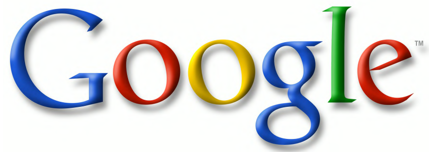


This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
·LIBRARIES·
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS
1817

THE

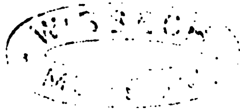
Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME CCLXXI.

JULY TO DECEMBER 1891

RODESSE & DELECTARE E PLURIBUS UNUM

Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*



London
CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY
1891

AP
4
.G3

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

CONTENTS *of* VOL. CCLXXI.

	PAGE
Algerian Hill-Town, Life in an. By Dr. J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S.	164
Among the Algerian Hills. By Dr. J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S.	472
Anuradhapura: a Pre-Christian City. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING	560
Aubrey, John, of Wilts. By Rev. B. S. JOHNS, M.A.	279
Australian Aborigines, The Customs of. By C. N. BARHAM	329
Ballad, The, of the Hulk. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	416
Beaconsfield, Lord, Was he the Sun? By J. A. FARRER	254
Beverages, Summer, for Fat People. By Dr. YORKE-DAVIES	153
Burial, A Pauper's. By GEORGE HOLMES	93
Captain Kitty: a Salvationist Sketch. By LILLIAS WASSERMANN	109
Churches, Odd Items in Old. By SARAH WILSON	94
Commonplace-Book, A. By Major-Gen. PATRICK MAXWELL	575
Competitive Utopia, A. By ARTHUR RANSOM	44
Cry, The, of the Saxon. By M. A. CURTOIS	202
Customs, The, of Australian Aborigines. By C. N. BARHAM	329
Cutting-out, The, of the "Hermione." By FLEETWOOD H. PELLEW.	519
David, A Song of. By GEORGE HOLMES	526
Day, A, at the Meydoum Pyramid. By Rev. H. D. RAWNSLEY, M.A.	260
ENGLISH SPARROW, THE:—	
I. A Sketch. By JOHN WATSON, F.L.S.	398
II. For the Prosecution. By CHARLES WHITEHEAD	399
III. For the Defence. By Rev. THEODORE WOOD	407
IV. In America. By G. W. MURDOCH	412
Expletives, Some English. By THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM	192
Farming, The Pleasures of. By Rev. W. G. WATKINS, M.A.	25
Flowers and the Poets. By SPENCER MOORE	171
Folk-Tales, The, of Sardinia. By E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, B.A.	33
Forefathers, The Naming of our. By W. WHEATER	623
Foulon and Berthier, The True History of. By E. PERRONET THOMPSON	341
French Revolution, The Great Talkers of the. Part I. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.	478
Part II.	606
From a Country Parsonage. By A COUNTRY PARSON	50
Goethe's Mother. By Rev. Dr. JOSEPH STRAUSS, M.A.	590
Great Railway Centre, A. By JOHN SANSOME	180
Grindstone Theory, The, of the Milky Way. By J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S.	359
Harriet Shelley's Letters, On Some Extracts from. By ANNIE E. IRELAND	232
"Hermione," The Cutting-out of the. By FLEETWOOD H. PELLEW	519
"Incident, The." By JAMES HUTTON	65
Jean Chouan: a Tale of La Vendée. By C. E. MEETKERKE	310
Jenkins' Ear War, The, and Vernon. By H. P. ROBERTS	137
Jerome Cardan. By W. G. WATERS	384
John Aubrey of Wilts. By Rev. B. G. JOHNS, M.A.	279
Journal, The, of Richard Bere. By Major MARTIN A. S. HUME	440
Kingfishers. By FRANK FINN, B.A., F.Z.S.	504
Life in an Algerian Hill-Town. By Dr. J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S.	164
Life in the North Sea. By ALEXANDER GORDON	78
London History, Two Primitive Relics of. By G. LAURENCE GOMME, F.S.A.	499

Meydoum Pyramid, A Day at the. By Rev. H. D. RAWNSLEY, M.A. . . . [illegible]0
Milky Way, The Grindstone Theory of the. By J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S. 359
Moorland Sheep-Farm, A. By GEORGE RADFORD 124
Mrs. Hibbert. By M. F. W. CROSS 537
Nameless. By J. LAWSON 321
Naming, The, of our Forefathers. By W. WHEATER . . . 623
Notes on the Lias and Trias Cliffs of the Severn. By C. PARKINSON 292
Odd Items in Old Churches. By SARAH WILSON 94
On some Extracts from Harriet Shelley's Letters. By ANNIE E. IRELAND 232
Oxford Beauty, The Troubles of an. By PHILIP SINCLAIR . . 213
Pages on Plays. By J. H. MCCARTHY, M.P. 100, 204, 312, 420, 528, 632
Pauper's Burial, A. By GEORGE HOLMES 93
Pearl, The, of Hafiz. By Π 1
Pleasures, The, of Farming. By Rev. M. G. WATKINS, M.A. . 25
Poets, Flowers and the. By SPENCER MOORE 171
Railway Centre, A Great. By JOHN SANSOME 180
Retrogression, Zoological. By H. G. WELLS, B.Sc. 246
Richard Bere, The Journal of. By MAJOR MARTIN A. S. HUME . 440
Salvationist Sketch, A: Captain Kitty. By LILLIAS WASSERMANN 109
Sardinia, The Folk-Tales of. By E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, B.A. . 33
Saxon, The Cry of the. By M. A. CURTOIS 202
Severn, Notes on the Lias and Trias Cliffs of the. By C. PARKINSON 292
Shakespeare, William, Naturalist. By ARTHUR GAYE . . . 364
Sheep-Farm, A Moorland. By GEORGE RADFORD . . . 124
Some English Expletives. By THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM . . 192
Some London Streets. By E. K. PEARCE 300
Spiritual Failure, A. By T. SPARROW 430
Summer Beverages for Fat People. By Dr. N. E. YORKE-DAVIES 153
Suppliant, The. By ISA. J. POSTGATE 631
Swinburne's Poems, The Theology of. By ROBERT SHINDLER . 459
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN:—
Rabelais Abroad—Master Théodule Rabelais 107
Efforts towards the Perfectioning of the Book—A New Mania —Guide-book to Books 211
Le Morte Darthur—Heine on Englishmen—Actor-Management 319
Sir Walter Scott—Scott as seen in his Journal—Scott's Last Words—Eccentricities of Holiday-making 427
Progress of the Bull-Fight in France—Author-Managers—Actor *v.* Author 535
Promised Additions to Pepys—A Domestic Interior from Pepys—A "Pentateuch of Printing". 639
Talkers, The Great, of the French Revolution. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS 478
Part II. 606
Theology, The, of Mr. Swinburne's Poems. By ROBERT SHINDLER 459
Troubles, The, of an Oxford Beauty. By PHILIP SINCLAIR . . 213
True History, The, of Foulon and Berthier. By E. PERRONET THOMPSON 341
Two Primitive Relics of London History. By G. LAURENCE GOMME, F.S.A. 499
Vernon and the Jenkins' Ear War. By H. P. ROBERTS . . 137
Victor Hugo's Lyrics. By CECILIA E. MEETKERKE . . . 509
Was Lord Beaconsfield the Sun? By J. A. FARRER . . . 254
William Shakespeare, Naturalist. By ARTHUR GAYE . . . 364
Zoological Retrogression. By H. G. WELLS, B.Sc. . . 246

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1891.

THE PEARL OF HAFIZ.

BY H.

THE town of Old Quay lies on the farther side of a certain important river in the North of England, and was once well known to sailors all the seas over, owing to its proximity to the river's mouth, and to the fact that vessels frequently unloaded there and sought repairs in the various dry docks and yards, from whence arose a constant clatter of rivetters and platers at their work. Now, however, it is much less busy than formerly, owing to the competition of a new port on the south side of the river some few miles higher up.

Thus it had gradually attained to an antique and picturesque appearance; sundry warehouses, for example, had fallen into decay on the river's bank, and at low tide showed black misshapen limbs, on which the green seaweeds, like an evil disease, festered in spots.

The houses rose up tier above tier, from the very brink of the river to the full height of the hill behind, red-tiled for the most part, with curious tall and crooked chimney-stacks that reminded the stranger of a foreign town; here and there a gable end had fallen in, and the irregular outline of its ruin added to the general effect of the whole.

Down by the quayside, and along the lower length of the town, ran a curiously narrow and curving road, that but barely admitted the passage of a cart.

All the length of this thoroughfare was crowded with public-houses and drinking booths: here and there, indeed, a marine store displayed a dingy window stuffed with ancient clothes, offering

facilities for reopening a credit next door; nor were there wanting sundry chandlers' shops, from whose doors a pungent odour was emitted. Occasionally the signs of other trades also might be seen: enormous painted boots hung high in air, and on a windy day were a frequent source of alarm to the passers-by; sundry inscribed boards proclaimed that up the various alleys that opened on to the roadway travellers might be housed for the night as cheaply as the good Samaritan lodged his *protégé*. But the public-houses so greatly predominated, and were there indeed in such numbers, that a certain well-known character in the town, of proved capacity, had refused to back himself to walk down the length of it, take a glass at each, and pronounce his own name at the other end.

There were, however, as was but natural, one or two of these places of resort more popular than the rest, notably "The Spotted Dog" and "The Goat in Boots," where custom and a reputed easiness in the landlord had founded a reputation. The last-named inn was the favourite resort of merchant sailors, and stood in the centre of the narrow street, a little back from the pavement; in front stood a tall mast from which swung a signboard, whereon a fantastic creature in large sea-boots was understood—by the artist, at all events—to be capering vivaciously.

One night towards the close of November, ten years ago, it chanced that the "Goat in Boots" was unusually crowded. A large East Indiaman had just come in, and the inhabitants of the town, relishing a now rare honour, had come in force to see the strangers and hear the stories they would be willing enough to tell.

In the taproom a bright fire blazed, calling forth a responsive gleam from the dark panelling that ran round the room. The floor was clean and sanded, the long tables resounded with the clink of pewter and the ring of glasses, and the atmosphere was thick with laughter and tobacco smoke.

Round the chimney corner, and lounging in the arm-chairs provided for superior guests, were two or three of the new comers, whose words were reverently listened to by the *habitués* of the place, whose knowledge of naval matters, though great, was essentially theoretical. Nearer the door sat a swarthy seaman, gay with bright coloured neck-cloth, rings in his ears and on his fingers, who was earnestly endeavouring, notwithstanding occasional hiccoughs, to convince his neighbour—a timid shoemaker from next door—of the dangers of the deep and the better security of terra firma. Quite close to the entrance a nondescript group, consisting generally of those who hoped [illegible]ape acquaintance with the new arrivals, and, by learning their

weaknesses, to glean advantage for themselves; amongst whom touts—that one-eyed, errand-running race of men—and red-faced, Amazonian females, who might fitly have lectured on the equality of the sexes, were plainly visible.

In the middle of the room and at a table by himself sat a tall, white-haired, venerable old man, who looked superior to, and yet quite at his ease among his strange companions. He might have been observed to be taking secret note of all that was going on out of the corner of his half-shut eyes; yet, though his eyes were thus apparently only half open, his glance was clear and keen as a hawk's, and the paper he held in his hands was merely a pretext for escaping observation and avoiding conversation. One figure more especially occupied his, as well as, indeed, the general attention—that, namely, of a stranger who was sitting in the corner nearest the fire in the chief place, with a wise-looking parrot on his shoulder and a big cheroot between his lips.

Stories of adventure had been freely circulating amidst a din of laughter, applause, and the clink of pewter, but when the owner of the parrot spoke, his individuality seemed to assert itself, for the noise gradually ceased and the space of silence about him gradually widened.

He was certainly of interesting appearance: his hair was long and hung in curls about his shoulders; his face, through exposure to the sun, was of a dark tan hue, while his eyes were of the deep blue colour that typifies the sea on a summer day, and is only to be found amongst the race of sailors. His hands and arms were tattooed with quaint symbols and devices, and in the lines of his mouth was visible a humorous expression, which, taken in connection with his easy attitudes, gave him the air of one who has seen the world and found it to his liking.

There seemed, indeed, to cling about him a scent of romance and adventure: a Sindbad of the nineteenth century, imagination whispered, plucking, when he spoke, expectation's sleeve.

Some of the bystanders had remarked upon the strange colouring and wise aspect of the parrot that sat upon his shoulder and surveyed the company with cold penetrative eyes.

"Ay, ay," said he, in response to some query, "she's a wise bird, yon is, and knows more than many a human. The Indian priest who gave her me said she was more nor fifty years old, and a curious history it was that he told of her. He believed there was a spirit inside of her. She was always findin' out things he'd have rather kept hid, and had a memory for them that was quite as perplexin' as it was

AP
4
.G3

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

me,' says he, 'and I'll tell ye all about it,' clappin' his arm through mine and halin' me along like a p'liceman, takes me to his hotel.

"Well, dashed if it warn't just one of them Turkish women I'd just been sneerin' at! The young Squire had been travellin', d'ye see, makin' a 'grand tour' as he called it, to complete his eddication; eddication not bein' complete, of course, without a lesson or two from the fair sex." Here the narrator paused a moment, gave a mighty wink at a nervous-looking little man near him, drained his glass, and continued with a smile:

"He'd made up his mind to marry her there and then, run the blockade, and carry her off if need were. There was need enough and to spare indeed, for her Pa, d'ye see, was a minister, a Pasha, they called him; a hooked nose, fiery Turk, who hated Christians, and more especially Englishmen, like pork, which those pagunds say is unclean, though they ain't over-clean themselves, if it comes to that. Well, notwithstanding all this, and all I could say against it—and I was strong against it, too, tellin' him as how he was over-young for the job, and could take his choice in England when the proper time came—'Why,' says I, forgetting myself for the moment, 'as for runnin' away with a foreign gal in a veil—why, it's like buyin' a pig in a poke.'

"'Jack,' says he, laughin' quite in a good humour at the notion, as it were, 'you'll be ready to eat your foolish words when once you've seen her.' Well, I didn't think so, but I said no more, seein' the uselessness of it, for 'tis the skipper pricks the chart and the seaman must just obey.

"So I agreed to be at a certain point that night at eleven o'clock and follow out all his instructions, happen what might. Well, I might ha' been seen that night, at the very moment the clock was strikin' ten, clamberin' up a great high wall that shut in the Nabob's paliss and grounds.

"I'd to wait, d'ye see, just below the wall, in the shadow of a fig-tree, for her to come, then help her over the wall by a rope ladder I had round my waist, and jump into the carriage which was to be there ready for us—the young Squire himself bein' the cabby, dressed out in linen togs and turban to distract attention.

"'Twas a nasty wall to climb, was yon: I doubt if I hadn't been a sailor I'd never ha' got to the top; however, I managed after a bit to get a foothold, and swingin' myself up to the top, lay there to get my breath. First thing I see is a great scowling sentry just below me with a nasty heathen sword like a sickle waiting for me. There wasn't a moment to think about anything at all—I just made a jump

on to him there and then—almost fell on him, in fack, and by good luck stunned him as I came down pretty heavy right on top of him. I was mighty pleased it was him that was stunned and not me, as there'd ha' been mighty little chance of my ever seein' the light again, had he had a say in the matter. For fear, however, he might come to before the young lady was to arrive I took the turban off his head and tied it tight round his mouth like a gag, and then, tying his hands behind his back, left curlytoes senseless on the grass and hid myself in the shade of the fig-tree. Two or three minutes passed away, and I trembled at every sound, fearing lest an alarm had been given and it was all up. Yet all of a sudden comes a rustling noise, and, lo and behold, there she was! Well, mates, she was just like——"

Here the narrator's imagination, proving unequal to the task, sought a stimulus in the glass that had been judiciously ordered by one of the audience beforehand and placed beside him.

"Ay, ay," continued the sailor slowly, "it's no use talkin', but she beat a fairy in a pantomime hollow—a bit pale, perhaps, she was, but her eyes shone like stars on a clear night in the Indian Seas, glimmerin' as 'twere, with grace and beauty, like the pearl ye've seen to-night.

"Well, it wasn't many minutes before she was over that blessed wall and safe into the carriage t'other side. Off we drove to the hotel, and there that very evening they were married by an English clergyman who happened to be out there at the time. Ay! married right enough, no doubt about that: why, I gave her away myself and witnessed their signatures, ay, and got a kiss too for the job, and what I valued less at the time, mates, this here pearl as well," again producing it as he spoke from his pocket.

"No, no," cried the honest sailor in conclusion, "he promised true enough to love and to cherish her till death did them part, else, squire or no squire, he'd not ha' had my help!"

A murmur of applause greeted this manly and essentially British sentiment that so fitly brought the tale to a conclusion.

The story of the pearl had monopolised all attention, and the men gazed reverently upon the possessor of a jewel that had been so romantically won. Polite attentions were plentifully shown the honest sailor, offers of "something hot" resounded on all sides of him, but now mine host came forward and intimated, with deprecating smile and finger pointed to the clock, that the time had come when he, however unwillingly, was forced to close his doors and [illegible] upon festivity.

The company slowly broke up and dispersed in little groups of twos and threes, all discussing the sailor and his pearl and repeating again the romantic details of its history.

The venerable looking individual who, as was noticed above, had taken such an interest in all that was going on, though he had not joined in the throng of those who offered their services, was awaiting with impatience an opportunity of accosting the possessor of this priceless jewel. "Good-nights" were exchanged outside as the company broke up and went their various ways, and the sailor, who had refused all the invitations for prolonging the night that had been showered upon him, was left standing alone for a moment in the middle of the street.

The venerable old man, perceiving his opportunity, came up at once and thus accosted him.

"My friend," said he, "if I may without offence thus style a stranger, should it so happen that you seek a lodging I offer my humble roof to your notice."

Here he produced a card on which was inscribed in large letters—

EBENEZER STALLYBRASS,
6 Marine Terrace.
FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

which he impressively handed over to the sailor.

"Ay," he continued slowly, "at 6 Marine Terrace, I, Ebenezer Stallybrass, let lodgings; charges moderate, all things cleanly and orderly, and an extraordinary fine prospect of the sea, which will be very pleasing to a sailor." "Ay," he commenced again after a moment's pause, "and lest ye should fear ye might be robbed I may tell ye that I am an Elder o' the Kirk and well respecked in the town."

"Ay," he concluded, after another and most impressive pause, during which the sailor had difficulty in subduing a smile, "at 6 Marine Terrace there's prayers morning and evening and all the comforts of a home."

It may be doubted whether the honest sailor would have included prayers in the category of home comforts, but at all events he seemed impressed by what he heard, or perhaps it was rather that he was amused by the manners and character of his would-be host, for he reflected for a short space, and a humorous twinkle lit up his eye as he replied, "Well, thank ye, mate, I've got a berth for to-night, but I'll look ye up to-morrow, and maybe I'll stay with ye a bit, though as to prayers, now,—well, I'm one who's for prayer myself—but——"

"Ay, ay," interrupted the other quickly, "prayers are no compulsory, but eh mon! ye'll just have been terribly neglected at sea—the main part of ye. Ay, 'twill be just a grand opportunity for ye if ye lodge wi' me."

The mariner laughed good-humouredly, amused as a prosperous man may be when sympathised with for a loss he does not feel, then turning away with a hearty good-night walked off down the street. He had not gone very far, however, before he felt a tap upon his shoulder, and looking quickly round perceived the venerable Elder, who again accosted him. "Friend," he said, "I'm no' one of those that lightly speak evil of my neighbours, but I'm thinkin' it's the plain duty of one man to another to warn ye that there's some here who would rob ye almost for the price of a glass of whisky."

"Ay," he continued solemnly, "and wi' a pearl like yon upon ye it would be a sin no' to take precautions. Now, if ye would like to deposit it wi' me for the night I'll take the risk wi' it, and I'll give ye a receipt for it the while," said he, taking as he spoke a book from his pocket, and carefully wetting a pencil between his teeth, prepared to save his neighbours from temptation.

"It's all right with me, thank ye kindly," replied the sailor, amused at the other's warning and anxiety to bestow the pearl in a place of security. "No, no," he continued, "you reckon I can pretty well steer a right course by this time, fair weather or foul!" With this he moved away again, leaving Ebenezer standing still with his book open in his hand watching his retreating figure with anxious eyes and fearful for his safety.

As the honest mariner made his way homeward he might have been heard to laugh again and again at the thought of his would-be landlord. Though he had seen, like a certain famous traveller of old, "the manners and cities of men," he had not lost his native simplicity or been taught to distrust his neighbour; nay, his travels had quickened his human interests and led him to take new interest in every fresh type of character he encountered. He had now, indeed, almost made up his mind to lodge at the house of the Elder, whereas a more cautious man would probably have hesitated to face such a formidable combination of qualities as went to make up Ebenezer's personality.

The honest mariner dimly guessed indeed that Ebenezer was a complex character, but he did not endeavour to form any analysis, but came to the simple conclusion that "Scottie" was a rum customer, and from that fact promised himself some amusement. . . . . .

The honest mariner, however, as we said above, troubled himself

not about these things, but next day betook himself to Marine Terrace in order to inspect Ebenezer's apartments. He found them much to his liking and fully bearing out, so far as he could see, the description given of them. Not merely were the rooms neat and simple, and commanded a good prospect of the sea, but a pretty parlour maid answered the bell, as it turned out, and added another attraction which was "very pleasin' to a sailor." It was this, perhaps, rather than the situation, or the fact that his landlord was an original, or even the rusty telescope in the garden, as large as a small cannon, of which he could have the gratuitous use, that clinched his desire and determined him to have his chest brought up thither at once.

The next few days passed by pleasantly enough, the sailor thought, as he peaceably smoked his pipe in the garden on a warm afternoon, and in the evening sat in his arm-chair beside the red-bricked fire-place, where a fire always burned cheerily, keeping the hobs—those brackets so convenient for after-dinner enjoyment—warm and ready for their uses.

As for the "prayers—morning and evening" the honest sailor had devoutly attended at first, and had somewhat disconcerted Ebenezer—who previously had always been listened to by the two servants in perfect silence—by uttering devout, but unfortunately ill-timed, amens: as for example, when Ebenezer paused to take in a fresh supply of breath. What had finally put an end to the sailor's attendance was not the "prayer" so much as the "exposeetion," as Ebenezer called it, which followed, wherein he sustained the part of "devil's advocate" with efficacy, exposing the weak side of various apostles and divines with an unfailing satisfaction.

"Ay," he remarked one evening in an "exposeetion," suggested by a chapter he had just read from one of the Epistles, "ay, St. Paul, now, had a gran' eloquence, doubtless, and a choice of words quite extraordinary, but he was aye over-weak in doctrine—whiles beseeching instead o' threatening, and aye leaving the sinner a loophole for escape. Ye cannot coax the sinner to righteousness wi' a kiss, but wi' threats maun drive him afore ye as an auld wife brings hame her kye of an evening. 'Twas a great peety, too, he should write of himself as bein' 'weak in bodily presence and in speech contemptible.' Ay, 'twas a peety, indeed, he should ha' been so meek—ay, and a sair peety that others who ha' the gifts should lack the opportuneeties."

Then there ensued an impressive pause which was broken unexpectedly by the sailor, who, but dimly understanding what had been said, and believing something to be expected from him, audibly.

ejaculated "Amen!" and thereby so startled the elder that some of the hard sayings destined for another fell upon himself.

After this the sailor no longer attended prayers, notwithstanding the expostulations of the landlord, who enlarged upon the "building up" the "exposeetion" never failed to effect.

To this he bluntly replied that "there wasn't no chance for one of the crew if the skipper were trounced like that," alluding to the above-mentioned attacks on the divines of old.

Indeed, he more than suspected that Ebenezer's scheme of righteousness worked out in the form of an equation, whereby the election of one just man, viz., Ebenezer, was equivalent to the rejection of ninety-and-nine unjust persons, amongst whom the sailor felt he was himself included.

He dimly guessed, indeed, that his future host combined several diverse qualities in his constitution, and, had he been gifted with the analytical spirit, he might have likened him to a prodigy of old, an instance of the "triformis" class, composed of three very different elements, of which three elements, or members rather we should call them, the Scot would generally predominate, assisted by the second—the lodging-house keeper—while on Sundays of course the Elder would reign supreme. It might be surmised, moreover, that on the remaining six days of the week the elements of the Scot and the lodging-house keeper—when any mutual advantage was obtainable—would be only too ready to lay violent hands upon the unfortunate Elder and incontinently imprison him.

He had discovered very soon that it was not so much the desire to save him from destruction, as the extraordinary affection he had for his pearl, that had made Ebenezer so eager to secure him as a lodger.

For every evening after the Bible had been put away his landlord would come downstairs, and under pretence of seeing that his guest was comfortable, would enter into conversation and sit down opposite him. Before he departed the conversation would be sure to turn sooner or later to the wonderful pearl; the story of course resulted, and finally, in answer to certain hints, the pearl itself would be drawn from its case, to prove, as it were, the authenticity of the story.

The sailor, indeed, was nothing loath to tell the romantic history as often as might be, but yet found mighty satisfaction in pretending not to notice Ebenezer's hints that came fluttering forth each evening after prayers, like bats or moths about a lamp, as he used to slily reflect within himself.

Many were the groans Ebenezer had to give vent to before his hints would be perceived by his obtuse lodger, whose insensibility invariably increased as the eagerness of the other was more openly displayed. The period of suspense was prolonged, in fact, each evening, till, as the sailor used to mischievously describe it, "it wasn't afore he had burnt both wings and was buzzin' about and around the pearl like a bluebottle fly," that the torture was ended by its production.

Here, indeed, the sailor felt he had his host at a disadvantage, and could repay with interest on the material side some of the severe buffets he had himself received in the spiritual discipline he had been subjected to.

On one occasion, indeed, he even went so far as to pretend he had lost it, and Ebenezer's face worked like that of a man in a fit. Indeed his passion for the pearl was fast consuming him, and with his passion his hate of the owner of the pearl grew correspondingly, not, of course, because he envied him a mere carnal possession, but that his spiritual pride was wounded at thus having to ask a favour of one who was a mere castaway.

Matters, however, came to a crisis one evening. It so happened that Ebenezer had been reading at prayers that night concerning the merchant in the Bible who sold all his possessions in order to buy a pearl of great price. The incident thus recorded had taken immediate hold of his imagination, for the merchant, it seemed to him, had been in a similar position to that wherein he himself was placed at the moment. The question that at once occupied him was the amount of the sum thus raised by the merchant that proved sufficient for the purpose.

"Could it have been as much as £500?" cogitated Ebenezer, as he slowly descended the stairs, groaning within himself the while at the immensity of the amount.

He found his lodger at home, as was usual in the evening, and after a few preliminary and inconsequent remarks, skilfully, as was his wont, led up to the great subject. When again the jewel was disclosed, he could restrain himself no longer, but was fain to discover once for all—though several times previously he had thrown out judicious feelers on the subject—whether his lodger would be willing to part with it—at a price.

"May be," he questioned insidiously—"ye can give a guess as to what the value of it might be," peering out, as he spoke, from under his bushy eyebrows at his careless lodger who sat in the arm-chair opposite.

"Oh! I dessay a thousand pounds, maybe," replied the other in his offhand way.

"Eh! a thousand pounds!" echoed the horror-struck Ebenezer. "Man! ye can never mean it. Na, na, you sailor folk are just a daft set and dinna ken the right value of siller. Na, na, ye'll have just made a mistake," he continued, visibly brightening at his suggestion; "na doubt but ye meant five hundred, and that maybe would be mair nor it would be worth from a strict mercantile point of view," he concluded thoughtfully, fearing lest he might be influenced by the scriptural parallel above mentioned and be offering too much.

"Well, well," replied the sailor with a laugh and a mischievous look in his eye, "suppose we say five hundred, what then?"

"Well, maybe," replied Ebenezer, cautiously, "ye'll be wanting siller soon, and perchance I might be able to raise as much, though"—groaning deeply—"it's a tar'ble large amount and no easy got together."

"Ay," he continued, almost bitterly, as he perceived no special sign of delight at the offer in his companion's face, "you sailors are just a reckless race and have absolutely no idee of the value of siller. Why, there's plenty men could keep themselves in board and lodgin' the rest o' their lives on five hundred pounds laid out at a decent rate of interest."

His companion's ideas on the subject differed probably; at all events, he did not immediately reply, and the two men sat watching each other in silence—Ebenezer debating within himself whether he could offer guineas instead of pounds, and the sailor mischievously pondering a scheme whereby he might outwit his host, teach him a moral lesson in the matter of covetousness, and yet retain the pearl notwithstanding.

"Well," the sailor broke out at last, with a jolly laugh, "I'll tell ye what. We'll have a carouse for the pearl. I'm not particular anxious to sell, but I've no objection to give ye a chance to get it. Look ye, now, we'll have a friendly carouse by way of a match for it—my pearl and your brass for the stakes, and grog the weapon."

"Ay, ay," he continued, laughing, "I challenge ye, and I choose the weapons. All fair and square: you stake your brass, and I my pearl, side by side on the table, then glass and glass about to prove which is the better man—chalking up the score, I for ye and ye for me, as we turn about. Then, gradually, I calculate, one of us will feel the ship rollin' and staggerin', and will seek seclusion, maybe, under the table, whiles t'other, still keeping right end up'ards, wins the match, and pockets pearl and brass.

"The one that's beat can't say nothin' against it next mornin', mind, though like enough he won't remember much what's happened. No, no, he'll be occupied enough, I calculate," concluded the sailor, with a hearty laugh, and a mischievous glance at his companion, "in refrigeratin' his headpiece as though t'were a perishable article a-passing through the Tropic of Capricorn."

Ebenezer sat there rigid and stiff, scarce believing he could have heard aright.

Eh! How Providence favoured the elect! This was the thought that predominated in the tumultuous eddy of his brain. Here was opportunity literally thrust upon him, and he remembered with pride certain bouts of former days, wherein he had gained a reputation, though he had long since found it convenient as an Elder of the Kirk to put away the memory of such misdeeds.

He almost felt the pearl in his grasp; and as for the £500, why, there it was still comfortably housed in his trousers' pockets.

"It—it will be whisky?" he queried hoarsely, after the short pause wherein he had endeavoured to collect his thoughts and maintain to outward appearance his usual composure, "ye'll ha' no objection to the whisky?"

"Ay, ay—whisky, for it makes one feel so frisky," replied the roystering mariner, not bethinking himself that as a Scotchman his host, however reverend, was probably acclimatised to that beverage. "Whisky, first course, hot; second course, whisky; third course, whisky; then a brew of punch, and something tasty to eat atween whiles." Then he broke off into a jolly laugh, and began to sing in a full deep voice a stave or two of a drinking song.

> The anchor's slipt and the freight's unshipt,
> Sing ho for Jack ashore!
> Now gold doth chink and the glasses clink,
> Sing ho for mirth galore.
>
> The fire burns bright, Jack's heart is light,
> Sing ho, the night arouse!
> We'll drink about till Sol be out,
> Sing ho for a carouse.

"Whist, man, whist," exclaimed Ebenezer anxiously, for he had now had time to reassume the mantle of the elder which had so nearly fallen from his shoulders in the excitement of the last few moments. "Ye canna comprehend the delicate nature of a good repute," he continued, by way of explanation. "It just clings about a man like a sweet savour, and if once suspeecion, wi' it's foul breath, comes nigh it, it's just altogether overpowered—like ointment o' the

apothecary that stinketh by reason o' the dead flies in it. There's aye plenty reprobates gangin' up and down like roarin' lions seekin' to do the godly a damage. I should na wonder," he continued, suddenly descending to the particular, "if there were ane o' them at this meenit wi' his lug fast to the window." With this he stepped towards it, and lifting up the sash peered cautiously out into the night. After he had duly satisfied himself on this point, he closed the window, drew the curtains carefully to, and, facing the sailor, commenced again.

"Ay, ay,"—with a sorrowful wag of the head—"there wad be mony not ower guid themsell wad be only too glad to bring a discredit on anither, wha wad shoot out the lip wi' scorn and whet their tongue like a sword, rejoicin' the while at the thought o' bringin' a scandal on the Kirk, if ance they heard tell there had been a 'carouse,' as ye ca' it, in the house of Ebenezer Stallybrass.

