of which were "in abeyance." Of these twenty-two were "Royal" Clubs. The number of yachts belonging to these Clubs numbered 1,209, with a total of 53,383 tons. The two largest yachts were steamers: one, the *Northumbria*, 426 tons, belonging to Mr. G. R. Stephenson; the other, the *Brilliant*, 420 tons, belonging to Mr. G. H. Ackers. The two largest sailing yachts were the *Zara*, a topsail schooner of 312 tons, the property of Mr. A. Young; and the *Guinevere*, a schooner of 308 tons, belonging to Mr. C. Thellusson, then the Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, and who now owns the *Boadicea*, 400 tons, the largest sailing yacht in British waters.

Last year there were 1,764 yachts of all sizes and rigs, which represented a total of 79,847 tons, an average of over forty-five tons each, which shows an increase of 555 vessels and of 26,464 tons since the year 1869. There were in 1875 thirty-nine Clubs—of which twenty-seven were "Royal"—not taking into consideration a number of sailing Clubs, nor the three Clubs mentioned before as being "in abeyance." Since the beginning of last yachting season several new Clubs have been founded, and with these and the sailing Clubs the number is now over fifty. The largest yacht in the "yacht list" for 1875 is the *Sarevona*, a steamer of 730 tons; but as she belongs to the Grand Duke Czarewitch she can scarcely be claimed as an

English yacht, and therefore the *Chasalie* steam yacht, 606 tons, belonging to Mrs. Gerard Leigh, may be taken as the largest. It is worthy of note, and in a manner suggestive of the great popularity of yachting, that this splendid vessel belongs to a lady. Though the *Boadicea* is the largest sailing yacht, there are several schooners exceeding 300 tons and many steam yachts of still greater size.

A further analysis shows that there are : cutters, 844 ; schooners, 327 ; yawls, 262 ; steamers, 224 ; and 107 of various rigs, or, to which no rigs are annexed. Of these yachts 611, with a total of 4,188 tons, do not exceed ten tons ; exceeding ten tons, but not over twenty tons, there are 370 yachts whose tonnage amounts to 6,049 tons ; of yachts over twenty, but not exceeding forty tons, there are 285 with 8,869 tons ; above forty, but not over 100 tons, there are 256 yachts, whose total tonnage is 17,113 ; over 100, but not exceeding 200 tons, the number is 146 and the tonnage is 20,339 tons. The yachts exceeding 200 tons each number seventy-eight, and their aggregate tonnage is 23,289. There are eighteen yachts to which no tonnage is given in the "List." Of the steam yachts, forty-one exceed 200 tons, their tonnage being 13,924 tons, an average of nearly 335 tons each ; over 100 tons, but not exceeding 200 tons, there are seventeen steam yachts, whose tonnage is 2,272 tons. This leaves 166 steam yachts under 100 tons each.

The largest sailing yachts are schooners, the next in size are yawls, and the smallest are cutters. Yawls are not often built over 140 or 150 tons, but there are a few which exceed this tonnage, being the *Lufra* 208, *Latona* 160, *Dauntless* 170. The largest cutter is the *Oimara*, 165 tons, Mr. J. Wylie, and the others which exceed 100 tons are, the *Arrow* 117, *Cythera* 110, *Saxon* 110, *Kriemhilda* 105, and *Vol-au-Vent* 102.

There are several tiny little vessels in the "List" which claim to be no larger than two tons, and these are generally rigged as sloops, or with lateen or lug sails.

The value of these 1,764 vessels may be roughly estimated at about £30 per ton, for although many of them are not worth so much, the value of lead ballast in others, of machinery in steamers, and of fittings, &c., in a large number, would more than compensate for them. This would make their total value £2,395,410, or it may be estimated in round numbers at about two and a half millions. The actual cost of building, ballasting, fitting, &c., in the first instance would be much greater, but I give the present floating value.

It is generally calculated that on the average, taking large and

small vessels together, one man is required for every ten tons, but probably the number of hands actually employed is considerably greater than a tenth of the total tonnage. Assuming, however, that only one man for every ten tons is shipped, it would require 7,985, or say 8,000 men, to man our yachts. These men all receive good wages, but taking a very low average of 25s. per week, and supposing that the men are only paid during six months of the year—that is to say, from the beginning of April to the end of September—their wages would in the aggregate amount to £260,000. To this large sum must be added clothes, shoes, &c., for the crews, which would certainly not be less than £3 a head, so that we may safely say that the 8,000 men receive amongst them from £280,000 to £285,000 during the summer months.

But the current cost of yachting by no means ends here, and when the expenses of maintaining the vessels themselves in thorough repair are taken into consideration, and also such incidental expenses as Club subscriptions, &c., this sum may be safely doubled.

So that allowing for interest on outlay and depreciation of property the yearly expenditure would not fall far short of £1,000,000.

In 1865 the number of matches sailed was 129, and the value of the prizes given was £5,718. In 1869 the races had increased to 142, and the prizes to £6,723. Since then the increase has been very great. Last year no fewer than 410 races were sailed, and the value of the prizes raced for was £11,608, not including “the value of certain challenge, champion, and other cups.” According to *Land and Water* of December 4th the value of the total prizes raced for amounted to about £13,000, and the number of vessels which started was 474. Thus yacht racing has been more than doubled during the last six years.

But it is not only in racing that rapid and important improvements may be recorded. Within the last few years voyages of no ordinary character have been successfully undertaken by daring yachtsmen. The cruises of such vessels as the *Diana* and *Goshawk* in the Arctic regions, and of the latter vessel in many other parts of the world, sufficiently prove that the love of wild adventure on the ocean exists as strongly in the hearts of Englishmen of the present time as it did in the good old days of Sir Walter Raleigh.



RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS  
KNOWN TO AN OLD COUPLE WHEN YOUNG.  
BY CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

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PART XI.—LEIGH HUNT AND HIS LETTERS.

(Continued.)

**T**HE "original" manuscript copy of Leigh Hunt's translation of Tasso's "Amyntas," alluded to in the next letter, Vincent Novello caused to be bound in green and gold, together with the printed presentation copy of the first edition; and the volume is still in excellent preservation. On the title-page is written in Leigh Hunt's hand, "To Vincent Novello, from his affectionate friend the translator"; and inside the cover is written in Vincent Novello's hand, beneath his own name and address, "I prize this volume, which was so kindly presented to me by my dear friend Leigh Hunt, as one of the most valuable books in my library; and I particularly request that it may be carefully preserved as an heirloom in my family when I am no more.—V. N." The "sorrows" to which Leigh Hunt sympathisingly refers were those of losing a beautiful boy of four years old, Sydney Vincent Novello:—

To V. N. (8, Percy Street.)

Kentish Town, Wednesday,  
July, 1820.

MY DEAR NOVELLO,—In addition to the "Morgante" I send you the first volume of "Montaigne," which I have marked (so that I shall be in a manner in your company if you read any of it), and also the promised copy of "Amyntas," with the original to compare it with in any passage, as you seem to like those awful confrontings. Pray get an "Ariosto," if you have time. I am sure his natural touches and lively variety will delight you. The edition I spoke of is Boschini's, a little duodecimo or eighteens, printed by Schulze and Dean, Poland Street, where I believe it is to be bought. But you could get it at any foreign bookseller's. Be good enough to leave the Cenci MS. out for me with the Gliddons. I should not care about it, but the Gisbornes are about to return to Italy, and I am

not sure whether they have given or lent it me. God bless you. You know how I respect sorrow :—you know also how I respect the wisdom and kindness that try to be cheerful again. I need not add how much the feelings of you and Mrs. Novello (to whom give our kindest good wishes in case we do not see you to-morrow) are respected, and sympathised with, by your ever affectionate friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

P.S.—Do not trouble yourself to answer this note. Go out instead and buy the “Ariosto.” It is the pleasantest little pocket-rogue in the world. The translation of “Montaigne” is an excellent one, by Cotton the poet, old Izaak Walton’s friend.

The next letter is superscribed after the pleasant fashion that Leigh Hunt occasionally adopted, in directing his letters to his friends, of putting some gay jest *outside*, as if he must add a last word or two in sending off a communication with those he loved, and as if he could not bear to conclude his chat or take leave of them :—

To C. C. C.

Bellevue House, Ramsgate.

By favour of Mrs. Gliddon—post *unpaid*.

Percy Street, August 31st, 1821.

MY DEAR



Si si si

Mr. and Mrs. Novello tell me that you will be gratified at having a word from me, however short. What word shall I send you, equally short and sweet? I believe I must refer you to the post-woman; for the ladies understand these beatic brevities best. However, if I cannot prevail on myself to send you a mere word or a short one, I will send you a true one, which is, that in spite of all my non-epistolary offences—(come, it is a short one too, after all)—I am, my dear Clarke, very truly and heartily *yours*,

LEIGH HUNT.

P.S.—Novello and I are just putting the finishing touch to our first Musical Evening, which I hope *Power* will put it into *my* ditto to send you a copy of.

It is difficult to ascertain the period when the following note was written, but it appears to belong to an early one :—

To C. C. C.

[No date.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—. . . I send you on the opposite side some verses which my Summer Party sing on the grass after dinner. I forgot, by-the-by, to tell you yesterday a piece of news which has



flattered me much—that Stothard told an acquaintance of mine the other day he had been painting a subject from “Rimini”:

To the Spirit great and good,  
Felt, although not understood,—  
By whose breath, and in whose eyes,  
• The green earth rolls in the blue skies,  
Who we know, from things that bless,  
Must delight in loveliness;  
And who, therefore, we believe,  
Means us well in things that grieve,—  
Gratitude! Gratitude!  
Heav'n be praised, as heavenly should,  
Not with slavery, or with fears,

But with a face as towards a friend, and with thin sparkling tears.

The next five letters were written while Leigh Hunt and his family were on their way to Italy. The allusion to “Fanchon” refers to an arrangement of Himmel’s so-named opera, which Vincent Novello had brought out in four books of Pianoforte duets.

“Wilful Woman” was an affectionate nickname of Leigh Hunt’s for Mrs. Vincent Novello, in recognition of her having a decided “will” in matters right and good, with a thoroughly womanly way of giving up her own will in deference to that of her husband and friends when once persuaded that theirs was the wiser and better. A woman less “wilful” in the unreasonable sense of the term, or more full of will in the noblest sense of the term, could not be cited than herself:—

To V. N. [*in pencil.*]

2, High Street, Ramsgate,

Monday, December 3rd, 1821.

MY DEAR NOVELLO,—Here we are in absolute quiet, with a real flat place to sit upon, and several foot square of parlour to walk about when one pleases: in short, in lodgings—the rudder of the vessel having been so broken that she cannot set sail, fair wind or foul, till Wednesday evening.

We now, with a rascally selfishness, wish that the wind may not change for a whole week, though the 200 sail in the harbours should be groaning every timber; for though we were much alarmed at first in moving my wife, she already seems wonderfully refreshed by this little taste of shore; and at all events while we do remain at Ramsgate, I am sure it is much better for both of us that we should be here. Only think! we shall have a quiet bed at night, and even air! If we were moving *on* at sea, it would be another matter; but I confess the idea of lying and lingering in that manner in a muddy harbour was to me, in my state of health, like rotting alive.

When I say, we can go on Wednesday, I do not mean that we shall do so, or that I think we shall; for the wind is still in the west, and I suspect after all these winds, we shall have a good mass of rain

to fall, of which they are generally the *avant-couriers*. What say you then? Will you come and beatify us again? And will Mrs. Novello come with you? Why not give the baby a dip in a warm bath, if they must be still one and indivisible. I think we can get you a bed in the house; if not, there are plenty in the neighbourhood. Pray remember me cordially to the Gliddons, and tell the fair one that her sugar-plums have been a shower of aids and assistance to us with the children. I shall see if I can't send her something as sweet from Italy. In the meantime I send her and Mrs. Novello, and all of you, the best salutations you can couple with the idea of

L. H.

To Mr. and Mrs. Novello, and Mr. and Mrs. G. (Percy Street.)