"Ay," he continued, with a sigh, after a pause, "and doubtless there wad be some found to believe them. But I ken a way," he continued, brightening up at the thought; "we'll defeat them. We'll just carry up the necessary supplies ourselves to a little bit room I ha' up i' the garrets. It's full wi' lumber and things, but we'll ha' a fire, and it'll no be bad. Ay, and ye can sing a song if ye like—none will hear ye up there. I'm thinkin'," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "we'd better begin early while there's noises in the streets, and suspicion will no be so likely to be snuffin' about wi' her nose as keen's a game dog's. What d'ye say to nine?"

"Ay, nine will suit me, mate," replied the sailor somewhat disconsolately, not altogether liking the way in which his suggestion had been caught up and positively taken out of his hands by his host. Indeed, he had gleefully promised himself an upholding of hands, protestations, and a ludicrous exhibition of shifts on the part of the elder in the event of his accepting this dissolute challenge and the consequent necessity he would be under of reconciling therewith his austere piety.

Instead of this, however, here was Ebenezer calmly arranging the details of the carouse as though it were a meeting of the Synod of his Kirk to discuss lay matters. He could scarcely understand it, and indeed began to feel doubtful whether he had not been premature in making the suggestion.

It was too late to go back now, however, and they parted for the night, after having agreed to take up the necessary supplies the following afternoon when the servants would be out and suspicion would not be incurred.

Ebenezer, as he went upstairs, exulted in his heart at the thought of his enemy's discomfiture; the trap his enemy had prepared for another would be the means of his own downfall; Providence had favoured him indeed, and he sang a song of triumph in his heart at the thought of victory. At the moment he might be compared, perhaps, to one of the grim heroes of his own church in times past, who, proud in their election, found Providence a willing ally, and justification easy, in any adventure they might be engaged upon against the person of the ungodly.

On the other hand, the sailor could not look upon the carouse that had just been planned in the same pleasing light as before until he had partaken of a stiff glass of grog; then, indeed, he could once more agreeably perceive the elder lolling in his seat, half seas over, struggling in his utterance with the sanctimonious polysyllables he could no longer effectually pronounce, and, delightful thought, oblivious of the fact that he had lost his "siller" and yet not won the pearl. Enraptured by these various thoughts, both combatants sought their respective couches at an early hour.

The next afternoon Ebenezer occupied himself upstairs in the lumber room on various excuses, arranging details for the evening's entertainment, and coming downstairs now and again for the supplies the sailor surreptitiously introduced into the house.

At last the fated hour struck—the hour anxiously awaited by both host and lodger through the long interval of the day.

The host, indeed, had previously prepared himself for the carouse by a big meal partaken of at one of the Quayside restaurants, for, as he sagely reflected, "whisky was unco' ill on an empty stammick."

His lodger, on the other hand, had purposely taken little or no food, in order to do himself full justice, as he thought, in the evening.

Punctually at the last stroke of the clock he made his way up the narrow wooden staircase that led to the chamber in the attics. Pushing his way through the trapdoor at the top of the staircase, he emerged into a small encumbered room which was brightly lit up by a big fire, in front of which he perceived his host already standing.

The table was spread with the various weapons of the duel; a big stone bottle, evidently containing whisky, flanked one end of the table, while a sturdy broad-bottomed flask, that suggested rum, stood on guard opposite; in the middle a big punch-bowl serenely rested—a noble advertisement of the coming struggle, while round about were basins containing sugar and lemons that gleamed brightly in the light of the lamp. A slate was propped against the punch-bowl, on which stood the score to be kept by the respective

combatants, each for the other, as aforesaid. Then there were two or three side dishes containing viands of an appetising description, which were merely meant to whet the appetite for the liquor on which, as we know, the issue depended.

A kettle hissed merrily on the fire, and the sailor, as he viewed the suggestive scene before him, felt enraptured once again with his plot, and gloried in the thought of the instant duel.

"Capital," he cried, "capital, it could not have been done better, mate," and he commenced rubbing his hands briskly in keen anticipation, and hummed to himself a stave of song.

"Ha' ye brought the pearl wi' ye"? inquired the elder anxiously, indifferent to compliments.

"Ay, ay, here she is," replied the sailor, producing it from his pocket.

The Elder took the case carefully into his hands, opened it, and reassured himself that it was still therein, then gently placed it in front of the punch-bowl in the middle of the table. Having done this, he turned to the chimney-piece and lifted down a canvas bag which he carefully placed alongside the pearl, after having just untied the string round its mouth, and thereby exposed its golden contents.

"We'll leave them there," said he, for he felt that with the stakes before his eyes victory was doubly assured.

The combatants now sat down, Ebenezer at the top of the table as host, with the sailor on his left hand.

"The fire burns bright, Jack's heart is light," sang the enraptured sailor, grasping the stone jar near him with both hands.

Had a third person been present, he would have greatly marvelled, doubtless, at the strange scene before him and the strangeness of the surroundings.

Here was one reveller gay and happy, flourishing his glass aloft and singing snatches of quaint ditties, while the other sat still and almost silent with a hard and constrained look in his eyes.

Then the garret in which they were holding their carouse was encumbered with such a curiously diverse sort of furniture—in one corner was a big sideboard supported by carved oak dragons, in another were carpet-bags and Chinese jars—effects of various impecunious lodgers, while on the rafters and cross-beams that bore up the low roof was piled a heavy net, though for what purpose it was there was certainly not manifest. The cord ends hung down not far above the heads of the carousers, but had not apparently been noticed by either of them.

The trap door had been shut down, and no one disturbed or was

cognisant of this secret revelry, save only the parrot, who had accompanied his master into the room, and was now safely ensconced on the top of a kitchen clock in the corner, where he sat solemnly blinking at the fire, regardless of the revellers.

Meanwhile, of the two combatants, the sailor had very soon outstripped his host, who had been paying more attention to the viands, and was two glasses of grog behindhand.

But, while the latter sat steady and upright in his chair, the sailor lolled about and showed signs of an excessive hilarity, proposing and seconding and drinking the healths of individuals whose names he frequently was unable to remember, and all the time poking fun at "Old Snuffles," as he familiarly termed his host.

Now it was time that the punch should be brewed, and when he had mixed and tasted the beverage and found it inimitable, he filled his glass and proclaimed the health of "the prettiest maid in Old Quay." The Elder's glass had been filled too, but curiously enough on this occasion he did not raise his glass as he previously had done in response to his companion's lead, but sitting back in his chair lightly grasped the full tumbler, watching intently, like a cat about to spring, his companion's action. A gurgling noise proclaimed the delicious draught to be ended, and the smack of the lips that followed eminently suggested an *encore.* Slowly the unsuspicious sailor raised his head—his mind wholly intent upon his desire—and just at the very moment that his eyes appeared upon the horizon of the punch-bowl, a blinding splash of spirit met them full in front. The sailor, stupefied and bewildered at the sudden attack, sat motionless for a second; down came a thick net upon him over head and shoulders, and he felt himself fast in the grasp of the Elder.

It was not a fair fight; for the Elder, like the *retiarius* of old, had his victim fast in the meshes of the net, and soon had twined the folds round and round his arms so securely that resistance was impossible.

Then, bearing him backwards to the ground, the Elder, after having first thrust a handkerchief into his victim's mouth, proceeded to tie his legs together, and make fast and sure the knots about his chest and arms.

Seated astride his prostrate lodger, and grimly engaged upon these final touches, the joy of triumph welled up within his soul, and overflowing, found a vent in song.

"Aha, aha!" chanted the Elder, in sing-song fervent tones, "the ungodly man thought to triumph, and like a vain fool had

lifted up his horn on high, but suddenly was he dashed down and caught in the net he had laid for another."

"Ay, ay," he continued, as a sudden movement of the prostrate body underneath him accentuated the position; "dashed down and trodden under foot is he; and strapped tight wi' a weel-knotted rope."

The Elder would probably have continued to illustrate the paraphrase, had not the glint of the pearl, as it lay on the table, caught his eye; hastily rising, he stepped to the table, took up his prize of victory with reverent hand, then carefully buttoned it into an inner pocket. The canvas bag he then proceeded to tie up, having done which he deposited that also in another of his capacious pockets. Then, looking about him and reflecting for a few seconds, he advanced to the window, looked out, and thus soliloquised:

"Ay, it's early yet; may be it will be half an hour yet afore they're here. I'd just better slip round and hurry them on." So saying, he turned towards the door and unlocked it, but on a sudden turned back, and stalking up to where his victim lay, pronounced the following epitaph over him:

"Ye're no but a great fule—possessin' neither the head to carouse, nor the wut to keep yer ain."

These scathing words were finally driven home by a contemptuous kick; then the door shut softly, a creak jarred on the stair, and the unfortunate sailor was left alone in the silent room to reflect upon the truth of the portrait.

The shock of the encounter, and the perilous condition in which he was, had effectually sobered him. Crimping apparently awaited him, to judge by the words he had overheard, and the terrible lot that was to fall on him was the result of his own pride and the poor desire to have the laugh of his sanctimonious host. Could folly herself have devised as contemptible a plot—have perilled so much for so trivial a triumph?

The unfortunate captive groaned in spirit as he saw pass by him in fancy the various events, like links in a chain, that had led up to this final catastrophe.

Then, after having lashed himself with regrets, he became calmer, took his bearings, and finding himself lost in the breakers, resigned himself to his fate.

He saw himself carried away, a common sailor on board a vile merchant brig sent out to sea to be scuttled, the owners gaining the insurance, and no tales told.

Meanwhile Mogib, the parrot, perceiving that the noise and

consequent danger, as she was well aware, had passed away, took advantage of this opportunity to fly down from her perch and settle on the table to inspect the viands and liquor, of which she had a peculiar knowledge.

Seated on a plate, she was discussing, with one eye shut, head well thrown back, and critical tongue, the flavour of the rum punch that had so pleased her master's palate.

It so chanced, however, that an unconscious movement of the captive jarred suddenly against the table leg. Mogib, startled, lost her balance and fell backwards, screaming loudly "man overboard," and bearing with her to the ground at the same time plate, fork, and knife.

The noise and clatter startled the sailor in his turn, and rolling over on his side, he dimly perceived Mogib, fragments of china, and lastly, with a sudden leap of hope, what seemed a knife close beside him on the floor.

Scarce could he believe his eyes—Mogib had then brought him this chance of deliverance! There was not a moment to be lost, for 'twould be a hard task enough to set himself free under any circumstances; and then there was the possibility of Ebenezer's returning at any minute.

Rolling over till he felt the knife underneath him, he endeavoured to gradually work his fingers through the meshes in order to get hold of the handle.

His hands being fast tied at the wrists, and his arms and chest being tightly encircled by the cord, the only possible way to set himself free was to get the knife between his hands, thrust the handle into the grip of his knees, and then, by a gradual friction of the blade against the binding of the wrists, to sever the cord.

Painfully and with difficulty his fingers pulled themselves through the meshes, dragging the knife after them; every now and again the blade would slip from their feeble grasp, or catch fast in some of the thick meshes of the net.

After a long and desperate struggle, during which he had several times given up all hope, and sank back exhausted from the struggle, he finally succeeded in getting firmly into the palms of his hands the trusty weapon with which he was to work out his safety. He lay there still a moment, happy but breathless, for hope had blazed up again and fired determination, and now he felt indeed his freedom was assured.

Turning over on his back, he raised his knees, thrust the handle of the knife between them, then slowly inserting the point between the

cord-lappings that bound his wrists, endeavoured to cut through the strands by a gentle rubbing against the knife blade.

It was a terrible strain, and one that could not last long, for, crippled as he was, and in danger moreover of suffocation, he found the greatest difficulty in keeping all his forces concentrated upon the delicate task before him—every detail of which, indeed, as it depended upon a measurement the result of touch and not of sight, was liable to miscalculation, and in that case the chance of liberty would be lost.

Suddenly there came a loosening of the cord just at the moment when his knees had released their grip and the knife had fallen between them. Could it be that a strand could really have parted? With wrist against wrist he stretched to the utmost the cords; now he felt them slipping, and then all at once his arms were free.

A moment before and all his strength had ebbed away, but now, with a full tide, it came rushing back.

Seizing the knife, he rapidly cut through the net a passage for his arm; then, this done, sawed through the cords that bound his chest, and in a few more seconds had actually regained his liberty.

Now, the question was, what would be the best plan of action—escape seemed to be the first thing aimed at—revenge could conveniently follow.

The door, however, proved, on being tried, to be locked, and the window, on close inspection, was found to be too great a height above the ground to be available, nor was there any projection or pipe by which descent would have been rendered possible.

Well, there was no help for it, the sailor soliloquised; he must just await Ebenezer's return. To do so, indeed, jumped better with his inclination.

It was certain that Ebenezer would be back soon, but whether he would come alone was the question to which no answer could be given, and yet it was on this that all depended.

On reflection, however, it appeared probable that he would return alone—his dread of scandal would be one reason for so doing—and then the long rope with hook attached, which he had discovered fastened to the ends, about his chest, had revealed the fact that he was to be lowered out of the window into the arms of the gang, who, as he had overheard, were shortly expected.

Thus thinking, he formed his plan: the door was locked, as we have seen, but as it opened into the room on the left-hand side, it would, if pushed back to its limit, naturally come against the heavy sideboard that stood behind it, and thus would form a place of

ambush for an assailant. First, however, before taking up his position, he made up a bundle of rags, and laid them carefully together in the same spot where he had himself just been, dropped his handkerchief on the edge of the bundle to represent the position of the head, then strewing over it the severed pieces of the net, gathered up the remaining coils into his hands and turned down the lamp.

Then, mounting on the sideboard, he cautiously crouched on the edge nearest the door, net in hand, scarcely daring to draw breath lest the sound should betray him—all his thought suspended in revenge.

Ah ! if he could once feel the Elder writhing in the meshes, how lightly would he esteem the loss of his pearl ! Some ten minutes passed slowly, during which his ear, like a timid sentinel, challenged the silence and caught the footfall of a fancied foe.

Then came a creak of heavy footsteps on the staircase just below him, a slight sensation was instantly perceptible in the woodwork of the wall, a key grated in the lock, and in another moment Ebenezer's head cautiously appeared beyond the edge of the door.

Satisfied in the dim light that all was as he had left it, he stepped inside, unconscious of his peril ; at that moment there came a suspicious noise from behind, but before he could look round a net fell upon his head and shoulders, and a heavy body followed instantly and bore him to the floor.

The Elder, knowing instinctively that his enemy was upon him, and no quarter would be granted, yelled like a wild beast when suddenly stricken, and fought with delirious fury. He was underneath, however, and the net entangled his movements, while the sailor, strong in his lust of revenge, with both hands had a firm grasp of his opponent's throat.

It was not, indeed, until Ebenezer's face had assumed a black and unnatural hue that the sailor relaxed his hold, and even then it was only for the purpose of binding the hands and feet of his victim tightly together.

This being safely accomplished, he could search the pockets of the unconscious Ebenezer for his pearl, not without some fears, however, for the money had disappeared and possibly the pearl had been secreted also.

But, no ! there it was lying securely in its little case in a high vest pocket, and when taken out, seemed to shine with even additional lustre, as though recognising its true owner.

The tension of the last few minutes loosened its grasp, and now triumph found a voice and sang along his brain. Looking down

upon his prostrate foe, his fancy depicted an instant picture of Ebenezer on board the dirty merchantman destined for himself, forced to grope his trembling way up the unused shrouds in fear of his life, rope's-ended like a cabin boy for every blunder, and finally—he who had been but yesterday an elder and edifier of the kirk—the butt and scoff to-day of godless men.

He chuckled inwardly at the delicious picture thus presented to him, but whilst he gazed, a slight stirring of the prostrate body warned him that the Elder was returning to consciousness. Taking up, then, the remains of the net, he finally completed the fastenings, and now attached the hook and chain to the bundle as they had previously been fastened to his own person.

Ebenezer had now indeed fully recovered consciousness, and struggled madly with his bonds, to the mighty joy of his secure enemy, whose eye grew mirthfuller at every fresh token of his impotent wrath.

The remembrance of the words the Elder had spoken over him when he was in the like desperate case, and which so nearly had been his epitaph, recurred to him and suggested retaliation. With a chuckle he knelt down, and in fair imitation of the Elder's slow and nasal tones, whispered impressively in his ear—"Ye're just a fool, Ebenezer, with all your self-conceit—but, mind ye, a sea voyage is a splendid cure for the self-conceit, as ye'll find—ye carousin', wicked old elder that ye are!" concluded he, in his normal tones, as the wrath of the natural man got the better of the moralist.

He likewise enforced his epigram by a hearty and contemptuous kick upon the person of the Elder, which had the curious effect of immediately checking his convulsive struggles.

The tumultuous thoughts that surged up into the Elder's brain as he just recovered consciousness—the loss of the pearl, his present perilous condition, the chances of escape—had doubtless been disquieting enough; but it was the kick—the cruel indignity of the kick—that exasperated him almost to madness. The abysm of misfortune in which he lay was thus revealed to him; he could have screamed with rage had not the handkerchief been stuffed too deep into his mouth; as it was, he palpitated with murderous wrath.

At this moment, however, there came a sharp "hist" from outside, startling the sailor from his pleasing reverie, and clearly intimating to the Elder what his fate was to be.

The sailor at once cautiously proceeded to the window, and peering out, perceived three or four figures waiting in the street below.

"Are ye ready?" queried the sailor softly, imitating the Elder's voice, for he guessed rightly that they were waiting there for himself.

"Ay, ay, lower away. Sharp's the word!" came back the answer in gruff undertones that seemed to bode ill for the comfort of the Elder, as the sailor thought with mischievous glee.

Carefully lifting up the prostrate form of the enemy, the sailor carried it to the window, and, after a brief struggle, forced the shapeless bundle through the somewhat narrow space, using perhaps rather more force than was absolutely necessary to effect his purpose.

This accomplished, he gradually paid out the rope, at the other end of which Ebenezer was helplessly swinging, till he felt a sudden stoppage; then the rope swung light and loose in his hands, and he knew his enemy was safely in the hands of the hirelings below.

Looking out, he perceived them plainly enough, making off at all speed, and carrying, as best they could, their unwieldy burden.

The Elder was safely caught in his own net this time, thought the sailor, chuckling at the remembrance of the Elder in his hour of victory, and wondering whether the spiritual parallels in which he had so delighted would be able to afford him consolation in his hour of misfortune. Well enough did the sailor know that no excuses would avail the wretched man on board ship—no attempts to prove that he was the wrong man would go down when a ship was sailing shorthanded. No, no; there he was aboard a dirty merchant brig, in as sorry a plight as could well be imagined, and all, as the sailor gleefully reflected, through his own wicked devices.

. . . .

Some two or three months after the events just recorded, had any inhabitant of Old Quay been passing through the pretty village of Moreton-in-the-Wolds, and had inquired—being smitten with thirst after the constant manner of his native town—as to the whereabouts of the best alehouse in the place, he would certainly have been told to seek for his solace at the sign of "The Pearl."

As he proceeded thither, he would first perceive on his approach a ponderous signboard swinging over the entrance, on which were depicted two warriors engaged in a desperate duel, while two armies in the background breathlessly awaited the result. On the forefinger of the fiercer and rougher of the two opponents was a huge ring, which was set with so gigantic a pearl that the wearer must have been seriously incommoded by it in the violent struggle in which he was engaged.

Having gazed upon this stirring scene, and unconsciously wondered what the history that was evidently attached to it could be, he

would discover, on arrival at the bar, none other in mine host but the famous sailor—the possessor of the wondrous pearl—who had been so well-known a figure in Old Quay for a short time some months ago, and had outwitted the Elder in the famous episode of the carouse.

The honest sailor, indeed, had departed very shortly after his victory, but not before he had related to his comrades the manner in which he had got the better of the Elder, whose strange disappearance, of course, had set everybody speculating as to the cause.

The humour of the situation and the retribution that had befallen the Elder tickled everyone's fancy, and delighted many who had doubtless often been rebuked by him for their backslidings.

The sailor, however, early escaped from attentions that were beginning to become wearisome by a sudden departure. He had determined to sell the pearl at its own true value, and having done so, to settle down in his old home on the land belonging to the young squire, whose lovely wife, as we have heard above, he had been instrumental in helping to win.

He bought with the proceeds of the wonderful pearl the village inn, and was now fast becoming, after the squire and his wife, the most popular person in the district.

The story of the jewel had, of course, become famous, and often would mine host be pressed to tell the tale of how first Hafiz won it in fair fight against the invader; then, how he had received it as his prize for helping to carry off the "mistress," and lastly—best of all—how he had regained it from the grasp of the sanctimonious but perfidious Elder.

THE PLEASURES OF FARMING.

Venio nunc ad voluptates agricolarum, quibus ego incredibiliter delector.—*Cicero.*

THE number of young men who are continually being educated for a farming life and the eager claimants who beg for the tenancy of any popular farm prove pretty conclusively that the life of a farmer is fraught either with pleasure or with profit—probably with both. A pessimist will, of course, assert that there are no pleasures in farming, and certainly no profits; but on these practical questions plain men may be permitted to use their own common-feeling. In the case of most arable farms, it must be admitted that, unless rents have been much reduced, agricultural distress has largely resulted. No amount of ingenuity or hard work can extract much profit from highly-rented plough-land when corn stands at the price it does at present, more especially if the enhanced cost of labour and other necessary expenses on such a farm be taken into account. It does not necessarily follow though that farming with small profits is not attended with many pleasures. The sense of ownership and freedom is always there; and, if farmers may be credited with any feeling of beauty or artistic delight, the æsthetic pleasures of an agricultural life are largely present. Unfortunate clergymen, whose fortunes follow the farmer, and whose tithes fall year by year to a lower ebb, are obliged to console themselves in great measure with these unbought, intangible pleasures of the country. They have much occasion to thank Homer and their college studies, Tennyson, and Mr. Ruskin. Cultivating the ground, though originally imposed upon man as a punishment, has been beneficently associated with a natural feeling of pleasure ever since the time when Noah "began to be a husbandman" and planted a vineyard. The Roman poet who has glorified agriculture writes:

> Pater ipse colendi
> Haud facilem esse viam voluit;

and yet

> Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes,
> Panaque Silvanumque senem Nymphasque sorores.

How many disappointed kings, soldiers, and politicians have experienced something of the charm which thus attaches itself to cultivation of the soil! From M. Curius and Cincinnatus, the dictator at the plough, to Sir William Temple pruning his apricots at Moor Park—to name only classical examples—is an almost incalculable interval in all that makes life desirable and civilised, yet all three meet, owing to their sharing in that natural love of cultivation which seems impressed more or less deeply upon human nature.

Farmers used to be divided into those who drove to market in a gig and those who went in carts. The division was fair enough until the last forty years. An enhanced style of living among all classes, and the reign of steam, have changed matters of late. The old days, when farmers, night after night, drank in the village public-house, and when one begged that he might be buried near the corner of the churchyard, in order that he might hear his neighbours discussing the price of wheat as they rode from market along the adjoining road, have entirely passed away. Farmers may now be marked off as little freeholders, ordinary tenant farmers, and scientific farmers. The first of these may be seen in Devon combes to perfection. Their manner of life is sordid, and almost as full of toil as that of their French representatives. They add penny to penny with miserable daily efforts, and still lay these wretched gains in a "stocking foot" under the eaves, like their predecessors of the last century. As for intellectual food, it is melancholy to think of their books: a tattered Bible and Prayer Book, a greasy ready reckoner, and Old Moore's Prophetic Almanac form the literature of their houses, after all the efforts of School Boards and popular lectures. Drinking cider, and a rare visit to market, are the chief recreations of these men. The farm and a neglected garden supply all their wants. In their case Cicero's words find their aptest fulfilment—*jam hortum ipsi agricolæ succidiam alteram appellant.* No class of the community has as yet had so little done for it. Compulsory education, and the franchise before they knew how to vote—these are the latest boons granted such little farmers by civilisation, and it is not matter of wonder if the agitator and the designing tap-room orator lead them by the nose. It is a relief to turn from the spectacle of one of these small freeholders trying to till an ungrateful hill-side with an old-fashioned plough drawn by a pony and an ox, as we have seen, to the industrious, well-to-do tenant-farmer. He cultivates at least a hundred acres, frequently much more, but does not ordinarily blossom into one of George Eliot's large Lowick farmers. There are numberless systems of bookkeeping published to aid farmers, but a shrewd

suspicion may be entertained that few of them are used by this class of men. Rule of thumb, constant supervision, thrift, and perseverance—these they deem the best account-books. Perhaps they have rather acquired a habit of lamenting the bad times, the low prices, the general depression, or these depreciatory and deprecatory tones may be inseparable from the abstract idea of a farmer. They appear to forget that the bulk of their living comes from the farm, and that, beyond this, it supplies not only profit, but, any ordinary man must needs think, considerable profit. After the corn is sold (doubtless not at the price made by previous generations), it may be that hay or roots also find a market. The stock which is reared from cows, and the lambs, are yearly disposed of. Wool forms a considerable item in profits. On many farms poultry and rabbits (generally the perquisites of the wives) can easily be sold at the neighbouring markets. If attention has been duly paid to the exhortations of an eminent living statesman, fruit, honey, mushrooms, cut flowers, wild nosegays have added no inconsiderable sum to the careful farmer. What other trade or profession supplies so many profits? The wonder is, save from his own extravagance, how any tenant-farmer can be ruined—be the separate profits never so small, they must in the aggregate mean competence.

As for scientific farming on a large scale, with lavish employment of manure, labour, and steam-power, it is very questionable whether, from a business point of view, it ever pays—the outlay is too vast. Mr. Mechi's once famous Tiptree farm is now a strawberry-garden. At the best of times it was probably reinforced in no slight degree from the shop in Leadenhall Street. It served to illustrate, at all events, that economy, extreme care in the selection of seed, and a preference in many kinds of farm work for steam rather than horse power, were principles well worthy the attention of tenant-farmers. Thus that spirited agriculturist has greatly advanced the cause of agriculture, if he did not profit himself. Although his experiments and machinery would not pay as a whole, lessons in enterprise and the use of some scientific aids on a smaller and less celebrated farm might well result in a profit. Labour will be the great difficulty of the farmer's future. Any economy of human power by the employment of steam deserves the attention of the practical agriculturist before that time comes.

There is, however, something banausic in estimating the farmer's life by his profits. In a strictly utilitarian age, and among men who are perhaps at times slightly commonplace, and little moved by the lighter graces of art and poetry, it may be as well to point out to the

farmer what a store of secondary pleasures (as he would deem them) his occupation discloses. The end and aim of farming certainly is not "to die a good un," as the phrase runs in East Anglia. This ignoble, but all-mastering desire is productive of meanness, contempt of all liberal or charitable impulses, and a miserliness which increases with age—and all in order to leave behind a few thousands of pounds more than did his neighbours, John Doe or Richard Roe. A farmer of this type advances no good cause, neglects his relatives, despises art, literature, and travel. He is rustically self-sufficient, and when the scorn of his neighbours touches his dull sense only shakes his sovereigns, and murmurs, like the miser of old, "at mihi plaudo ipse domi." He cannot spend his money, for he has only animal wants, and they are cheaply satisfied. No demon ever whispered to him, "Have a taste." The smaller farmer, who at a respectful distance resembles this agricultural Crœsus, is stingy and sordid. He, too, spends nothing on higher pleasures. He knows nothing of the lighter graces of life. Frequently his wife and children are worse clothed than many labourers' families. Market-day once, or, in some cases, twice, a week, is his only notion of recreation, and the neighbours and pedestrians have a wholesome dread of his spring-cart driven recklessly through the dark lanes at night when he returns, "market peart," as the phrase runs, to the bosom of his family. What the whisky which he drinks at his ordinary resembles may be gathered from the following fact. A friend, meeting a wine and spirit merchant, was asked by him to dine at the farmers' ordinary at the "Blue Bull." "But take great care to imitate me after dinner," said he, "for we sell a particular whisky for these farmers' houses." After dinner he called, like the rest of the company, for a couple of glasses of whisky for himself and friend, and then, winking at the latter, took an opportunity to empty his glass into the coalscuttle and fill it up with water instead. His friend followed the example, and both escaped without a headache.

It would be absurd to credit the farmer, in most cases, with a cultivated taste for nature, or to suppose that the softer influences of the country can affect him with an artist's or a scholar's love. And yet, after a blind, unconscious fashion, nature's charms do appeal to his heart in spite of himself. Early morning in spring is dear to him when he surveys the well-nibbled upland pasture and longs for sunshine and warmth.

> Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris;

and the songs insensibly take him captive, and lead him back to

boyhood and the field-paths along which he went to school before he knew anything of oats and fat beasts. He has a supreme contempt, as a rule, for wild-flowers, but on such an occasion he deigns to gather a bunch of primroses drenched in dew, and offers them, with the ludicrous bashfulness of an agricultural Cyclops, to the "missus," on his return to breakfast. The rooks which strut over the fallow field cawing assiduously, and the larks rising or falling in ecstasies of song, make no definite impression on his perceptions, and yet their happiness helps to form the idea of home peace and contentment which he possesses. His eye wanders over the woods to the mountains beyond, where thin fleecy mists rise and gather shape into clouds, and the glance that he obtains of the distant common, dotted over with white cottages, is consolatory, although he does not put it into words. It bids him rejoice, as his holding is something very different to that of the cottagers there. He has plenty of land of his own, and no scarcity of stock, and the feeling of satisfaction which results is eminently congenial to a farmer's mind.

Another scene fraught with extreme pleasure to him is found in the hayfield during the noontide heats of June. The river murmurs by, its even currents every now and then broken by the rising of a trout, while swallows and swifts dart up and down, and rise higher into the air to seize some larger fly. Men and women are busy turning the fragrant swathes, a knot of boys and girls play round a perambulator, which holds a couple of babies, near the shady hedge. Meanwhile, the incessant "whirr, whirr!" of the haymaking machine arises and clouds of dry grass are swept up into the air as it progresses. The farmer never read how the Homeric king is represented on the shield of Achilles as surveying his labourers in like manner—"standing on a heap, with his sceptre in his hand, silently rejoicing in his heart"; but the effect is the same. Visions of wealth and plenty, of fatlings and warmth and easeful peace rise before him, unmarred by any thoughts of rents or taxes. There is not at that time a happier man in the kingdom, if the farmer had but the wit to know it.

Take another country idyll, and see eventide falling upon the golden cornfields—golden in a double sense, as the farmer feels that the produce will pay the rent and wages and keep his house, and leave him a fair margin of profit as well. The West is bathed in a crimson lustre spreading far up the sky, and, without in the least being moved by the fair prospect, he watches the ruddy colour deepen into a livid red, and then again into long clouds dappled with fire and vermilion, as the sun sinks below the hills, while immediately opposite the broad disc of the harvest moon leaps up into the sky from some far enchanted

land of the morning. The farmer does not hear the soft chirring of the nightjars as he walks home, or notice the silver shafts of moonlight on the laurels in his garden—but all these beauties have insensibly tranquillised him. He sits down to supper at peace with all around him, and, for the time, reckless of strikes, low prices, and swine fever, which seem to be the three *bêtes noires* of modern farming. Such pastoral pictures as these, redolent of country joys and occupations, cannot but raise deep sensations of pleasure within the minds of every reflecting person who is at all conversant with rural employments. Nature, and Nature's face at her fairest, are ever welcome. Even more than sportsmen, farmers behold the rare beauty of the country, and inhale its sweet scents, and listen to its songs of contented peace, because they are in the open air night and day, early and late. This sense of freedom it is which has led so many persons to commence farming as a means of earning their livelihood. Enthusiasm blinds them to the fact that a long apprenticeship must in most cases be served ere experience can be learned. The same ardour wings multitudes of emigrants, who think it is only necessary to reach the New World for a man to become a successful farmer, however little he may have seen of agricultural work at home.

A keen sense of independence is another pleasure brought by farming. The feeling awakes early in the budding agriculturist. He knows that his calling will take him always into the open air, that he will no more have occasion to "pore over miserable books." He will be able to command men and boys and horses at his will; while farming, it is notorious, can always be done in the quickest manner on horseback. The Ground Game Act now furnishes a motive for a farmer always to carry a gun. What can be more delightful to a hater of books? Sportsmanship need not always be taken into account. In the present dearth of hares, how many farmers think twice of sparing a stock for others in future? One, of whom we recently heard, saw a hare in its form when he was unluckily without his gun. Stepping back gently on tip-toe, so as not to disturb the poor animal, he hastily went home, and returned, bearing his fowling-piece, well charged, to the vicinity of the hare. Carrying the gun in readiness at his shoulder, he then cautiously advanced until, at short distance, he again beheld the hare, and fixed the sight on it. A moment more and the foully-murdered creature lay prostrate before him. The tendency of all modern farming agreements is towards independence on the part of the tenant in every way. The four-course system of husbandry is not made binding; straw and manure may be sold on easy conditions, and so forth, the theory being that a

man knows his own interests best, and, if fixity of tenure is reasonably guaranteed, that he will not, as often in the old days of stipulated crops, rack out the land when he has the opportunity.