Dartmouth, December 24th, 1821.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Here we are again in England, after beating twice up and down the Channel, and getting as far as the Atlantic. What we have suffered I will leave you to imagine, till you see my account of the voyage; but we were never more inclined to think that "All's well that ends well," and what we hoped we still hope, and are still prepared to venture for. We arrived on Saturday, which was no post-day. Next day I wrote to my brother and Miss Kent, and begged the latter to send you news of our safety; for I was still exhausted with the fatigue and anxiety, and I knew well that you would willingly wait another day for my handwriting when you were sure of our welfare. I had hoped that this letter would reach you in the middle of what I would reach in vain—your Christmas festivities; so that a bit of my soul if not of my body, of my handwriting if not my grasping hand, might come in at your parlour door and seem to join you as my representative; but a horrid matter-of-fact woman at the Castle Inn here, who proclaims the most unwelcome things in a voice hideously clear and indisputable, says that a post takes two nights and a day. I hope, however, to hear from you, and to write again, for the vessel has been strained by the bad weather, and must be repaired a little, and the captain vows he will not go to sea again till the wind is exquisitely fair. Above all, Dartmouth is his native place, and who shall say to him, "Get up from your old friends and fireside, and quench yourself in a sea fog?" Not I, by St. Vincent and St. Sabilla, and King Arthur and Queen Anastasia. I am sorry to say that the alarms which it is impossible not to help feeling on such occasions have done no good to Mrs. Hunt's malady, though when she was in repose the sea air was evidently beneficial. For my part, I confess I was as rank a coward many times as a father and husband who has seven of the best reasons for cowardice can be; but Hope and *Mutuality* you know are my mottoes. And so, with all sorts of blessings upon your heads, farewell, dear friends, till we hear from each other again.—Stop! Here is a Christmas Carol in which perhaps some of you will pay me a visit—Mistletoe and Holly! Mistletoe and Holly!

L. H.

Remember me to the Lambs, to Mr. Clarke, to the Robertsons, &c.

To V. N.

Stonehouse, near Plymouth, Feb. 11th, 1822.

Oh Novello! what a disappointing, wearisome, vexatious, billowy, up-and-downy, unbearable, beautiful world it is! I cannot tell you all I have gone through since I wrote to you; but I believe, after all, that all has been for the best, bad as it is. The first stoppage, unavoidable as it was, almost put me beside myself. Those sunshiny days and moonlight nights! And the idea of running merrily to Gibraltar! I used to shake in my bed at night with bilious impatience, and feel ready to rise up and cry out. But knowing what I since know, I have not only reason to believe that my wife would have suffered almost as terribly afterwards as she did at the time, but I am even happy that we underwent the second stoppage at this place,—at least as happy as a man can be whose very relief arises from the illness of one dear to him. Marianne fell so ill the day on which the new vessel we had engaged sailed from Plymouth, that she was obliged to lose 46 ounces of blood in 24 hours, to prevent inflammatory fever on the lungs. With the exception of a few hours she has been in bed ever since, sometimes improving, sometimes relapsing and obliged to lose more blood, but always so weak and so ailing that, especially during the return of these obstinate S.W. winds, I have congratulated myself almost every hour that circumstances conspired with my fears for her to hinder us from proceeding. Indeed I should never have thought of doing so after her Dartmouth illness, had she not, as she now confesses, in her eagerness not to be the means of detaining me again, misrepresented to me her power of bearing the voyage. I shall now set myself down contentedly till spring, when we shall have shorter nights, and she will be able to be upon deck in the daytime. She will then receive benefit from the sea, as she ought to do, instead of being shaken by it; and as to gunpowder! be sure I shall always make inquiries enough about that. She starts sometimes to this hour in the middle of the night, with the horror of it, out of her sleep. It gave a sort of horrible sting to my feet sometimes as I walked the deck, and fancied we might all be sent shattered up in the air in the twinkling of an eye; but I seldom thought of this danger, and do not believe there was any to be seriously alarmed at, though the precautions and penalties connected with the carriage of such an article were undoubtedly sufficient to startle a fresh-water imagination, to say nothing of that of a sick mother with six children. The worst feeling it gave me was when it came over me down in the cabin while we were comparatively comfortable,—especially when little baby was playing his innocent tricks. I used to ask myself what right I had to bring so much innocent flesh and blood into such an atrocious possibility of danger. But what used chiefly to rouse my horrors was the actual danger of shipwreck during the gales; and of these, as you may guess from my being imaginative, I had my full share. Oh the feelings with which I have gone out from the cabin to get *news*, and have stood at the top of that little staircase down which you all came to bid me good-bye! How I have thought of

you in your safe warm rooms, now merrily laughing, now "stopping the career of laughter with a sigh" to wonder how the "sailors" might be going on! My worst sensation of all was the impossibility I felt of dividing myself into seven different persons in case anything happened to my wife and children. But as the voyage is not yet over—remember, however, that the worst part, the winter part, is over. You shall have an account of that as well as the rest when I get to Italy and write it for the new work. Remember in the meantime what I tell you, and that we mean to be very safe, very cowardly, and vernal all the rest of the way. It was a little hard upon me,—was it not? that I could not have the [qu? reward—illegible] of finishing the voyage boldly at once, especially as it was such fine weather when they set off again, and I can go through any danger as stubbornly as most persons, provided you allow me a pale face and a considerable quantity of internal poltroonery:—but my old reconciling philosophy, such as it is, has not forsaken me; and well it may remain, for God only knows what I should have done, had my wife been seized with this illness during the late return of the winds. I am very uneasy about her at all times: but in that case, considering too I might have avoided bringing her into such a situation, I should have been almost out of my wits. The vessel in which we intended to resume our journey (besides being more ornamental than solid, and never yet tried by a winter passage, except three days of one, which shattered it grievously) must have had a bad time of it; and it is the opinion of everybody here, both doctors and seamen, that her life was not to be answered for had we encountered such weather. So I look at her in her snug, unmoving bed, and hope and trust she is getting strength enough from repose to renew her journey in the spring. We set off in April.—As to myself, my health is not at its best, but it is not at its worst. I manage to write a little, though the weather has been against me. I read more, and sometimes go to the Plymouth public library, where a gentleman has got me admission, and receive infinite homage from Examinerions in these parts, who have found me out. They want me to meet a "hundred admirers" at a public dinner: but this, you know, is not to my taste. I tell them I prefer a cup of tea with one of them now and then in private, and so they take me at my word, and I find them such readers as I like,—good-natured, cordial men, with a smack of literature.—I saw the announcement of the 4th part of your "Fanchon" in the *London Magazine*. You cannot imagine how the look of your name delighted me. You must know I had a design upon you for *our new Italian work* when I bore away your "Fanchon." So, say nothing about it (I mean to myself), but wait for an increase of your laurel from a hand you love. I think it will come with a good and profitable effect from such a quarter.—Tell Mrs. Gliddon, albeit she retains a piece of them, that I have found the cheeks which she and her sister left in Devonshire. There is a profusion of such,—faces that look built up of cream and roses, and as good-natured as health can make them. In looking for lodgings I lit also upon a namesake of hers, no relation, who spelt her name with a *v*. I suppose a hundred and fiftieth cousin. She was a

pleasant chattering old woman with a young spirit, who, not being able to accommodate us herself, recommended her neighbours all round, and told me millions of things in a breath.—Dear Novello, I cannot tell you how I feel the kindness of my friends,—kindness, of which I know that you and Mrs. Novello, together with Bessie Kent, have been the souls. God bless you all. I will say more to you all from Italy. You will see my hand in the *Examiner* again in a week or two (about the time I could have written on the subject from abroad) with a few touches for Southey and the *Quarterly*.—It delights me to see the intimacy there is between you and Miss K.; she speaks in the most affectionate terms of you and your wife, and receives all the solace from your intercourse which I expected. Take a dozen hearty shakes of the hand from me, dear Novello, and give (you see how much I can ask of you) as many kisses of the same description to Mrs. Novello, unless “dear Mr. Arthur” is present and will do it for us. Convey also as many kisses to Mrs. Gliddon as the said dear Mr. Arthur could have given my wife had she been at your Christmas festivities, taking care (as in the former instance) that they be in high taste and most long and loud.—And so, Heaven bless you all and make us to send many good wishes to and from Italy to each other till we meet again face to face.—Your affectionate friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

P.S.—I can tell you nothing of the Plymouth neighbourhood, being generally occupied with my wife's bedside; but the town is a nice clean one; and after being at Dartmouth I felt all the price of Mirabeau's gratitude, who when he came into England and saw streets paved, fell on his knees and thanked God there was a country in the world where some regard was had for foot-passengers. Dartmouth is a kind of sublime Wapping, being a set of narrow muddy streets in a picturesque situation on the side of a hill. The people too, poor creatures, are as dirty there as can be, having lost all their trade; whereas at Plymouth they are all fat and flourishing.—Stonehouse is a kind of separate suburb to Plymouth on the seashore.—My wife's kindest remembrances.—And mine to all rememberers.

To M. S. N.

Percy Street, March 2nd, 1822.

DEAR MARY NOVELLO,—Your letter was a very great pleasure to us indeed, though it made us very impatient to be in the midst of our friends. We are like Mahomet's coffin at present, suspended between our two attractions; but the ship will carry us off in April, and turn us again into living creatures. No: it is you and Novello who must revive us meanwhile. Do you know, I was going to ask you to come down here, and see us once more before we go; but I was afraid you would think there was no end of my presuming upon your regards. Guess, however, what pleasure your own intimation gave us. You *must* fulfil it, now you have given it. No excuse—no *sort* of excuse. Novello must tear himself from all the boarding-school ladies, let them lay hold of the flaps of his coat never so poti-

pharically. There *are*, as you say, stages, waggons, carts, trucks, wheelbarrows, &c. :—there are also kind hearts in stout bodies : and finally, our direction is, *Mrs. L'Amoureux, Devil's Point, Stonehouse, Plymouth, Devonshire.*

You see the way we are in, in this *Deyon* of a county. Then there are the Devonshire creams, *too good* ; Mount Edgcombe here close at our elbow looking like a Hampstead in the sea ; boats and smooth harbours to sail about in ; the finest air in England, with a little bit of the South of Europe in it ; all sorts of naval curiosities ; sunshine every day, and moonlight too, just now, every night ; and finally, dear friends, who want the society of dear friends to strengthen them through their cares and delays. I must not forget, that the road between London and Plymouth is said to be excellent, and that there is a safety-coach just set up, which boasts itself to be worthy of the road. *So we shall expect you in the course of the week*,—mind that I shall expect a letter too, to arrive just before you. You must send it off on Monday evening, and follow it with all your might and muscles. At least Novello must do so. I forgot, that ladies have no muscles. They have only eyes and limbs. You must not talk of your music, till Novello is here to inspire a pianoforte which I have just hired for a month. It is the only pleasure to which I have treated myself, and without him I find it but a pain. There is a regiment stationed here, who have a band that plays morning and evening. It plays Mozart too, and pretty well, only I longed to jog their elbows the other day, when they came to the 2nd part of “Batti, batti.” However, it was so beautiful, that I could not stand it out ; it reminded me of so many pleasures, that between you and me and two or three others, the tears came into my eyes, and I was obliged to go out of the place to hide them. . . . Your truly affectionate friend,

L. H.

(To be continued.)

# TO HER.

A RONDEAU.

BY W. C. BENNETT, D.C.L.

**L**AVISH Nature fashioned you  
Of all sweetness beyond measure,  
Gave you charms for ever new,  
'Wildering the fond world with pleasure ;  
You from her dear thoughtless mood  
Took a thousand times the good  
Others take from her fond hands,  
So my full heart understands  
Why the thought of you is pleasure,  
Sumless, wordless, ever new ;  
Ah, for love beyond all measure,  
Lavish Nature fashioned you.

Could we breathe old Attic days  
With the keen Greek sense of beauty,  
Altars to you we should raise,  
Sacrifice should hold a duty ;  
With your charms' strange wonder taken,  
Other rites were all forsaken ;  
How could any incense rise,  
Save, O marvel, to those eyes ?  
Ah, how sweet would be that duty,  
Burning hymns to sweetly raise  
To the worship of such beauty,  
Could we breathe old Attic days.

Some white radiance of the skies  
Sure you look to my awed passion,  
Some crowned saint adoring eyes  
Might from some rapt vision fashion ;  
Seeing you so more than worth  
All the human life of earth,  
Sure our souls to you might bring  
Vows as to some holy thing ;

To that gaze, in pilgrim fashion,  
Well might come imploring eyes,  
Owning you, through prostrate passion,  
Some white radiance of the skies.

O you wonder of the hours,  
Surely you to Earth were given  
Time's sharp thorns to sun to flowers,  
And to make the moments heaven ;  
Angels sure were sad that day  
You no more with them might stay ;  
Long, Oh, may they watch in vain  
For their sister home again !  
Grudge her not to us, dear heaven ;  
Ah, dear rose of angel flowers,  
Must you be to heaven regiven,  
O you wonder of the hours !

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# A DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA: A ROMANCE."  
"PEARL & EMERALD," "EARL'S DENE," "ZELDA'S  
FORTUNE," &c.

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## BOOK II.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"Well thrown—well hit! A merry joke  
To see them splash and hear them croak!  
See how yon fellow ducks and dives—  
Good sooth, those frogs lead jolly lives!  
Quick! There he swims—another stone—  
Another hop, skip, jump—well thrown!  
Ho, there, heave up your yellow head—  
Show us some sport!"

"Koãx!" he said,

"I know, my lads, you mean no ill,  
And stones are witty, but—they kill."



BEL had sold his birthright for a mess of poison. In throwing away Mr. Deane's cause, he had thrown away his own.

Self-deception, when it pays, is as easy as any other conjuring trick of which the secret has once been learned: but then it is essential that it should pay. Stripped of its gilding it looked very ugly now, even in the eyes of the conjuror. It was tolerably clear, even to Abel himself, that he had played the part, not of the hero, but of the villain, in this romance of his own creating. Villainy does not despise itself, but folly does: and though it is rather a fine thing than otherwise to have sold oneself to the Devil, it is a very sorry thing indeed to receive the purchase money in dust and straw.

He left the court and returned to his lodging as one dazed. He threw himself upon a sofa, wigged and gowned as he was, after locking the door in an instinct of panic for fear his new-found father should enter. Then he brooded over his flood of misery—over the remorse of a man who has tried to cheat and has failed. "If I had only remained a hurdle-maker in Winbury and married Milly, I should be master of Longworth at this hour," he groaned. "But

how could I have known? Who would look for the pedigree of the Vanes in a Hebrew Bible? While I was dreaming over rhymes and symbols, there lay the only volume worth opening unopened under my very hand—why, my fingers must once have been only the thickness of a leaf of paper from those letters, and to-day. . . . Good God! is it too late, even at this eleventh hour? Milly has been true to me—I may yet be able to undo my blunder and save the Deanes from the ruin I have brought upon them so blindly. Is there not a chance—is there not more than one? Milly is still waiting for her answer—that she has not had it is no fault of mine. If she were not waiting she would have written again. All that has happened since I left Winbury shall be as if it had never been. I will wipe it out and turn back, and forget all this wretched folly about Beatrice Deane. After all, is not that what I planned—to prevent my benefactors from suffering if the verdict should go the wrong way—as it has gone? And in two ways the right will be done—if Milly has a better claim to Longworth than I, I have a better claim than the Deanes—their case is mine. So I shall pay them no debt: I shall save them generously, and of my own free will. But—Milly must hear of what has happened from none but me—I must not lose an hour. She must not suspect me, falsely, of waiting to claim her till I knew what had befallen her. I can reach Eastington before morning, and Winbury before Mr. Adams— If only that letter of mine had reached her!—but that can't be helped now. I *must* succeed: I should be blind not to see the hand of Destiny working by strange coincidences and seeming errors to one inevitable end.”

It is not to be expected that any man, dreamer or no dreamer, when he has made up his mind to act like a knave, will tell himself so. Destiny has always been the name of the arch scape-goat ever since the beginning of the world: while injustice and generosity are fit to play the two Dromios in a “Comedy of Errors.” Abel, as if impelled by an all-powerful force working upon him from without, left Redchester at once, anticipating some who might prove to be unpleasant fellow-travellers and avoiding others.

So he, as Tom had done before him, ran a solitary race to Milly's ear. But, long before he could reach it, his immediate object became a dread of having his entry into Winbury observed. The chance of having to run the gauntlet of his foster family, of Mr. Pottinger, and old Crook, and all who had known him in former days, made him shudder. It is true he had never been near the place since the first and only time he had ever left it, and must have altered beyond recognition. But village memories are long: so he

determined to walk over before the day's work of Winbury, early as people rose there, had begun, and to wait about the old Manor House till Milly might be supposed visible. It was as well also to keep a watch on the house door till daybreak: it was not likely that Mr. Adams would come over so early, but it was just possible.

When he left the high road and struck into the towing-path, he felt for the first time the sensation of coming home.

It was not his own present self that he remembered as having walked beside the canal years ago: it seemed strange that he needed no guide. Every projection in the low bank, every osier between the path and the high road, and even every rat-hole, seemed a memory from the life he had lived before he was born. The smell of the grey mud fell over him like a charm, and recalled a thousand dim and vague sensations. The scene was hideous in its utter blankness, but it was full of life to him. In contrast to his feverish growth the canal was still sluggishly creeping on just as it had crept on when he had seen no other water: had it developed into a roaring torrent it would have seemed less strange. He almost feared to come in sight of the squat church tower, and to undergo the chain of associations that he felt it would uncoil. He, fresh from being a drop in the ocean of London, felt his separate personality painfully enlarge till it seemed to fill the whole blank canvas with its gigantic proportions. It seemed as if the osiers and haystacks saw him as he saw them, and as if a whole army had as good a chance of entering Winbury unseen as he. But it proved, as he had intended, much too early, and the choking white night-fog was still hanging thickly over the canal, and even over the entrance of the village. He passed the Vicarage, where the blinds were drawn down and the shutters closed. Then he passed the forge of Mr. Pottinger, the blacksmith and constable, and it felt strange that he should know it to be Mr. Pottinger's. Then he passed the school-house, still tumbling down, where he, or a former he, had learned, and taught, and had begun the "Wars of the Stars." Then the Vane Arms, from which swung the arms of his own maternal ancestors: and then at last, without having met a waking soul, he reached the entrance of what had turned out to be his own ancestral home. Save for this new knowledge, it was all unchanged. He passed through the rusty iron gates and up the long beech avenue, crossed the cabbage garden, and passed the well, over which the same old bucket still hung. There, uglier almost than itself in the damp mist, stood the old brick house where he had played hide and seek, and had become a poet, and a scholar, and a dreamer of dreams, and had loved Milly—the house which had been

the home and birth-place of his soul. To-day it looked like a sepulchre.

He had more than enough to think of as he wandered in and out among the sponge-like beeches and through the long wet grass: and yet the time of waiting seemed long. But when the chiming of eight o'clock from the church tower opened another gate in his memory, the time seemed to have flown. At last, he felt, the crowning hour of his life had chimed or knelled. He crept slowly towards the house to throw himself at the feet of his first love, at last to be his wife, who had been patiently true to him and to whom he at last returned. Once more the bell which had long ago startled Mrs. Tallis from her doze jarred and clattered through passages and empty rooms.

As in old times, the door was slow to open. But it was opened at last—by his foster-mother.

Abel, while convinced, with exactly half truth, of his brilliant lineage, had always considered himself injured by having to put up with a hurdle-maker's wife for a mother. But his heart smote him a little when Mrs. Herrick, throwing her arms round him, burst out with—

“Why if it isn't our Abel! Good lord, how he's grown, to be sure!”

“Yes—it is I,” he said with a frown, half of shame, half of shame for being ashamed.

“And who'd ever have thought it, to be sure! But I beg your pardon, sir,” she said with a curtesy. “I do be forgetting you're a great gentleman now. I didn't mean to take the liberty, I'm sure, when I've got eight of my own.”

“I'm very glad to see you—it's the first time I've been able to come down.”

“Well, sir, 'tis very kind of you, I'm sure. Won't you come in and sit down?”

“You are all quite well, I hope? Everything seems the same”——

“All's the same but Mrs. Tallis, poor soul! We're all well, thank you kindly for asking.”

Abel did not stop to observe the unmotherly courtesy with which Mrs. Herrick greeted her foster-child. “And Miss Barnes?” he asked. “Is she the same as ever?”

“Miss Milly? Lord love you, sir—I'm keeping house now for a bit. Don't you know 'tis sold—for what's called the materials, sir? The bricks, and timber, and such like things. 'Tis all to come down,

and Mr. Pottinger's going to farm the ground. 'Twill be a sad change, sir—but it couldn't be looked for that the house would stay after Mrs. Tallis was gone."

"But Miss Barnes? She's here still?"

"Law no, sir. Miss Milly's been left ever so long. How you are grown, to be sure! I don't believe I ever seen such a thing!"

"Gone—gone away!—where?"

"I don't know, sir. She's gone to her folk elsewhere, I suppose. Ah, sir, there'll be wonderful changes afore long, for them that live to see."

"She has not even left word where she has gone?"

"No, sir—she had no cause that I know. I'm sorry for it too, for she was a real young lady: but when Mrs. Tallis went everything broke up, you see."

"I must learn where she is—I came on most important business with Miss Barnes."

"To be sure, sir," said Mrs. Herrick, with a sigh—after all, though he had turned out so grand, she could not forget that she was half his mother: of course it was all right, and she knew her place, but still she sighed. "I'm very sorry I can't tell you, but young Mr. Adams that used to drive the gig from the Lamb at Eastington might know. You aren't leaving without a bit of breakfast? Though it's not much I can give you now—but I could send out for a bit of bacon. And won't you wait a bit and see John—father, as you used to call him, when you weren't so high as your own knee?"

"Yes—I want to see you all—but this is business—when it is over, you will see me again—I want to talk about old times: but I must be off now." He went down the avenue hurriedly, his nurse following him with wet eyes. I need not follow her thoughts, but it was a blunder on Abel's part to have left her so hastily. Milly, it may be remembered, had been the subject of gossip in Winbury that it might have been worth his while to hear. Of course Milly was easily findable, for a young lady is not so easily lost as an hour: but it was terribly unfortunate that he should have lost the hour. She could not fail to hear of her good fortune before sunset: and then it might be many hours too late for him. He could hardly have the face to come before her, after years of neglect, at the very moment when he knew her to have come into an unexpected fortune. Even she could not be quite so trustful as not to suspect—though of course she would suspect wrongly: he was simply taking up the old story where he had laid it down. He was at

last driven to plot deliberately: but his phantom of right had as many heads as the hydra.

Of course Destiny drove him all the way back to Eastington. It was a long walk to make twice in one morning without rest, and fasting, but he felt neither hungry nor tired. Of course also he went straight to Hog Alley, in order to ask if Mr. Adams had returned, and to gather in the outer office not only how far the result of yesterday's trial was known, but perhaps the knowledge of where the friends lived to whom Milly had gone. But he was saved the trouble, for he met Mr. Adams himself at the door.

"Glad to see you," said the latter. "A long time since we've seen you in these parts, eh? A famous verdict, wasn't it, for your old flame? Quite a romance in real life, on my word. By the way, p'raps as you're here you'll step in and give me a little opinion—one doesn't catch counsel every day in Hog Alley—and if you'll taste my sherry, I shall be proud."

Abel hesitated, and followed. "Of course I'm glad of Miss Barnes's"—

"Miss Vane's, if you please."

"Miss Vane's success," he said as he sat down in the inner office, vexed to have met Mr. Adams, but casting about how to make the best of the accident. "Where is she going to live? It is a great pity the house was burned down."