Country life ministers many other pleasures to the farmer. Each season of the year abounds with its own joys. Fishing is little to his taste : it requires patience, and is eminently a thoughtful, solitary enjoyment. But hunting is specially dear to all young farmers, and they can lay the flattering unction to their souls that in hunting they are actually working for their own interests, by no means idly amusing themselves. They are exhibiting horses for rich men to buy ; they are ready to dispose of straw or oats ; they are meeting their fellows, with whom there is always a chance of driving a bargain. Happy men, to whom increased holidays bring but greater profits ! Besides fox-hunting, too, a farmer can frequently find an opportunity for following the otter hounds. If he has a taste for racing, again, there are sure to be race-meetings at his market town, where (as cynics might say) he can handsomely ruin himself. A good deal of emulation can be roused by ploughing matches in the winter, by shows of fat cattle, and the like. Comparison of animals is in itself an education for a farmer, while there are generally dinners and convivial meetings in connection with cattle shows. Of a quieter nature are chats with the head-keeper on the stile leading to the pheasant preserves ; walks with him round the fields to look at partridges, find pheasants' eggs, and the like. These often lead to invitations to shoot the young rooks in the park, or to a day's rabbit-shooting when the big house must be supplied. On the whole few classes of the community enjoy more frequent and more varied pleasures than the farmer. Add to this that, even in the present days of low prices for corn, a timely forethought for other branches of agriculture, together with energy and industry, will always earn an honourable subsistence, and it will be confessed that the farming interest is not at present in the deplorable plight of which some agitators would persuade their disciples.

And yet, to the thoughtful man, there is something sad in agriculture. On one side, with the Roman poet, he sees, as his crops of clover and corn wave on the hill-side, an approach to the Golden Age, when men were just, sober, righteous, and their pruning hooks were not yet beaten into swords. On the other, a deeper spiritual knowledge and more serious introspection remind him of the inevitable doom of labour and death, and how the oldest form of toil since man left Paradise still shows itself in keeping sheep and tilling the ground. The world has advanced on many lines, but these necessary processes

have not been, and cannot be, superseded untii the end. There is an ineffable sense of want and sorrow in even the fairest sights of agriculture, which a great interpreter of Nature in our own days has not forgotten—

> in looking on the happy autumn fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more.

The processes of farming leave much time for the soul to commune with itself, to entertain regret and melancholy. How many an old man in his hayfield or orchard tries, like Laertes of old, to solace himself for his son in far Australia by hard work ! How many actually find comfort in the direst troubles of life by the toils of the planter and pruner, rejoicing, like Cyrus the Younger, as they survey the plantations: "these coppices of such goodly proportions were designed by me, most of these trees were planted by my own hand"!

Indeed, an atmosphere of peace surrounds most farms, if the farmer only accustomed himself to perceive it. They have frequently descended through several generations, so that the tenant-farmer has more interest in his house than the clergyman enjoys in his rectory. Its stone tile roofs, starred with yellow and grey lichens, were set up by his grandfather; its large chimneys, and irregular windows through which peep roses and *Pyrus japonica*, picturesque objects in themselves, are set off by stacks and barns on which pigeons flutter, and the constant stir of life is maintained around them by the lowing of heifers, the various cries of the poultry-yard. No formal plantations surround such a farm, but large ashes or elms lend it character, while hedges—carelessly ordered, for the most part, in a grassy country—over which, in June, wild roses and honeysuckle run riot, tell of easy minds and old-fashioned profusion. As the classical eulogist of farming wrote—"villa tota locuples est; abundat porco, hædo, agno, gallina, lacte, caseo, melle." An extraordinary fascination hangs over the spectacle of farms and farming for most thoughtful persons after middle life. A cause deeper than mere artistic effects or love of natural beauty underlies it—the inarticulate yearnings of the spirit for the new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness, of the body for welcome rest in its bosom. Cremation may be a scientific mode of disposing of the body, but it does violence to the soul, to all the cherished instincts of humanity, which draw it strongly to Mother Earth in death as in life—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

M. G. WATKINS.

THE FOLK-TALES OF SARDINIA.

IN the midst of the Mediterranean Sea, a few miles to the south of its smaller, but more illustrious, neighbour Corsica, lies the Island of Sardinia. It was well known to Greek and Phœnician sailors, and in classic times one of its peoples claimed descent from Trojan fugitives. A variety of mineral wealth lies buried beneath its mountains, and, especially of late years, has drawn trade that way. But visitors for other purposes are comparatively rare; and the islanders yet retain much of their ancient simplicity.

Among a simple race, and in a mountainous island, we should expect to find many old customs, tales, and superstitions in full vigour. Nor, from what we know of the Sardinians, should we be disappointed. But so little has civilisation as yet penetrated their grassy valleys and rugged uplands, that the collector of folk-lore has hardly done more than gain a footing there, though he has reason to be proud of his exploits all over Italy and Sicily. Indeed, a German traveller, only a few years ago, ventured on the assertion that in Sardinia one would seek in vain for any of the half pagan, or at least profane, traditions in which his own country was so rich. To those who know anything of the science of folk-lore this is a wildly improbable statement; and it has been abundantly disproved by the researches of several eminent men, among whom may be named Professor Ferraro, Professor Guarnerio, and Dr. Mango.

These writers have dealt chiefly with the songs and tales current among the natives of the island. Forty stories in all have appeared; and these have been obtained from peasants, and are given in various dialects, some of which are evidently unintelligible to the ordinary Tuscan. One of the most popular stories is that of Maria Intaulata (Mary Wainscotted). It is given in the dialect of Calangianus, and runs in this way. A man who had one daughter lost his wife. Before she died she gave him a ring, saying that it was her wish he should marry for his second wife her whom that ring would fit. Moved, no doubt, entirely by the desire to carry out his dead wife's wishes, the man went round the whole town with the ring,

but failed to find a lady whose finger it would fit. At last he tried it on his daughter's hand, much against her will, and lo! it fitted her. Then he said to her: "You must be my wife." When the girl heard that, she went and took counsel of her teacher as to what she should do. The teacher answered: "Do this: if you are to be his wife, let him get you a moon-robe." The maiden accordingly demanded of her father a moon-robe. When the father had bought that robe, she asked for a robe of stars. Again the father complied; and she then asked for a robe of chimes. On this being obtained also, the maiden for the fourth time took her teacher's advice, and she was told: "Now, go to a wood-cutter; let him make you a robe of wood. Clad in that, go away until you meet your fate." The girl did so, and wandered about until she came to the gate of the king's palace, where she asked for shelter for the night. She was told there was no room; but the poor child begged to be allowed to stay, saying she could sleep anywhere, even in the fowlhouse. She was taken at her word, and contemptuously permitted to find shelter with the fowls. But at night she went out, took off her wooden gown, and in her robe of chimes climbed a tree which stood before the palace. All the city ran together to the palace to inquire what the music meant. But the king was as much at a loss as the people. "I have no music," he said; "I do not know whence these chimes are." The girl repeated this performance the following night, and again the people crowded to the palace to know whence the sounds came. The king answered in vain: "I have heard them again, but I do not know whence they are." The people went home puzzled and angry. The next morning the king learned that his waiting-maid had gone no one knew where; and, as he could not possibly be without one, he sent for the girl who was in the hen-roost. She came up dressed in her wooden robe, and the queen asked her: "Why not take off that wooden gown?" She answered: "I cannot; I wear it for a penance." The queen said: "What is your name?" "I am called Mary Wainscotted." "Henceforth," said the queen, "you are to be our waiting-maid. My son is going to a feast to-morrow; get his things ready." The girl got everything ready for him, but forgot his riding-whip. Her duties, indeed, seem to have been somewhat various; but such is the peasant's idea of a palace and its inmates. When the king's son was dressed he wanted his whip, and he said to Mary Wainscotted, the royal waiting-maid: "And the whip?" "I quite forgot it," she answered, and went to fetch it. When she came back the prince was already on his horse, and on handing the whip to him he struck her with it. No sooner

had he gone than Mary Wainscotted asked the queen's permission to go to the feast too. The queen answered: "No, Mary; I shall not let you go, because my son might see you." But Mary begged, and promised, sly thing! that the prince should not catch sight of her; and the queen, seeing the waiting-maid had taken it into her head to go, gave her consent at last. Then the maiden took off her wooden gown and threw it into a bush, making her appearance at the feast in her robe of stars. As soon as the prince saw her he asked her to dance. Of course she could not refuse; and, as she was a stranger, he was inquisitive as to whence she came. "I came from Whiptown," she said. While they were dancing he made her a present of a diamond, and said: "Don't go away; we will go together." But she gave him the slip; and when she got home the queen asked her: "Did my son see you?" "Oh! no, certainly not," the waiting-maid calmly declared; and while she was speaking back came the prince. She asked him: "Have you had a pleasant time, master?" "Yes," he replied; "the feast was pleasant, but I did not see you, Mary Wainscotted, though there was a girl there——" A few days after, another feast was given; and Mary forgot the prince's bridle. He had to wait while she fetched it; but at last he was off, and Mary immediately went to the queen and begged leave to go too. The queen made the same difficulty as before, but Mary surmounted it in the same way, by vowing that the prince should not see her. She hid her wooden gown in the bush, and went clad in her moon robe. The prince fell in love with her at once and invited her to dance. While they were dancing he presented her with another diamond, and asked: "From what town is your ladyship?" "From Bridletown," she answered; and the prince again prayed that he might accompany her home. She escaped him, however; and when he reached home she came to receive him, inquiring if the feast had been a pleasant one. "Very good," he answered, "but I did not see you. But there was one——" In making ready that the prince might start for a third festival, Mary forgot a spur. When there he saw a lady wearing a robe of chimes. He invited her to dance, and gave her another diamond, asking from what town she was. "From Spurtown," she answered promptly. It was Mary Wainscotted, who had stripped off her wooden gown and put on the robe of chimes. The king's son was so vexed that he could not find out who these three ladies were, that he fell ill. The doctors declared that he was lovesick, and they could not cure him. He would not eat the broth his mother brought him; so one day Mary Wainscotted asked the queen to allow *her* to take it to him. "If he

won't take it from me, why should he from you?" asked the queen. "Try me, and see," returned Mary. At last the queen consented, and Mary took him the broth, putting one of the diamonds he had given her into it, and so gave it him. He took it and asked for more. Mary fetched him some more broth and put another diamond into it. Evidently she could cure him. He still asked for more, and she gave it to him with the third diamond in it. When the prince saw that all those ladies, for whose sake he had fallen ill, were but one, and that one Mary Wainscotted, he jumped out of bed with one bound, seized his dagger, and split the wooden robe asunder. Then there appeared no longer Mary Wainscotted, but the lady whom he had seen at the feasts. It need hardly be added that they were married and lived happy ever after.[1]

This story, told on the barren hillsides of Sardinia, is identical with one formerly current in our own land. But our story has, I fear, long since died out, killed probably by the French tale of Cinderella. It is referred to in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and was no doubt well known when Goldsmith wrote. The form in which it is last known to have been repeated is that of a ballad called "The Wandering Young Gentlewoman, or Catskin." In this ballad the heroine is an outcast because she was a daughter, whereas her father was anxious to have a son, and was disappointed and enraged at her birth. She has a robe of catskins, and becomes scullion in a knight's house, sleeping in an outhouse. The knight's lady strikes her on each occasion of her son's going to a ball, because she asks to go too. The first and second time the lady breaks a ladle and a skimmer over poor Catskin's shoulders, and the third time she drenches her with water. The young squire overtakes the damsel on her way home after the third ball, and thus finds out who she is. By arrangement with her, he feigns himself ill that she may attend him; and they have a good time together, until one day his mother surprises them, and finds Catskin arrayed in her rich attire.

> Which caused her to stare, and thus for to say,
> "What young lady is this, come tell me, I pray?"
> He said, "It is Catskin, for whom sick I lie,
> And except I do have her with speed I shall die."

The proud lady and her husband, the knight, acquiesced of course. The story, however, has a sequel wanting in the Sardinian version. Catskin's father, hearing his daughter was so well married, disguises

[1] Prof. Guarnerio's collection, No. 1. *Archivio per lo Studio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, vol. ii., p. 21.

himself as a beggar, and goes to her to ask alms. When she knows who he is, she takes him in, gives him "the best provisions the house could afford," and, thinking him in want, offers him a home. He replies, he has only come to try her love; he himself has enough; and for her love he will give her a portion of ten thousand pounds.

Another good old English ballad is represented in Sardinia by a tale called "The Escaped Canary." Once upon a time, a king who had a beautiful canary, of which he was very fond, committed it to the care of a servant. One fine morning this servant left the door of its cage open for a moment, and away it flew. The king came in shortly after; and when he knew what had happened, he ordered the servant to be summarily dismissed. The servant began to weep and to pray for pardon because of his long family, promising and vowing that he would never be guilty of such carelessness again. The king at last, moved by compassion, had him called back into his presence, and said: "Listen! if you can answer me two questions I will let you stay in the palace; if not, you shall be turned out neck and crop." "Say on, your Majesty," replied the man, "I am ready for everything." "Well, then, you must tell me first the distance from hence to the sky, and, secondly, how many stones would be wanted to build this palace of mine." The servant promised that he would answer these questions, for all in his heart he knew he was not equal to doing so. As he went weeping from the palace he met an old comrade, who, seeing him weep, asked why. The man told him. "And are you faint-hearted on that account?" asked his comrade; "the answer is easy enough, and I will tell it you at once. Take a ball of twine, big, big, very big, and tell the king that that is the distance from earth to the sky; and as for the number of stones, tell him a million and a half." The servant went away content, and the next day he presented himself to the king. "Well," said the king, "what have you done about that matter?" "This is the answer, your Majesty; this is the distance from the earth to the sky," and he presented the ball of twine to the king. The king said: "Oh, no, that won't do! It's not true." "Measure it," replied the servant, unabashed, "and see if I am not right." The king was silenced; he did not know what answer to make. "And the stones that are in my palace?" he asked. "In your Majesty's palace are two millions of stones," declared the servant. "Oh!" replied the king, "that is certainly not true." "Yes, yes," said the man, "it is quite true; count them, and see whether I have not spoken the truth." The king, delighted with his cleverness, not only forgave him, but gave

him a large sum of money, which he divided with his comrade as a reward for showing him so good a way out of his trouble.[1]

Nobody will dispute that the English ballad of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury is both far stronger in plot and wittier in the replies given to the king; but then it has been through the skilful hands of Bishop Percy. What can be neater than the replies to the first and last of the three queries?—

> "First," quoth the king, "tell me in this stead,
> With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
> Among my nobility with joy and much mirth,
> Within one penny what I am worth."
>
> "For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
> Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
> And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
> For I think thou art one penny worser than he."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "And from the third question thou must not shrink,
> But tell me here truly what I do think."
>
> "Yes, that I shall, and make your Grace merry;
> Your Grace thinks I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
> But I'm his poor shepherd, as here you may see,
> Come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The story is an old one. It is found in one form or another all over Europe. Perhaps the oldest version now extant is in the *Gesta Romanorum*, where the emperor puts seven questions to a knight against whom he wishes to find a ground for punishment. It is found also among the Hebrews and in Turkish. The Turkish version, as given by Professor Child, whose account of the tale is the best, is comic enough. "Three monks, who know everything, in the course of their travels come to a sultan's dominions, and he invites them to turn Mussulmans. This they agree to do, if he will answer their questions. All the sultan's doctors are convened, but can do nothing with the monks' questions. The hodja (the court fool) is sent for. The first question, Where is the middle of the earth? is answered as usual." That is to say—Here; and if you do not believe, measure for yourselves. "The second monk asks, How many stars are there in the sky? The answer is, As many as there are hairs on my ass.—Have you counted? ask the monks.—Have *you* counted? rejoins the fool.—Answer me this, says the same monk, and we shall see if your number is right: How many hairs are there in my beard?—As many as in my ass's tail.—Prove it.—My dear

[1] Dr. Francesco Mango: *Novelline Popolari Sarde*, p. 21. The stories quoted below are all from this collection.

man, if you don't believe me, count yourself; or we will pull all the hairs out of both, count them, and settle the matter. The monks submit, and become Mussulmans." [1]

The Sardinian peasants are fond of a joke, if their jokes are not always of the keenest. Here is a story, modern at least in its present form, of the taming of a shrew. It is entitled "The Girl who did not like Smoke."—

There was once a priest who had a niece who was resolved not to marry. Often she was asked, but she would not listen; for she had got it into her head that she would not have a man who smoked. Finally a young fellow came and asked for her hand. Her uncle said to him: "Do you smoke?" "Yes, sir," he replied. "Then my niece will refuse you, for she will not have anyone who smokes." But the suitor said: "Is that all? I'll let the smoking alone." The uncle called his niece. She said, Yes; and they were married. In the evening of the day they were married the bridegroom, without saying a syllable to his wife, went off to bed, and was soon fast asleep. And in the same way every day when he came home he never spoke, but went straight to bed without taking any notice of her. She thought this conduct strange, and began to fret and pine. Her uncle said to her one day: "What is the matter, that you are always sad? Does he illtreat you?" "No, he doesn't illtreat me; but when he comes home at night he never speaks, but goes to bed and sleeps. In fact, when he is in the house, he never utters a word to me." Then the uncle spoke to the husband: "What is the matter, my son? Are you not satisfied with my niece?" "Oh, yes, uncle," answered he, "but somehow, when I don't smoke, I cannot keep my eyes open." When the old man repeated this to the bride, she said: "If that's it, he shall smoke." And from that time she was never satisfied when he had the pipe out of his mouth.

Our old favourite, The Story of the Two Sisters who were envious of their Youngest Sister, which M. Galland put into the mouth of the immortal Scheherazade, is dealt with by the Sardinian peasant in a somewhat unexpected fashion. There were once three poor girls, sisters, who kept a poultry yard close to the king's palace. They often used to talk together in the yard; and the two elder used to wish to wed some servant of the king's, but the youngest longed to wed the king himself. Her sisters laughed, and joked her about it; and when at last the king asked her, they were jealous, and told her that if he married her it would only be to make game of her and

[1] Prof. Child: *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, vol. i. p. 410.

laugh at her. But he did marry her and took her to live in the palace. By-and-by she was expecting to become a mother, and told her husband she felt sure he would have two beautiful children. Just at that very time war broke out, and the king was obliged to take the field. Before leaving, he gave his wife in charge to her sisters, who promised to send him tidings of all that happened. After he was gone, the two sisters conspired together to write to him that his wife had given birth to a brace of puppies and was now stark mad. The king replied, ordering her to be driven from the palace. Her sisters accordingly cast her out. Weeping, she asked why they were sending her away; but they only answered that such was the king's command. "God will right me," she said; "give me but strength and patience!" The poor creature wandered far and wide until she reached a certain mountain. There she met an old, old man who, seeing her plight, courteously invited her to rest in his dwelling. In that shelter she brought forth two lovely babes, a boy and a girl. When the king returned from the war his sisters-in-law had a long tale to tell him of his wife's evil doings. Hearing so much ill of her whom he tenderly loved, the king fell sick and took to his bed. After awhile, when he was able to get up again, to divert his thoughts, he went far into the country, till he arrived at the mountain where his wife was. There he saw two little ones playing, and said to himself: "How fair they are! If they were mine how happy I should be!" Drawing near, he saw the old man, and asked: "Good man, can you tell me whose children these are?" "They belong to a poor unfortunate girl who has been thrust out of house and home by her wicked sisters." "Might I see her?" So the old man called her; she came, and when they saw one another, husband and wife exclaimed: "My wife!" "My husband!" They ran into one another's arms, and with tears of joy the mother called her little ones: "Here is your father, kiss him!" The children ran, and jumping up, embraced their father. But when they looked round for the old man who had so long taken care of the helpless outcasts, he had vanished—for he was the Lord Jesus Christ.

The introduction of such a *deus ex machinâ* is very far from offensive to the peasantry of the Continent. Stories in which Christ and His Apostles figure are everywhere popular, and this is one of the least objectionable. There is nothing incongruous to simple, realistic faith in the personal intervention of the Deity to succour the distressed and to do justice to the helpless. If ever that intervention be called for in human affairs it is surely for such a purpose; and it

is our fault, or our misfortune, if our association of the tale with talking birds and singing trees, magic necklaces and cucumbers with pearl sauce, startle us when, in place of all this elaborate and costly machinery, we have the simple form of the Good Shepherd. If the Church herself frown on the imagination which embodies in these tales the objects of her faith, it is quite a modern austerity. For ages she cherished all such fancies and erected them into articles of belief. She wrought them into her services, and showed them to the peop e in her miracle plays. The miracle play of Santa Uliva, for instance, the earliest edition of which is unknown, was reprinted at Florence in the year 1568. Its plot is in some respects similar to that of the tale before us, but it is the king's mother who schemes against the heroine, and not her sisters. In the earlier part of the play the heroine cuts off her hands to avoid her father's importunities, for, as in the tale of Mary Wainscotted, he desires to marry her; and the Virgin Mary afterwards appears to fit her with new ones. Nor is her intervention deemed at all incompatible with the nymphs and cupids and other mythological personages who also take part in the performance.[1] This play was very popular; and it is by no means an extreme or a solitary example of what we may think the grotesque mingling, under the Church's sanction, of sacred and profane, of Christian divinities in pagan fairy tales.

At the beginning of this paper the Sardinian Cinderella came before us; we may close with another figure, equally familiar if not equally beloved—that of Bluebeard. The Sardinian Bluebeard is called—The Devil; and the story about him is this. A poor man who had three daughters went one day into the wood to gather a bundle of sticks. While he was cutting them he heard footsteps, and turning round he saw a gentleman, who asked: "What are you doing, my good man?" "I am getting a little wood, you see, sir, to warm myself." "Would you like me to help you?" "We always want help until we die." "What family have you?" "Three daughters." "Well, I will help you if one of your daughters will marry me." "How can a poor girl like my daughter marry?" The gentleman thereupon cut off an entire branch at one blow, gave it to the woodcutter, and said: "Then I shall expect an answer to-morrow." But when the gentleman had gone away, the woodcutter said to himself: "He must be the devil himself, or he could not have cut that big branch all in a moment." However, devil or no devil, he went home and told the story to his daughters. The eldest and the second both refused to marry the

[1] D'Ancona: *Sacre Rappresentazioni dei Secoli XIV, XV, e XVI*, vol. iii. p. 235.

unknown gentleman. "I will," said the youngest; "so I shall be mistress in my own house." The next day the stranger came to the wood and met the woodcutter. "Well," said he, "what have you done, good man? Which of them will have me?" "The youngest," replied the man. "Then take this money, and to-morrow I will come and fetch her." But the old proverb is true: Marry in haste and repent at leisure. On the morrow the gentleman came and the wedding took place, and the married pair afterwards set out for home. Before parting, the bride's mother gave her a little dog to keep her company. When they reached home the bridegroom said to her: "You are mistress of everything." And he gave her the keys and took her all over the house. But there was one room he did not show her, and the key of which he omitted to give her; and she said to herself: "I must find out why he did not give me the key of this room. But I understand that he does not come home from midday to midnight, so I shall get my chance." One day she accordingly succeeded in finding the key, and she opened the door. What a sight she beheld! Those agonised forms were nothing else than souls of the lost. Overcome with fright, she gasped: "Who are you?" "We are paying the penalty of our sins. I," said one, "was a miller's wife, and I robbed every poor man who came to grind his corn." "I," said another, "used to blaspheme continually." "I," said a third, "murdered my husband." And so they told every one her sin. "And who are you?" asked these lost ones in return. "I am the mistress of the house, and I live here with my husband." "Poor child! and she knows not she has married the devil." "The devil! How shall I manage to live with him?" she asked, almost beside herself. "Don't despair; we will tell you how to get away. Write a letter as if from your mother, saying that she wishes to see you. Tell your husband, and ask him to take you to her. When you reach the house, have a cock made ready to take back with you; and when you are on the way back squeeze the bird's wings, and you will see that the devil will soon disappear." So the wife forges the letter, and goes to her husband in tears, and hands it to him. "What is the matter?" "Read this letter, and you will see." Devils are so easily deceived—in folk-tales. "Well, well," said he, "don't cry; we will go, and you shall see your mother." When they got there, the mother was surprised to see her daughter. "What do you want here?" she asked. "Hush, mother! pretend you are unwell, and that you wanted to see me once more. I have something of importance to tell you." When they were alone the girl told her mother all. The mother quickly got a cock, and packed it up to go with

them. Presently husband and wife started home again. When they had gone a little way she slyly pinched the cock's wings. Out he bounced with a flutter and a screech. The same instant her husband vanished ; and she returned rejoicing to her father's house.

The cock's magical power in driving away demons is well known. At that season of the year when the bird of dawning singeth all night long, no spirit dares stir abroad. Night is the time when spirits have special power ; and most spirits are looked upon as evil and hostile to man. But it is a commonplace of European folk-lore that whatever time of the night a cock crows all evil spirits are at once put to flight ; their power is gone. Therefore it is that, as in this tale, artificial means are constantly taken to induce a cock to crow, in order to rescue the hero or heroine from the devil's grasp. What the origin of this superstition may be is a difficult question. It is probably not one of the oldest superstitions yet current, for the domestic fowl is not indigenous to Europe—a fact that has perhaps something to do with the supernatural virtue assigned to it.

But the cock is not the only one of the lower animals introduced here. A little dog is mentioned as given to the bride by her mother, and then it is forgotten. We may be quite sure it was originally not mentioned for nothing. In some other Italian stories concerning the Forbidden Chamber, a dog is kept by the ogre-husband to warn the wife against disobedience, and to blab her secret. In the present case the dog belongs to the wife ; and if we could go back to an earlier form of the story, it would not be surprising to find that it was the dog, and not the condemned spirits, who counselled her how she should escape from the devil's clutches.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

A COMPETITIVE UTOPIA.

EARLY last year, Dr. Hertzka, a well-known Viennese political economist, published a book entitled "Freeland: a Social Anticipation."[1] The book quickly ran through several large editions, and before the year ended societies were being formed in different parts of Germany and Austria, preparatory to the organisation of a colony in which Dr. Hertzka's new economic views might be practically tested. The author has been called a "high priest of the Manchester School," and "one of the most acute of the acute epigones of Ricardo." In what directions the author would develop the generally received principles of Political Economy may be seen from the following notice—first, of the leading principles of "Freeland," and next of the story by which those principles are shown in operation.

Some years ago Dr. Hertzka arrived at the conclusion that the great problem which first called forth, and has since been the enigma of, political economy, was and is, "Why do we not become wealthy in the ratio of our growing capacity of producing wealth?" In other words, time was when it was impossible to produce more than enough to make a few persons wealthy, and to barely feed and clothe and house the rest; the time has come when, thanks to the control man has acquired over the forces of nature, it is easily possible to produce enough to make every individual wealthy. Why has not actual production kept pace with possible production? The reply which Dr. Hertzka gives is, "Because actual production depends upon the effective demand, which is prevented by the existing social conditions from increasing in the ratio of the increase of productive capacity." He further finds that effective demand or consumption cannot increase sufficiently to stimulate such an amount of production as shall make all persons wealthy until every man can retain for his own use the whole of what his labour produces. And in order to make this possible, the means of production, land and capital, must be always and equally accessible to every man.

[1] *Freiland: ein sociales Zukunftsbild.* Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot. 1890.

Neither the community nor the individual should possess any property in land. Productive capital—to be first accumulated by annual charges upon production—should be at the disposal of any worker or association of workers, without interest, but repayable by instalments. It should be optional for any worker to join or leave any association of workers at will, the mobility of labour being thus made to depend solely upon the changes in supply and demand. This perfect mobility of labour will preserve an equality of profits in all branches of industry, and will thus make the advantage of any one branch the common advantage of all. Thus, with nationalisation of land and capital on the one hand, Dr. Hertzka would combine the fiercest competition on the other. Only, as the profits of the competing individuals or competing associations are made—by the free mobility of labour—advantageous to the whole community, the competition is not that of opponents but of friendly rivals. Communism is, in Dr. Hertzka's opinion, as fatal in one direction as the exploiting competition at present existing is in another. He would get rid of the bondage of both exploitation and communism. Every one should be perfectly free to do what he pleases, except to exercise a right of private property in land. There should be no bar even on the payment of interest to private capitalists, or on the employment of one man by another, if any one chose to pay interest for what he could get for nothing, or to work for another when he could more profitably work for himself. Having laid down a correct scientific basis for the community, Dr. Hertzka expects that community automatically to develop into a condition of universal wealth, and the highest and noblest possible well-being.

The author's principles will be better understood as seen realised in the narrative of his imaginary colony—Freeland. An "International Free Society" is organised for the settlement of a tract of country in the hill districts of Equatorial Africa. The funds are supplied by the voluntary subscriptions of the members in the first instance, and the management is vested, until the colony is completely organised, in an executive committee. A pioneer expedition of two hundred well-armed, well-equipped, experienced and enthusiastic men starts from the Eastern Coast at Mombasa, and after successfully overcoming the difficulties of the way, reaches the slopes of the Kenia mountain district in health and safety. On the way, they have not only effectually frightened but even made allies of the tribes—including the terrible Masai—they have met with. The details of the pioneer expedition are based upon careful studies of the works of African explorers, and of Joseph Thompson in particular. In fact,

all the details are very carefully drawn, and the narrative, which some may think unnecessarily circumstantial, has everywhere an air of verisimilitude. The author has purposely made his narrative minutely circumstantial, in order to show that though the story is a fiction it is in every point capable of realisation.

As soon as the pioneer party has fixed upon a site for the head-quarters of the colony, and has made hasty but very substantial provision for more immigrants, the general body of members hurries to the Kenia in large instalments. The executive committee remove from Europe to the colony itself, and hand over the control of affairs to the elective government, which consists of twelve departments. Into the details of the definitive constitution of Freeland it is impossible here to go; but it should be stated that the perfect mobility of labour is further secured by means of universal publicity of all business and industrial transactions. All accounts are kept by the Central Bank, the books of which are open to any one. The bank, moreover, publishes from time to time all such statistics as are necessary to show the changes of supply and demand, profit and loss, throughout Freeland. Accounts are kept in terms of English money, but the unit used in calculating profit, income, salaries of officials, &c., is the average value of an hour's labour. This unit rapidly and enormously increases in value. From the beginning the most costly thing in the colony is human labour. As, by virtue of the absolutely free mobility of labour, the advantage obtained by any one association of workers is at once spread over the whole body of workers throughout Freeland, machinery receives an immense impetus. As a consequence, by the time the population has reached 7,500,000 producers, the profits have risen to seven milliards sterling (£7,000,000,000). Deducting two and a half milliards for the contributions to the public service, &c., the remaining four and a half milliards give an average income of £600 to every producer, with an annual average of only 1,500 hours of work. Thus the average net value of a labour-hour is eight shillings. Out of the money deducted by the commonwealth are paid all the costs of education, public conveyance, lighting, &c. &c., as well as the maintenance allowances of all persons over sixty, all women whether married or not, and all children. The Freelanders hold that no woman should be dependent upon her husband for the necessities of life, or should be compelled to labour for her livelihood. The woman's place in society is that of the beautifier and the refiner. The maintenance allowances can accumulate in a family until they reach as much as 70 per cent. of the average income of a producer. Thus, if the

average income of a producer be £600 a year, the maintenance allowances of a non-producing family of a man, wife, and three or more children who are not yet old enough to work, will be £420.

Dr. Hertzka has left scarcely a detail in the public and private life of a community untouched in his description of the founding and early growth of his colony at Eden Vale. The government, the educational system, the provision for defence, and of course all the financial, economic, industrial, and social features of the commonwealth are abundantly enlarged upon. When Freeland has been in existence some four- or five-and-twenty years, it finds itself compelled to go to war with Abyssinia, with the result that the highly-trained and exceptionally intelligent youth of Freeland easily, and almost as if they were engaging in their ordinary sports, dispose of an Abyssinian army many times outnumbering the force brought against them. In the course of a few days the war is over, and the world has discovered that Freeland is invincible.