"Rather—and after she'd been saved the expense of building. But that's a trifle. I haven't had time to look into things, but I'd give twenty thousand pound a year to take her income off her hands."

"And where is she living now?"

"Now? Bless my soul, if here isn't another of 'em—Richmond in the field number three! Come on—I'm game."

Abel turned round to see whose entry had provoked this greeting: but saw nobody.

"It's very kind of you to make inquiries, Mr. Herrick—very kind. She's—well, being her guardian in a roundabout sort of a way, I consider it my duty to keep flies off the treacle-tub, don't you know—not to let the gentlemen at large—nor the army captains—nor the Irish parsons, and, all that, come buzzing about Miss Vane before she's had time to look round. Of course you may know and welcome, as an old friend, but then there's the principle, you see—the principle of the thing. So you'll excuse me, I'm sure, if I don't say where Miss Vane of Longworth is hanging—living, now."

"As you please. Of course she knows of her good fortune?"

"Well—on the whole I should say not. Now it's all over, I don't mind saying she never heard of the action, to her knowledge. When you know as much about young women as I do, you'll find them decidedly rum. If I'd told her right out what the powers she gave me entitled me to do, she'd have been advertising herself all over the place as going to be worth twenty thousand a year—I don't mean she'd have had bills printed at the *Mercury*, but she'd have told some other young woman, and that's a better advertisement than the *Times*. By jingo! Winbury wouldn't have held all the fellows that'd have been down on her—Penny-Loapy would have been a fig to it. They'd have been camping out all along the canal—and one would have got her as sure as my name's Adams."

"Well?" asked Abel: who, knowing the advantages of holding his own tongue, had no desire to curb that of a chatterer.

"Well, I'd half a mind to try it on myself, for she's a nice girl, and twenty thousand a year is a nice little sum. And I flatter myself I'm as good a hand at getting on a young woman's soft side as most fellows: but I didn't seem to see it, somehow. It would have been rather a shame to take advantage of a poor young thing that was left to my protection, and after the way the old woman trusted me and all—I couldn't do it, sir. And then I like something a bit fleshier, and not so stand-offish and genteel. Ah, Mr. Herrick, we may talk, but there's something more than money in the world—and anyhow I let my chance slip and aren't broken-hearted. By jingo! I'd sooner make thirteen and fourpence off my own cue by a good sharp stroke I could give myself credit for, than make twenty thousand by a fluke, any day. So I mean to make everything straight, and satisfy my own little claim, and then I'm going to reward myself with a joke, by way of a spree. I've laid it all out, Mr. Herrick—it's capital. You see—but never mind: I won't take off the cream: I want to make 'em stare a bit before I've done."

"You mean to say you are going to keep her in the dark still? Won't the papers?"—

"Bless you, Miss Milly never read a paper since she was born, nor heard the name of Deane: and she don't even know her own. She must have time to look round a bit, before she changes it, too. She's as innocent as a baby, and she might be a Duchess, you see. I'm right, ain't I?"

"You are so right," said Abel heartily and with a sigh of relief, "that I promise you she shall hear nothing from me."

Mr. Adams looked at him keenly, yet demurely : and a twinkle of cunning humour came into his eyes. His intimates would have said, " Joe Adams is composing a joke—beware ! " But Abel had no sense of humour, and was preoccupied.

" I say," he said, " blow up the old flame—go in and win !—ah, you may laugh, but I'm as serious as a Quaker. Nobody can say you married an old flame for tin, and I'll guarantee she shan't know she's got a penny till you've asked her."

Abel looked at him half suspiciously : and also half angrily, for it was not pleasant to have his soul's desire translated into slang.

" I am not a Duke," he said shortly.

" Ah, but you see you adored her when she was but a village maiden, and a hurdle-maker you, as the Penny Readings say. Hearts first, and Diamonds after. You're a poet—so I needn't tell *you*. ' Say, Cynthia '—you know. She'll never marry without my consent : but if she says yes, I won't say no. I won't tell you where she lives, on principle—but if you'll sit down at my desk and write her a letter, I'll see she gets it. I'll just send a line to tell her to direct her answer to Hog Alley, just to prevent your seeing the post-mark : for principle's principle. Short of that, go in and win a nice girl with twenty thousand a year to her tail."

" I do want to write to her," said Abel, slowly, " and if you will take charge of a letter, I shall be obliged.—But why do you take such an interest in my welfare ? I suppose I am not very wrong in thinking you see your own ? "

" You see through me, Mr. Herrick, like a needle through a millstone. I'm an admirer of the poets, and that goes for something, but the fact is I want a chap to marry Miss Milly who would give me the management of Longworth, and not put it into the hands of his own people, as one of those Dukes would be sure to do. Number one's number one. Not going to make her Mrs. Adams, I want to get what I can out of the scrimmage. Come, don't be shy—cock your hat and go in and win, and if you don't get her, you're not the man I take you for."

Abel did not see the twinkle in his eye, while the expressed motives of Mr. Adams were perfectly intelligible and straightforward. It was bitterly degrading to find himself a fellow conspirator with such an associate and to have had his heart read by such eyes. But then Destiny often shapes great ends with very vulgar tools.

" Any way you will forward my letter ? " he asked.

" By first post. It may be some time before you get an answer,



for it may have to come all the way from Kamschatka, but it'll be all the sweeter when it comes. Where are you staying? At Winbury?"

"No. I shall stay here."

"All the better—you'll be on the spot when the answer comes. Of course you'll put up at the Lamb, and mention my name. And now I'll eat my head if you're not A. Herrick, of Longworth, Esquire, in six weeks' time. You might almost put up the banns at once—only don't follow the example of Miss Milly's grandfather. A first-rate hand at bigamy he was: I should like to have had the defending of him. Let me have your letter by post time, and I'll let you know the minute I have the answer."

Abel had had almost enough of letter writing. But he managed to compose one of considerable length, making no allusion to the trial, and enclosing the unsent letter, so that its date might throw the blame upon the Post Office—to such mean tricks had the Destiny of Genius driven him. Every atom of self-respect had vanished now: Longworth was simply the only thing left to live for. He trusted Mr. Adams implicitly, for the lawyer had, as when in the witness-box, kept suspicion at bay by openly avowing himself to be actuated by interests of his own. There is nothing like a display of sharpness to get a reputation for straightforward honesty.

It was a weary while before the letter was answered. Abel still lingered at Eastington. Everything seemed to be going on uncomfortably well, and an experienced dreamer has at least this advantage, that even were he condemned to solitary confinement he would never be at a loss for occupation or pastime. He went over twice or thrice to Winbury, made duty visits to the Herricks' cottage, where it was not altogether unpleasant to be lionised, borrowed his old friends, or enemies, the books from the library, and found a painful but fascinating excitement in living his old life over again. He even added a few verses to the "Wars of the Stars." Mr. Adams sometimes came over to see him at the Lamb, and talked over what should be done with the Longworth property when Abel became master and he steward. So largely and enthusiastically he talked that even Abel's own castles were nothing to those of Mr. Adams. Meanwhile his purse was running very low, but the finance of five pound notes was insignificant in the face of other things.

On the whole, the period of his waiting was tolerable. He hated Mr. Adams as the embodiment of his self-contempt, but yet found relief in his society. It was irritating to be obliged to wait and do nothing, and yet it was a comfort to his conscience that he was

passive in the hands of Destiny. Suspense was wretched, and yet, while it continued, he could feel that he had not yet done anything tangible of which he need be ashamed. He was alone with bitter thoughts and with hopes almost as bitter, but he needed the repose of solitude, and could not have borne to meet familiar faces. Patient impatience sounds like a contradiction: but it is the only phrase that exactly describes his condition while he was waiting at Eastington.

But at last, one morning, he received a message—

“A letter for you at my office from M. V.—J. A.”

And then, at last, he knew his hour had come. Yes or No—which would it prove? He had never in his heart known fear till now. It must be Yes, but still—He hurried to Hog Alley, took the letter from Mr. Adams with as much calmness as he could assume, and tore open the envelope with trembling hands.

It ended “Be patient, and trust me”—in his own handwriting, and signed with his own name. As the letter he had written to Milly had been returned to him by Beatrice, so was the letter he had written to Beatrice returned to him by Milly.

There was nothing more—not a word.

“Well?” asked Mr. Adams, with a twinkle in his eye. “Am I to congratulate the happy man?”

“You may go to the devil!” cried out Abel hoarsely, as he crumpled up the letter, threw it on the floor, and strode furiously from the room.

His hour had indeed come. He knew what had happened now. Again an uncontrolled impulse drove him towards Winbury. But he stopped short before he came in sight of the church tower. Without one moment's hesitation he threw himself into the foul water of the canal, where he knew it would be deep enough to drown him.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

A certain little fish was merrily chasing the shadow of a gadfly as it darted to and fro. “Most foolish of all the fishes!” said an old trout, “to chase the shadow when the substance is within reach of thy nose!” “Well spoke,” quoth the troutling, and leapt: and “Well come!” quoth he who angled with the gadfly. And even so it came to pass that this fish, by quitting the shadow for the substance, caught but a hook for his pains.

THE water closed over him: he sank and then rose. It was only the barest instinct that made him clutch at the bulrushes: he had no desire to escape from the black pool. Had he been able to swim

he would not have consciously moved a limb. Suicides often repent when it is too late, but not when they have already died. His hand slid along the slimy reeds, and he sank a second time.

It is said by some who have tried the experiment that in the moment of drowning the whole of their former life, moment by moment, detail by detail, has passed in review before them. Others, equally experienced, say that all is blank during the transition from the present to the future. Abel, as he sank, saw some things, but not all.

The first thing he saw was a little village boy in corduroys, hiding a broken tea-cup behind a Hebrew Bible, in order that the blame might fall on a little girl. That he had long forgotten—but, trifle as it was, he remembered it now. Then he recalled how, in the moment of an honourable defeat, he had been succoured by a stranger: that he had also forgotten, but he remembered it now: he was once more fainting on the pavement in Cambridge with the names "Hammond—Mackay—Deane-Eliot" in his ears. Then he remembered how, one midnight, he had sent that stranger, that neighbour rather, on a fatal race to Winbury, and had fanned the flame of discord in a household that had never known real sorrow till he came. Then he remembered every detail, from first to last, of that treacherous lie, which was the gradually reached but inevitable climax of all. The sin, and not the reward, was what he had taken from the hand of Destiny. And so he threw off the life of the flesh that he scorned, and dreamed that he was going back to the great Book-world, where every reader is a Bayard, where all battles are easy to fight, and all sins easy to subdue.

I think it must be laid to the account of the Vicar of Winbury if he dreamed nothing more.

How long all this took before he sank for the last time cannot be told. It may have been an instant—it may have been a thousand years. And then he knew no more.

Where do people wake when they die?

Abel woke in a white bed, in a small room, which he dimly remembered: it almost seemed as if he were alive.

"Am I to fail for ever—through all eternity?" he thought or spoke—"Cannot I even die if I will?"

"No—you can't, you see," said an unruffled voice by the bedside. "At least not by drowning. How do you feel now?"

"Where am I—who are you—*am* I alive?"

"You are in the Vane Arms, at Winbury. I am Mr. Burnett, whom

you may remember having met before. Don't bother yourself to talk now. Is he coming round, doctor?"

"He'll come round—I hope so—it was a shave though," said a voice in which Abel recognised the Westcote doctor. "You know what to do, I can see—or it wouldn't have been much good sending for me. I wouldn't mind laying a trifle this isn't your first case of drowning. I'll leave him to you now, if you don't mind—I've only got forty minutes to ride eleven miles. I'll look in again on my way home."

"How do you feel now?" asked Dick Burnett again after a while, during which Abel lay and dozed.

"I suppose you have saved me," said Abel. "And I do not thank you."

"Why the deuce should you? I'm sure I'm very sorry if I put you out by pulling you out, and I beg your pardon: but you can't expect me to put you in again. You can do that for yourself, and perhaps you'll succeed better another time. As for saving you, that's nonsense"——

"I should never have expected to owe my life to you."