At this date Freeland has constructed and presented to the world, free of toll, ocean-steamer canals from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean across the centre of Africa, and from Equatorial Africa to the Mediterranean. Some surplus Freeland capital, which several of its wealthy citizens have loaned to other countries by way of speculative whim, has immensely lowered the rate of interest all over the world. Other sums are continually flowing out of Freeland into the old countries as benevolent contributions in relief of the distress of the populations where exploitation still prevails. All the roads into Freeland are open to any of the inhabitants of other countries who may long for a refuge from care and want.

The Freeland passenger-steamers ply in all oceans, carrying emigrants from all the world to Freeland free of charge. The eyes of all the distressed everywhere are upon Freeland; the hopes of all wise philanthropists are centred in the propagation of Freeland principles, and the fears of all tyrants and reactionaries find their ground and justification in Freeland. Despotic governments would like to crush Freeland, but they are afraid to attack it lest their own oppressed peoples should rise against them, and the more enlightened nations should take up the cause of Freeland. And at last, when Freeland shows with what ease it can crush a formidable enemy, the crisis comes among the peoples: the advanced nations begin at once to take measures to adopt Freeland institutions, and the despotic powers find their countries in a state of volcanic revolution. Freeland offers consultative commissioners and grants of money to the rising peoples everywhere, and calls a universal congress of the nations to meet at

Eden Vale to discuss the political future of the world. One-fourth of the book is occupied with the report of the meeting of this congress.

The questions discussed are:

> How is it that it was left to Freeland to set the example of a commonwealth based upon the principles of justice and freedom?
>
> Is the success of Freeland due to exceptional circumstances, or are the Freeland institutions based upon conditions everywhere existing and inherent in human nature?
>
> Are want and misery inevitable; and if misery be temporarily removed, will not over-population ensue and bring it back again?
>
> Is it possible—and if so, by what means—to establish the institutions of economic justice universally without interfering with inherited rights and vested interests?
>
> Are economic justice and freedom the final issue of human evolution, and what will be the condition of mankind under the domination of these principles?

Throughout, and particularly in the treatment of the above questions, Dr. Hertzka's work differs from most of the earlier Utopias in basing the conclusions arrived at upon scientific principles. The book is both a Utopia and a treatise on political economy. It is a treatise thrown into pictorial form, and on this account it will probably—particularly in England—meet with objection from two different quarters. Those who want a story will complain of the economic disquisitions, and those who want economics will scarcely have patience with the story. But though these two classes of readers may object, it is most likely they will both read the book.

Not only have readers in abundance been already found in Germany and Austria, but, as has been said, a practical result of the reading has already become manifest. Local societies are formed in many of the larger cities and towns of both empires, and these local societies are organised into one confederation with its headquarters in Vienna. Funds are pouring in, fresh members are rapidly accumulating, and it is in contemplation to put Dr. Hertzka's theories to a practical test in British Equatorial Africa, if possible next year. Much is hoped from the appearance of the book in English form,[1] as it is expected that the English-speaking populations will contribute a large contingent of both members and funds to the International Free Society. As soon as an English branch of the Society is in existence, it is proposed to

[1] An English edition will immediately be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

approach the British Government for the purpose of procuring such assurances of neutrality as shall enable the Society to make its experiments without fear of British interference.

The object of this short paper has been merely to draw attention to a striking attempt made by an economist of reputation to solve the economic problem. Criticism of that attempt is best left until the work is in the hands of the English reading public. German writers have not refrained from criticising it; many have applauded it, and even such leading economists as have not found themselves able to endorse it as a whole, have treated the book as one of the most serious and noteworthy attempts ever made to solve the burning problem of the times.

ARTHUR RANSOM.

FROM A COUNTRY PARSONAGE.

MY father had two hobbies, to which he was about equally attached. He was a great entomologist in his way, and wrote tracts on temperance. So far as I know he was the first and the only one of our family that had advocated total abstinence from fermented liquor. It was certainly not because he was morally weak that he adopted this principle, but rather to set a good example to his parishioners. Intemperance was not one of the prominent weaknesses of the dale, but it must be confessed that one or two of the yeomen came home tipsy as certainly as they visited Greytown on market day. As to the entomology, there was always abundant proof of this at home. In summer and autumn rare moths and butterflies were pinned to the dining-room curtains in very great abundance, to our infinite delight and our poor mother's slight irritation. My father, I believe, added two or three insects to the then known British species, and one which was new to science. This was called after our name by one of the great scientists, and we all felt very proud at what we thought the distinction conferred upon us. I am bound to say, however, that I have never yet seen the same in print, nor have my brothers, although we have often tried to find it. One of our red-letter days was when a copy of the *Transactions* of a learned society arrived at our home, and contained a list of insects of our valley, written by my father. We all of us felt very proud, as in assisting my father we felt that part of the distinction belonged to us. We read the learned paper with its hard names many times over, and especially a little postscript attached to it by the editor of the Review. This learned man remarked that the list was an exceedingly complete one; that it was evidently from a district rich in insect life; and finally held it up for imitation, urging upon others to do conscientiously for their districts what my father had done for ours, and concluded by pointing out that in this way the cause of science could best be served. There was only one thing to damp our pleasure, which was that, instead of appending his name, my father had merely written his initials. As I have said, we

were disappointed, and told my father that the list, so far as the signature went, might have been compiled by anyone, and that he had robbed himself of half the honour. He answered that in what he had written he had endeavoured to add his mite to science, and in this he had his reward. And so we were silenced. Loving natural history as he did, my father encouraged each of us to take up some branch of it. He impressed upon us, too, the necessity of close and accurate observation, and said that, if we were to excel beyond our fellows, we ought each to have a specialty, and pursue it with a great ardour.

I do not think the farmers set much store by our studies in natural history, and I believe some of them held us in rather slight contempt for pursuing them. What practical good could come of it? Was it going to bring us our bread? And because our neighbours could not find answers within themselves to these self-imposed questions our pet projects were both mercilessly reviewed and summarily condemned. We were illustrative of types of mental weakness out of which no good thing could be expected to come. In after years I knew exactly what they thought of us, for I found their very ideas incorporated in the *Ingoldsby Legends.* And when I read them I saw our own pictures start up vividly before me :

> Still poking his nose into this thing or that,
> At a gnat, or a bat, or a rat, or a cat,
> Or great ugly things, all legs and wings,
> With nasty long tails armed with nasty long stings.

Or take this other description of the popular verdict against us, for it is even more succinct :

> He would pore by the hour o'er a weed or a flower,
> Or the slugs which came crawling out after a shower;
> Black-beetles and bumble-bees, bluebottle flies,
> And moths were of no small account in his eyes ;
> An industrious flea he'd by no means despise ;
> While an old daddy longlegs, whose long legs and thighs
> Passed the common in shape, or in colour, or size,
> He was wont to consider an absolute prize.

But this scant justice which our early studies obtained did us little harm. My father was always ready to lend us his ready sympathy and knowledge, and my dear mother expressed herself pleased that we seemed to have such a fondness for nature. Nothing but good could come of it, she thought ; and I well remember her saying she could not understand how anyone with a deep love of the works of the Creator in his heart could ever become quite depraved.

The members of our family, however, were not the only naturalists that the valley had produced. So rich was it in natural objects, that I am fully convinced most of the yeomen were naturalists themselves without knowing it. Although they never set anything down on paper, they were keen observers, and I have heard them describe in the most interesting way the various *traits* of the live creatures they met. But two or three had been born in the dale at long intervals who had afterwards distinguished themselves in science. One of these was John Wilson. Wilson was born and lived in the dale, and we were very proud to think that he wrote the first great work on English Botany. This worthy man came upon the scene when botany, in its best sense, had made but little progress. He was one of those naturalists who did much to place the science on the broad scientific basis upon which it now rests. His predecessors had mostly comprehended the subject as it taught them of the herbs and simples of the wood,

> Rue, cinque-foil, gill, vervain, and agrimony,
> Blue-vetch and trilium, hawk-weed, sassafras,
> Milkweeds and murky brakes, quaint pipes and sundew.

Like his predecessors, too, he clung fondly to the old English names, and loved to wrap about the flowers the attributes his fathers had done. Their knowledge of "herbalism" had been profound, but he would have none of it. Wilson was a truly remarkable man; and although there is all that intenseness and simplicity anent his dealings with nature that there had been in connection with the old workers who preceded him, yet his work is of an eminently scientific character. They were not always infallible observers, and frequently tripped in their facts; Wilson rarely did so. He found botany as a science a veritable maze, all without a plan; but at his death he left it somewhat systematised. I have said that Wilson was born in our valley, and may add that he came of pious yeomen folk, who were poor enough, except in the possession of many stern virtues. The primitive dale must have proved a very paradise to him, as it was so secluded, and certainly had never been invaded by science prior to his coming. This pleasant environment did not last long. In the fulness of his boyish enthusiasm he roamed over the hills like a partridge. The very isolation referred to, and which was a merit in one way, rendered the people a prey to the grossest superstition. Our botanist made long, lonely journeys, often at night, among the hills and woods and by the sea. The fell folk said that the nightly calling which

took him so far afield *might* be honest; but they shook their heads, and some even ventured to say that he was a "wise man"—a dealer in mysteries, and given to dark sayings. It was probably this evil repute which gathered around him, and the want of books, that caused him to leave the dale and go to a small market town about ten miles off. And, maybe, this enforced circumstance was well. He had studied long and hard in his native valley, and there had had abundant and rare material. At home he had only an old "Herbal," which he well knew was as full of inaccuracies as superstition. Now he had good guides, and found himself within reach of the best books on the subject, and came into connection with those who had like interests to himself. Some of these were really remarkable workers—workers who stood out far above the common run of men. They put before Wilson the then standard works of his own pet subject, and of the contents of these, with his already acquired knowledge and native understanding, he quickly made himself master. But none of the works to which he had access were so good as the one he was destined to write. They were styled "scientific"; but the first law of science is order, and, as yet, there was only chaos. Our botanist was the great mind born to perceive and exhibit such order from the then ascertained elements of botany so far as collected. I need only further say that Wilson laboured hard for many years, working at his book the while he pursued his trade. When it was published it came out in English, and not in Latin. The author had set out with a well-defined plan, and executed it in an admirable manner. It was a strong and original work, a very monument of accurate observation and the genius of hard work. The botanist's early wanderings among the fells were stamped upon every page, and Wilson was wont to say that he never could have succeeded without that early life which he loved so well. And so our greatest "worthy" produced his *Synopsis of British Plants.*

I have already said something of our studies in natural history, and also of the desire which my father had that we should each take up some specialty instead of working indiscriminately. He knew from experience how many a keen intellect had rusted, shut out as it was among the isolation of the hills. If ever that fate should be ours, as it had been his, he felt that by encouraging us in some scientific study he had done what he could to guard against the breeding of *ennui*, and that the science, whichever we might take up, would teach us the habits of close and accurate observation. My father knew little of birds, but in his diary he kept records of the

arrival and departure of the rarer summer visitors; and, speaking for myself, it was these entries and the observations which they suggested that first interested me in ornithology. From that time I have always taken an intense interest in birds. I propose to set down here a very short account of those that visited our valley, and I must sketch one or two of its main physical characteristics. These are essential to the better understanding of the subject. It is hemmed in on three sides, and on the south sweeps away and loses itself in the undulations of a wooded plain. An arm of the sea touches upon the confines of the plain, and thus it will be seen that the dale includes tracts of a very diversified nature. It is probably this that makes the woods and streams and meadows of the valley so rich in bird life, and the fact of the quietude of the spot being rarely broken.

Owing to the close proximity of the hills, the Raptores have always been the most prominent birds of the valley. They are not so common now as formerly, though the sparrow-hawk may still be seen in the woodlands, and the kestrel holds its own among the rocks of the scaurs. The beautiful circling kites have left Gled Hill, and the merlin falcon has flown, never more to return. Occasionally an osprey visits the still mountain tarns on migration, and ravens cross from moor to moor, uttering their dismal "Croak, croak, croak!" The old dismantled Hall has its pair of screech-owls, and the tawny owl makes night mournful by her hooting in the stiller woods. The more rare long-eared and short-eared owls are occasionally found on the lower-lying mosses which skirt the waters of the brackish creek. The great grey shrike, or butcher-bird, visits the copses which are likely to provide food for its larder, and I have found the red-backed species among the hedges which encircle the moat of an old lichened tower. The spotted and pied flycatchers come to us as our first summer visitants, the former being much more common than the latter. They establish themselves everywhere along the trout streams, obtaining food from the insects of the overhanging boughs. The pretty white-breasted dipper, or water crow, haunts our rocky stream, and early builds its nest along the Greenwash tributaries. Companion of the ouzel is the brightly-plumaged kingfisher, with its metallic tints. You hear its whistle far down stream; it comes through the old ivied bridge, darts past, and is gone—gone to the dripping moss by the waterfall, where the female halcyon is hatching her eggs. The song-thrush is everywhere, and often in spring several may be heard at once, filling the whole glade with their warblings. Of the other thrushes, the "orange-billed merle" floods the copse

with its mellow song on summer evenings. The blackbird stays about our hedgerows the whole of the year, so does the missel-thrush; while the fieldfare and the redwing come to our holly-berries in winter from the pine wastes of Norway. The ring-ouzel still holds its own among the fell "becks," and there trills out its weird and not unmusical song. The hedge accentor, the redbreast, and the redstart are common, the last coming to us in April to rear its young. It is quite the most beautiful of the warblers, and its brilliant plumage shows well against the sombre hues of the limestone.

It is now that so many other of the *Sylviadæ* come—the soft-billed warblers of the wood-bird kind. Among these are the stone-chat, whinchat, and wheatear. The first—a shy bird of the Common—builds its nest among the gorse; the second in like situations, or among broom or juniper bushes; while the wheatear lays its pale-blue eggs in some old crannied wall. Then come the willow, wood, and garden warblers—the white-throat, the sedgebird, and the blackcaps. The sedge and willow warblers have their nests among the aquatic plants of the tarns and meres, and their game preserves in the stalks and leaves of the waving grasses. Sweetest of wood-birds are the warblers, and sweetest songster of the choir the blackcap warbler. This bird is sometimes called the "mock nightingale," and we have known persons listening, as they believed, to Philomela when the blackcap was the only bird under the night. The nightingale has never extended its northern haunt to our valley, although it is difficult to ascertain why this should be so. The whole of the warblers and white-throats may be found in our more sheltered woods, where they breed after the first weeks of May. The old Honey-bee Woods have always been the chief haunt of these delicate songsters.

Owing to the number of larch and fir plantations which border the slopes of our valley, the family of tits has always been represented. The first of these is the golden-crested regulus, the smallest of British birds, though by no means the rarest. The crested wren, the great, blue, cole, marsh, and long-tailed tits are all of them common. This miniature family of acrobats disperse themselves over their breeding haunts in summer, nesting for the most part in holes in trees, but in winter scour the woods in companies in search of food. Often they may be seen, hanging head downwards, abstracting the seeds from the hardened cones. Flocks of Bohemian waxwings are sometimes shot during the severity of winter, and occasionally

chattering crossbills appear among the pines at the same season. The pied and grey wagtails stay with us throughout the year; while a third species comes to our creeks in April, and thence proceeds inland. The meadow and tree pipit we have, the latter in autumn leaving the vicinities of farmsteads, where it breeds, for warmer climes. In summer the skylark is everywhere common, the sweet-singing woodlark rare. The snowflake, or mountain bunting, is a little northern visitor which comes to our fell slopes in winter. The common and yellow buntings have their nests among the tangled herbage of the roadsides, and the black-headed bunting, or reed-sparrow, is everywhere common in the vicinity of water. Owing to the better cultivation of the valley "intacks" the goldfinch has become almost extinct. The bullfinch, the greenfinch, and the chaffinch are common everywhere, and more than half the bird-sounds one hears in summer are due to the last named. The beautiful mountain finch, or brambling, is rare. Linnets and siskins go through life together, ranging the fields in search of cress and wild mustard seed. In summer they are among the broom, in winter among the fallows. At the same season we frequently find the lesser redpole among the nut-tree tops, though its relative, the twite, keeps to higher ground. The peregrine and the carrion-crow are much more rare than formerly, as is also the hooded crow; their haunts, too, are getting farther and farther away. Rooks, jackdaws, and magpies are everywhere on the increase, though this can hardly be said of the jay and the wryneck. The garrulous blue jay is confined to a few oak copses, and the wryneck to one belt of wood. The little mouselike creeper and the wren have protection in their diminutiveness, and consequently abound. The hoopoe is also an occasional visitant, and has been more than once taken. The lap of May brings that wandering voice, the cuckoo, which has been preceded, a few days, by the sweet birds of return—the swallows, martins, and swifts. The night-jar, or goatsucker, follows a few days later, and flies immediately to the coppice woods, preferring those where huge slabs of limestone pave the ground, as on these the birds love to bask, and between their crevices lay their eggs. The ringdove and the rockdove haunt the woods, though the turtledove comes but rarely. The semi-domestic pheasant flourishes only under protection, though the more hardy partridge has her oak-leaf nest under the glowing gorse bushes in every congenial situation. The indigenous red grouse is common on the moors, the blackcock rare. Occasionally the timid quail rears her brood amid the long summer grass. The bittern has ceased to boom in the bog, but the gaunt heron still pursues his

solitary trade. From "pond to pond he roams, from moor to moor." The beautiful golden plover stays with us on its way to the more northern hills; and the common green plover, peewit, or lapwing, breeds everywhere over the fallows. The curlew still gives out its weird whistle on the fells, and hovers around the farm lights on stormy nights. The rare ruff and the green sandpiper occasionally come to the mosses by the Greenwash; and here in winter may be heard the wild clangour and cries of innumerable sea birds.

Our valley is as rich in its plant life as in its birds, and I will here set down some account of its floral treasures. Then, again, it may be interesting to the botanist to know what flowers really grow in a valley which produced certainly the greatest botanist of his time. Of course I refer to Wilson; though before I proceed I may say that these flowers are those of a summer, and the prominent ones that are seen in the dale. Among the most quaint and curious of our summer wild flowers, both in device and life history, are the orchids. And this order is nowhere better represented than here. Many of them are late-flowering plants, but early summer has five species of its own. First blooms the spotted or purple orchis, and soon follow the bird's-nest, fly, palmate, marsh, and great butterfly orchids. The fly orchis is a somewhat remarkable plant, and it requires no stretch of imagination to see in the leaves the resemblance to the insect from which it derives its name. Its flower is dark purple, and may be found growing in copses and on hedgebanks. "The nether parte of the fly is black, with a list of ash colour crossing the backe, with a showe of legges hanging at it; the naturall fly seemeth so to be in love with it that you shall seldome come in the heate of the daie but you shall find one sitting close thereon." The butterfly orchis is not a well-named species, and has but slight resemblance to the winged creature whose name it bears. Its flowers are creamy white, and at night emit a sweet perfume. This being so, it is interesting to know that this particular flower is fertilised only by night-flying moths. Among the more general flowers of the season is crosswort, growing in pretty golden clusters on every bit of neglected ground. Side by side with this is the tiny pink valerian, everywhere nestling under the moister meadow banks. One of our handsomest weeds is the globe flower—a rare and cultivated plant in many districts, but here growing wild. Wherever it flourishes its delicate yellow globe-like flowers enliven the surrounding greenery. In times gone by globe flowers were gathered with great festivity by youths of both sexes in the beginning

of June, and it was usual to see them return from the woods of an evening laden with these flowers, with which they made wreaths and garlands to adorn their houses. The old floral usages of the country—the flower strewings and well dressings, the decking of houses and churches with wreaths—are now nearly over, and even the garlands of May-day become fewer each year. Cow-wheat is a pretty, delicate plant, with long tubular pale-yellow flowers. Cows are fond of it, and Linnæus asserts that the best and yellowest butter is made where it abounds. There is a popular error respecting the large family of buttercups, to the effect that when these are most plentiful butter will be yellowest. But cows, on account of the acridity of the flowers, rarely eat them, and tufts may be seen still standing when the grass about them and over all the pasture is closely cropped. This northern valley is one of the spots where the handsome columbine grows wild, but even here its distribution is local. The large blue, white, or pink petals have each incurved spurs, and the flower acquires its name from the fanciful resemblance to a nest of doves.

As summer advances she deepens her colour and renders sweeter her breath. And so it happens that the wild flowers now blooming have brightly coloured corollas, and lend a richness of beauty to the surrounding foliage almost peculiar to the season. Prominent among these are the foxglove, trailing woodbine, guelder-rose, iris, golden rod, giant bell-flower, and many others. But there are marvellously beautiful plumes—flowers we usually pass unnoticed on account of their diminutiveness—which, examined with the aid of a lens, show a wondrous witchery of structure. They are the grasses. This one, with its soft and hairy head like a brush, is the meadow foxtail. That, with the slender waving purplish flowers, the common field grass—the chief element of the meadows. Then there are the haulms of brome, with large, broad, flat heads, fiercely bearded and standing square to the breeze. And here, again, the sweet vernal grass, which imparts such a delicious odour to newly-mown hay. In addition there are fescue, matweed, wild oats, cord grass, darnel, and wagging bennets, as well as creeping couch grass, the farmer-loved timothy, quake or dodder, and tares. These are a few of the many British grasses, intermixed with which is red and white clover. Because they find tiny drops of honey in the long corolline tubes, children love to call it honeysuckle. To show how almost inextricably interwoven is the existence of one branch of nature with another, let us take the case of red clover as illustrated by Darwin. The humble-bee is the only insect the proboscis of which is sufficiently

long to reach the nectar in the clover flower, and hence only this insect can fertilise it. The number of bees in any one district is dependent upon the number of field-mice, which destroy the combs; the number of field-mice is again dependent upon the number of cats, which, in turn, prey upon them ; and hence it may be said that to the domestication of the cat are our large clover crops due.

The giant bell-flower is one of the children of swarthy summer. It grows in moist and shady woods, with its purplish blue or more rarely white petals, and the children call it the Canterbury bell. As eagerly do we look for the first wild rose as for the swallow or cuckoo. In June every hedgerow is adorned with them, and woodbine twines about their branches. The pink and white roses are among our sweetest summer flowers, and not only beautify the country now, but their bright scarlet fruit in winter relieves the monotony of the hedges and affords food for the birds. In the low-lying and wet woods the guelder-rose, or wayfaring tree, has put on its bloom. Of all floral sweets that emitted by the guelder-rose is the most refreshing. Its flowers hang in graceful white cymes, and are peculiarly wax-like; the drooping clusters of berries are smooth, clean, and bright as rubies. The gold and purple iris of the bogs and tarns is an imposing flower, well set off by its dark-green, sword-like leaves. The honeysuckle, or woodbine, is loved alike by all. Its blossoms are as sweet as beautiful, and just now it is threading its sinuous way through every hedgerow. This was the caprifole and twisted eglantine of the older poets. Generally distributed through the woods in each summer are the wild hyacinths or "blue bells." These cover the floor of every copse, making in places floods of purple. Rarely there may be found white varieties of this beautiful flower, several of which have been gathered in our woods. The flower of the ancients which bore this name had upon its petals dark spots resembling the Greek word "ΑΙ"—alas! Our hyacinth, however, having no such distinctive mark, is named *Non Scriptus*—not written. Blooming in hedges and waste places is the ground ivy, with its purple flowers and dark rounded leaves. Primitive botanists considered this plant of great efficacy in many dire diseases, and even now in some rural districts its leaves are dried and used as tea. It emits a pleasant fragrance, and has an aromatic taste. The ripening of the yellow rattle indicates our hay-time, when the hard seeds rattle in the capsules. This blue marsh vetchling is rare in its beauty, and blooms in like places to the silvery grass of Parnassus. Lady's-mantle is the plant whose fringed and rounded

leaves always contain a sparkling drop of dew. Deadly nightshade is a rare but fatally poisonous plant, whose dark purple leaves in autumn so much adorn the hedgerows. One of our few climbers is the graceful black bryony, with its picturesque entwining boughs. Its scarlet berries are as inviting as its bright green foliage is cool in summer. The scabious shines through the foliage of the dusty road-side, and in the green lanes tower the stately foxgloves. For dignified beauty, for loveliness of form and hue, few English flowers can compete with the foxglove. Houndstongue and dusky cranes-bill are rare flowers here, though elsewhere they are not uncommon. Beautiful to our eyes is the little scarlet pimpernel, poor man's weather-glass, or shepherd's barometer. All these names are appropriate, for not only do the flowers close at the approach of rain, but wake and sleep both morning and afternoon at seven and two respectively, with the greatest regularity. The pimpernel is one of the only two scarlet British wild flowers, and is extremely beautiful. It is a low creeping plant, which trails its delicate stem about the stalks of the scarlet poppy of the cornfields. Enchanter's nightshade, betony, figwort, and the little eyebright all bloom in the valley. This last possesses wonderful virtues of eye-preserving according to the old herbalists, and in rural districts is much used as an eye-wash. The bogbean, butterwort, and golden rod are all handsome summer flowers, the last a mass of golden blooms mounted on a dense spike. In times past it had repute for the curing of wounds, and old Gerarde says: "It is extolled above all herbs for the stopping of blood, and hath in times past been had in greater estimation and regard than in these daies; for within my remembrance I have known the drie herbe which came from beyond the seas sold for half-a-crown an ounce." Butterwort is a rare and singular bog plant, its leaves having the appearance of being covered with white crystals of hoarfrost; it was formerly used for dyeing the hair yellow.

One of the dalesmen, a yeoman of repute and some standing, was a minute philosopher, and enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Wordsworth. Like Gilbert White, he was in the habit of setting down what he saw going on about him, and all his observations are of the most interesting description. He was essentially an out-door observer, and as he took his facts at first hand from nature there was always a fascinating freshness about them. One of his more ambitious essays at writing was a sketch entitled *The Fisherman: a Character*, a production at once quaint and accurate. After describing the varied charms of the valley, its sweet stream, and the way in which he used to ensnare its crimson-spotted, golden-

sided trout, and adding that he must not be tempted to dwell on these reminiscences, he goes on to say: "Our present object is an attempt to describe a somewhat singular character whom we met with lately on a morning walk along the road that skirts the aforesaid stream. We had stayed our steps as usual to contemplate, with ever new delight, the features of the valley, when we observed moving down the stream, from just opposite to where we stood, a certain individual who, though not strictly an angler, may be denominated a fisher of the first magnitude. We had not seen him till he moved, but he had seen us, and shifted his position about a hundred yards down the brook, by the side of which he again planted himself. We have known him long, but not intimately, for he is of shy habits and very chary of all familiar intercourse. We could not but admire his handsome, tall figure, as he stood on the bank of the stream, looking into it 'as if he had been conning a book.' He was arrayed in his constant garb—a durable sort of dress, the colour of dingy white, or rather approaching to a pale blue. The cut or fashion of this costume he never changes, nor does he often renew it—not oftener, we believe, than once a year, when he gets a new suit.

"Your angler is somewhat of an enthusiast, and pursues his gentle craft with an absorbing interest; but then it is only as a pastime and at suitable seasons, when the weather is favourable, when the spring rains have raised the brooks, and dyed their waters with the precious ale colour, and the wind breathes from the mild south; and yet, after all, alas! how often does he return with an empty pannier! How different with our hero. His sport depends not on the fickle seasons; at least he pursues it in all weathers—in the bright sunshine or when the face of heaven is overhung with clouds, in the hot days of summer or when the wind blows from the biting North and the ponds and streams are bound over with plates of ice, he is still at his work fishing, evermore fishing. Indeed, it must be confessed his very living depends upon it. How often have we pitied him in winter, in a severe winter. It is hard to live upon nothing but fish, and, moreover, to have to catch them before you can dine. It is hard, indeed, to be confined to one dish, and to have no other resource, for if that fail, where are you? It is like that Irishman with his potato—when that rots there is famine. But it has been hinted that our friend is not entirely confined to fish, and that he can occasionally eke out his scanty repast with frogs. We shall not deny it. It is probable enough. It is consoling to have such a resource. In this he but resembles the Frenchman.

"We have said that the angler is an enthusiast, much carried away

by his imagination. We have known two or three of this gentle tribe, buoyed up with the hope of sport, set off from our part of the country, walk all the way to Bracken Bridge to try the waters of the silvery Greenwash, and return the same night, after fishing all day, a distance of forty miles, but perhaps not much encumbered by heavy panniers. But if the disciple of Walton is patient and persevering, and takes long rambles in pursuit of his pleasures, we think he is exceeded in every respect by the subject of our description. We believe there is not a tarn or lake, still water with sedgy shore or running brook with sandy bottom, or even dyke or ditch within a radius of ten miles from his home, that is not well known to him, and in which he has not pursued his solitary sport.

"We have been somewhat puzzled whether to class him as gentleman or poacher—for he partakes of the character of both—a kind of hybrid betwixt the two, neither selling his game nor, after serving his own needs, disposing of it in any other way, except feeding his children when he happens to have any, and then only while they are of tender age, for they are soon turned out of the parental shelter, and compelled to seek their own living in the world at large, like himself, by fishing. So has it been with his progenitors, so will it be with his posterity till the end of time. As in the East with the Hindoos, and, in a degree, with other wanderers like himself, as gipsies and potters, his family seem not to have got beyond the system of castes, which, it must be allowed, shows but a low degree of civilisation. But still, as he sells not his fish, or stoops to any kind of vulgar labour, so far we must rank him as a gentleman. On the other hand, however, as he cannot be called the owner of a single rood of land or water, and yet presumes to sport wherever it suits him, on the property of gentle or simple, yeoman or squire, without condescending to ask leave of any man, we fear, therefore, as far as this goes, we must consider him a poacher. Moreover, like too many of that lawless profession, he is wretchedly poor, and, laying nothing up for a wet day, he must be often, as we hinted before, sorely beset with his wants. There is something in his looks that makes this too probable—the same lank, meagre figure he always was. Let the season be ever so genial, fish ever so plentiful, it makes no difference in his personal appearance; he is as thin and spare as ever, with scarcely an ounce of flesh on his bones. He is emphatically one of Pharaoh's lean kine—seems far gone in consumption, almost like the figure of death in the old pictures. It was this thin and haggard appearance that led a fanciful French naturalist to describe him as the very type of misery and famine. We suspect,

however, that Mons. Buffon was a little out here, and that our hero has more pleasure in life than he was aware of. His patience and persevering efforts must procure him many a savoury meal, and though they do not fatten his ribs, they at least keep him in good working, or rather sporting, order. We trust he will long remain so, and continue to enliven our valley with his presence. Poacher though he be we respect him for his love of freedom and independence, of nature and of fishing. We are certain, however fortune may frown upon him, to whatever straits he may be reduced for a living, that rather than seek shelter in a union workhouse he would die of famine.

"We have said nothing of his method of fishing. How various are the arts by which cunning man contrives to circumvent the finny tribe. With all deference to honest Izaak it must be allowed that the whole art of angling is based upon deceit and imposture. Therefore our sportsman rejects it, we suppose, on that account. And then as to the use of nets, it has doubtless been copied from the villainous spider, who weaves a web from his own bowels, and hangs it before the door of his lair, in which he lurks, ready to pounce upon the unwary victim entangled in its meshes. He will have none of this. Nor does he adopt the more simple and straightforward scheme of the schoolboy and otter, by dragging his speckled prey from under the banks and braes of the populous brooks. No; he has a method of his own. Armed with a single spear-shaped weapon of about six inches in length, woe to the unhappy trout or eel that comes within its range. It is transfixed with the speed of lightning.

"There is no history of an individual from which a moral lesson may not be drawn. Why not then from the character of our hero? In a poem of Wordsworth's a fit of despondency is said to have been removed by the patient and cheerful bearing of an old man whom the poet met with on the lonely moors gathering leeches. We have sometimes amused ourselves in running a parallel betwixt the character we have attempted to describe and the brave old Scotchman of the poet. There is no slight resemblance. Both silent and solitary in their habits; both models of patience and perseverance and of contentment with the calling allotted to them by Heaven; both wanderers, both haunters of ponds and moors, 'From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor.' Yes, and on much the same errand, too; for we believe our hero could gather leeches upon occasion; indeed, we durst back him for a trifle (were we in the habit of laying wagers) against the old man, both for quickness and

tact in that employment. We have, however, no wish that the poet had substituted our hero for his in that noble poem, for we would not alter a line or word of it. We only beg that our fisher may be placed side by side as a teacher of 'resolution and independence' with that immortal leech gatherer. Our paper has reached a greater length than we had intended, and yet we have only touched on the character of an individual. Perhaps we may be pardoned a few words more on the tribe to which he belongs. Like that of the gipsies and other nomadic races its origin is involved in much obscurity. The probability is that it came from the East, but of its first introduction into Europe we believe history is silent, and the most learned are at a loss on so mysterious a subject. We think, however, it is pretty certain that this wandering tribe had spread widely, were perhaps more numerous than at present, before the barbarians from the North had overrun the Roman Empire.

"Nay, if we might hazard a conjecture, they are so ancient that they date even from beyond the Pyramids. Not, however, to indulge in disquisition, but to confine ourselves strictly to the historic period, we find abundant evidence that they were firmly established in our island during the middle ages, and held in much higher respect than they are at present. Not only were they often present with the baron in his field sports—especially that of hawking—but not seldom in the ancient pastime played a very active part. A still stronger proof of the regard in which they were then held was that when the lonely baron entertained his numerous followers on grand feast days, the dinner would have been thought very incomplete had they not been present, and then not at the lower end of the long table among the poor retainers, but at the upper part with the most honoured guests. Like the Jews, the people we speak of live in little knots and communities, but not, like them, confined to some dirty quarter of a city, where they can practise their money-making arts. On the contrary, our purer race avoid all towns—nay, like the Arab of the desert, they view them with unmingled fear and horror. Never is there one seen there, unless it be some poor captive, pining away his life for want of fresh air and freedom."

It need hardly be added that this quaint sketch refers to the heron.

A COUNTRY PARSON.

" THE INCIDENT."

ON August 17, 1641, Charles the First took his seat in the Scottish Parliament, upon which occasion he was welcomed in effusive speeches by the Earl of Argyll, as the mouthpiece of the nobles, and by Lord Burleigh as Præses, or President, of the Barons (lairds) and burgesses. His Majesty showed an undignified eagerness to touch with his sceptre—the Scottish equivalent for the Norman formula *Le Roy le veult*—the thirty-nine Acts he had previously refused to recognise, and was with some difficulty dissuaded from acting with such inconsiderate hastiness. Differences arose from the very beginning. No usher having been appointed, the function was summarily usurped by a member, whom the King instantly committed to custody for his presumption. The royal interference was resented, and, on Argyll's motion, it was agreed that if any dispute on matter of debate sprang up, the question should be referred to a committee of six representatives, two from each Estate. Accordingly, at the afternoon sitting, Argyll informed Charles that "it was hardlie taken that Langtoun, a member of their House, should be committed without advyce of Parliament," in whose name he invited his Majesty to declare for himself and his successors that nothing of the kind should again occur. Lord Burleigh, a devoted adherent of Argyll, "tho' otherwise no great plotter," was obliged, by reason of his increasing infirmities, to resign the office of Præses, and was succeeded by Lord Balmerino, who had already forgotten that he was indebted for his life to the misplaced leniency of his sovereign. A tough contest raged for a brief space with regard to the appointment of State, Council, and Session officers, which the King claimed as his prerogative, but finally yielded the point in deference to the alleged use and wont of the Scottish Parliament. Charles, indeed, was always worsted. "His Majesty's businesses," wrote Endymion Porter to Secretary Nicholas, "run in their wonted channel—subtle designs of gaining the popular opinion, and weak executions for the upholding of monarchy." Nevertheless, Charles assured Queen Henrietta that Argyll had proffered his faithful

service, and that Leslie had driven about Edinburgh with him, amid the applause of the people. But his eyes gradually opened to a truer perception of his isolation when the troops, upon whose aid he had counted, were sent to their homes, and when the Barons claimed permission to vote by ballot—"whereby no man's voice might be known"—and agreed that no one should be eligible for office who had taken the King's part in the late war. Then, indeed, he became subject to almost constant depression. "What will be the event of these things," Sir Patrick Wemyss remarked in a letter to the Earl of Ormond, "God knows; for there was never a king so much insulted over. It would pity any man's heart to see how he looks; for he is never at quiet among them, and glad he is when he sees any man that he thinks loves him. Yet he is seeming merry at meals." Worse, however, was in store for the unhappy monarch than he could have foreseen or imagined, and the blow was all the more painful because it was struck by a friend in whom he had always reposed perfect confidence, and who had taken excellent precautions to insure his own immunity from charges of disloyalty and double-dealing. This characteristic love of self-preservation was exemplified in this wise.

One day, says Principal Baillie, Lord Ker, in a drunken mood, declared Hamilton to be a "juglar with the King, and a traitor both to him and his countrie"; and sent the Marquis a cartel by the hands of the Earl of Crawford, who had also been drinking, not wisely, but too well. The missive was delivered in the King's presence, but the Marquis, observing the condition of Ker's messenger, civilly asked him to come for an answer on the morrow. The affair, however, soon became public property, and was taken up by Parliament, which was greatly scandalised that a man of Hamilton's quality should be "abused at his Majestie's elbow by drunken fooles." The Marquis thereupon, on his knees, entreated Charles to pardon Lord Ker's indiscretion for the sake of his estimable father, the Duke of Roxborough, and further besought him to overlook Lord Crawford's misconduct, as he was in some measure bound to deliver his comrade's message. At the same time he begged both the King and the Parliament to do him justice, and clear his character of all imputation of disloyalty. Lord Ker was forthwith compelled to crave his pardon in presence of the King and Parliament, which was done very reluctantly, for he had approached the House with a following of six hundred armed friends and retainers. Charles, still attached to his self-seeking servant and very equivocal representative, then expressed his belief "that the Marquis had carried himself as a faithful subject

and servant in all his employments during these troubles, and as one that designed the good and happiness of his country." His Majesty further assented to a formal Act of Parliament, dated September 30, 1641, the tenour of which is thus worded by Bishop Burnet :

> Whereas there have been certain scandalous words spoken of the Marquis of Hamilton tending to the prejudice of his honour and fidelity to his Majesty and his country, which are acknowledged by Henry Lord Ker, speaker thereof, in presence of his Majesty and the Estates of Parliament, to have been rash and groundless, for the speaking whereof he is heartily sorry; and since his Majesty and the Estates of Parliament know it to be so, Therefore his Majesty and the Estates foresaid declare the said Marquis of Hamilton to be free thereof, and esteem him to be a loyal subject to his Majesty and faithful patriot to his country; and the said Estates remit the further censure of the said Lord Ker to the King's Majesty.

The explanation of the zealous interest in Hamilton's exculpation manifested by the Scottish Parliament, which had not been particularly well disposed to him as High Commissioner, is to be found in the intimate relations with Argyll, established by the Marquis, with the King's privity and approval. At the same time it is quite evident that Charles felt much hurt by Hamilton's marked deference to Argyll and the Covenanters, by which alone he escaped being "pursued" as an incendiary. Montrose had more than once warned the King against Hamilton's duplicity, being of course ignorant of the singular understanding that existed between the latter and his royal master. In consequence of his close imprisonment in the Castle and the jealous vigilance of his enemies, it was impossible for Montrose to hold any communications with Charles except through the agency of the faithless William Murray, whose treachery he had not yet learned to suspect, though shortly afterwards convinced that it was through him the Covenanters had become acquainted with his letters to the King from Newcastle. Clarendon, indeed, represents Montrose to have had direct intercourse with his Majesty, and to have offered to make away with both Hamilton and Argyll—a proposition quite in harmony with the manners of the times, though, we are assured, it was sternly rejected by Charles, who desired his tempter to furnish him with proofs of their guilt such as could be submitted to Parliament. No interview, however, of the kind could have taken place. It was William Murray who was the go-between of the King and his imprisoned well-wisher, and it is not disputed that he carried three letters from the Castle to Holyrood. On the very morning of October 11 which, as alleged, was to have witnessed the abduction or assassination of Hamilton and Argyll, William Murray visited Montrose in his prison, and was

charged by him to deliver a letter to the King, in which he expressed his earnest desire to convince his Majesty of the machinations of his enemies. As will be seen hereafter, the language he employed was too vague and too general to command immediate attention.

We learn from Principal Baillie that, after the subsidence of the Ker and Hamilton scandal, "sundrie wyse men even then did begin to smell some worse thing; bot at once there brake out ane noyse of one of the most wicked and horrible plotts that has been heard of, that putt us all out for some dayes in a mightie fear." Commissary-Clerk Spalding is hardly less sensational. "Much about the 13th of October," he writes, "there fell out a great stir at Edinburgh (the King and Parliament peaceably sitting) anent an alledged plot devised by the Earl of Crawford, Lieutenant-Crowner (Colonel) Steuart, Crowner (Colonel) Cochran, and some others, for taking or killing the Marquis of Hamilton, the Earl of Argile, and the Earl of Lanark, brother of the Marquis, as the chief instruments of all their troubles." For the picturesque summary of the rumour that got abroad, and which was unhesitatingly accepted by the Covenanting public, we cannot do better than refer to the gossiping Principal of the Glasgow University. This is his report of the current version of the affair:

> It was noised everie where that, upon Captain Walter Stewart's relation, Hamilton, Argile, and Lanerick, onlie for companie, should have been called for out of their bed that same night it was revealt, by Almont, as it were to the King's bedchamber; when they should have come they were to have been arrested as traitors, and to have been delyvered to the Earle of Crauford, waiting on with armed sojours at the foot of the back stairs in the garden, by them to be cast in a close coatch, and carried to the shore; for there was a boat attending for their convoy to one of the King's shipps which for some weekes had been in the Road for no other purpose known, but should have been the prison out of the which they were to be brought before the Parliament to answer challenges of the highest treason; bot, if in their arresting they should have made any resistance, Crauford and his sojours were readie to have stabbed them. Cochrane was said to have given assureance for bringing his regiment from Musselburgh to command the causey of Edinburgh; and that night, with the assistance of manie friends in the toune, to have made fast, or killed, if need had been, so manie of the Parliament men as were suspected might have been headie for the prisoners' relief. Wayes were made to delyver the castell to Montrose and his fellow prisoners. The Kerrs, Humes, Johnstouns, and the most of the borderers were said to be in readiness and warning to march towards Edinburgh; the sojours of Berwick also, who yet were not disbanded. These horrible designes breaking out, all the citie was in a flought. Hamilton, Argile, Lanerick took a short good night with the King and fled to Kenneill. The citizens keeped a strong guard that night. Manie of the weel affected noblemen caused watch their houses.

Such was the popular way of looking at "The Incident," as the affair came to be called by common consent. In the Hardwicke

collection of "Miscellaneous State Papers" is printed a brief memoir, signed by the Earl of Lanerick, or Lanark, without any address, but purporting to be written to a friend whose good opinion was highly valued. It is dated "Kenneel, this 22nd day of October, 1641." As Lord Lanark was a comparatively respectable, colourless, unimaginative individual, it may be fairly assumed that his narrative is truthful so far as his personal knowledge was concerned. His life was too insignificant to have been in any sort of danger, but the use of his name imparted a more natural and substantial aspect to the pretended plot. Collusion might possibly have been suspected had Hamilton and Argyll alone seemed to have been threatened; while the addition of the harmless Secretary of State gave greater breadth to the scheme, and excused the vulgar belief that a great blow had been meditated against the friends of the Covenant. Lanark's statement may be briefly epitomised. He begins by saying that he fancied the King distrusted him until he took an opportunity of assuring his Majesty that he had no more loyal subject than himself, who would aid in bringing even his own brother to justice if he deemed him unfaithful. Charles replied that he believed Lanark to be "an honest man," but thought that his brother "had been very active in his own preservation." Subsequently to that interview, Lanark watched his brother very closely, but became only the more convinced of his fidelity. The King, however, did suspect himself, though wrongfully, and that feeling was intensified by the untoward event which had just come to pass. General Leslie one day sent a messenger to Parliament House to bid Hamilton, Argyll, and himself come to him privily. On their arrival they found awaiting them a Colonel Hurrie, or Urry, who told them that there was a plot on foot to cut their throats that very night, and gave as his authority Captain Stewart, who had been asked to join the conspirators; the three noblemen, he explained, were to be called into the King's "withdrawing chamber," as though his Majesty desired to speak with them about some Parliamentary business. As soon as they were within the apartment, two lords would have entered from the garden stairs at the head of 200 to 300 armed men, who, in case of resistance, would have made short work of them, but otherwise would have carried them on board a King's ship then lying in the Roads. As there was only one witness to attest this tale, Hamilton, fearing a charge of "leasing-making," could only inform Charles that a plot had been formed against him and his friends, "the particulars whereof he could not then condescend upon, because he could not sufficiently prove it." Later in the day, however, Captain Stewart confirmed

Colonel's Urry's statement, and shortly afterwards Lieut.-Colonel Hume and some others deposed that they had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness for a great design that was to be accomplished that night, for taking part in which they would be duly rewarded. As the appointed hour was then nigh at hand, Hamilton and Argyll withdrew from the Court after sending for Lanark, who very reluctantly tore himself away from the pleasant society he was at that moment enjoying. Impressed with a belief in all that they had heard, the three consulted their safety for that night, and on the following morning they wrote to the King to explain their absence on the previous evening. His Majesty was sorely displeased with these letters, and on going to Parliament House, allowed some 500 avowed opponents of the Covenant to follow and surround his coach. With a view to prevent a tumult in the streets, Hamilton and the others, escorted by a small party of friends, quietly rode out of town, but took care, before they did so, to entreat the Lord Chancellor to assure his Majesty of their unshaken loyalty and attachment. Lord Lanark concludes with the remark, that on hearing that the King had spoken of him to his disadvantage, he had imme diately written to his Majesty affirming his fidelity, and protesting his readiness to punish his brother with his own hands, if he had done anything amiss. The King, however, had vouchsafed no answer.

According to Bishop Guthry, the King and many others were of opinion that the pretended plot was devised in the expectation of suddenly terminating the parliamentary session, and of bringing about a rupture between his Majesty and the majority that followed Argyll, though one does not see very clearly the object of such a measure. To avert this issue, Charles hastened to Parliament House with a strong escort of devoted Royalists, who are accused of having conducted themselves in a riotous and unseemly manner within the precincts of that august assembly. The King's party, inflamed by zea and indignation, demanded that Hamilton and his companions should be proclaimed traitors, and the King himself, as will be presently shown, dwelt with bitterness and sorrow upon Hamilton's ingratitude to himself. In the first instance the seemingly affrighted noblemen proceeded no further than to Lady Anne Cunningham's country seat, about twelve miles distant from the capital, and a few miles from Linlithgow. Some days later they removed to Hamilton, and ultimately to Glasgow. In the meantime great excitement prevailed in Edinburgh. General Leslie was appointed Captain of the Guards and of the Castle, and Governor of the town. The King himself, says Spalding, was much astonished, "and imme-

diately hung a sword about his craig, which he never did before." The commissioners, or "spies," of the English Parliament lost no time in reporting this commotion, so as to make it appear in the worst possible colours. Pym straightway affected to believe that a Popish plot had been devised by Lord Crawford and other Papists against the religion and liberties of both countries. The Parliamentary leaders thereupon applied to the Earl of Essex for additional guards to secure the independence of their debates, and in compliance with their request a hundred men of the Westminster Trained Bands were stationed round the House. The Scots, however, simply suspected Montrose and his fellow "Plotters" confined in the Castle, and had no fear of their Popish enemies.

A singularly quaint and racy description of what passed in Parliament in connection with this curious business is furnished by Sir James Balfour, Lord Lyon King-at-arms, which may be summarised without entire loss of its original piquancy and flavour. On October 12, the narrative begins, the King informed the Lords that he had a very strange story to tell them. While walking in the garden on the previous day, he was joined by the Marquis of Hamilton, who, after presenting some trivial petition, began "in a philo sophicall and parabolicall way" to show how his enemies had been uttering against him malicious calumnies, "to misinforme and exasperat my wyffe (Queen Henrietta) against him, wich werry muche greived him." He went on to say that he could not believe his Majesty was accessory to such base plots, and so begged leave to retire from the Court that night. The King then took out of his pocket a letter which he had that morning received from Hamilton, gratefully acknowledging his Majesty s manifold favours to himself, and pro testing his own loyalty and devotedness even unto death. This letter having been read aloud by the Clerk of the House, the King, "with teares in his eyies, and (as it seimed) in a verey grate greiffe" expressed his surprise at such a letter, and declared that had he believed the reports made by persons about him, whom he respected and trusted in the highest degree, he would have "layed him faste" long ago, but he had always slighted such rumours and had taken his part through everything.

The depositions of Captain Stewart, Lieut.-Colonel Urry, and Lieut.-Colonel Hume having been noted down, the King demanded that Hamilton should be forbidden to enter the House until the matter had been thoroughly sifted and full justice had been done to himself. The Duke of Roxborough went down on his knees and declared that he knew nothing of the matter, and Lord Amond, whose

name had been dragged into the imaginary plot, asserted that he had no hand or part in anything so base. Nevertheless, continues Sir James Balfour, his Majesty "still exaggerats my Lord Hamilton going after that maner from hes Courte"; and, alluding to the confidence he had reposed in the Marquis, when calumniated by Lord Ochiltree and others, he said he thought he could not have found "a surer sanctuary" than the King's bedchamber. But since he had made "suche a noisse and bussines" it must be for one of two reasons—"ather feare wich he thought could not be inherent to maney Scotts, muche lesse to him, ore ells a grate distruste of him." The Lord Chancellor desired that the affair should be conducted in a strictly Parliamentary manner, and that the persons implicated should be arrested, kept apart, and brought to a public trial. To that reasonable proposition Lord Lindsay demurred on the ground that it would be unprecedented, which drew from Charles an extraordinary exposition of his views as to the power and duty of Parliament, which, he averred, was not "tayed to the rigor of former lawes, bot to make lawes and not to follow them bot in such casses as they pleassed." For himself he should feel that he was wronged if the House appointed a committee, as he was aware that there were many individuals who were trying to make mischief between himself and his subjects. The House then rose, after committing Crawford, Stewart, and Cochrane to the custody of certain "bailzies," or baillies.

On the following day the King expressed himself as much pained that "Hamiltone should haue so scurweley wssed him after that maner. Now he hard he wes gone and had debosht the other two with him. As for his brother Lanreicke, he wes a werey good young man, and he knew naething of him. As for Argyle he woundered quhat should move him to goe away; he knew not quhat to say of him; and he wes in a verey grate doubte wether or not he should tell quhat he knew of Hamiltone, bot nou he wold not." In this feeble maundering style Charles whined and babbled throughout that untoward business, scuffling with Parliament but never daring to strike home. It is true that, with the exception of the Duke of Lennox, he had not a single staunch and avowed supporter in any one of the Three Estates. He was buffeted to and fro by angry winds and waves, and found nowhere a sure resting-place for the sole of his foot. His own Advocate, Sir Thomas Hope, had the effrontery to exhort him to remove from his person and court those who had been cited to appear before Parliament as common incendiaries and stirrers-up of tumults, simply because they were reputed to be well-disposed to the King rather than to the

Covenant. To this impudent suggestion Charles replied that it would not conduce to peace "to put publick affronts opone men of quality; and it was *better* to quensche a flame with watter than ade oyle therto." A desultory conversation ensued, in the midst of which the House was informed that the Earl of Carnwaith had said to William Dick "yesternight," that now we had three kings and "by G—— two of them behoued to want the head." This statement was confirmed by William Dick, who added that the Earl spoke "with grate execrations of Hamiltone and Argyle." A committee, consisting of three members of each Estate, was then appointed to inquire into this absurd affair.

At the sitting of October 14, Charles condescended to explain how it was, as Lieut.-Colonel Home had truly deposed, that Cochrane was brought to his bedchamber by William Murray. Cochrane, he said, had been strongly recommended to him by his sister, the deposed Queen of Bohemia, and therefore he had consented to receive him. On being introduced, Cochrane stated that, if assured of secrecy, he could reveal some matters of great importance, but, as a fact, he did little more than sing his own praises. For his own part, he would rather say no more unless the House pressed him to do so, and Cochrane gave his consent. He must, however, call upon the Lord Chancellor to find a way to clear his honour, lest he should be "esteeimed a searcher out of holles in men's coattes." On this string his Majesty harped for some time, though to quite unsympathetic ears.

The wrangle as to whether a public or a semi-private examination should be instituted occupied the House also on October 15, and in the end Charles lost his self-control, and, with a great oath, asseverated that Hamilton, the night before he went away, told him he was basely "sclandered." Why, then, did the House deny him his just and reasonable request? If they refused him this, what would they grant him? At that moment the House was informed that Lord Crawford and Colonel Cochrane craved to be heard in their own defence, but the King insisted that no answer should be returned to them until he had received one, otherwise he would proclaim to all the world that Parliament had refused him justice. On the next day the King appealed to the barons (lairds) and burgesses, whereupon Sir Thomas Hope, son of the King's Advocate, moved that the absent lords be invited to return, as they had quitted the town solely to prevent rioting. Charles rejoined that he would take no part in their recall. If Parliament agreed to a public trial, their friends could send for them, but personally he would have

nothing to do with it. After a few words from Lord Lindsay and the Duke of Lennox, his Majesty querulously repeated his complaint of the treatment he was experiencing. "If these were the fruits of their Covenant, he called the Lord to judge it." The King's Advocate then "opined" that if the absent lords petitioned to be heard before Parliament, they would be entitled to an answer, Yea or Nay.

The 17th falling on a Sunday may perchance have afforded some rest and relief to the sorely harassed monarch, while, on the 18th, each Estate sat apart; but on the day after that, Lord Chancellor Loudon stated that on his knees he had craved his Majesty's permission to visit the absent lords, whom he had consequently seen, and was empowered by them to attest their loyalty and devotedness. The King insisted that the incident must, for all that, be thoroughly cleared up. At length, disgusted and worn out by the hopeless struggle against bitter enemies and lukewarm unfriends, Charles consented on the 21st to the appointment of a committee of four members from each Estate, seven of whom should constitute a quorum, provided that each Estate was represented by at least two members.

On October 22, Hamilton wrote to Charles from Keneill to the effect that words failed him to express his sorrow "for the clowd of your Majestie's displeasure which now hangs over me, occasioned by misfortune and the subtility of my enymies, noe designe of myne in doeing that which might prejudge your Majestie's service in the least degree." He then proceeded to explain that it was past ten o'clock at night before he was in possession of trustworthy information, and at that hour he could not venture to disturb his Majesty. On the morrow the Earl of Argyll instructed Mr. Maule to acquaint the King with full particulars of what had come to their knowledge, but they had no intention of leaving Edinburgh until they heard that the King was about to set out for Parliament House, attended by the cited lords and their followers. As many of their friends had gathered round them, they feared that a tumult might arise, to avoid which they rode out of town. Could he, however, have foreseen that the King would misjudge him, or imagine that he personally could entertain the slightest distrust of his Majesty, he would rather have laid down his life. This plausible epistle was followed by another on the next day, in which the Marquis bewailed his misfortune in having caused so much disturbance of the public business, for which he humbly entreated his Majesty's pardon. Still more did he grieve for the "heavy aspersion" that he could have admitted a thought of the King "being privie to any such base act." To have believed which would have been a greater crime in him than in any other person living, seeing

how long he had enjoyed the happiness of knowing his Majesty, and the manifold favours he had received at his hands.

By the 28th of that wearisome month the clouds and thick darkness had begun to disperse, and a little light penetrated through the gloom. We learn from Sir James Balfour, that on that day "the grate committee for the lait incident does make their report, and the depositions taken by them are publickly read in the House." These depositions on many essential points flatly contradicted one another. There had evidently been much loose and idle talk among those "irresponsible chatterers," but no trustworthy evidence was obtained of anything that could be construed into a serious plot. Of the King's privity even to these vague utterances, there was not the slightest proof. Two days later, Charles remarked that the return of the absenting lords would give him pleasure, but, for reasons best known to himself, and which he did not care to communicate to others, he would not agree to their being recalled by order of Parliament. Nevertheless, on November 1, Parliament voted that Hamilton, Argyll, and Lanark did well to leave the town in order to avoid tumult, and instructed the President to write and request them to return. Montrose and his three fellow "plotters" then demanded their release, as they had been imprisoned for seven months without being allowed a public hearing. Parliament, however, refused to consider their application, until Montrose should have explained what he really meant when he wrote to the King, that "he wold particularly acquant his Majesty with a bussines wich not onlie did concerne his honor in a heighe degree, but the standing and falling of his croune lykwayes." It was therefore ordered that he should be examined before The Incident Committee, who informed the House that Montrose protested he wrote in a general sense, and had no intention of accusing anyone—an answer that was reasonably pronounced unsatisfactory. For all that, on November 16, Parliament "ordained" the liberation of Montrose, his brother-in-law Archibald Lord Napier, and the lairds of Keir and Blackhall, "on caution that from hencefourth they carry themselves soberly and discreitly, and that they shall appear before the committee appoynted by the King and Parliament 4th of January next." The Earl of Crawford, and the other military men implicated in the alleged plot against Hamilton and Argyll, were unconditionally released "one the humble supplicatione" of those two noblemen.

According to custom the dissolution of Parliament was preceded by its "riding"—a phrase explained by the following entry for November 17 in Spalding's *History of the Troubles, &c.*: "The

King with his Estates rode to Parliament in a goodly manner." The crown was borne by the Earl of Argyll, in the absence of the Marquis of Douglas, while the Marquis of Hamilton as "Master of his Majestie's horsses red iust behind the King." Parliament sat till eight o'clock in the evening; and was afterwards entertained by the King at supper "in royal and merry manner"—"the castle salutes the King at supper with thirty-two shot of great ordnance." Previous to the rising of Parliament on that last day, Charles presented to the Earl of Argyll, with his own hand, a patent creating him Marquis of Argyll, Earl of Kintyre, and Lord of Lorne. This distinction Argyll received on bended knees, "randring his Majesty humble and hartly thanks for so great a grace and favour far by (beyond) his merit and expectation." Lord Amond was at the same time created Earl of Callendar, while the "crooked little" veteran, General Leslie, with tears running down his cheeks, not only thanked the King for making him Earl of Leven, but promised that "he would never more serve against him; but that whenever his Majesty would require his service he should have it, without ever asking what the cause was." Honours descended in a bounteous shower upon the most troublesome of the King's opponents, while his friends alone were left out in the cold without the slightest recognition of their unflinching fidelity. Thus Charles returned to London "the contented King of a contented people," at the cost of his own influence and self-respect, and with the knowledge that the Scots were only awaiting their opportunity, in conjunction with their English correspondents and sympathisers, of wringing from his necessities still greater concessions.

As for "The Incident" itself there is much reason to suspect that it sprang entirely out of the subtle and unscrupulous brain of William Murray. Up to that date he had been apparently attached to Montrose, notwithstanding his secret betrayal to the Covenanters of that nobleman's letters to the King; but subsequently he became devoted to the Marquis of Hamilton, so long at least as the latter maintained his close intimacy with Argyll. In what manner Crawford and his associates were drawn into the business has never been made quite clear; though it may be not unfairly conjectured that Murray took advantage of their extreme weakness and credulity, and contrived to make them believe whatever he wished. The proceedings of the parliamentary committee and the depositions of the officers were transmitted to his Majesty's Privy Council; and on the 4th November Secretary Nicholas wrote to Charles that their lordships had caused to be read in their hearing all the papers connected with the affair, but had no intention of publishing their contents, beyond making it

generally known that there was nothing in them that in any sort reflected upon his Majesty's honour. The papers, he continued, were left in his hands unsealed, with instructions to allow them to be inspected by any members of the Privy Council who might desire to read them, though no copies were to be given to anyone without his Majesty's special permission. There the matter rests in its original obscurity. In the words of the late historiographer of Scotland, nothing resulted save "chaotic contradiction and confusion" from the parliamentary investigation, which was either "wrecked, or so steered as to reach no conclusion."

JAMES HUTTON.

LIFE IN THE NORTH SEA.

WHEN the hot summer sun shines upon the city, blistering poor mortals with its fierce rays, when the dust and din and steam of town have done their work, our thoughts turn to the sea. Yea, even in the still country, when spring is past, or the long summer days have come and gone, a time arrives when we begin to think we have had enough of gentle life, enough of the

> Shady rivers, to whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals,

and we long for the roar of the breakers.

> Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
> Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,

we say to ourselves, furbishing up our memories of Byron, and then perhaps we pack our trunks, take our tickets, and make for the seaside. Arrived there, we immediately set up as amateur sailors, rowing in dainty little boats, taking passage in trim sailing yachts—sometimes even daring to sit far out on the prow—crossing perhaps to Boulogne or Dieppe on a creaky old steamer, and, when ashore, generally and at all times strutting about in loose semi-sailor dress. It is all so sweet, so pretty, so "awfully jolly," we venture to say, even allowing a little scope to our language when away from town and freed from conventionality.

We become roused to a wonderful pitch of enthusiasm, and begin to think in soberness and faith that no life is like that spent on the ocean wave.

But perhaps we cannot get away to the bright seaside, and as a sort of compromise betake ourselves to the Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea, where the smell of the sea is in the imagination if not in the air, and where perhaps more may be learned of the great ocean, and those who go down to the sea in ships, than by many months' sojourn in indolent activity in fashionable watering places. Amidst a host of attractions in the Exhibition, our attention is specially riveted by a ship of quaint structure and dimensions, with a great twenty-feet flag, bearing the words "Mission to Deep-Sea Fisher-

men," and with a smaller burgee flying from her mizzen, inscribed the *Heroine*. This ship, we find, has a wonderful history, to be read as follows:

"The *Heroine* is a British dandy-rigged ketch, and is a perfect specimen of the deep-sea fishery trawling boats. She was built at Yarmouth in 1858, and has been fishing out of that port for over thirty years. Her long list of voyages was only closed during the past winter, when she returned home seriously damaged in a gale. Yet as lately as 1889 she was registered as 'first-class Yarmouth,' though the smacks that are now constructed for fleeting are mostly larger than this vessel.

"When first built, the *Heroine* was rigged as a lugger, and was engaged in the herring fishing, but since 1886 she has only been used for trawling. Till that time, during the spring and autumn home herring fishing, she accompanied the drift-net fleets, though in summer and winter she acted as a trawler. The *Heroine* appears always to have had Yarmouth as a centre, and, unlike the Scotch and Manx boats, did not follow the herrings round the coasts of the British islands.

"When trawling she carried a crew of six men, though from Hull and Grimsby only four men and a boy form the crew of a trawler. When engaged in drift-net fishing, eight or nine men would form her crew.

"She is nominally only 36 tons burden, but looks a larger vessel, and has a wonderful record of combat with the waves, for in this respect she has proved a veritable *heroine*. For more than thirty years she has been tossed about, taking all weathers and surmounting all disasters, and there is probably no gale of memorable severity during that long period which she has not encountered. For instance, on December 1, 1863, a terrific storm swept a portion of the North Sea, where she along with other Yarmouth vessels was fishing. Seventeen Yarmouth boats were lost, and many and many a fisherman went down, but morning dawned to find the *Heroine* riding safely. She was out again in the March 1883 gale, when hundreds of fishermen were drowned, and twenty or thirty smacks sank with all hands. This and many another storm battered the ancient craft.

"On October 14, 1890, she was fishing off Borkum reef, in North Holland. It was blowing heavily, and the ship was 'lying-to' close reefed on the starboard tack, when a heavy sea rose up to windward and broke broadside full over her. It was dark at the time, being half-past six at night. The mizzen mast was snapped off at the deck, and sails and all were hurled into the water on the port side, dangerously held by the rigging. The crew cleared it away successfully,

only to find that the bulwarks were smashed, the mainsail burst to shreds, and—*ultima spes!*—the boat stove in. However, they rode the night out successfully, cleared away the wreckage, rigged the torn foresail as a trysail against the mast, were picked up in the morning and towed home by another of the same owner's boats. The mysterious whisper, 'coffin ship!' has been heard relative to the *Heroine*—but her skipper ought to know, and he describes her as a good sea-boat. This same skipper, who commanded her during her last voyage, was, oddly enough, cabin boy in her when first she went to sea; while, still more oddly, one of her former skippers was cook or cabin boy. A battered, genuine old tub, a true child of the ocean, that is the *Heroine*."

The *Heroine* is thus a typical North Sea trawler. That is to say, while there are now many craft in the big North Sea fishing fleets which far surpass her in size and general provision for comfort, yet she is a fair sample of what smacks used to be, and what many of them still are. She forms a link with the past, and still bears the smell of the sea upon her; for, almost yesterday, she rode upon the waves and took her share of punishment from the wind and tempest.