"Nor should I—but you see you couldn't expect me to stand high and dry on the tow-path and amuse myself by looking on. How the deuce did you manage to tumble in?"

"I threw myself in. You have done me no kindness. You have never been really my enemy until to-day."

"You really mean to say you fell in on purpose? Good God! fancy a fellow throwing himself into such a ditch—why I was in mud above my chin before I caught hold of you. As for our being enemies, that's humbug—I was never yours, but I own I said more when we last met than I have thought right afterwards. I have a strong impression I told you you lied. I have found reason to think afterwards you did not lie: and I beg your pardon."

Abel looked at him, but held his tongue.

"I never have dreams and fancies myself," said Dick Burnett, "and I'm not a poetical fellow, so I suppose I oughtn't to judge people who do have them. Look here, old fellow: I suppose as you've got out of temper with your life—hang it, how hard it is to put things. Well, you see," he went on again, colouring a little, and with the old affectation upon him that Abel had seldom seen, "I'm as bad as my mother at beating about the bush—very nearly: not quite as bad, of course—that's impossible. It's an awful bore to think of three words to say one in. You ought to go to sleep now, but I won't bother you long—and perhaps you'll sleep the easier. You think I'm jealous

of you about Miss Deane. Not a bit of it—and I don't want to see any poor girl driven to work for her daily bread, nor the man she's engaged to driven to kill himself because he can't get on fast enough to help her. And what's more, I won't see it. It annoys me—I like to feel comfortable, and not to be bothered with anything. So, as I'm not a marrying man myself, and don't want to waste any more money on cabmen—look here, you know, I'll give Miss Deane her dowry on condition you won't kill yourself again. We can manage it somehow, with the help of Adams, or somebody. Hang it, man, yours is a queer way of showing you care for a girl—who cares for you. If you say No, I'll realise everything I've got and throw it into the canal—and anybody may pick it out again who has less respect for his tailor than I have for mine."

Still Abel held his tongue.

"Then that's settled—silence means consent," said Dick Burnett, as he lighted a pipe and went out in order to leave Abel to sleep with an easy mind, and to meditate, for his own part, over what could possibly have become of Tom.

"I wish she had cared for a better man than one who dreams he saved her life and drowns himself because he can't keep her from starving," he thought—but without scorn, for the love of Beatrice ennobled even Abel, and he trusted her insight far better than his own. "Never mind—that's none of my business now. They'll be rich enough now to get on. My business is Tom—and he's a riddle. It's quite clear there's no Vicar's daughter, or even Vicar's tenth cousin ten times removed. And there's no young lady within leagues that I can hear: and the native beauty doesn't seem great enough to make a fool of a man. I wish it was lawful to skin attorneys—Adams must know something. If I could only see inside him! I mustn't give up, though: I must do what I can for her before I take another look at the Equator."

He finished his pipe as quietly as he loved. And, if he is reckoned a cold lover, then I can only say that cold love is the best of all. Hot love would have burned out long ago.

When he returned to the room to look after his patient, Abel was not asleep. He looked up and said—

"Captain Burnett—I do not thank you—if I had seen you drowning, I should have left you to drown."

"Would you? Then when I drown myself I'll take care to do it when you're not by."

Abel turned his face to the wall, and groaned.

"Must you go home to-night, Doctor?" asked Dick Burnett. "If you can spare an hour, you had better smoke a pipe with me in the bar. There's nobody there."

"I will. I can spare several hours—at least I can't, but I must, so I will. As to our patient—is he a friend of yours? I don't like the look of things at all. I don't understand it, to tell you plainly. What's his name?"

"Herrick. Why, do you mean there can be any danger from a ducking?"

"Herrick? It can't be Dame Herrick's foster-son? I've heard of him and seen him too when he was a boy—no doubt I've doctored him, for everybody's my patient here. I'd better send for her. He'll want some nursing before he gets to the corner. Not to-night, though—she's the chronic mother of eight children, never less and never more, and she works hard all day. I'll sit up to-night, if you'll leave me something to fill a pipe with."

"And you work hard all day, if you're like most doctors I know. I don't—so I'll sit up. I'm used to that sort of thing."

The offer was not very consistent with Sleepy Dick's label, but then he was now responsible for the man of most value in all the world—the accepted lover of Beatrice Deane.

"You're a good fellow," said the doctor. "How did our patient tumble in?"

"I don't know. Do you really mean there's danger? He is barely an acquaintance of mine, so you may tell me freely."

"I don't know—and there's always danger in the hands of an ignorant doctor. I'm afraid he's got something on his mind, and that's an awkward complication. I have a strong suspicion his accident had some purpose in it. How could a man fall off the edge of a tow-path unless he was drunk or dreaming?"

"Well, he might have been dreaming. He's a bit of a somnambulist, as I happen to know. A man who didn't walk into the fire when he thought he did might walk into water when he thought he didn't. Do you think a man might not do a thing and think he did it, without 'being a madman? There's a medical nut to crack for you."

"Might? Of course he might. I often think I've drunk two cups of tea when I've only had one, or that I've chained the door when I haven't done anything of the kind. I wish, though, Mr. Herrick only fancied he fell into the canal."

"By the way, you know everybody here, of course? The parson of Winbury for instance?"

"I know his gout."

"Do you know a friend of mine—his nephew—young Deane?"

"I know a nephew of his named Eliot."

"It's all the same. You do know Tom Eliot then?" he asked more eagerly.

"I should think so! A famous bowler—he bowled me out at the match with Westcote without a single run. As jolly a young fellow as I ever met. I hope he's all right?"

"Wasn't there some talk about him and a young lady hereabouts?" asked Dick carelessly, as a feeler.

"Oh—you mean Miss Milly, as they call her here"—

"I dare say. Who is Miss Milly?"

"Just the only nice girl within twenty miles. Niece to old Mrs. Tallis of the Manor House"—

"A good match, then?"

"That depends. For a man who wants a good wife, yes: for a man who wants rank or money, no. When I said Mrs. Tallis *of* the Manor House, I meant Mrs. Tallis *at* the Manor House: she was housekeeper there."

"I see," said Dick Burnett, drawing at his pipe slowly. "I suppose Mrs. What's-her-name thinks it a good match for her side?"

"That I can't tell you. When people die it's hard to tell what their thoughts on the subject of marriage may be. I expect a good many of 'em change their minds."

"She's dead, then?"

"And buried."

"And Miss Milly?"

"Oh, she went away when her aunt died."

"And do you know where? I have a reason for wanting to know."

"No. But I shouldn't wonder if Tom Eliot knows."

"And do you know where he is?"

"No. But I shouldn't wonder if Miss Milly knows."

"Sold again, then, that's all. Now you go home, and I'll look after Herrick and send for the mother of eight the first thing in the morning. You can trust me?"

"I would not go if I did not think you would be of more use than I. Good night—I shall be over again to-morrow."

And the next day and the next: and for days and days and nights and nights Sleepy Dick was Sleepy Dick no more. Mrs. Herrick also came to the Vane Arms and resumed her motherhood: but that did not prevent Sleepy Dick from tending Beatrice's

betrothed husband as if he were more than a brother, from sparing Mrs. Herrick, from acting for the overworked doctor, and, in every way, from nursing Abel Herrick as few can but men whose hearts and hands are equally strong. Like his mother, he never seemed to rest, had time for all things, and never for a moment gave way.

But it was a strange and complicated kind of fever into which Abel had been thrown—one not to be accounted for, as the doctor had said, by the water or even by the mud of the canal. He was not wildly delirious, for even in this condition he was able to hold his tongue. But he lay in that most perilous of all conditions—a dull, lethargic apathy, as though he did not care even to die.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Our vows were fixed as Luna's beam,  
We loved as only phantoms can :  
Our souls were wedded—in a dream :  
We wake—a woman, and a man.

It was on a fine morning in the middle of spring that Beatrice sat at the open window of Mrs. Burnett's cottage parlour, with the new-born roses of the little garden wilderness under her eyes, looking quietly at the hedge-row and the few elms across the way, and sometimes at the white sheep of the sky chasing one another over its blue field.

"A penny for your thoughts, Bee," said Mrs. Burnett, looking up from her writing-table.

"I have none to sell," said Beatrice.

"That is a good sign. Two pennies for whatever is in your brain, then. I've had enough of what people call thoughts for to-day."

"I don't think I've got a brain."

"Better still. One does get so tired of brains—everybody has got brains. For whatever you have, then."

"I've only got something in my ears, but it's not worth saying. It's only something I never understood till now."

"Gude guide us! Not a problem, Bee! Don't tell me it's a problem!"

"No—it's only the commonest of all common quotations—

The meanest floweret of the dale—

I must go on with it now—

The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To her are opening Paradise."



"My dear, I never heard ye talk so sensibly before. I can't congratulate ye on the discovery of a new quotation, but I can on the discovery for yourself of an old one. I'm afraid, my dear, I've missed a great pleasure by never having been ill."

"It makes one think it will be worth while to die, if it is like this only to wake out of the shadow of dying."

"Don't say think, my dear, and I'll agree with ye. I've always thought I should like to see what dying's like one of these days—among other things—but there's plenty of time for that, I hope, for me as well as you. This is a very good world, and I like it, for all I forswore it when I was a baby in arms—near eighty years ago."

"It is a good world to-day. It makes me quite sad, it is so beautiful."

"It makes ye feel quite hungry, ye mean. And in good time here's Annie—or I should say in good time here's your luncheon, for I see it isn't Annie who's bringing it in."

"I wish I could think, Mrs. Burnett."

"Never think about thinking. Eat, and I'll think for ye."

"I only want to know something. Has Uncle George allowed you to help him?"

"There's a change of subject, any way. No, my dear. Your uncle has an idea that the human mind's like a bad sovereign, that it's not lawful to change. Forgive my saying so, my dear, but he is a very obstinate man."

"Then how have you managed to help us through my illness? Please tell me, for it's on my mind—I won't even say thank-you if you'll tell."

"No, my dear, I'm sure you won't, for I haven't helped ye by so much as a penny. Ye'd better ask Annie, my dear."

"So I have—but she only says 'Oh, we've got on somehow'—and then I've generally fallen asleep before I could get up enough energy to ask what somehow means. Please tell me—people don't live somehow."

"Well, my dear, if Annie won't tell ye, I will. I've no notion of people hiding their light under a bushel. I expect she didn't want to worry ye back into the fever with thinking she was running into your ways, Bee. Not that she was, for she was doing work that can't come too hard—and that's duty."

"Annie?"

"Yes, my dear. There's no miracle, is there, in a good girl putting her shoulder to that wheel, and making it go round?"

"I don't understand a word."

"Annie's turned bread-winner, my dear. Don't be angry, but she has set up as professor of a' the frivolities. You see with a sick sister and an id—well, a helpless old uncle, she wasn't able to be too particular about the means. It was just as easy for her to get pupils as you, only of course she wasn't able to leave home for them till you were well. Of course now you are with me she can go."

"Annie!"

"Yes, my dear. She is going to your friends at Birmingham."

"She must not go, Mrs. Burnett—she must not slave with no object at the end"—

"She doesn't look as if she slaved. You see she doesn't worry, and doesn't work for herself, and, above all, she does no more than's needful. She never had any ambition, ye know: and it's my opinion she's quite content to do what she's got to do as well as she can, without going out of her way to do what's not needful for the day. So when she's in good quarters and hasn't you to look after I fancy she'll do very well. I never was afraid about Annie—she never dissipated her strength and her spirits in preparing for a rainy day, so she's all ready to meet the rainy day now it's come. I daresay she'll marry before she's many years older: and if she doesn't, I don't think she's one to turn sour because the men are fools enough to let her hang. She's a good girl, Bee: and good girls keep sweet whether they're wives or maids. When I used to think my boy Dick the sleepy-headed ne'er-do-good that he pretends to be, I hoped he might have done just one wise thing and fallen in love with Annie. But as he's turned out man enough to do something without a woman to help him, and astonished the mother that bore him, and as I doubt if Annie would care much for Sahara—Don't cry, my dear: what has my unlucky tongue done now?"