Suppose we take a voyage in her, and imagine that the time is ten or twelve years ago. We shall then see what a large fleet is like, and how the days and nights of these North Sea trawlers (of whom there are now 20,000) are spent. It is a winter's morning, there is some snow on the ground, and, as Hamlet says, "it is a nipping and an eager air." We had better be at home in our beds or breakfast-rooms than seeking for adventure on the water, we perhaps think, as we squeeze ourselves through the hole in the deck which admits to the little cabin. This is no easy matter, even to thin-bodied men like ourselves, and we can picture more than one of our friends whose girth of flesh could scarcely enter here. It is a thin short ladder by which we go down, unsteady at the foot, and it requires a clear head and a steadying arm to support one while feeling his way. The last step is made by a sort of jerky slide from the rung of the little ladder over a tiny locker on to the floor, and then we are able to draw a fresh breath and look around. The first thought is that here we are shut up in a little cupboard. No spacious state-room this, or big steerage cabin. By the side of the stairway a fire is blazing in a rough grate, and a large round pot is upon it, lashed into position by a strong iron chain. Were it not for this chain the pot with its boiling contents would soon slip from its resting-place as the little vessel began to pitch and roll upon the waves, and our knees would probably be sadly drenched and scalded. The little

room is five feet six inches high ; its length is about eight feet, and there are deal lockers on both its sides. Above the lockers are certain diminutive cupboards with sliding doors, but these are the bunks into which big burly men have to squeeze their huge bodies if they desire a rest in bed (*sic* !), but which, we mentally vow, will never tempt us within their dismally small recesses. Should the *Heroine* go down, say we, in this wild North Sea, let us at least perish in a bigger space than those coffin beds. The keen air is very piercing on deck, and as we clear the river and get away beyond the Yarmouth Roads, we can hear the whish of the wind in the sails, and know that the grey waves are already beginning to lash the sides of the ship. Involuntarily we think of the grim tales of shipwreck and death on these dangerous roads, and we wish more than ever that our cruise may be brightened by friendly skies and smooth seas. "Come up, sir," bawls the cheery voice of the skipper ; "come on deck ; we are now in the open." "Ay, ay, skipper," we respond, and then make our way up. The shore is now a mere black line enveloped in a misty haze, but the clear sky looks down upon this wintry sea. It is piercingly cold, and we find it necessary to wrap our warmest clothing around our bodies. Meanwhile the little *Heroine* ploughs her way right gallantly, rising and falling gracefully with the undulating swell. Rising and falling a little bit too much for us, however, for a strange sickly feeling has seized our inwards, so that the far-off wonder of the heavens and the measured musicof the waves begin to have their magic taken out of them. As the hours wear on the light-hearted cheeriness of our sailor friends increases ; little snatches of song are sung, pleasant badinage is heard, but there is little pleasure in our hearts ; so that we are fain to seek once more the shelter of the grimy little cabin. If the cold is keen above, the heat is here stifling, and adds fuel to the flame, so far as our sickness is concerned ; but we make the best of it, quietly huddled in the corners at the farthest angle from the red-hot fire. The steward—a grizzled old man he, who has seen many a sad day and wild night on this rough German Ocean—is busy cooking the dinner. When it is ready, we dimly observe that it consists of a small boiled leg of mutton and a gigantic sweet suet pudding. "Jest try one mouthful, sir," pleads honest Mat Taylor. "No, thank you, steward," say we, loathing the very sight of food. But the hungry smacksmen eat, and eat with a vengeance. The mutton soon vanishes, and the quantities of that indigestible suet pudding that are stowed away are simply illimitable. Brave stomachs ; braver than our hearts ! This afternoon is a cheerless one ; the wind

is sweeping the dark cold sea; we can imagine the black clouds massing in the sky that looks as if it were about to fall on our heads; we know that the waves are now lapping and then thrashing the sides of the ship; we feel that every minute takes us nearer the Dogger Bank, whither we are bound; but, indeed, we can think of little, nor, of that little—long. So the afternoon drags along, and tea-time comes. A huge pot is that simmering on the fire; great beakers are those that the big fellows hold to their mouths; but the tea is not for us. We have a mad inclination to sweep everything to the floor, and glory in the wreck which we have made. But calmer thoughts prevail.

And now the night has fallen; that most solemn of hours, night to a landsman in a tiny craft in an unknown sea. For to us it is unknown under these circumstances, however well known it may be to the seasoned salts who form the crew. Bad as we feel, we must make a determined effort to go up and have another look around, ere we make our beds in the corners for the night. We therefore scramble and squeeze our way up the little staircase, and, like drunken men, steady ourselves as best we can when on deck. The sea, oh! how we have loved it in song and in story; oh! how we hate it now as it churns us on its bosom. Feebly we gaze on inky skies, an inky sea, and a dancing, uncanny heap of boards under our feet. But the strong man at the tiller is jolly, and he treats us to a sacred song with this refrain:

> Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
> When on that Eternal shore.
> Drop the anchor, furl the sail,
> I am safe within the Veil.

As the night gets blacker and the skies denser we descend the ladder once more. There are the cupboards up there, which the crew call bunks, but we still prefer our corners on the lockers. It is a long and weary night through which we pass. We can scarcely be said to sleep, only to doze wearily, awaking ever and again to a sense of continued sickness, and disturbed from time to time by the calls of the men on deck, the roar of the gale in the shrouds, or the stertorous sounds from the sleepers in the bunks. But with the morning calm reflection comes, and best reflection of all, the thought that our sickness has quite passed away. We bounce upon the deck with renewed vigour, and "a strange sight and a beautiful" meets our eyes. Yonder is the broad bright sun slowly climbing the eastern wave; the clear steely skies are free from a single cloud; the sea is smooth and friendly, and a gentle breeze fills the sails.

Half an hour's exercise on deck gives us a vigorous appetite, and we eat as if we had never eaten before, and indeed we have touched nothing since yestermorn. Our courage is once more up, and thoughts of adventure arise again. Everybody seems happy, and the smart *Heroine* (she is already old) skims gracefully on her way. Ere nightfall we shall be with the Short Blue fleet, now fishing in the Great Silver Pits, and we shall behold that floating village peopled with a thousand souls which hitherto we have only seen in imagination or rude pictures. Our sailor friends amuse us, for they can spin any number of yarns, some gruesome enough, and others gay, but all smelling (if one may so say) of the sea. As the day wears on we have the company of a flock of sea-fowl, and as we have been careful to provide guns we forthwith set ourselves to deal out death to the poor birds. It is not an easy task, however, for it is one thing to shoot birds on *terra firma*, and quite another from the deck of a rolling North Sea fishing smack. Still we manage to bring down two, though we are almost sorry for our bloodthirsty work, like him who shot the albatross:

> And I had done a hellish thing,
> And it would work them woe:
> For all averred, I had killed the bird
> That made the breeze to blow.
> "Ah, wretch!" said they, "the bird to slay,
> That made the breeze to blow."

When early dinner time comes we are fully prepared to do justice to the substantial "tack" provided by our good steward. To-day it is a wonderful decoction known as "broth," with cold mutton, and a tremendous currant dumpling. These are the times of the "coper" in the North Sea; there are only a limited number of teetotallers as yet in the fleets, and we find that of this crew of seven, five wash down their capacious meal with a jug of ale drawn from a little barrel stowed away in a diminutive locker behind the little stair that leads on deck. All through the afternoon we are favoured with the same seasonable breeze and pleasant seas, and just as the earliest approaches of dusk are noticed we sight the fleet. At first the sails seem like a group of snowflakes on the horizon, but as we get nearer and nearer the smacks loom bigger and bigger, and at last we find ourselves set down in the midst of some two hundred fishing vessels, and at least seventy miles from the nearest strip of land. Some of the smacks are bigger than ours, and some smaller, but yonder ones far away, whether smaller or bigger, seem no larger than a coast fisherman's lugger. Hearty hails greet the *Heroine*

from many a quarter—"What cheer, oh's?" and "Welcomes" innumerable. Our crew have another fresh leg of mutton in stock, and three or four cronies are invited to come on board to-morrow and join in the feast.

And now the evening has fallen—an early, cold, winter's eve, and the village of floating cabins fades from our view, all save the ship's lights that twinkle in the gloom that has crept over the sea. Far away yonder the smack of the "admiral," or leader of the fleet, is pointed out to us, distinguishable by a special white light that gleams in the rigging. At sundown the "admiral" had given his flag signal for "Down trawl," that is, casting the net overboard, and it is now our turn to shoot our great 40 feet trawl beam, with its gaping net bag, to secure, if possible, our first catch of fish. The wind is freshening, and there is every prospect of that "smart breeze" which the trawler always welcomes as a good and profit-bringing friend. The heavens are dull and black; no stars are visible; only those faint and lustreless ones that dot the surface of the sea—the lamps of the two hundred smacks that surround us. It is now time to "turn in," so the first night-watch goes on deck for his lonely vigil until eleven or twelve o'clock, when the "admiral" will give his signal to "Up trawl," by firing a white rocket.

We are sleeping as best we can in our two corners; one man is lying on the floor with his feet to the dying fire, and his head on his rough sea-boots for a pillow; the others are crouching in the cupboards up above, most of them in their usual garb—less the sea-boots—when suddenly a tremendous voice is heard from the deck, sounding like the trump of doom, "Rouse out there! rouse out!" It is the most unwelcome moment perhaps in a trawler's life when this shout is heard, for the eyes are heavy, the limbs stiff, and the cold night wind raves above. Yet we all rush on deck—we, the land-lubbers, as anxious as any to have a share in the first haul. The net is heaved up by means of a wooden capstan, and we set to work with all our might to turn this round and round and round again. Talk about gymnastic exercise; this is muscular exercise with a vengeance. For two mortal hours we are at it. Some of the other smacks have an engine to work the capstan, and the gear is got up in twenty minutes, but our tug of war in the game of competition is an uneven one, being only muscles versus steam. "Bah!" cries the stay-at-home personage who knows everything, from the fate of empires to the latest bit of scandal, "this is mere child's play to big-chested brawny men with irony sinews." "Well, my dear sir," we may rejoin, "try it yourself; or if you be a weak valetudinarian, send one

of your athletic friends, and perhaps he will be glad to get a respite, like another athlete now reclining and puffing uneasily on the deck." But, bless us, these arm-chair folks know everything with scientific accuracy! When the trawl is fairly hauled in we are gloriously rewarded for our midnight toil. There is a grand "take" of haddock, halibut, whiting, and, best of al', such "prime" fish as sole, plaice, and turbot. "Better nor some first hauls is this yer, mate," cries Bill, the fourth hand, to Jim, the third. "Ay, ay, friend," responds Jim, "better nor that 'un when on'y a wee whitin' cam' up." This leads to one or two further stories about the heartless days and nights that smacksmen spend in the course of their arduous handling of the trawl, wherein the climax is reached by the tale of a former eight weeks' voyage of the *Heroine*, in which only £30 was earned, representing about £5 or £6 as the share of the entire crew. Pity the poor wives and children of these hardy fellows in such a case. Meanwhile the fish have to be cleaned and put away in boxes, and the trawl is again shot into the water. Then we turn in; all save the second night-watch, whose place is on the deck, guiding the ship, and passing the hours as best he can under the silent companionship of the heavens. At 5.30 the shout is heard once more, "Rouse out! rouse out!"; and as a second refrain, "All haul! all haul!" We hasten to the capstan and commence our second stiff tug. When daylight has come the boat is got down, the fish boxes lowered, and three of the hands row for the steam cutter, which is now in the fleet awaiting her cargo of fish. Day is well up ere a bit of breakfast can be served, but when the food is ready all hands fall to with might and main.

Slowly, but withal pleasantly, the days drag by. Perhaps the two events that dwell most vividly in our recollection are those of a visit to the coper, and the fierce gale that smote the fleet with dire havoc during the early days of the second week of our sojourn on the Great Silver Pits. The "coper," or floating grog-ship, is, we find, the smacksmen's chief rendezvous. They are not all drunkards —far from it—but the fleet, as a whole, is, to say the least, bitten by the serpent. The coper is a Dutchman, carrying a considerable supply of vile brandies and gins, and certain other merchandise that had better be nameless. We board her on the fourth day of our stay, and are received by the master himself, who bellows in our ears, "Velcome, and velcome, mine very goot friends." "And vat vill you 'ave," adds he, in dulcet tones as we reach the dimly-lighted after-cabin. "Just von leetle drop ov Hollands for veelings and goot vellowships," he continues, producing a bottle and pouring out

a tiny drop for his customers, as a whet to appetite. The coper is fairly thronged both below and above deck, and a brisk trade is clearly being done. This is the engine of demoralisation in the fishing fleets, without a doubt. It is a vile drink that is retailed, and it arouses vile passions. Not only are scant earnings thrown away, to the impoverishment of faithful wives and loving children far away in the dark streets at home, but dishonesty is begotten as well, for there are nets, gear, and fish handed to Mynheer Dutchman which belong to others, while coarse language is now in the ascendant, combined with fierce horseplay and occasional bitter quarrels. Time forbids to tell of all that we see and hear, and, indeed, the whole atmosphere is so sickening that we hasten from the demon-ship as from a tainted thing—

> The nightmare, Life-in-death, is she
> That thicks men's blood with cold.

As we row back to the *Heroine* the mate tells us a sad story of the coper. "It wus Ted Jones," says he, "and 'e 'ad been to the *Louise* with two o' 'is crew. They spent the afternoon in playin' cards and thick drinkin', and it wus dark when the Dutchie turned 'em off the ship, and cut the boat's painter. This fair angered Ted, who was three-parts drunk, and he swore like a trooper. Pete Young, the second mate on Ted's smack, 'ad the steerin' oar as they put orf, but Ted 'e would 'ave it. Pete and the rest said 'No,' and this made Ted more wild than iver. So 'e got up, made for the stern, seized the oar, and yelled, 'I'll steer her to hell, by God!' But jest then he lost his balance, for 'e wus 'alf mad and more'n 'alf drunk, and 'e sank like a stone in the black water."

This is but one of the many stories which reach our ears of the sad misery wrought by the "coper," or "devil's ship," as some of the pious men call her. She is, at this time, the smacksman's one friend, and a false one she is, luring men to poverty, broken-down health, loss of character, and, very often, to ruin and death. There is no need for one to be a teetotaller to see such evils and deplore them. On the whole we find these hardy fishers a brave, simple-hearted, fine race of men, but there is wide-spread ignorance in the fleets, no books, no means of improvement, none to "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way," save and except a few godly individuals, who are hoping and praying for some deliverer to arise, doing their best—but what are these amongst so many?

It is not all fair weather and plain sailing during our ten days' sojourn on the fishing grounds. We get at least one good taste of

the driving tempest and the lashing waves. It is nightfall, and the wind is evidently freshening for a gale. "Going to blow, skipper?" say we, bravely. "Ay! there's a bit o' wind about, I'm thinkin'," rejoins he slowly, and peering away to the nor'-east. In another hour or so it is fairly on us. The howl of the wind and the mad swelter of the waves make us fancy that a thousand demons are clamouring for our destruction. Drenching showers of spray keep falling on the deck, and every now and again a great rush of water thunders over the little smack, threatening to engulf her and us. It is too dangerous for landsmen to remain on deck in such a storm as this, so we must needs keep below, tossed about, as one of us remarks, "like an egg in boiling water." It is only the lynx eye and dexterous movements of the smacksman that save his life on such a night as this; and very often he cannot save himself, but is swept into the tumbling sea and is no more seen. The gale continues at its height till past midnight, when its strength is moderated, though the ship rolls and pitches uneasily as ever. We venture up, but a look is enough. "Oh! oh! 'tis foul," we exclaim, with poor old Lear When the morning dawns the fleet is scattered in all directions, and when we reunite, sad reports reach us of lives lost, limbs broken, sails carried away, bulwarks smashed, and, saddest of all, we are told that the *Marie* has gone down with all hands!

We return to Yarmouth wiser than when we set out, though pained to think of the stern battle in which these men are engaged; of their isolation, friendlessness, and sad social lot.

Ten years roll past, and once more we are in the *Heroine*, on our way to the trawling grounds. This time we are making for a fleet known as "Durrant's," which is fishing in the North Sea about seventy miles from Yarmouth. "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone," and the broad, bright sun is shining in a sky of unclouded blue. No fear of frozen, fairy rigging to-day; there is gladness on the sea, warmth, and peace. Our experience now is like that of our good holiday-making friends on shore, who bask in the glory of the summer and rejoice in the friendliness of the breaking sea, scarce thinking of the grim battle that scores of men on their far-away ocean homes are waging from time to time with storm and squall, beyond shelter and beyond succour. But to-day even we think not of this.

How merrily the days of Thalaba go by!

But it is hours in our case, instead of days, for we are not long in reaching our destination, and once more sharing in the toils and trials

of the fishermen. But the toils and trials are now lightened by the presence of what we may safely call a bright messenger in the fleets. On the last occasion we heard much—too much—of the "devil's mission ship": now we are about to hear a great deal of a vessel, reverently spoken of by the trawlers as "the Lord's mission ship." There she is—riding gallantly in the centre of the fleet, with all her trawling gear, for she works with the secular arm as well as the sacred or the benevolent. Her name is the *Euston*, and we find she was the gift of the Duchess of Grafton, a lady who has a heart for sailors, and a feeling for their cares and sorrows. Her skipper is a young, intelligent fellow, who knows how to handle his trawl net as well as the net that catches men.

One of our first duties is to board the *Euston*. She is a trim craft, larger than the *Heroine*, and larger, too, than most of the other smacks engaged in this fleet. In the *Heroine* the crew's cabin is in the after part of the ship ; here it is in the middle. There is a big hold for the fish boxes, which may, however, be cleared out and room made for the men and lads, when they assemble for a religious service ; there are lockers for the tobacco (of which more anon); there is a large cupboard with a really excellent stock of drugs; and, in the after part, a plain but most comfortably fitted cabin for the abode of clergy or laymen who may be out to assist in the religious work. The *Euston* has her gear down like the other smacks, and her crew are no laggards. It is only two days since she came out for a fresh voyage, and we hear that during her absence the "coper" made its appearance, for, though scotched by the presence of the mission ship, the snake is not yet killed. It is a wonderful change this that has come over the fleets since we were in them ten years ago. The "coper" is virtually banished. The smacksman has now a real friend, instead of the insidious false one. "The Fishers' friend," as the men sometimes call her, has a cargo of good things to be had for nothing. There is no temptation here to spend hard-earned savings or owner's gear in noxious liquor or nameless articles of merchandise ; no one will leave the *Euston* with gnawings of conscience, unless it be sorrow and regret for by-past days of sin and wasted energies. Even the tobacco which is sold in the mission smack is charged for at but a mere fraction above cost price, while the woollen goods, such as helmets, comforters, steering mittens, and seaboot stockings are retailed at one-sixth of their real value. The skipper bears the certificate of the St. John's Ambulance Association and the National Health Society, and is fully qualified to minister to the medical and surgical wants of the

men in any but the most serious cases; and even when serious and dangerous cases are met with, the skipper has power, if need be, to run into port, bearing such cases to the hospital ashore. The trawler's calling is, as we know very well, an extremely dangerous one, and his calling, housing, and hard fare, between them, breed many illnesses, such as troublesome seaboils, poisoned fingers and arms, which though not usually dangerous, yet urgently require needful treatment. For these men cannot "lie by" like many stay-at-home folks. They have bread to earn and stern duties to perform, for none of these smacks are over-manned, and much inconvenience is caused when one of the hands is disabled.

Here are some testimonies to the great physical blessing that the *Euston*, and vessels like her, are in the fleets with which they sail—for they are empowered to receive patients on board, as well as to dispense medicine to sick visitors. These letters are but samples of many:

From T. BATTY, skipper of smack *Rothie May.*

I write these few lines with heartfelt thanks for the blessing I have received at the hands of the skipper of the mission ship and crew. I have been on board sixteen days, owing to an abscess in the thumb, for which I had to give up work. If it had not been for the mission ship I should have had to have gone home after having only been out a fortnight, and it would have been a very serious loss, as I have a wife and four children dependent upon me. By the aid of the skipper, I am thankful to say I am able to resume my duty. There are none but the fishermen out here know the blessing we daily receive both in medical, and surgical, and spiritual gifts from the mission, and may the blessing of God still rest on the mission, and prosper it.—From your grateful debtor, T. BATTY.

From J. TURRELL, of the smack *Brilliant.*

June 20. Dear Sir,—I now take the pleasure of thanking you for the kindness and aid I have received from the mission vessel, as my cook was on board of the Bethel ship four days, and the captain was kind enough to let me have a man in the place of ours till he was better, and also that I myself have received medicine; and we thank you kindly for the mission, for I think it is a grand thing that ever the mission smack came in amongst us.—JAMES TURRELL, Master.

From C. GARWOOD, of the smack *Sprite.*

Sir,—Allow me to thank you on behalf of myself and others for the benefit of the mission that is doing such good work for the fishermen at this fleet, and others that are connected with the fishing trade, which cannot be carried on without some accident of daily occurrence. I myself had a bad hand, and was obliged to go on board the mission vessel on Thursday, and had to stop till the Tuesday morning; whereas, if it had not have been for such a boon, I should have had to go home, and that wouldn't have done for me, or yet for any one else, as there is such a lot walking about without work at Yarmouth. The hand is now going on nicely, and I hope in a few days to do my usual work. I write this to let those on shore know how well we are cared for on the fishing grounds.—E. H.

We hear of rather startling statistics; of eight or nine thousand patients treated on the mission ship during one year, for ailments varying from toothache to pulmonary disease, and from poisoned fingers or sprained wrists to acute pleurisy and smashed legs. When we think that in past days there was no doctor or medicines of any kind at a nearer distance than scores of miles across the wild waste sea we can vividly realise what acute suffering must have been borne in those times when there was no mission ship bringing alleviation to pain and healing to disease. We hear, too, of three first-class hospital smacks in other fleets—with still more ample room for maimed in-patients—and which carry, all the year round, fully-trained and skilled medical officers, and we can well understand the feelings of lively gratitude which fill the minds of the honest smacksmen when they speak of the great work of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen amongst them.

The trawler *will* have his 'bacca. He is nothing without his pipe and even his "chaw." Superfine people may turn up their noses, if they will, but this is a fact, and it has to be faced. It is this need of the men which lent to the coper her abnormal power for ill; not that the tobaccos which she vended were necessarily evil (though even they were vile enough in all conscience), but because the 'bacca was an irresistible bait, alluring to the poisonous liquids which were too successfully pressed upon the customers for tobacco. Surely the checkmating of the coper, which is complete wherever a mission vessel is present, has conferred a benefit, physically, intellectually, and morally, upon the North Sea fishers, which bears abundant and well-recognisable fruit. It is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the banishment of the coper has been secured by the adoption of an International Agreement for the regulation of the coper traffic. Indeed, I do not think that it *has* been adopted finally by all the Legislatures of the interested Powers; but, in any case, this is true: withdraw the mission ship, and the coper very soon returns from her banishment, vigorous as ever. The coper, driven from her happy hunting-fields in the North Sea, has now opened an extensive campaign off the Irish shores amongst the native fishermen and those fleets now forming by Manx and Scotch mackerel fishers, and we hear of the mission being invited by Her Majesty's Customs to take immediate steps to checkmate the foreign grogships in these waters. So that the fisherman's deadly enemy has still to be fought.

There is many and many an hour in the smacksman's life on the lonely sea which a graphic and cheery book or illustrated paper will brighten, and nothing strikes us more in the conduct of the sturdy

fellows who board the *Euston* than their eagerness to obtain a good bit o' readin'. The mission, we find, is very careful in its oversight of the literature which is put into circulation with its stamp upon it. But there is great variety. Here is an "English Grammar," a "Robinson Crusoe" well thumbed; "Tales of Adventure," by R. M. Ballantyne; a volume of "Addresses" by D. L. Moody; an old copy of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and, next door to it, so to speak, a very modern copy of the "Pirate," by Walter Scott. Add to these a bundle of "Sermons" by C. H. Spurgeon, and a sheaf of *Graphics* and *Illustrated London News*, and a fair conception is gained of the sort of reading which is freely supplied to the men. There is a rich intelligence in the minds of our trawler friends, long latent it is true, but destined soon to bear worthy fruit; and what agency for this purpose can be better than the systematic diffusion of sound, healthy literature?

The fisherman is a reader of many books, but there is one which is his bosom friend. It is the breath of his life if he be a pious man, and even if he is not, it wields a commanding influence over his mind. The old Bible we find holds the field in the North Sea. It is to explain its message and enforce its precepts that the mission mainly exists. In its articles of association, a business document, drawn upon the lines of the Companies' Acts, this is very clearly stated. The objects for which the association is established are, "The visiting by means of smacks and small vessels, which have already been, and may hereafter be acquired for the purpose, the various fleets of fishing vessels in the North Sea and elsewhere, with a view to preaching the Word of God to the crews thereof, and in every possible way promoting and ministering to their spiritual welfare, and affording to the crews thereof advice and counsel in the cause of religion and temperance," &c. The spiritual work of the mission is thus always kept in the forefront, and is carried on by volunteer missioners and the mission skipper. Personal influence is brought to bear; many "Bible readings" are held; public religious services frequently take place, and so the Bible story is told and retold. And what is the result? Well, here is the testimony of a London solicitor, which may be taken as typical:

On Sunday we had service on board the mission ship. It was most encouraging to hear one man after another confess that it was the mission God had used to bring him into the fold.

Many of the skippers told me, however, that the real work of the mission was to be seen in the altered homes and families of the fishermen. Men who had once been hard-drinking, hard-swearing men, now go straight home to their wives and children, whom they find happy and fairly comfortable, instead of being, as

before, in misery and want. I was also told that the owners of the smacks now did much for the men since the public press had informed the world of the hardships and unnecessary discomforts that the fishermen were called upon to endure.

From all that may be seen and heard in the fleets we gather that a great change has been in progress. Our old friend the *Heroine* touches with one hand, we may so say, a state of past things dark with sorrow, trouble, and sin, and, with the other, a bright influence at work in the fleets—an influence helpful and fruitful in its present scope, and showing tokens of wider and extended usefulness in the future.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

A PAUPER'S BURIAL.

I.

"GO fetch the Parson, and throw back the gates.
"The old man died a pauper, so the rates
"Must bury him. I see no men about,—
"And we've no bearers. Come, your arm is stout!

II.

"And he no weight. 'Tis strange the hate they bear
"To the *house* yonder: only three weeks there,
"And told them he should die, if once inside:—
"To think that paupers should have all that pride!

III.

"Here comes the Squire: he'll earn a sixpence too,
"Just for the fun of throwing it to you.
"Yon slouching tramp shall walk his fellow-mate,
"Shoulder to shoulder, through the churchyard gate!"

. . . .

IV.

The small, pale green is shooting to the sky,
And in and out the church's ivy fly
The building birds, and on the gravestones sing.
Sweet chance! an old man buried in the Spring!

V.

And he a pauper: old and weak and sad;
Yet welcome here. What matter that he had
No black-draped train to follow in the rear;
Odd passers shouldering the common bier!

VI.

So poor and sad; forsaken and forgot;
Not one of all those children he begot
To see him to his parish grave, and tell
He was their father, and they loved him well.

. . . .

VII.

"What, back already? Well, our turn's to be!
"He says the same for rich and poor, I see.
"The Parson spoke up well: I heard it all,
"Resting the horses by the churchyard wall."

. . . .

Death and a parish grave—these were his rights.
Sleep fast, old man! On balmy summer nights,
The sweet-lipped flowers, and moonbeams as they pass,
Shall weave thy story on the nameless grass.

GEORGE HOLMES.

ODD ITEMS IN OLD CHURCHES.

THERE are odd items in many of our old churches of which we are quite unaware; and there are many others which, though seen, we pass by with scarcely a glance at them for want of understanding their meaning or use.

The penitential cell in the Temple Church is one such. High up in the thickness of the north wall, looking down, through two narrow openings, upon the magnificent rotunda, with its mystic circle of porphyry columns and effigies of cross-legged knights lying full length on the glistening pavement, and into the long chancel, is a small stone cell, too short for a man to lie down in at full length, and too low for him to stand upright in, in which recusants were confined for penance. A narrow stone stair winds up till it arrives at the small strong low door of access to it, and passes on to the triforium around the rotunda, now lined with monuments to the memory of legal worthies formerly on the walls of the church below. Word has been handed down to us that a knight, Walter le Bachelor by name, was led up this stair, thrust into this cell, and, with irons on his limbs, left to die in it of starvation; when his body was dragged down the winding stair, and buried in the grounds outside. Perhaps it is this tradition that gives the stony cell an enchaining and pathetic interest that brings it back again to the minds of those who have looked into it, long after the busy traffic of the Strand, close by, has effaced the memory of the showy Elizabethan splendours of the Templars' Hall and Parliament room, with their carved oak and painted glass.

A few years ago about fifty earthenware pots, or vases, were found built into the internal surfaces of the walls of Leeds Church, in Kent, so placed that it was impossible to assign any other purpose to them than that of an intention they should assist, in some way, the transmission of sounds. This discovery drew attention to the subject, and other examples were pointed out in other edifices. Some that were observed in St. Nicholas's Church, Ipswich, were noticed to be one-handled. Others, found at different times in three churches in

Norwich, were without handles, and others with them. Forty found in the Church of St. Peter Mancroft, and sixteen met with in All Saints' Church were without handles; and sixteen found in the Church of St. Peter Mountergate were one-handled. Other examples have been met with in different parts of the country in more limited numbers. Seven have been counted in Fountains Abbey; and still smaller numbers in churches at Ashburnham, Chichester, Upton, Denford, East Harling, Bucklesham, and Luppett. Ten have been found at Youghal, in Ireland. Archæologists who took the subject up ascertained they have been also observed in Denmark and Sweden in very ancient buildings, and occasionally in France, Russia, and Switzerland. Their use has been referred back to the old times of Augustus Cæsar, when Vitruvius wrote that the seats of theatres should be prepared with cavities into which brazen vases should be placed, arranged with certain harmonic intervals which he gives, by which means the sounds of voices of performers would be increased in clearness and harmony; and remarked that architects had made use of earthen vessels for this purpose with advantage. On the continent these jars are sometimes found in the vaults of choirs, or among the sleeper-walls under the floors, as well as in the walls.

In connection with sounds, it may be mentioned there is a curious instance of an echo at Tatenhill, Staffordshire. The tower of the church there has an echo that repeats five times the syllables uttered at the *centrum phonicum*, which is about seventy yards distant. Whispering galleries, too, can scarcely be considered anything but odd items in our sacred edifices. Of these, there are examples in Gloucester Cathedral and St. Paul's.

The twelve small incised crosses, sometimes filled with brass, which were placed at the dedication of the building, and anointed by the bishop when it was consecrated, are also curious. In this country these dedication crosses are found on the exterior of the buildings, though on the continent they are generally seen on the interior. They may be seen at Cannington Church in Somersetshire, as well as at Moorlinch. Salisbury Cathedral has examples, as has, likewise, Edendon Church in the same county. Brent Pelham Church, Herts, also possesses these relics. And one of the piers in New Shoreham Church, Sussex, is enriched in this manner. These crosses are not to be confused with the five small crosses often seen incised on altar-slabs, which slabs are occasionally to be noticed turned to account as paving stones on the floors, as at St. Mary Magdalen's, Wiggenhall.

There is an item that is equally rarely met with that would be,

probably, a puzzle to most persons who looked at it without a key of explanation as to its use. This is a tall, long, narrow recess in the wall, low down towards the ground, near the altar. It is supposed to be intended for the reception of a processional staff, too long to be placed with other treasures in the aumbrey, or elsewhere. Another square recess has been observed in a few instances, near the ground, to the east of the piscina, the use of which has not been handed down. There are at least three churches, too, that have a peculiar niche or recess, partaking somewhat of the character of two piscinæ, one above the other, the meaning of which has also passed out of knowledge. These churches are at Southwick in Sussex, and Burston and Bletchingley, in Surrey.

Sometimes the memory of departed persons has been perpetuated by the erection of some part of the fabric, or by the gift of some article of church furniture, instead of by the erection of a monument. In Little Birmingham a pew is thus constituted a souvenir. In Willington Church, Sussex, a tie-beam is made to answer this purpose. A corbel in Reculver Church, Kent, is inscribed to the memory of one Thomas. Many fonts and screens are thus memorials, as are also chalices. The pulpit in Wells Cathedral was put up in the reign of Henry VIII. by Bishop Knight, "for his tombe." Lord Thomas Dacre, in 1531, left a certain sum of money for a tomb, which he directed should be used as the Easter sepulchre. In the preceding century, another testator desired there should be made for him "a playne tombe of marble of a competent height to the intent that it may bear the Blessed Body of our Lord, and the sepultur, at the time of Estre."

There are about fifty examples of Easter sepulchres still to be met with in this country. Sometimes they are only plain oblong recesses; in some places they are richly decorated with sculpture; and in two instances they consist of two parts, one at right angles to the other. They are generally placed on the north side of the chancel, but are also to be seen in other positions. An example in Kingsland Church, Herefordshire, is on the north side of the nave, and is entered from the porch. It is rather more than nine feet long, and rather less than five feet wide; and on the side adjoining the church is an arched recess pierced with four openings, through which ceremonies taking place in it could be seen from the interior of the nave. It is lighted by unglazed windows on the north and east sides. Within it lies an oblong mass of masonry, that may be either a tomb or an altar. Warwickshire has three examples. There are others in St. Andrew's Church, Clevedon, St. Mary's

Bampton, St. Michael's, Stanton Harcourt, and several in the neighbourhood of Lewes. St. Patrick's Church, Patrington, in Yorkshire, has also a particularly fine specimen. They were all meant to represent the tomb wherein our Lord was laid; and some were enriched with presentments of the soldiers and three Maries; and in the days of actual dramatic representation of sacred subjects, the whole scene of the burial and watching at the tomb was reverently performed at them. We should probably have had many more remains of them, but for the fact that they were often made of wood, and removed from Easter to Easter.

Masons' marks have an interest of their own in old churches. Where there has been some protection from the weather, such as a bold overhanging cornice, we may sometimes see them on the external masonry; but, generally, rains and winds have obliterated them there, and we have to look for them in the interiors. On many a stone we may see cut the curious device of the mason who wrought it from the rough block that was taken from the quarry into the flat surface it now presents. These devices are of innumerable variety and combinations of geometrical figures, crosses, and lines. They are to be noted in many parts of the world as well as in our churches. In Elsdon Church, which is in a moss-trooping centre, there are several deep cuts on one of the pillars of the arcade of the south aisle, which are of a different character to masons' marks, and considered likely to have been made by the sharpening of weapons upon them.

This association of ancient churches with the coming and going of men, perhaps on horseback, recalls the presence of another odd item, here and there, in the matter of mounting-blocks, or horse-blocks, which are still *in situ* in outlying parishes in rural districts. They are generally merely rough boulders taken from the neighbouring moors, of a suitable size, and set down rather close to the church door or to the opening into the porch. Disused and mute though they be, they tell us tales of the pomp and circumstance of old times, when round the church doors were to be seen richly caparisoned steeds, stalwart knights, and fair women—besides stout yeomen, with their wives and daughters, waiting their turn to mount to their pillions pleasantly.

Old grave-slabs are sometimes to be seen used up in our old churches in an odd manner, showing that our forefathers, in these instances at least, had but small regard for relics of the kind. There was one fine slab, with a handsome cross incised upon it, observed recently cut into lengths, and made into a water-table, to

throw off the rain on the roof of Alnwick Church. Another in the same edifice may be seen made into the lintel of a clerestory window. In the south aisle of Morpeth Church, another is made into a lintel. In Middleton Church, Teesdale, there is another example of similar economy. A portion of the shaft of a cross carved with Saxon ornament was made into the stem of a font, dated 1664, in Rothbury Church. In this way many fragments have been handed down to us that might otherwise have disappeared altogether.

Often in the furthermost end of an aisle, or transept, recessed into the wall, or but slightly standing out of it, bracket-fashion, may be seen the small piscina that was used in old times when there was an altar there. Besides these, only much more rarely, a piscina upon the ground may be seen. This is a small hole upon the floor at the east end of the church, south of the altar. If there were no piscina into which to pour the water in which the chalice was rinsed, we might assume this was intended to carry it away, but in three out of four examples known there are piscinæ on the walls as well. These ground piscinæ have been noticed in St. Catherine's Chapel, in Carlisle Cathedral, and in the churches at Utterton, in Lincolnshire; Little Casterton, Rutlandshire, and Hevingham, Norfolk. It has been suggested they may have been made to carry away the water used in the consecration of the building.

Sedilia are sometimes treated in an odd manner. Sometimes there is but one seat, sometimes two, four, or five; but more frequently three. In some small churches the window sill forms the sedile. In a church in Sussex the divisions between the seats reduce them to a size almost too small for use. In some churches they are stone benches without arms; in others they are superbly decorated, and grouped together under handsome canopied recesses. Over and above these seats for the clergy some very few old churches have stone seats, or stalls, at the east end. St. Mary's Church, at Stone, in Kent, for instance, has a range of these stalls on the north, south, and east sides of the sacrarium, and St. Martin's Church, at Cheriton, in the same county, has examples on the north and south of the chancel. In the church of St. Nicholas, Rodmersham, are three sedilia of wood: a rare survival. And besides these, there may be noted here and there a larger recess adjacent to the sedilia, for which it is difficult to assign any use.

Now and then a small door may be seen high up in the piers that divide the nave from the chancel. This is the door that once gave access from the winding-stair within the pier to the footway on

the top of the screen with which most churches were once provided. When screens were found inconvenient, and were removed, these doors were left. Ross Church, Herefordshire, has a noticeable example; Hinckley Church, Leicestershire, has another.

Any of these items might be easily passed by without recognition, even in a tolerably careful glance round at the general features of an ancient fabric. We are likely to look at the richly-carved doorways that seem to invite us to enter, and up to the carven angelic host upholding the mighty timbers of the roof, or along the lines of pillars supporting the graceful arcades, or at the windows to admire their tracery or stained-glass, or on the floors to note the last resting-places of the good and great; or we may take special notice whether the pulpit has an hour-glass, or the stand for one; whether the almsbox has an inscription; whether the vestry has an ancient chest; whether the great brazen eagle is ancient or modern; or whether there are any marble or alabaster effigies lying cross-legged or hand-folded in the shadowy aisles; and miss these minor details unless our attention is called to them.

SARAH WILSON.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

BY a curious chance, an Ibsen play is once again the chief topic of the past month. And in many respects the latest attempt to interpret the Norwegian dramatist is the most interesting of all the many recent attempts; for Miss Rose Norreys brought to the part of Nora Helmer a great number of qualifications. First and best, perhaps, she had that quality of enthusiasm for her author, and for that particular one of her author's characters, without which good dramatic work can scarcely be accomplished. Her appearance, again, corresponded with our conceptions of the child-wife, child-mother. Then, she brought to bear upon the play an experience ripened by many successes, an artistic sympathy with the dramatist's purpose, which enabled her to appreciate not merely the wide humanity but the deep sense of beauty which belongs to all Ibsen's plays. I have seldom looked forward with more interest to any performance than I did to Miss Norreys's rendering of "The Doll's House"; I have seldom followed any performance with a closer attention. It proved to be one of the events of the dramatic season. It revived an old controversy, it stimulated fresh curiosity. If the interest in what may be called the Ibsen question was at all waning, Miss Norreys's enterprise lent it a new life.

"The Doll's House" is perhaps the most significant of the whole series of Ibsen's social plays. It ought to be called "A Doll's Home," by the way, and why it is not so called I am at a loss to understand; but let that pass. Some of us may prefer the more absolute "modernity" of "Hedda Gabler," others may think that profound problems of life are presented with a more tragic intensity in "Rosmersholm"; others, again, may maintain that the strife between man and woman, between husband and wife, is represented as truly and more beautifully in "The Lady from the Sea." It really doesn't matter: all who admire Ibsen at all are agreed in regarding "The Doll's House"—I adhere to the accepted name under protest—as a very fine, very typical, specimen of the master's work. It is certainly, if it is nothing else, a very remarkable

specimen of dramatic construction. The oftener it is read, the more deeply will the reader be impressed by the technical beauty of the building-up, by the exquisite pains taken to insure completeness and proportion in the dramatic whole. There is nothing too much—nothing too little. The incidents succeed each other with all the apparent ease of everyday life, with all the actual accuracy and logic of a machine. If it were not one of the greatest, it would still be one of the most ingeniously composed pieces of our time.

I shall never forget the profound impression which "The Doll's House" made upon me when I first saw it acted some couple of years ago by Miss Janet Achurch at the Novelty Theatre. It was the first Ibsen play I had seen acted, and it carried conviction with it from the rise of the curtain to its fall. It gave me at once the impression, not that I was sitting in a theatre surveying with more or less pleasure the efforts of actors and actresses to present a play, but that I was on the stage itself—that I was one of the friends of that ill-starred Helmer household—that I was witnessing the real woes of real men and women. I saw the play again, and with the same result; no play had ever seemed to me quite so intensely real before. The performance appealed to the public curiosity; it delighted some, it irritated some, it interested very many. Put up for a few nights, it ran for some weeks, and might have run for many more if Miss Achurch had not been compelled to leave London to fulfil an Australasian engagement. But it left behind it a heritage of controversy which raged then, and has raged ever since, and is raging now, with almost unabated intensity.

To my mind, the indignation which certain critics have expressed at the motive of "The Doll's House" and the conduct of Nora Helmer is an overstrained, unreasonable indignation. It is, of course, a matter for argument whether Nora was justified in leaving Torvald under the conditions: it is open to argument whether a woman is justified in leaving her husband under any conditions. The upholders of what may be called the old attitude towards woman, an attitude half of chivalrous devotion and half of Oriental disdain, will absolutely deny Nora's right to draw that front door behind her on that famous night. The advocates of what we may be permitted to call the "new theory of woman" will argue otherwise. Their theory is the theory of which the Norwegian Ibsen, the Russian Tolstoi, are the latest champions in art, the theory which John Stuart Mill did so much to formulate, the theory which has been the jest of humourists in all times, from the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes to the "Madame

Pantalon" of Paul de Kock. Their theory asserts that woman has equal rights with man; that the wife is as free as the husband, that what is lawful for the one is lawful for the other—and so on. I certainly do not propose to go into this question now, or to commit myself to any opinion upon it. But whether we may think Nora Helmer right or may think Nora Helmer wrong in going away from the husband who had so degraded himself in her eyes, we ought not to attack Ibsen for making her do so. The woman Ibsen was drawing would have acted so: there are no doubt very many women in the world who would have acted so: it is for us to accept the characters that Ibsen has given us, and to see if, under the conditions of his game, he has made his moves artistically. I think he has. I think that terrible scene between the selfish husband and the wife whose eyes have just been unsealed to see his selfishness must carry artistic conviction with it, especially when it is played as Miss Norreys played it. She rendered admirably the frozen despair, the frozen determination of this fair young thing, this doll-wife, this baby-mother, before the sudden revelation in all its naked horror of a selfish man's soul.

Again, there are critics who profess to be gravely shocked by the scene between Dr. Rank and Nora Helmer, in which Rank, with his doom clearly before him, confesses his love for her. They say that the talk of the man and woman before the confession, the talk about the stockings, the talk about heredity and hereditary malady, is unpleasant, objectionable, detestable, according to their various degrees of dislike. Far too much has been made of this scene. It is a mere episode in a tragic play. But taking it as it stands, it has been gravely misunderstood. The two are very intimate friends: they are talking in the first instance lightly about a light topic, in the second instance lightly about a serious topic. I can see no offence in the scene as it is written. I saw no offence in it when it was played by Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charrington. I see no offence in it as it was played by Miss Norreys and Mr. Abingdon. But the recent performance of "The Doll's House" has revived the old controversy with all the old heat. So much the better. Miss Norreys is to be congratulated on having succeeded in playing perhaps the most difficult part in the modern drama with rare artistic sympathy and rare artistic earnestness.

Perhaps there is a more significant proof of the progress of the Ibsen drama in this country to be found than is afforded even by the most able, the most conscientious interpretation. This proof is to be found in the productions of Ibsen's parodists—Ibsen's avowed and

deliberate, as opposed to Ibsen's unconscious or unavowed parodists. Mr. Anstey in the pages of *Punch* has for many weeks past been delighting the mirthful by the humour of his parodies of those plays of Ibsen's which are most familiar to the reading public in England. But parody now has passed from the pages of a periodical to the boards of a theatre: on the stage which has been invaded by the new Viking, two English humourists retaliate, with the humourists' weapons of ridicule, satire, irony. Mr. J. M. Barrie, the author of so many attractive essays, the part author of "Richard Savage," has made "Hedda Gabler" the target for his scorn at Toole's Theatre, where the audience shriek with laughter over Mr. Toole made-up as "The Master" himself; and at the extraordinary ability shown by Miss Irene Vanbrugh in her mimicry of the die-away airs of Miss Marion Lea's Thea Elvstead, and the "grand manner" of Miss Robins's Hedda. At the Avenue Theatre Mr. Robert Buchanan organised an assault upon a larger scale on the Ibsen method and the Ibsen creations. Much of "The Gifted Lady" was undoubtedly funny: the whole attack came quite fairly from a writer who has avowed himself once and again hostile to the Ibsen method and the Ibsen creations. To Mr. Buchanan Ibsen is only a "stuttering Zola with a wooden leg"—why with a wooden leg?—he is opposed to him with all the energy of his energetic nature; and he formulates his opposition in the time-honoured formula of burlesque. No admirer, not the most impassioned, of Ibsen, could possibly object to all this. The test of ridicule has been applied to all great men since the days when Aristophanes delighted the Athenians by the spectacle of Socrates swinging in his basket. Ibsen can stand the test: his admirers need not be discomposed. "Ibsen's Ghost" and "The Gifted Lady" are excellent fooling when all's done; but they are also the most decisive tribute of recognition that has yet been paid in London to the influence, to the importance, to the genius of Henrik Ibsen. His bitterest enemies could hardly say that he is a "man of no account," at a time when he and his creations were made the objects of satire in two leading London theatres by two well-known English authors; and as for his friends—well, their devotion will moult no feather. No one who admires "Hedda Gabler" will admire it less because Mr. Anstey, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Robert Buchanan have made merry over it. I was much amused by "*Punch's* Pocket Ibsen." I was much amused by many things in "The Gifted Lady." I thought it was too long: the satire would have been sharper if it was shorter: Mr. Barrie's skit had the advantage of brevity. But I cannot understand the mood of mind of

those Ibsen lovers—and I believe there are some such—who feel any irritation at these light-hearted ventures. Ibsen is as fair game as Socrates ; and if he should succeed in creating a new Aristophanes, why, we should all be heartily delighted.

Miss Fortescue, for some occult reason, chose to give a series of five *matinées* of "The Love-Chase." "The Love-Chase" is an exceptionally tiresome play—one of the worst of its antiquated class. It is written in a style which "is my aversion," and which must be the aversion of all who like dramatic language to be natural and blank verse to be melodious. Its characters are impossible and uninteresting puppets, its plot is a wearisome and unnatural intrigue. An imbroglio which Marivaux might have made enchanting, and Sheridan gay, becomes merely depressing. Why on earth did Miss Fortescue choose to revive this specimen of the fossil drama? She did so well with Juliet, she did so well with Pauline. What impelled her to waste ability and opportunity upon Constance? Perhaps some people were entertained. Mrs. Lambert and her daughter, we may remember, were moved to tears by Home's "Douglas," which only moved Mr. George Warrington and Colonel Lambert to irrepressible mirth. But, alas, if an old-fashioned play can be tedious, the art is not confined to old-fashioned plays. On the evening of Miss Fortescue's first *matinée* was given, at the Strand Theatre, the first performance of a modern farce from the German, called "A Night's Frolic." Mr. Edouin and Miss Alice Atherton are an attractive and deservedly popular pair, but they could not make "A Night's Frolic" entertaining.

Jules Lemaître, the brilliant dramatic critic of the *Débats*, had, not very long ago, a somewhat remarkable experience. He wrote a play, "Révoltée," and his editor insisted that, as M. Lemaître was the dramatic critic of the *Débats*, he must needs review "Révoltée," as he had reviewed the other plays of the Parisian season. M. Lemaître obeyed, and criticised, if I remember rightly, "Révoltée" with considerable severity. I do not, however, propose to follow M. Lemaître's example, although it does so chance that among the number of the pieces of which I should under ordinary circumstances have to speak, there happens to be included a piece of my own. I do not follow M. Lemaître's example, not because I at all doubt my own firmness in dealing with my own defects, but because the piece happens to be so slight, and the conditions of its production so exceptional, as to justify me in passing it by. But if I am silent concerning the piece, I need not keep silent about the acting of Mr. Colnaghi and of Miss Letty Lind, which gave to a trifle what-

ever value it possessed. I must speak especially about the acting of Miss Letty Lind, because it justified me in the belief I had always entertained that the exquisite dancer had in her the capacity of an actress as well. For my own poor part, I rate dancing very highly among the arts that brighten life; and a triumphant dancing-girl has little reason to envy her graver sisters the laurel-wreath of tragedy or the ivy-wreath of comedy. But a woman may be a delightful dancer and also be able to act well. Miss Kate Vaughan is a witness to that. She was Queen of the Dance while she danced: when she gave up dancing she was able to prove herself an agreeable actress. If Miss Letty Lind is our best dancer to day, she has also shown that she can act very gracefully, very sympathetically—for which, indeed, I have every reason to be grateful.

I mentioned the name of Jules Lemaître a few lines back; let me record the first performance of a play by Jules Lemaître upon a London stage. There is a company of French players performing at the Royalty Theatre, a company brought over by that indefatigable *entrepreneur* M. Mayer, whose season of French plays at the St. James's Theatre last year was such a disastrous failure. Perhaps the enterprise will be more successful this year; in any case, it opened well with M. Jules Lemaître's latest piece. M. Jules Lemaître has written three pieces—"Révoltée," in 1889; "Le Député Leveau," in 1890; and "Mariage Blanc," in 1891. "Mariage Blanc" is decidedly the best of a series of clever plays, which perhaps are better to read than to see acted. I say, perhaps, because I cannot think that the interpretation at the Royalty Theatre does full justice to M. Lemaître's brilliant literature. Mr. Clement Scott —who is, I think, unjustly severe towards the play—is only justly severe towards its interpretation. While I cannot possibly endorse his statement that "few modern dramatists would dare to produce so bad a play at a leading London theatre," I certainly can endorse his statement that "no prominent English company would on the whole perform it so badly." It is really time for London to learn that the fact of an actor or actress speaking French does not necessarily make that man or woman a good actor or actress.

A serious interest attached to a series of *matinées* given by Mr. Todhunter at the Vaudeville Theatre. Mr. Todhunter is a poet, and a believer in the poetic drama. He has drunk deeply—perhaps too deeply—of the heady wine of the Elizabethans; he has sought to know what things were done at the Mermaid; he has followed, courageously, in famous footsteps. His Vaudeville *matinées* offered two pieces to his audiences. One was "A Sicilian Idyll,"

already familiar to the critics; the other, a new piece called "The Poison Flower." This "Poison Flower" is founded upon a story of Nathaniel Hawthorne's, called "Rappacini's Garden"; and as Hawthorne wrote an almost perfect prose style, it might well seem a superfluity to turn it into even the most polished blank verse. But "The Poison Flower" had its charm, yet not so much charm as "A Sicilian Idyll," with its pleasant recollections of Theocritus, and of love-lorn shepherds offering beechen cups, and love-lorn maidens calling upon Selene to avenge them. In "The Poison Flower," and the prologue to "A Sicilian Idyll," Mr. Bernard Gould distinguished himself by his admirable acting and his excellent delivery of his blank verse. In "A Sicilian Idyll," Miss Lily Linfield, whom I had occasion to praise before for lending by her skill a charm to a dreadfully dull play at the Globe Theatre, danced a dance which it was a delight to witness, which it is a delight to remember.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Rabelais Abroad.

TO M. Arthur Heulhard we are indebted for the most important contribution to our knowledge of Rabelais that has appeared within the last decade. His "Rabelais: ses Voyages en Italie, son exil à Metz,"[1] is a conscientious piece of work, which treats Rabelais from a serious point of view, and adds somewhat to our information concerning him. Comparatively little is known of the proceedings of Rabelais during his successive visits to Italy, and the new book is in fact rather a history of the Du Bellays, the illustrious protectors and patrons of Rabelais, than of the master himself. Very patiently, however, does M. Heulhard tread in the steps of Rabelais, and the illustrations of the houses in which he is known to have dwelt, the spots he must have contemplated, and the scenes in which he may have participated, give the volume beauty as well as interest. Comparatively little remains to be added to the account of Rabelais and of "Pantagruel" which appeared some years ago in these pages. The persecution to which Rabelais was exposed on the part of the Parliament and the Sorbonne is put in a clearer light. After the death of Francis I. the enemies of the satirist thought they had him at their mercy. The king, who confined their murderous attacks to visionaries, enthusiasts, or philosophers, was gone, and the hope to send Rabelais the way of Dolet warmed the hearts of bigots. As an initial proceeding, after the appearance of the fourth book, the Parliament prohibited Michel Feyzandet, on pain of corporal punishment—a pleasant euphemism—from selling the first or fourth book until the Court had full instruction as to the "volonté du Roy." Henry II. followed, however, the example of his predecessor: laughed over the jokes of Rabelais, and allowed him to scarify the monks at his pleasure. The Parliament was silent, the Sorbonne snubbed, and the author of "Pantagruel" died peacefully in his bed.

[1] Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

Master Théodule Rabelais.

THAT Rabelais had a son in whom his heart centred, and who died when two years of age, is now proven. We are even in a position to give his name, which was Théodule, or the slave of God; a curious name, surely, to bestow upon a child, if Rabelais were, as his detractors are fond of stating, an atheist. Concerning Master Théodule, indeed, we obtain, in a curious way, more information than is often preserved concerning a child of similar age. In the library in Toulouse are three manuscript volumes of the writings of Boissonius, otherwise Jean de Boysson, a friend of Étienne Dolet, Rabelais, Alciat, and other scholars of the epoch, his correspondence with whom is included within the collection of his works. No French dictionary gives the name of this individual, who, nevertheless, was a man of mark. English readers, meanwhile, will find a full and deeply interesting account of him in the admirable "Life of Étienne Dolet" of Mr. Richard Copley Christie. The death of young Rabelais seems to have impressed Boysson very painfully, and he immortalises the child in iambics, elegies, hendecasyllables, and distiches. I will spare my readers the Latin verses of Boysson, quoting one distich only:

> Lugdunum patria, at pater est Rabalæsus: utrumque
> Qui nescit, nescit maxima in orbe duo.

In spite of Girton and of school-board, I shall render this in English:

> Lyons is his country and Rabelais his father: who knows neither ignores two of the greatest things in the world.

In another distich he declares that the tenant of the tomb received while living the cares of the Roman prelates. He tells us, again, that whom the Gods love die young; and, in an elegy, he says that "in this little tomb reposes little Théodule, in whom all—age, form, eyes, mouth, body—is little, but who is great through his father, the learned, the erudite—skilled in all arts which it is becoming a man learned, pious, and honest, to know." Never, indeed, has an infant received such constant and overflowing homage. The world is not likely to share the tenderness of Boysson, but his homage to Rabelais is, at least, worth preserving, if only to show what was the estimate of him held by one who was a doctor regent and professor of law in the University of Toulouse, a priest and councillor of the Parliament of Chambéry.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
AUGUST 1891.

CAPTAIN KITTY:
A SALVATIONIST SKETCH.

BY LILLIAS WASSERMANN.

In human love I claim no part :
To *her* I give your changeful heart.
Though unforgotten be the past,
Diviner bonds now hold me fast.
By this last kiss of mine on earth
I seal you claims of higher worth.
The mists of sin now dim our eyes,
But o'er the sea of death will rise
A nobler goal, a grander prize.
Every-day Verses.

CHAPTER I.

HER face, under the shadow of the ugly bonnet, was one of extreme refinement and beauty. She looked—as indeed she was—thoroughbred. Katherine Villiers, in fact, belonged to one of the oldest families in England.

Nevertheless, she was one of the most popular and successful captains in the Army; and, amid all the coarseness and apparent profanity of the stormy meeting then progressing, she held her head high and never flinched for a moment, though some of the language used both by orators and sinners must have been a revelation to her.

But Captain Kitty had that enthusiastic, *exalté* sort of temperament of which saints and martyrs are an outcome; although there was both human passion and feeling in her dark eyes. When she prayed, as she did now in her turn, it was not so much a prayer as an impassioned protest against the powers of evil—an agony, a

battering as it were at the gates of Heaven. One could hear the human heart-throbs through the eager words. Her cultured, exquisitely modulated voice rang through the great hall like a silver bell, and set the chords of many a long buried feeling vibrating.

"That's right, Captain Kitty! Have it out with the Devil! Give him a bloody nose! Land him one in the eye!"

The expressions of applause that were echoed about from one enthusiast to another were perhaps not very choice or elegant, but they were certainly evoked by genuine feeling, undeniable emotion.

One man upon the platform commenced to spar wildly in the air, as though he were fighting with some invisible opponent who was bent upon overthrowing him. A woman—whose eye was black and her face swollen, as though she had been exceedingly maltreated—rolled on the floor in a fit of hysterics. She began to confess to a catalogue of sins—a roll-call of an exceedingly ghastly and unedifying character, beginning with minor offences against the law—such as petty larceny and "drunk and disorderlies"—and gradually working up to the climax of infanticide, on a wholesale scale, for the sake of insurance moneys. There are even now Lucrezia Borgias in humble life who, without the stage accessories of gilded goblets and sparkling wines, commit murder on the same big lines as that dramatic personage. The revelations made sometimes at these sensational religious meetings are appalling. But people attending them are so accustomed to melodrama that they produce very little effect.

One of the workers stooped over the writhing, groaning, guilt-stricken sinner, and whispered words of hope and encouragement; but the beautiful, passionate pleading went on all the time, every word distinctly audible, even through the tumult it raised.

And yet it was not the words that moved them, but the tones, the thrilling subtle sweetness of the voice inflexions. These swayed their senses and played upon their emotions, as might the music of some great and glorious symphony.

In this sort of emotional religion the words are nothing; the voice, personal magnetism, nervous force, sympathetic *rapport* of the speaker are everything. Captain Kitty was perfectly aware that this power belonged to her. She delighted in the exercise of it, just as a great actress might delight in seeing her audience alternately laugh and weep, while under the spell of her genius. The dramatic instinct is indeed a valuable one to a Salvationist. If it were entirely eliminated from the platform there would be few conversions, fewer disciples.

After the prayer was over, Captain Kitty came down from the

platform and went slowly about amongst the people—exhorting, beseeching, encouraging. Eager hands—palsied with drink, clammy with excitement, foul with the filth of days—were stretched out to grasp her as she passed; and she had a word and a kindly greeting for all.

When she reached the sobbing, hysterical woman, she paused, laid a cool, soothing hand on that miserable, beslobbered brow, parted the ragged wisps of hair, and gazed into the bleared, drink-sodden eyes.

"I'm a bad un, a downright bad un!" cried the sinner, with a sort of despairing pride in the gigantic nature of her guilt. "It's no manner of use me tryin' to be good, because what I've done is enough to damn the whole of creation."

"The Lord wants your heart, or He would not be asking for it now," replied the Salvation captain, in a tender voice; and the woman, stooping suddenly, grabbed a bit of her dress and kissed it.

Close beside them stood a man who had been a very attentive listener to Captain Kitty's prayer, and who had followed with his eyes her every movement, with a sort of breathless eagerness.

He was a man of perhaps thirty-five years of age, with a handsome, bronze, haggard face, and a lean figure, upon which his rags of clothing hung loosely. Poorly, meanly as he was dressed, there was about him that nameless, indescribable air that marks unmistakably, to the end, him who has once been a gentleman.

When Captain Kitty drew near and began to talk to the hysterical woman, this man hid his face in his arms, as though either to bury away some intense emotion, or to prevent some possible recognition.

If he was moved by the latter feeling, however, he defeated his own object; for the Salvationist took it for granted that he was moved by her exhortation instead, and stayed to clinch the argument.

The cause was hers, heart and soul, and she but lived to rescue sinners from the Devil's grasp.

When, therefore, she noticed that the man's shoulders were working convulsively, and that he kept his face sedulously hidden, she judged that it was the Spirit of God at work within him.

She laid her firm white hand upon his shoulder, and at the touch he shuddered from head to foot.

"Brother," she murmured, stooping over him, so that he felt her warm breath on his cheek, "God asks your soul of you! Will you let Him ask in vain?"

The man groaned, but made no other reply. Captain Kitty went on.

"Oh, my brother, my dear, precious loved brother in Christ, will you not listen to my poor pleading, and cast away the burden of sin that is weighing you to the earth? It is so simple—so simple, and the relief is so unutterable! Give *me* your life, and let me pass it on to God."

At this last adjuration the man seemed moved by some irresistible force to raise his head and to look her in the face.

As their eyes met—hers eager, supplicating, ardent, full of beseeching love and tenderness; his full of nothing but a haggard trouble and despair—she cried out wildly, and put her hand to her heart, as though stabbed there by some sharp and sudden pain.

"Julian—Julian Gray!" she exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise and excitement.

"Ay, Julian Gray—or at least all that is left of him!" replied the man, in a hollow voice. Captain Kitty was breathing quickly, her hand still pressed against her side. You could see her heart beating through her dress, as she vainly strove to regain her self-possession. The sight of this face, risen from her former world to confront her, had disturbed her strangely.

"I—I thought you were still in Australia," she gasped, after a moment's pause. "Where have you been all these years?"

The man laughed—a ghastly, unmirthful laugh, that would have provoked notice in any other place, but did not sound at all extraordinary there.

"Where? To hell, I think! You hear lots of queer experiences in this new life of yours. Well, call to mind the very strangest and the very wickedest of them all, and you still wouldn't be able to realise mine!"

For once, Captain Kitty did not appear ready to grasp the opportunity this confession opened to her. She was usually quick to seize upon every chance given her to fight the powers of evil. But now she seemed struck dumb. She merely stood still, and gazed down into the depths of those wild, despairing eyes—a like trouble growing into her own as she gazed.

"I—I scarcely thought you would have known me! I hoped you would pass by, unrecognised, the wreck of the man you once—knew!"

"I should have known your eyes anywhere," replied the Salvationist, slowly.

Then she sighed, and awoke to the reality of things. She was one of Christ's soldiers, and she must not neglect her duty. No mere human emotion must interfere with that.

"Julian," she said, and now her voice was quiet, though full of repressed intensity, "you did well to come here! I have prayed for you always. I have begged that God would give me your soul, so that I might render it back to Him. My prayer is surely answered, since you are here?"

"Don't you make any mistake, Kitty," he answered roughly, "I did not come here for any of that tomfoolery. You don't catch me slobbering over my sins, like those idiots over there! I'm a man, when all's said and done; and, if I've sinned, I can repent without howling about it."

"I hoped you were here to seek salvation, my poor friend! What was it that brought you, if not that?"

"The chance of seeing you! I heard about you, and I could not believe it, until I saw it with my own eyes. Besides, I was hungry for the sight of you—after all those hateful, God-forsaken years!"

She would not notice the break in his voice, the pleading in his wretched eyes.

She was all duty now; and, since the time for his conversion was not yet come, she must leave him for other and more accessible souls.

"You must come again," she said—her sweet, clear voice completely under control. "Come again, and again, until the Spirit of the Lord begins to move in your torpid soul. Believe me, dear Julian, there is no way to happiness, save only by the way of conversion!"

But at night, when she lay on her hard narrow bed, the thought of that strange meeting came back to trouble her, and to prevent her from sleeping, tired as she was.

Years before, when she was a light-hearted girl in her teens, Julian Gray had been her betrothed lover. He was the younger son of a baronet, whose lands adjoined those of her father. He was then in the army. His prospects were not, perhaps, brilliant, but they were fairly good. He would inherit his mother's fortune, and his bride-elect was not penniless, so that there was every reason to suppose that the young people would be very comfortably off.

Then, little by little, a change took place. Rumours reached her home that troubled the peace of the family—Julian was becoming a by-word in his regiment for fastness and general recklessness of conduct. He gambled, and became heavily involved in debt in consequence. Then, to drown his regrets and remorse, he took to drinking. That finished him. Before long, news came

that he had been obliged to sell out, and was now on his way home, disgraced and humiliated.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Villiers insisted, not unnaturally, upon the severance of his daughter's engagement. She rebelled against the edict; but all in vain. The family was a proud one, and her father pointed out to her that for generations their escutcheon had been stainless, and that no shade of disgrace had ever rested upon their name. Would she—taking all this into consideration—ally herself with a man whose name had become notorious for every species of riot and debauchery?