"I'm not crying—I'm still nervous, I suppose—but—every one of your words about Annie was a stab, Mrs. Burnett—that's all . . . . There, it's over . . . . What were you saying of Captain Burnett? What has he done?"

"Eh?—Don't start, my dear—it'll only be the postman, who always seems to think I'm as deaf as your Uncle Ichthyosaurus because I'm old. No—as I live, if I haven't talked of the—where are your hoofs, Dick? What's the last news from the Antipodes?"

It was Dick. But she stopped short and made a cold curtsy as Abel Herrick followed him into the room. "Gude guide us!" she thought, "what wind brings *him* here? And when I was talking of the de'il!" She glanced sharply at Beatrice, who for her part stared as if at a ghost through the tears that were still in her eyes.

She felt that Dick Burnett was regarding with dismay the shadow that she herself had become. But this was like the meeting of two ghosts. Abel also had become a shadow of himself—gaunt, haggard, and hardly to be known. No wonder he did not venture to meet her eyes after all that had passed: but this only made his presence there a greater mystery.

“We heard in London that Mr. Deane is here,” said Abel. “Can I see him now?”

Dick Burnett looked from Abel to Beatrice with an unusual air of astonishment, seeking for what he had expected to read between two lovers who met thus after a long parting.

“I will see,” said Mrs. Burnett, coldly and stiffly, as she went from the room to find him.

Dick, knowing nothing of what had happened since he had last met Beatrice, could only look with silent dread upon the seemingly sudden change that he found in her. To him she looked not as if she had just escaped death, but as if she were about to die, so ghost-like she had become. However, it was not for him to trouble two lovers with his presence. “As you have business, Herrick,” he said, “I shall go and have a cigar in the garden.”

“No,” said Abel, “I particularly want you not to go.”

He looked at Beatrice: and even her eyes told him, he thought, to remain. Just then Mrs. Burnett entered, with Annie and Mr. Deane, who for the sake of Beatrice had consented to sleep under the shadow of Longworth once more.

“Herrick!” he exclaimed, “I’ve been expecting you for ages—where on earth have you been? And what has been the matter with you? You look almost as ill as my poor girl. You haven’t thought I’ve been blaming you for the state of the law?”

Abel looked round upon the signs of the ruin he had caused. Mr. Deane had grown older by twenty years at least, and looked as if the ghost of the once portly and genial owner of Longworth were haunting its blackened walls. Scarcely a link was visible between Beatrice and the world. Annie was least altered of all, but she was not the same Annie whom he had once known.

“I suppose we are in the way,” said Mrs. Burnett, moving towards the door.

“No,” said Abel. “Captain Burnett has been good enough to come with me here—where I have followed you to say what is very useless—but which all of you, every one, ought to hear. Not that it matters now to anybody but me.”

“Won’t you sit down, Mr. Herrick?” said Mrs. Burnett.

"I would rather stand. The first thing I have to say is," he went on in a cold, heavy, unimpressive monotone, "that Captain Burnett saved Miss Deane from the fire, and not I. I asked him as a favour to come with me here that he might hear me say so. Not only did he save Miss Deane's life then, but, knowing me to be his enemy, he has also saved mine. The second thing I have to say is, that I encouraged your son to disobey you, for my own gain. The third thing I have to say is, that though the verdict against you was just, your cause was not lost justly. I betrayed it. That is all I came to say. I believe I have done little harm to anybody but myself, but that is no merit of mine."

This confession was made so stiffly, and with such measured deliberation, that Abel had much more the air of an actor than when he had really been acting. A long silence was needful for the comprehension of a single word, and each of those who heard him caught but one. To Mr. Deane, the prominent word was treachery: to Dick Burnett, Beatrice: to Annie, Tom.

"Mr. Herrick," said Mrs. Burnett, after keeping silent for an unprecedented time, "I'm doubting whether ye're a madman or a scoundrel."

"I am both, madam," said Abel.

"Explain yourself instantly, sir," said Mr. Deane.

"That is very easy. I was engaged to be married to Miss Vane, and I examined Boswell in such a way that your cause might break down."

"Good God—there will be a new trial—and you shall be disbarred," exclaimed Mr. Deane in a storm of hope and rage.

"I intend to be. But the verdict will stand. Had you proved the marriage with Jane Lane you would have gained nothing. You would have proved the right of Jane Lane's grandson—not yours."

"There is no such person. Who is he?"

"I am he. In trying to betray your cause I betrayed my own."

"What!—I don't believe you—no scoundrel was ever descended from a Vane. The cause shall be tried again."

"I don't ask you to believe."

"I should think not"—

"Tom!" half whispered Annie.

"Yes—Tom! What end had you in making me quarrel with my own son?"

"It is enough that I did. I cannot say why."

But the answer was given: for Beatrice's face was buried in her hands.

"Viper!" exclaimed Mr. Deane. "Where is my son? Give me back my son!"

Abel bowed his head lower. "I told you all I can say is useless," he said in a tone of icy sorrow.

"You have the face to tell me of such a plot"——

"Yes—because it has failed. If it had succeeded, you would never have heard a word. I cannot even boast of repentance. It is only the remorse of a beaten man."

"Good Heaven! do you mean to enrage me beyond all bounds? Look up if you can—if you dare—I want to call you liar and black-guard, and I can't if you keep your face down."

Abel raised his eyes instantly, and waited for the words.

"Dick?" said Mrs. Burnett quickly, as if asking her son a question in shorthand.

"Quite so," he said in answer. "I don't understand this sort of thing myself, but the question is not what Herrick's to be called, but what's to be done? I never knew a word of all this till this minute—and I should say, on the spur of the moment, that if I had acted like Herrick I should uncommonly like to be thrashed, and of course we ought to do as we'd be done by. But then, you see, he's just off a sick bed: so I should say leave him to himself, and let him go without another word." He was looking secretly but intently at Beatrice: though he could read nothing through her fingers.

"Thank ye, Dick," said his mother. "I wanted to hear the opinion of a man of his own time. But I'm privileged to speak straight to anybody, Mr. Herrick, by near eighty years: and I only tell ye to wake up wide, and rub your eyes. I can pretty well see how things must have gone with ye. In eighty years I've known more than one man who read 'Honesty is the best policy' into 'The best policy is honesty': and maybe it would puzzle a grammarian to say where the difference lies. But in eighty years ye are the only man I have known that dared to look what he's done in the face and make the worst of it. That's something new: it'll give me something to think over. So I'll judge not—and indeed there's no reason why I would, for it's naught to me. Only I'm a meddling body—and if ye want to feel somebody's hand before ye're leaving, here's an old wife's that's lived too long to find much to blame in anybody but a coward—and that ye're not to-day."

She held out her hand as she spoke. But Abel drew back, bowed in silence and went his way. None, not even Mrs. Burnett, understood him: and the man who stood stroking his moustache in

bewilderment, though he alone knew all the facts, understood him the least of all.

Nevertheless he who, without even wishing to do right, had tended his enemy like a brother, and had smoothed love's course for a rival, and had believed in the good faith of a liar because he could hardly believe in the existence of a conscious lie, ought to have been able to understand. But then the book called Richard Burnett which Abel had of late been reading was undeniably dull.

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

Like rings on wedded fingers are our lives—  
Each point is a beginning—each, an end.

EVERY hour of facts is crowded with coincidences that fiction dares not use. This history, not calling itself fiction, dares.

And for one excellent reason—these coincidences were not coincidences, as an ancient Greek or a modern Irishman would say, because they had a contriver. So there is nothing noteworthy in their sequence after all.

That arch-jester, Joseph Adams, who even managed to make a joke out of law, nay even out of marriage, to such an extent as to have very nearly obtained a case of suicide to laugh over, rode over one fine spring day from Redchester to Mrs. Burnett's cottage. The visit was less impudent than might be supposed, for the simple reason that he was ignorant of the estimation in which Mr. Deane held him. When he entered the drawing-room, where the whole household was sitting, after sending in his card—

"Well, I am fallen among old friends I declare," he said cordially. "Pray keep your seat, Mr. Deane—don't move on my account, pray. I assure you I bear no malice, sir—not a grain. I've taken the liberty, Mrs. Burnett, of riding over as a vong currier to my client, Miss Vane, as the French say, who is going to do herself the pleasure of calling on you this morning, but was a little bit shy of coming alone. So I came on horseback first—there's the animal, but between you and I, I don't think much of their horseflesh down here. She's come over to have a look at the place, and though of course your lease isn't worth a straw now, still, as a matter of respect, I thought the first call was due to you."

Annie looked at her uncle, but he did not move. He only pressed his lips together and sat more firmly in his chair, as if resolved that the enemy, though victorious, should not make him fly. Dick Burnett nodded, with a smile, at the fixed and solemn gravity which Mr. Adams wore and which became him so oddly.

Mrs. Burnett shrugged her shoulders impatiently, but only said stiffly—

“Of course Miss Vane is welcome to her own cottage. She will find it in good order.”

“I’m sure she will,” said Mr. Adams politely. “She’s late, though—I expect she’s driven through the park, to see the ruins. Ah, Mr. Deane, that fire was an unlucky business for my client. There’s one comfort, though: she can cut her new house according to her fancy.”

“I’m glad of the fire,” said Mr. Deane shortly and sharply. “It was better to see it burned before my eyes than to see it lived in by an impostor.”

“A what, sir?”

“An impostor. We have had law so far, but you will learn what justice means before you have done.”

“Mr. Deane, I respect you—I like to see a man nail his flag to the mast and die game. Law’s cheap, too cheap—but when a man wants justice, there’s no end to his lawyer’s bill. The man that wants justice!—that’s the toast and sentiment for me: better than the man that makes his own will. I hope I see you well, Miss Annie? Your sister’s still on the sick list, I see. I thought she didn’t look A 1 when I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance in the train, but she looks Z 99 now. You must feed her up, Mrs. Burnett,” and so he talked on, making pleasant conversation in the form of a monologue, till the sound of wheels came from the park along the lane.

A fly stopped at the door: the bell clattered: and, in a moment, hurried in, not Miss Vane, but—Tom.

How shall one describe the indescribable—how speak of the blind amazement, the petrification of limbs and tongues, the wild bewilderment, the burst of confusion, that ensued? “What is this?” cried Tom. “The house burnt—you here”—and no other coherent word could be heard.

“Mr. Deane!” said Mr. Adams loudly from the door. “Allow me. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mrs. Deane-Eliot, of Longworth, *knee* Vane, as the wedding cards say.”

He stepped back, like a painter admiring his own handiwork, as he made way for a young lady, plainly dressed, tolerably pretty, trembling like a leaf, and blushing like a rose.

“There!” he exclaimed triumphantly. “What do you say now? And now I’ll cut the knot of Gorgon. This young lady standing here is, or rather was, my ward. I may say I feel to her as if she was my

own child. If you want to know what responsibility means, try being a guardian to a may-be heiress of fifteen or twenty thousand a year. I sat on the edge of the treacle-tub night and day to keep the wasps off. It was as much as I could do to keep from marrying her myself, just to save myself the trouble. How the fellows got scent of what was in the wind, I don't know, but they did somehow : and the only thing I could do, seeing that young ladies aren't to be trusted with the secret of their own charms, was to keep my ward in the dark : and how well I did it you may guess when I tell you that at this very minute she don't know her own maiden name. However, not having a heart of adamant, you know, I did relent to one—after I heard from a certain charming young lady in the course of a certain delightful railway journey that he was son and heir to my friend Mr. Deane. Why he didn't tell me so himself I don't know. P'raps he'd been reading a poem called 'Lallah Rookh,' in the poetical works of Mr. Thomas Moore. P'raps he hadn't—but it put me in a quandary all the same. If I'd stopped the case and let 'em settle it by marriage? Why then I should have sold my client's birthright that I was trusted with by a dear old friend of mine for some trumpety settlements, and have lost the management of a big case and a heavy bill of costs into the bargain—I'm not one of those that pretend they don't care for number one. I think you'll all give me considerable credit for what I did do. I took my friend Mr. Deane-Eliot at his word—got him to settle everything his wife would ever have of her own on herself—he was over head and ears, you know, and a duke could have done no more : and then I went at the case hammer and tongs. I put my ward to board in a most respectable establishment for young ladies kept by a Miss Baxter, and promised Mr. Deane-Eliot he should have her as soon as I'd settled a few affairs, and if he wouldn't be after the young lady till then. No, he didn't go to Jericho, Captain : things being a bit hot at home, I fancy, he went on the Continent with a Cambridge friend to be out of temptation, and enjoyed himself very much, I dare say. Young men mostly do, I observe, when their sweethearts are out of the way. And so there we were, you see—if she lost, she married the man who won : if she won, she was as much mistress of her own as if she'd never married at all. And so as soon as she did win I whipped her off to Paris with Miss Baxter, who talks French better than the natives, and let 'em enjoy their honeymoon till I thought they'd had enough, and then sent 'em word to come home—and all the rest's a little joke of my own. And so, Miss Milly, all this estate, with ever so many thousands a year, belongs to you : and so,



Mr. Eliot, Miss Milly, with ever so many thousands a year, belongs to you : and you owe it all to the sharpness of Joe Adams. And so, Mr. Deane, your grandchildren will have Longworth yet, and to Joe Adams you owe it all—including a bill of costs, which I hope will be paid without delay. Till then I am, yours obediently, J. Adams."

The explanation took long, but its comprehension took longer. Even Milly had not yet become the object of curiosity that she would certainly become to her cousins-in-law before another five minutes passed by. Our and Abel's long-dethroned heroine was even now undergoing a formidable ordeal, for the eyes of Mrs. Burnett were piercing her through and through without sparing her a blush or a tear. It was a sort of relief when the old lady took her by the hand and led her trembling from the room, while the others were absorbed in the return of the prodigal, and while her son carried off Mr. Adams.

"Don't you think, Mr. Adams," said the Captain as he lighted a cigar in the garden, "that you have caused a great deal of unhappiness that might have been spared? A joke is all very well, but you can never give back to Mr. Deane the years of which you have robbed him or unwhiten his hair."

"No—but a barber can. And, begging your pardon, Captain, I was retained for Miss Milly—not for Mr. Deane. If the Queen stood in the way of Miss Milly's being richer by a penny, so much the worse for the Queen. You're a military officer, Captain—p'raps you'd think of the widows you'd make if you were sent out to war?"

"I shouldn't make a joke of them."

"Then, begging your pardon, more fool you. A joke keeps off malice, which is a thing I can't bear—but I see we don't see things in the same way."

"I don't think we do."

"That's because you hav'n't got a sense of humour, you see : and a joke isn't a thing to be explained. Never mind : we're not all made alike, and a good job too. Why, bless my soul, if everybody had a sense of humour there'd be no quartets, and then there'd be no fun."

"And no bills of costs?"

"And no wars—so we're quits there. And no crime, and no—bless my soul, what would there be?"

"In fact, you'd like to turn all creation into a broad grin?"

"No, Captain, I'd like to keep it as it is, so that I may grin. And

as I like to laugh, I like to win. So as there's nothing left to laugh at here, and as there might be something to cry at, I'll wish you good day."

And, in fact, Mrs. Burnett's drawing-room was much fuller of tears than of smiles.

"Are we on our heads or our heels?" Tom was asking, in a thick voice. "I understand nothing. Do you understand that you have seen my wife?"

Mr. Deane laid his hands on his son's shoulders, and kissed him on the forehead.

"I have heard," he said, "what makes me think we are both in the wrong. But I can't go back from my word: You can't ask me to humble myself to the mistress of Longworth after holding out against her when Longworth was mine. Say 'won't,' Tom."

"'Won't?' Won't—what?"

Mr. Deane looked puzzled. "That you won't—won't"—

"Oh, Uncle George," said Annie, as she clung to Tom's arm, "how can he say he won't do what is done?"

"But I will say it though!" said Tom. "I won't marry Milly Barnes—for it seems I have married Milly Vane. Will you see her now?"

"Yes," said his father, with a sigh. "She is a Vane—my grandson will be a Deane of Longworth after all. Bring her in."

And here ends this new version of an old fable. But no—nothing has an end: for the end of one story is but the beginning of a new.

Beatrice, upon whom this day's excitement had come too suddenly, was thrown back upon her sick bed again. But her relapse was never dangerous, and her second recovery was celebrated by a general visit to the park, which she had never seen since the eve of the trial. Dick Burnett, as became his strength, kept pace with the weakest of the party. Mr. Deane was again, in spite of experience that would have taken the heart out of a less obstinate Englishman, amusing Mrs. Burnett by planning future architectural glories: Tom, with Annie and Milly, was far afield. So that when the two slow walkers found themselves beneath the terrace they also found themselves alone.

Here Dick Burnett quickened his step—ever so slightly.

"Wait one moment," said Beatrice. "I am glad to be a bad walker to-day—I want an excuse for lingering over every spot of the old ground."

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I was thinking of myself—are you very tired? Let us sit down on the terrace—no, not here."

"Why not here?"

"Because—because—when I was here last, I left it meaning to do so much—and it accuses me."

"Accuses you?"

"Yes—of nothing. Of having done nothing, I mean."

"Don't say that," she said to the former practice-butt of her ridicule, with a tinge of colour in her face: for she also remembered what had once happened there. "I have never yet said even 'thank you' for saving my life. And I would never say it if—if you had not taught me that it was worth saving."

"Worth saving—your life? Don't thank me for that, please."

"Thank you, then, for not asking me to say how much I feel. What fearful danger you must have been in!—and for me, who never gave you a good word! But was it a miracle, after all? How came you to be there?"

"I often take a walk at night—that's all."

She thought of the figure she had seen beneath her window just before the fire—and had no need to ask him why he had been trespassing there.

"And I happened to see a blaze," he said hurriedly. "It was too late to do anything but ring up the house, and—climb a tree. I assure you that I was in no danger at all."

"But you were—you were burnt terribly: and I had not a scorch even on my clothes."

"What makes you think I was burnt?"

"Because the next morning you would not shake hands!—And I thought—why did I not know? You ought to have hated me."

"What—hate my life? Don't be afraid, Miss Deane—I may say that. You may like to know that I have been trying to deserve you, though I have failed."

Beatrice, not without many warnings, felt her heart going out towards the man who, she now knew, had always loved her and lived for her—her own self, and not for any reward she could give him: not even for her hand, not even for her heart. On that bright spring afternoon, when all hearts were stirred even without cause, when all living things were in full blossom, and when her still lingering illness made her feel born again, the soul that had never yet tried to love longed to blossom too. She made him no answer: but he expected none.

"I have just seen poor Herrick, in town," he said quickly, to

relieve her from embarrassment and to destroy the point of his last words. "I can't make out how a man can be one thing and act another. I thought I got to know him well at Winbury, and was beginning—well, not to like him, but to see that I oughtn't to dislike a man that I can't understand. Even now, after all he said to your uncle, I can't help thinking that somehow he meant well. When I thought you were engaged to him of course I thought he was all right, but now I know you are not, it puzzles me."

"I was engaged to him," said Beatrice softly. "But he never cared for me, and as for me, it was another Abel Herrick that was cared for by another Beatrice Deane. It was all over between us, thank God, even before the trial. He loved Longwerth, I am afraid, and I loved myself, and thought it was he."

"No. How could a man love anything but you? Of course he loved you. Don't be hard on him—he is punished enough if you care for him no more."

"I never cared for *him*—I told you it was another Abel Herrick, and another Beatrice Deane: a wretched girl who cared for nothing but making herself better instead of making others better. Can anything be more mean? But you know best—I will not be hard on *him*. You have seen him—what is he going to do?"

"Well—he won't stick to the bar, so I've done rather a stupid thing. He's as strong as a lion now, with a blacksmith's shoulders, and a constitution that has already carried him through worse than mere dying. And he can stand any climate on earth if he can stand Winbury. By the way, how do you like your new sister-in-law?"

"I should once have said she is not one of us: but that's over now. At any rate she is a very loveable, unaffected girl, with no character in particular, except being just the wife for Tom: but that means everything with us, you know. She is rivalling Annie with Uncle George—as for me, I am nobody's rival now. But you were telling me about"——

"Oh, Herrick? I thought it was a shame he shouldn't have a clean start—so I got my newspaper people to put him into my shoes, such as they are. He'll do it well—and he can write, into the bargain."

"But why should he step into anybody's shoes? Is there no new place in the world—even for a man?"

"Well, any way there wasn't room in my shoes for two."

"But what were yours?"

"Didn't I tell you? I was going to Africa."

"Africa? Ah," she exclaimed with a breathless start, "forgive

me—if you can! You are he—my hero—miserable, blind idiot that I have been not to have known it before!”

“Beatrice!” he exclaimed, amazed.

“You say you have done nothing! Why should you be ashamed? And now you are giving up the field of your glory to save another man’s soul!”

“Beatrice—you don’t know what you are saying”——

“I do! And you say you do not deserve—you deserve no woman, none, for there is not one who deserves”——

“I only want to deserve one,” said Dick Burnett, simply. But he was not quite a fool: he was not quite unable to read her cheeks and her eyes. “Does she think I have tried my best to deserve her? Beatrice—will you be my wife now?”

“Yes—if you will take me—broken-souled as I am,” she said, bursting into tears as he took her to his heart and held her there.

So patience had its reward. And the new story that issued thence must still be going on, and cannot be told for very many years. Perhaps amid strange scenes and from a fresh outset the tinge of poetry and chivalry that only turned to weeds in the dreamland of Abel Herrick the hurdle-maker grew, in the throng of action, into the flowers that they were surely meant to be. Perhaps from Africa will come a better poem than “The Wars of the Stars.”

Such is quite possible. Only this I know, that Cornelius Boswell the tinker when he brags in his cups of “My son the lawyer, who I’m pushing to the top of the tree and who’ll give me a pull when he’s there,” gave his son the highest push up when he pulled him down. “A Dog and his Shadow” indeed! Dogs and their Shadows are we all.

THE END.



# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

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MR. KARL BLIND sends me an interesting batch of notes upon Miss Louisa Frampton's story of "The Little White Woman of Berlin Palace," which led off my Table Talk last month. In superstitious circles of the higher as well as of the lower ranks in Germany, Mr. Blind says, there has always been a good deal of ghost-talk about the *Weisse Frau* and the *Ahn-Frau*—the White Woman and the Ancestress. The "Legend of Berlin Palace" is not peculiar to the House of Hohenzollern, but is part and parcel of a mythological conception once extending throughout the Teutonic races, and still lingering in places all over Germany, in connection with princely palaces and with the castles and mansions of the nobility. In each locality the legend assumes a special and semi-historical local character; but the central idea remains: and these essential features of the story lead us back by the clearest association to the grand and elaborate mythology of our Germanic forefathers, wherein images of beauty and of horror are often strangely blended. The White Woman was seen a few years ago, by those who believe in her, in the Hofburg at Vienna, where, as in other palaces, she now and then perambulates the castle at midnight by way of giving forewarning of an imperial or royal death or of some other terrible event. "I remember hearing in early youth"—continues Mr. Blind—"the White Woman mentioned in words of terror in connection with the ruling house of Baden; and I recollect some current stories that were afloat, in those days, of the White Woman having been personated by Court schemers for the purpose of compassing their political objects by working upon the poorly cultivated minds of certain exalted personages." There are historical instances in which the ghosts have been "collared" and exposed. The aristocratic family of Neuhaus and Rosenberg in Bohemia is famous for its *Weisse Frau* and its *Ahn-Frau*; and in this case, especially, the ghost is presented in such semi-historical colours as to indicate clearly its mythological origin. The White Woman is always the ancestress of the house, and whenever she has a name it is Bertha. The following passages must be given in Mr. Blind's exact words:—

Now, Bertha, Berchta, Perchta, or Përahtha, is itself but another word for "White" Woman. The word Bertha comes from a root which means shining

light, typified by white. In the ancestral legends of Teutonic ruling families a great many Berthas occur. Bertha was said to have been the name of the mother of Karl the Great, the Frankish emperor, whom Frenchmen call "Charlemagne," but who was a full-blooded Teuton, careful of his German speech, and usually dressed in his national Frankish garb. The Bertha who is alleged to have been the mother of that warrior-monarch belongs not, however, to history but to the circle of myths of a pre-Christian time. A stag—so the fable runs—led Pipin, the father of Karl the Great, to the sylvan retreat where Bertha had found an asylum, after her would-be murderers had regarded her as dead. She is described in an old French record as *Berthe as grans pîs*—i.e., Bertha the large-footed; an expression which corresponds with the Old German *Berhte mit dem fuose*. This large foot of the mythic ancestress of the House of the Kerlings, or Carolingians, was represented in sculptures of old French and Burgundian churches as a swan's foot—or rather a goose-foot! The queen in question is therefore called *Reine aux pieds d'oison*—clearly not a human being, but a fairy-form belonging to mythology.

It is noteworthy that the White Woman of palaces, castles, and mansions is not only always "Bertha," but is usually identified by her large swan or goose-foot. We turn now from mythological history to pure mythology:—

Woden, the All-father, had a consort, Freia, whose figure has branched out into several deities, arising from the different attributes or appellations of that goddess, who was a Goddess of Love and Domestic Virtues, as well as a Mother of Life, in whose heavenly region the Unborn dwelt. On account of her charms Freia was called, or transfigured into "Holda." Owing to the light and the shimmer which surrounded her even in the darkness of night, she became *Përahta*, *Perchta*, or "Bertha." In a great many tales still current in German folk-lore she was, and is, represented as being of snow-white body, clad in a white garment; her white head-gear and robe being moreover covered with a white veil. She is dressed in white from head to foot—a perfect "White Woman."

Thus we find ourselves upon the trace of a mythological figure whose attribute is white; whose name is Bertha; and who, as a Mother of Life, is easily converted into an Elder-mother or Ancestress. Now, in the genealogical tables of Anglo-Saxon and other Germanic dynasties, Woden or Odin—the consort of Freia-Holda, Bertha, or of Frigg—figures as an ancestor.\* We cannot therefore wonder that a "White Woman," of the name of "Bertha," should figure in the

\* I have shown elsewhere that this does not incontestably and invariably point to a supposed divine descent of those royal families. Besides the Odin of mythology, there is a half-historical, half-mythical Odin, the reputed common ancestor of Anglo-Saxon, Norwegian, Danish, and German kingly families. Thus, the Norse *Langfedgatal*, or Royal Genealogy, fabulously begins with Japhet, the son of Noah; then goes through a confused list of names from the Greek, Persian, and Trojan legendary cycle; but finally gives a list of Germanic names from Thor to Finn, *Frealaf*, and "Voden, whom we call Oden." Here, a Thor precedes an Oden; whereas, in mythology, Thor is Odin's son. The *Langfedgatal* styles this heroic Oden, who lived in Asgard, near the Black Sea, a King of Tyrk-land, which makes him a ruler, not only over a Teutonic people, but also over Turanian races near the Caspian Sea. However, for all practical purposes, the semi-historical, semi-mythic, or half-divine Odin afterwards slides into, and is confused with, the Odin who thrones in Walhalla.

legendary pedigree of German princes and nobles as their ancestress. The spectre, whose apparition in their castles portends the death of some member of the family, or some other tragic event, is consequently none else than the ancestress who either calls back her descendants to the region she herself inhabits, or wishes to give them important warning. The idea of the *Weisse Frau* and the *Ahn-Frau* being the harbinger of death points all the more closely to Germanic mythology, because Freia-Bertha was, like All-father himself, supposed to be in the habit of receiving the souls of the departed. The Mother of Life was also a Ruler of the Dead. In the Edda, where Freyja and Frigg, originally one, are already two separate divine figures, it is said that the former could, like Odin, choose daily one half of those who had fallen in battle, to receive them as her companions in Folkwang. The identity between the goddess and the ancestress of kings and nobles—who, with the pride of rulers by right divine, trace their pedigree to celestial origin—is thus fully established.

Mr. Karl Blind turns next to the swan's foot or goose-foot of ancient Burgundian queens, among whom the name of Bertha occurs :—

In her earliest form, Freia-Holda-Bertha was a storm goddess, the wife of the ruler of the winds and the clouds, by whom she is chased, even as the cloud is by the wind. Minor cloud-goddesses, or cloud-women, surround her ; in some myths they are conceived as horses or swans. They are the swift-running, fast-sailing cloudlets, of sombrero or more silvery hue. Freia herself was in this way at first regarded as a Walkyrian Swan-Virgin. Later on, when the period of mythic decay sets in, nothing remains of the characteristics of the Swan-Virgin, or of the swan, but the foot. For the swan, under a new deterioration of the old creed, a goose is substituted. A goose-foot then is changed into a flat foot, a large foot, even a club foot—and so, out of a Goddess Freia-Bertha, the Mother of Life, who originally was a Swan-Virgin, we get Berthas, ancestresses of kings, who are represented as swan-footed, goose-footed, flat-footed, and club-footed—an unseemly change very frequent in the domain of decaying creeds.

My correspondent deals next with the heavy, tapping walking-stick, sometimes carried by the White Woman of the German castles. Here again we go back to Teutonic mythology :—

The distaff may be said to have been one of the attributes of the goddess who represented not only amorousness, but also housewifely accomplishments. About Twelfth-night time—it was once fabled, and it is believed even now in some dark nooks and corners where superstition lingers—a fairy, called Freia or Berchta, visits the households, looking after the industry of the maidens at the spinning wheel. "Bertha with the distaff" is therefore also the name of that mythic mother of Karl the Great, whose image had been evolved out of an ancient Teutonic creed. In the usual course of the deterioration of mythic belief, the distaff of Freia-Bertha, the white goddess, degenerates into a heavy staff, carried by a spectral white woman.

"Such," concludes Mr. Blind, "is the real origin of the Legend of Berlin Palace. And these superstitions will never be quite rooted out until their scientific treatment has been popularised and brought home to the understanding of the masses. When that shall be



done, superstition will vanish, to make place for the poetical enjoyment of tales which, even under a cover of ghastliness, have sometimes traits of considerable charm."

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At the recent Shakespeare Birthday Feast of the Urban Club, Mr. Furnivall complained that even yet Shakespeare is not adequately appreciated among us; whereat the members of the club demurred. I hardly know how to form a judgment between the learned connotator and those by whom his observations were challenged, but in defence of Shakespeare's countrymen and countrywomen it must be urged that never in the history of secular literature has there been a hero holding so bright a place in the hearts of so many millions at once of the lettered and the unlearned. Mr. Furnivall seems a little too much to measure the estimation in which the poet is held by the amount of labour that is expended in the analysis of his words and in the building up of the great man's biography—or the story of his inner and intellectual life—by an ingenious and loving consideration of what he has written. But are not Shakespeare's phrases on everybody's lips? And who and where are the people in the realms of whose imagination Othello and Desdemona, Lear and Cordelia, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, Rosalind, Shylock, Portia—all the wonderful host of heroes and heroines—are not inspired spirits? Where are the abodes of men and women and children so dark that these names do not conjure up ideas and recall impressions and visions? This, I think, is the monument of appreciation which the Man of Stratford would value most.

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I AM constrained to agree with Signor Ernesto Rossi that we are not justified in making overmuch of the fact that Hamlet was a Teuton, and I concur with him in thinking that it should be a leading law of the actor's art to feel with the character he personates, and to give such outward form and expression to the passions of the character as suggest themselves to the actor's mind when he has done his utmost to put himself in the place of him whose part he plays. If an Italian may personate Hamlet, let us go and study Shakespeare's Hamlet from the point of view of the Italian who has sought to rise to the height of Shakespeare's conception. I would not ask Rossi or Salvini or any other artist to go to Copenhagen and study Danish princes and Danish men of speculative mood, as certain popular vocalists have studied the Africans of the Southern States of America. Probably the author of Hamlet himself never saw a Danish prince, and had made no special and particular study of Danish character.

A THOUSAND pens will, no doubt, essay to write, as a chapter by itself, the history of the one hundred years commemorated in the celebration of the centennial anniversary of American Independence. It is a fine text to write from, because it suggests, perhaps better than any other incident, the character of the century that is rounded off this summer. The 4th of July, 1776, was the beginning of the age of the realisation of the modern spirit in modern institutions, following upon an age of criticism. Courageous action followed upon daring speculation. We have had a hundred years of it, but nothing is finished, there is no symmetry anywhere, and no rest. We shall get upon a hill at this centenary celebration, and look round, and glorify ourselves, not without some justification; but at the same time we shall see American civilisation, European civilisation, Asiatic civilisation—Anglo-Saxon civilisation everywhere—fringed around with barbarism and with savages as was the civilisation of the Roman Empire.

FROM the deck of the steamship *Queenland* my friend and now antipodean contributor Red Spinner, on a dark and miserable January day, did not take a rose-coloured view of the attractions of the river Tyne, and his observations on that subject in the opening passages of his "Ocean Log" have called forth champions prepared to break a lance with Mr. Senior in defence of the Northumberland river. Mr. G. R. Hedley especially appeals to Mr. SYLVANUS URBAN on this point, saying that while he is a great admirer of Red Spinner's descriptions of English rivers, and is fain to admit that he has not done much injustice to the aspects of the Tyne between Newcastle and Tynemouth, he protests that the words in Red Spinner's text: "Far up in the country the young stream adds to the beauty of Northumberland landscape, and affords good sport to the angler," are wholly inadequate and all too cold to apply to the almost incomparable beauty and interest of the upper Tyne. Here I cannot do better than quote largely from Mr. Hedley's letter:—

The truth is that this river, as soon as you get above Ryton, only four miles from Newcastle, is one of unsurpassable loveliness, is the haunt of the angler, the artist, and the tourist, and will, I trust, long remain so, notwithstanding the few factories and collieries that appear at long intervals upon its shores. Beyond Ryton the banks of the Tyne spread out in gentle acclivities north and south through many miles until the stream is joined by the North Tyne at Hexham, and the South Tyne at Haltwhistle. From a point below the reception of these two tributaries the river widens very much, and there is richly wooded country on either hand through some five-and-twenty miles of the river's course. Far away north and south the land is broken and undulating, and remarkable for its fertility; the timber is very fine, and all the outlines of the scenery are bold and picturesque. Men of mark have been born on the banks of this river. Wylam

gave birth to George Stephenson, Cherryburn to Thomas Bewick, Minsteracres to Lough, Haydonbridge to Martin. Numerous scenes on the banks of the Tyne may be found in Bewick's woodcuts. Bywell, the seat of W. B. Beaumont, M.P., is the constant resort of famous artists, and is so rich, so sumptuous, so varied in its rural beauty that it may compare with any scenery of a similar character in Europe. One of the largest oaks in the kingdom is here. A little to the east is Prudhoe Castle, now belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, but in ancient days a stronghold of the great feudal family of Umfraville. This castle is the subject of one of Turner's finest landscapes, and gave rise to the following sonnet by the present correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* :—

Beautific pile whither the sunbows play  
 At earliest morn, and leave the last at even,  
 Thy time-worn turrets shooting high and gray  
 Seem hostel meet halfway 'twixt earth and heaven—  
 And all is peace within thy court and keep,  
 The dull chain clanks o'er chafed limbs no more—  
 Round thy hoar walls sere moss and ivy creep  
 And roam sleek pads where war steeds paw'd of yore.  
 Serenely tranquil are thy knolls of beech,  
 Thy moat of leaves, and sheeny shining steep—  
 The caw of rooklets or the lone owl's screech  
 Is all of sound; save when with crank'd sweep  
 The brown bat cuffs the leaves or beetles drone,  
 Or cocks do crow or mill-wheels patter on.

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