Katherine was young and sensitive, and she could not answer this, except by consenting to the separation. She begged in her turn but for one thing—which was, that she might break it to him by word of mouth; that before they parted for ever she might have one final interview with him. How well she remembered that last day! They had met by his special desire at one of their old trysting-places, for he did not feel equal to facing the disapproving eyes that would glare upon him up at the Hall.

The day was drawing to a close; a cold, clear, sunless October day, with a low wind moving about amongst the grasses at their feet, where they stood on the barren sandhills down by the shore.

She could picture it all quite distinctly now, when she closed her eyes: the long stretch of cold pallid sand; the bleached sea-grasses, from which ever and anon crept up a sound like a shivering sigh; the gray sullen sea, with its great waves thundering on the shore.

It was all hopeless, utterly hopeless and colourless; like the future that stretched before her, when he should have gone out of it.

And she loved him so—she loved him so!

Never, perhaps, had she realised this fact so thoroughly as at that bitter moment of final separation.

'I am not good enough for you, and they are quite right to part us,' he said, with a sort of sullen resignation; 'but it was my only hope—my only chance!'

'What will you do, Julian?' she asked timidly, after an interval of sorrowful silence.

'How do I know? Go to the Devil, I suppose,' he replied, with a desperate brutality, born of much pain. For his love had been the one good and true thing in him; and now the sight of her pale face and pleading eyes unmanned him, and made him bitter and savage.

If he alone could have borne the suffering, it would not have been so unendurable. There was reason why he should be made to smart.

But there was no justice in the power that punished the innocent for the sins of the guilty.

So the very tenderness of the man helped to harden his heart, and to madden him. But love lends insight, so it is possible that Katherine understood.

When it was all over his people managed to raise some money for him, and packed him off to Australia, that refuge for our scapegraces. Does that much ill-used country thank us for making her a present of our younger sons and our ne'er-do-wells, I wonder?

Whether or no, at least it is convenient that, if they have nothing before them but starvation, they should do their starving at a respectful distance from their aristocratic relations.

He had kept his word. He had said that he supposed he would go to the Devil, and now it certainly appeared from his words and looks that he had done so in earnest.

But, as for her, she had given herself over to the good cause, body and soul.

They might prevent her from marrying the one love of her life, but they could not prevent her from enlisting in the ranks of the Lord's Army, much as they might be scandalised at the low vulgarity of the proceeding. Had she turned Catholic now, and entered a convent—that would at least have been a well-bred notion! Broken hearts could be hidden in a much more reputable manner within convent walls, since the girl was so foolish as to declare her heart to be broken by a worthless scamp!

But Katherine Villiers had no vocation for the life—if life it can be called—of a nun. There was a vein of wild, tumultuous blood in her, along with all her goodness and virtue; and this made her yearn for something more thrilling and exciting than the dreary, gray monotony of perpetual prayer and perpetual telling of beads. Better to die at once, she thought, than doom herself to a living death!

Just at that time there rolled a sudden wave of enthusiasm for the Salvation Army across the country; and it carried back with its ebbing tide one eager, enthusiastic recruit.

Once more her colourless existence became infused with vivid tints; gold and purple and scarlet flashes lighted up its dull monotony, and in the blare of trumpets and waving of banners Captain Kitty forgot for the first time her own private grief and despair.

But she had never forgotten to pray for him. And now? Was the answer to that prayer come at last?

CHAPTER II.

SHE had but slept for a couple of hours when someone came to rouse her.

"You are to dress at once and go to No. 9, Mulcaster's Rents. There's a man there met with an accident, and they've sent for you!"

Captain Kitty wondered a little as to who it could be that wanted her in particular, and not one of the nurses who lived in the place; but she was too sleepy to feel much astonishment at anything. She did not delay long over her toilet; just dipped her head into a basin of cold water to dispel the drowsiness, and hurried on her clothes anyhow.

Mulcaster's Rents was a nasty neighbourhood for a lady to visit alone at one o'clock in the morning; but the Army had made it a head-quarters for one of its divisions, and its soldiers were free of it, and in no danger of molestation.

Captain Kitty felt very weary, both in body and mind, as she toiled up the greasy, dirty staircase; where the boards were rotten and crazy, and where the stair-rails had been torn out for firewood. But the weariness was all gone when she entered the wretched room, and recognised that there, upon the bed, lay the form of Julian Gray—the man for whom she had been praying so earnestly.

A doctor was bending over him, and hailed her advent with pleasure.

"I don't know why on earth they didn't take him to the Hospital at once," he said, in a tone of vexation; "but it seems he begged hard to be brought home, and to have you sent for, before he relapsed into unconsciousness."

"Is he much injured?" asked Captain Kitty, in a low voice.

The doctor shook his head.

"It isn't that. He was knocked down by a cab—drunk, I suppose, and blind, they generally are—and has two or three ribs broken; but that won't kill him. He's been a fellow with a splendid physique, to begin with!"

And the surgeon lifted the arm of the prostrate man and looked at it admiringly.

"Then, what is it you dread?"

The doctor gave her a sharp glance. There was no fear of shocking a Salvationist. They were too well used to every variety of vice.

"It's the fever that will supervene, the D. T., you know! The man's been drinking like mad for weeks, I should say, and now his blood is little better than alcohol. Who's to see him through with it,

I wonder? It'll be a tough fight. She's not much use, poor little wretch!" he ended, with a glance towards the fireside.

Captain Kitty followed the direction of that glance, and started.

The figure of a girl—untidy, dishevelled, ragged—was sitting there with her head buried in her hands; sobbing in a soft, subdued sort of fashion.

The Salvationist turned pale to the lips, but she set these same lips in a firm line.

"I will see him through it," she said, with quick decision.

The surgeon looked at her doubtfully.

"But perhaps you don't know what it is that you are undertaking? It is no joke when the fits come on, I can tell you."

"I have some idea. I spent four months once in the accident ward of a hospital."

"That's all right, then! You know what you have to expect when he comes round. You will have to keep giving him doses of this—bromide of potassium it is—to quiet him, or inflammation will set in; and if he should become violent he will require to be strapped down. Are you afraid?"

"Not in the least! Look at my arm, I am as strong as a man."

It was indeed powerfully and splendidly moulded. The doctor ran his eyes over her, and confessed to himself that he had never seen a grander specimen of womanhood. From the glorious masses of ruddy-brown hair, to the firm, shapely feet, there was not, to all appearance, a weak spot about her. Nevertheless, the quick professional gaze detected something amiss.

"Are you quite sure of your strength?" he asked, with some hesitation. If she did not know, it would be worse than foolish to warn her.

But her eyes met his in significant response to the question underlying his spoken one.

"I know," she said quietly; "you need not fear shocking me! I have known it for long. But I am going to nurse him all the same, and I shall not break down."

"Has he any claim on you?" he persisted.

"Yes. It is partly my fault that he is—what he is! Had I been brave enough, I might have saved him—once!"

"Ah!" was the long-drawn monosyllable that came from the doctor's lips. It meant a great deal. He had seen sufficient of life during the course of his hard-working years in the East End to guess at the facts of the story pretty correctly.

A man who had been a gentleman, dying of drink and dissipation;

a woman, still young and very beautiful; bound together by some past, unforgotten and regretted—it was easy to piece together such a romance as this.

But the doctor came across so many queer stories during his day's work that he had no time to speculate concerning them. All he now wanted was to do the best he could for his patient, and to see that he was left in capable hands. And those of the woman before him seemed thoroughly capable, even though she had heart-disease, and would not last long under the stress and excitement of the life she was leading.

It was a pity, because she was a fine creature; but, after all, it was no business of his! So he went on giving her directions; and told her that in case of necessity she could send for the man who lived on the opposite side of the landing—a big, powerful coal-heaver, who was under obligations to him, and who would gladly come to her assistance. Then he took up his hat and left her there alone with the sleeping man—and the fair-haired girl by the fire.

When he had gone, she sank on her knees by the bedside.

"Oh, God, why did we not die, both of us—on that dreary October day, long ago? It would have been bearable then, and we could have passed out into the night and the darkness—together. You were mine then, darling, and I was yours! It wouldn't have been so bad to face it, hand in hand! But—now?" Here she stopped for a moment, and the sound of a low sobbing fell on her ears. She trembled violently, and rose instantly to her feet. "Now I belong to God, and must do His work," she said resolutely, setting her teeth, and frowning. "And as for you, Julian, you are in all probability *hers*! What I have got to do now is to save you for her."

Mastering her feeling of repugnance, she crossed the room and put her hands on the girl's shoulder. "You must stop that," she said in a firm voice. "If you want to be of any use to him, you must leave off crying at once."

The girl gave a queer sort of choking sound, making an effort to obey. Then she looked up wonderingly. She was a rather pretty, fair-haired creature; very young, and apparently very much accustomed to being commanded. Her big blue eyes had a frightened stare in them; and every now and then, when anyone spoke suddenly, she would start and shrink, as though dreading a blow to follow.

"Who are you? What is your name, I mean?" asked Captain Kitty.

"Me? Lor, I'm only 'Meliar!" she answered at once, beginning to rub her eyes with her not too clean apron, preparatory to entering

upon an account of herself; then, with a wistful gaze across the room, "He ain't a-goin' to die, is he? I thought as 'ow 'twas only the jim-jams he'd got; but the doctor 'e says it's a bad job, an' 'is ribs is broke! But he'll get better, don't you think?"

"Yes, I think he will, if you and I do our best for him. Now, 'Melia, I want you to take a note for me to head-quarters as soon as it's light, and then get me a telegraph-form. Where is the nearest office?"

'Melia thought a moment.

"There's an orfis next door but one round the corner—R. Green, grocer an' confecsh'ner, general post orfis, an' telegraft! Will that do? It won't be open afore 'arf-past seven, though."

"Yes, that will do. Now you had better wash your face and lie down for an hour or two, and I will watch. Is there a vacant room near this?"

'Melia nodded.

"One nex' door. People lef' only the day before yes'day. Got nothin' in it but a 'eap of shavin's. Never mind. I'll tyke a blanket, and lie on the shavin's till you call me—if—if you're quite sure as he won't miss me."

"I will tell you if he asks for you," replied Captain Kitty, coldly.

The girl turned her big, vacant blue eyes on the other, as the tone struck her with astonishment; but the Salvationist waved her away imperiously.

The next few hours were like years, as the woman watched by the side of her long-lost love.

It all came about as the doctor predicted. When the stupor passed away, it was followed by wild delirium and cerebral excitement, terrible to witness. Nevertheless, Captain Kitty did not find it necessary to ask for assistance. Those strong white arms of hers proved as efficacious as bonds, as she wound them around him and held him down by main force, when the frenzy seized him. But there was something also in the very presence of the stronger nature that acted upon him like a spell; even though he did not know her in the least, and kept on calling for Captain Kitty to come and drive the Devil away, and give a fellow a chance for his life.

During these ravings she learnt how her memory had been woven into all these wretched, miserable years of his; how, amid all his sin and degradation, he had never forgotten her. At length the opiate took effect, and he slept the sleep of exhaustion.

Then she had time to think and to mature her plans. It would be easy enough to get leave of absence until he was out of danger.

But the things that were necessary for his comfort and health—she could scarcely ask for those from head-quarters? Her own money she had simply given up to the cause, leaving herself penniless.

But she was not friendless, although her own kindred did not approve of her doings. She decided, therefore, to ask her brother, the one who was fondest of her, for a sum of money sufficient to tide her over this crisis; and, at the same time, she would write to him for particulars of the present attitude of Julian Gray's people towards him.

* * * * * * *

Weeks glided on, in a sad, monotonous routine of sick nursing; and it seemed to Katherine Villiers as though her life had begun and ended in that dark, sordid room in Mulcaster's Rents. At first it did not appear probable that Julian Gray would ever recover; but good nursing, combined with an originally tough constitution, pulled him through.

During this period she was of course thrown very much into the company of 'Melia; and, without wishing or questioning on her part, heard all the girl's pitiful, miserable story. How "he 'ad been so very kind to 'er, an' give 'er a meal, oh! evèr so of'en, when 'er old granny, wot she lived with, got blazin' drunk an' turned 'er out of doors, after a-beatin' of 'er till she was black and blue; an' 'ow, after granny died, an' she was lef' alone, she crep' up 'ere one night an' asked 'im might she live along with 'im; an' he larfed, an' called her a little fool for 'er pains; but still he was down in the mouth an' seemed afraid of bein' alone, don't yer know, and so she stayed. An'—an' that was all!—on'y she was orful fond of him, an' if he was to die, there was nothin' for 'er but to make a hole in the water!"

At length came a day when he was pronounced out of danger; and after that a long, lingering convalescence.

When he could manage to sit up in a big, comfortable arm-chair by the fire, the room was so transformed that he could scarce believe it to be the same. Curtains covered the smoke-grimed windows, flowers bloomed in pots—an air of refinement, if not of luxury, reigned there altogether.

On a seat by the window sat 'Melia, clothed and in her right mind—if one might judge from the way in which she diligently pursued her task of needlework.

He looked away from this pleasant picture very quickly, however, and up at Captain Kitty instead, who stood carelessly leaning against the chimney-piece opposite to him.

"You have done it all," he said feebly. "How am I to thank you

for saving my life? Not that it is worth much, any way!" he added, as a bitter after-thought.

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Not to you, perhaps," she replied, in a slow, dreamy tone; "but God knows better than you the real value of your life."

"How can it ever be anything now but a broken, worthless thing? But that is not the question. I owe it to you, such as it is—not to God: you have saved it. What must I do with it?"

"Give it to Him! If, as you say, it is mine to do what I will with, I here call God to witness that I give it into His hand, to deal with as He may think best. Julian, I prayed for this—for years I prayed for this, and it has come at last. You will not disappoint me now, dear Julian?"

Her voice crept up to his ears, in those exquisite, thrilling modulations that were wont to draw tears from the most hardened eyes; and those of poor Julian were very soft and weak just then.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

She knelt beside him, and took his feeble hand in hers.

"I want you to give up drinking, gambling, all sorts of wickedness; I want you to lead a new, healthy, and happy life, with the light of heaven shining into it; I want you to go home to your own people; and—and I want you to marry 'Melia."

"*You* ask *that*?"

"I do! She loves you. She has given herself to you, and you are all she has on earth."

"But you forget? She is uneducated, vulgar, with no moral sense—a wretched little gutter-brat! Katherine, you are not serious?"

Katherine rose and stood over him, like an avenging angel.

"And what are you, Julian Gray, that you should dare to disdain an immortal soul? Have you made so grand a career for yourself, with all your education and ability? If she has no moral sense, so much the less is she to blame for any sins she may have committed. And if she has done wrong, she has the one supreme grace of loving—loving grandly and unselfishly. But *you*!—what is there in you to justify you in despising her?"

The sick man cowered down amongst his pillows, and put his hands before his face.

"Do not—do not be so severe, Katherine," he remonstrated, in a broken voice. "I did not mean to despise her; God knows how far more despicable I am myself! But—but—for *you* to ask me to marry her!—it is *that* seems so strange!"

"Nevertheless, you will do it for my sake, and for your own, will you not, my friend? It is the last request I shall ever make to you, Julian! Surely you will not refuse it?"

Once again she knelt by his chair, and looked up into his face.

"*You* ask me—ask me to marry another woman?" he repeated, hoarsely.

Their eyes met, and seemed to cling together as though drawn by some irresistible power.

"I do," she answered in a faint tone, yet firmly.

"Then, Kitty, I—I will obey—if you will kiss me—kiss me—only this once!"

Their faces were close together. The same attraction drew them nearer. Without another spoken word their lips met in a long, lingering kiss.

Then she turned away, and hid her face in her hands, for a moment.

"The last time—the last time," she said, at length; and her voice was like music, broken and jangled.

Then she rose and went over to the window. 'Melia was watching her in sullen silence.

"Come with me," said Captain Kitty, imperiously, and the girl obeyed. When they got outside, however, 'Melia turned savagely upon her commander.

"Why do you go for to kiss 'im before my face?" she cried, in jealous anger. "If I've got to lose 'im, there ain't any call for *that*, anyways."

"You're not to lose him, 'Melia! He has promised me to marry you, and that's what I want to talk to you about."

"To marry me? That's a good un! What right have you to go a-kissin' of 'im, then?"

Captain Kitty flushed. For just one moment original sin got the better of regeneration; and she would fain have retorted.

"I bought him for you by just that kiss"—that is what she would fain have said, but the evil impulse passed, and the words remained unspoken.

"Do not let that trouble you, child," she said; "he will never, never kiss me again! I have said good-bye to him for ever. You can nurse him yourself now, and his mother is coming to help you."

It was true. His elder brother had died of fever in India, and Julian was now the only hope of the family; who were therefore prepared to receive him with open arms. Whether they would equally

appreciate 'Melia as a daughter-in-law remained to be seen. But he would keep his word: Captain Kitty was sure of that.

It was long before the remembrance of that last kiss faded from Captain Kitty's mind. At night she felt her cheeks flame in the dark, as she thought of it. Then she fell to praying against the temptation to dwell upon its bitter sweetness.

"My prayer is answered, God be thanked for that!" she said to herself, in an ecstasy of passionate joy and grief mingled. "And I have made him promise to be good. But I wish that I did not feel so tired—so very tired! The work is too hard for me, I fear. But it will not be for long. I shall not last much longer—so that doctor said—if I do not take care. So much the better! I am tired—tired—tired! God will certainly give me rest soon!"

A MOORLAND SHEEP-FARM.

I.

I HAVE at last found the man who does not love the moors. It was quite by accident, and consequently the shock was a little more severe. But it came out so gently, and I was taken into confidence so simply as a fellow-thinker, that I nearly proved a traitor to my best beloved. I had just sufficient bravery to refer with apology to the summer flush of the heather, and memory enough to recall Mr. Ruskin, whose words are ever our best rallying cries—"beds a foot deep in flowers, and close in tufted cushions, and the mountain air that floated over them rich in honey like a draught of metheglin."

I may be wrong, but I think that one who loves the moors is not content with their artistic glories alone; he lives in sympathy with all the tiresome routine and startling vicissitudes of the numerous denizens of the airy and bleak uplands; he is a moor bird, and, to parody Terence, everything connected with the moors is most interesting to him. Are there any others, I wonder, who will share with me in interest in the affairs and in the sorrows of a moorland farmer?

A moorland farm is not necessarily situated entirely on the moors. Many of the farmers who go by this name have land which, while it lifts its face into the sky to smile, stoops down also to the riverside to drink under the shade of trees. The lower ground is invaluable for supplementing the use of the moors. The produce of these "beds a foot deep in flowers" may be divided into three parts, namely, mutton and wool, game, and honey, yielded by sheep, grouse, and bees. The mention of these items in connection seems to us somewhat incongruous, for what has a moorland farmer to do with grouse and bees? And yet the three seem to go so well together, they sound so much like a northern promised land, that we feel disposed to cast the burden of incongruity rather upon circumstances and ordinances than upon the idea itself.

Before speculating further on this matter let us inquire a little into the stock and methods of one of these farmers, whose sheep run

on the moors. After speaking of a sheep-farm I can scarcely with propriety postpone the consideration of the case of the woolly ones, even in deference to the more noble animals which are associated with them. The names and nicknames given to sheep by shepherds are numerous. I can only mention a few. Hogs, or tegs, are the sheep one year old, which are distinguished as wethers and gimmers, according as they are male or female. A ram is usually called a tup, and a ewe is pronounced something like "eowe." Barren gimmers are fed with wethers, and become prime at four years old. I do not know why I am writing this: it is not meant as a compliment to butchers, whom I do not consider literary, nor to instruct them, for they know the ages at which animals are prime. The use of what I am detailing will best be seen when some town bird visits the moors and begins to talk to the shepherds. A careful use of the words "tegs," "gimmers," and "tups" will soon gain the Yorkshire moorland heart.

Shearling is an adjective applied to the various classes after the first shearing; for instance, "shearling gimmer," "shearling wether," "shearling tup" are expressions used. The corresponding terms after the second and third shearings are "two-shear," "three-shear" gimmer or wether, as the case may be, and so on. The age may be learnt from the teeth: a shearling casts his two front middle incisors, and the two next to them in the following year. This shedding of the teeth is not always at the same age for each sheep, but varies a little according to health and condition. Those jolly old bachelors among sheep, who know all the runs, and take to each class of food exactly in the right season, are styled "old cock birds." They are favourites because they thrive on poor food, stand the wintry blasts bravely, and yield a good fleece. But alas! when they become very old cock birds they are extremely tough eating. "Old crocks" are old ewes whose teeth have begun to open, and whose fate it is to be sold to go to lower lands to receive more shelter in their old age.

I am now speaking of a millstone grit moor, and one can readily understand why the sheep do so much better on limestone than here: for it appears that, while on the grassy hills they have a continuous and uniform pasture, on the moors they only take to the food provided for them because they cannot obtain anything better. When they have become accustomed to dead ling, with an occasional dry rush, they are recommended to leave these and to try the louk grass and moss-cops; and when they have habituated themselves to that vegetation, their guardian will again force the ling upon their notice. The fact is that, though the sheep do not appear to see it

clearly at the time, one class of mountain herbage comes in as the other dies out. There is on the edge of the brows of the grit formation, in the early bloom of summer, a fine grass called "mountain fesk," to which the young animals must be brought to give them a start in life. They soon take to it, but even when they have eaten the ground bare, and have before them the prospect of starvation, they must be driven off repeatedly and shown other food before they will relinquish the old ground. Yorkshiremen are like their sheep—a real native would almost prefer to die rather than leave the old spot: once "earthed" you cannot drive him from his home!

It is perhaps well for us that the silly sheep do not fancy the ling during the summer, when we and the bees enjoy it so much; but, when the "back-end" comes, we—the bees and ourselves—are more indifferent, and they—the sheep—less so. We might here, too, "point a moral": for do we not often neglect, in its glorious beauty, that which we turn to in its withered age? "That harvest of amethyst bells; what substance is there in it, yearly gathered out of the mountain winds, stayed there as if the morning and evening clouds had been caught out of them, and woven into flowers; 'Ropes of sea-sand'—but that is child's magic merely, compared to the weaving of the heath out of the cloud. And once woven, how much of it is for ever worn by the Earth? What weight of that transparent tissue, half crystal and half comb of honey, lies strewn every year dead under the snow?" No one is less likely than Mr. Ruskin to forget the sheep, and I need not therefore ask his permission to disturb some of this snow. We shall have to bring up some harrows, and with much labour draw them over the white sheet; but fodder is scarce and dear, and if the sheep starve their master is likely to pine too. So this dead, ungathered "harvest of amethyst bells" is garnered under the snow, to feed the hungry flocks and enrich the toiling farmer, after it has performed the proud part of its task for us and for the bees.

When the cold season sets in immediately after warm weather it affects the sheep with blindness unless special precautions are taken to shelter them in huts. It would be well if in this matter it were more usual for farmers to benefit themselves while bestowing a great boon upon their charges, by arranging for some rude shelter to which the flocks "might run and be safe." As soon as the frost and snow begin to disappear the ling becomes drier and less relishing, and we have to inquire what diet Nature provides next. Accident, the old cock birds, and artifice, all conspire to point out the newest dish. In working among the ling the young sheep now begin to pull

up by chance a few louk shoots, which the older ones recognise with pleasure as soon as they see them. The shepherd himself, if he be a considerate one, also pulls them up and strews them on the ground, because he is really anxious for the inexperienced to learn their value. The louk grass soon makes this value known by the increased healthiness which it imparts: the clear, bright faces, the good complexions are very soon to be noticed, and when once the flock have accepted the new food they begin to thrive and do well.

The pulling-up of this grass is not a pulling-up by the roots, but a drawing out of a sheath—a process which is only possible after February. Birds, moor-game, and others understand this. Possibly the same sensations which occur to man from well-cooked asparagus are present with the sheep and birds; and Nature, being the most correct of cooks, will not serve her dainties up until they are ready for the palate. The wily shepherd therefore attempts to present the soft, juicy end to his saucy youngsters by the method referred to, and the smart way in which the old hands can draw out and nibble from the bottom upwards is worth observing. The moss-cops are the young flowers of the louk, which are bitten off at a time when the parent stem begins to be drawn out.

Afterwards the bents succeed, and carry the nibblers through the summer, at the close of which an adventure awaits many of them, to which I must now refer.

Those farmers who have not lower grounds suitable for wintering the younger sheep are compelled to make terms with others, who undertake the care of them at a certain price per head. This custom of "festing," "gisting," or "joisting" (all these terms I have found confirmed by Halliwell) seems to have been in use from early times. The period of agistment commences at Michaelmas, and ends in some places on the 6th, in others on the 24th, of April. The sending-away of the young flock is as pathetic and anxious a matter almost as the sending lads away from home to school. The masters who supply nourishment at from six shillings to seven shillings per head are as varied in their characters as are the gentlemen of whose profession Dr. Arnold and Mr. Squeers are acknowledged types. Sheep are not to all Yorkshiremen mere representatives of wealth; the farmers take care of them from goodness of heart as well as from greed, and, while they deeply regret the death of the poor dumb beasts, they can, when the money-sore is healed, laugh as heartily over their own mischances as over some humorous tale at another's expense. I knew one very careful farmer, so careful that his friends said that, if it were only sixpence which came into his possession, "*it were a prisoner.*" This

man had, some years back, taken a nice little crew of about thirty sheep down to their allotted ground ; but he only brought one back. To elicit this miserable information piece by piece—as the old man paused between spells of slicing turnips with part of an old scythe—and to see his countenance assume every aspect of pain, sadness, anxiety, until the final catastrophe, which compelled him to bubble out in shouts of mirth, perhaps slightly hysterical, was a sight well worthy to be seen.

The rule is that if a sheep dies the man who joists it receives the wool, the owner the horns. This latter arrangement is a necessary safeguard, because, the horns being branded with the shepherd's name, he knows that the missing sheep has not been disposed of. The young flock are not fit for the market, and therefore the temptation to dispose of them is partly removed. But I am not prepared to swear that sheep-stealing has yet entirely disappeared.

Some of the places to which farmers are induced to send their sheep do, in fact, turn out very poor indeed. One of my friends, who had a confiding appearance about him, took a flock to a man at the back-end, and set off blithely for them in the April following. He found the number complete, but something about them, which it does not require much freemasonry to explain, caused him to follow them home profoundly and sorrowfully ruminating. They were mere skeletons ; and the old country blacksmith, who, no doubt, "had passed many a remark" about them during their residence near his smithy, threw himself in the way of the youth. "Are they all alive, my man?" "They are." "Then they've ony just come out bat-i'-hand." "I thought the same," said my informant. It appears that the old smith meant, "They have stayed in, indeed, which is something; but they have done nothing—they have made no score." And he hinted that sheep-owners would do well in future to inquire as to the antecedents of the schoolmaster, whether he were a Dr. Arnold or a Mr. Squeers.

Among the chief enemies of the sheep are holes. I said that the louk grass keeps them free from disease, and that they thrive well upon it, and I might have added that the flocks which inhabit swampy peat soil are free from "foot-rot." To go further, sheep which are already infected with this disease may be cured by turning them out upon the bog. I may explain that there is a species of bog which is not peaty, but of a clayey, tenacious character. It produces a grass called by the shepherds "fluke grass": a seductive but most pernicious food. But in the bogs are holes—how they get there we shall perhaps see later—and when the sheep is quietly nibbling off

the moss-cops which overhang them, deceived by the heather and ling which grow over the side, the dog suddenly startles it and causes it to fall into the pit. As many as five victims have been found at the same time in one of these traps.

The fact that we use steel monitors to illustrate what rams can do in the way of warfare is some indication of our opinion of their prowess. There were two rams of similar styles which met one morning on the moor. One, just purchased, bore a bad character; the other had actually, on this very moorside, killed several competitors. The owner of the latter is suspected of causing the meeting; the owner of the former saw it. At first they walked round each other, and then they marched off twenty or thirty yards, as if it was all over and the business ended. But now they commenced to pull and champ or chew a piece of ling stubble. One bleated to the other and was promptly answered. They then faced towards each other, putting themselves into attitude, and, like arrows, shot together. Being old pugilists, or batterers, they ran with their bodies almost touching the ground, so that the shock might find them glued to the earth. This is all-important, because anything so spindle-like as legs would disappear like a spider's web. With all the art and crouching of the home ram, however, he flew in a somersault over the stranger's head, and the heart of the onlooker was in his mouth. They were both alive, in spite of the shock, and the one who had stuck to, rather than stood, his ground went back to see how his adversary fared. They then separated for a second time, but did not go so far apart. Then they met, and a third time retired to the end of the lists, and finally withdrew for a fourth encounter, on each occasion the distance being less. In the end they grazed amicably together, and for the future the one who turned the somersault admitted his rival to be the conqueror, although there was nothing further to denote the reason. Thenceforward it would be said in sheep-circles, when alluding to this encounter, as the slave of Aufidius said of Coriolanus, "I do not say 'thwack our general,' but he was always good enough for him."

In the majority of such engagements one of the combatants is killed.

The farmer, besides his flock of sheep, keeps a few milch cows, from which, in his forefathers' days at least, if not now, butter was produced of high esteem. The buttermilk, mixed with a little meal, helps to feed the small stock of pigs which in summer time must "find themselves."

He keeps a horse, and occasionally rears a colt. The work of the

horse is varied. He does a little ploughing for potatoes and turnips; "leads" the hay and procures bracken for bedding; and assists in getting peat. Formerly, little else but this *peät* was used for fires. On some farms the stock has not been entirely cleared out for a quarter of a century. The digging of peat accounts for the numerous holes which I have referred to as dangerous to sheep. The depth of the cutting varies greatly. In earlier times each farmer had his own appropriated breadth which it was his right to cut.

It is said that no bread tastes so well as that baked on the live peat coal itself, and the ashes of peat make a splendid tillage: which fact neutralises a few of the strictures of the press—whether Tory or not it is not my duty to say—regarding some of the methods of the Irish tenants. The Yorkshire, as well as the Irish, tenant has his troubles, and I may venture to refer to them again. But the moors of heather themselves seem ever full of joy: "Continual morning for them and *in* them; they themselves are Aurora, purple and cloudless, stayed on all the happy hills."

II.

The sorrows of a moorland farmer are not few. I must not speak of the arrivals of mutton from the River Plate and from New Zealand, but of one or two matters which make his struggle with these imports more difficult and distressing. The simplest way of putting these difficulties is to say that a tenant-farmer is not his own master. He cannot grow the crops which he thinks best, and when his crops are grown he cannot deal with them to the greatest advantage.

The question of game introduces itself into this important discussion on crops. A farmer wishes to produce a little wheat straw for bedding and thatching; he can also do with a little wheat, in order that he may get his batch ground for his household and his cattle. I will for a moment imagine him to be more confiding and less suspicious than he really is. I will imagine him to be so driven by blind fate as to put in a little wheat, in a suitable situation, and I will ask the world to watch the result with me. If we were ourselves to walk over the ground, we should simply remark—"How well the wheat looks!" after a certain time we should say—"It seems to be in a fair way for a good crop if the rains keep off." But the gamekeeper, prowling over the land, looks at the green sprouts with very different feelings. At first he cannot believe his eyes, but afterwards he feels "it must be, *it is* wheat." As soon as he is quite satisfied about this, he scarcely confers with flesh and blood, but he writes out an advertise-

ment which he forwards to a suitable paper. This advertisement intimates that a good price will be given for hares of a certain age. The appeal is well responded to, and forthwith a colony of hares are "taken, and brought, and clapped down upon the land," to use the elegant words of my friend. The entire crop is thus devoted to the feeding of these strange hares, in which he has not the slightest interest; not as much as the value of the seed is produced from the field. It must be remembered, too, that a hare will sleep on the moors, and come down daily from his couch, miles away, to eat from any crop which is specially pleasant to his taste.

It may be thought that the farmer has himself power to destroy the hares which infest his wheat. He has this power, but the landlord has also an out-balancing power of finding another tenant if the hares suffer. Most of the farmers to whom I allude are on the annual tenancy system, and the tenant is, as a matter of fact, entirely in the gamekeeper's hands. One of the items, therefore, in our northern paradise is wanting: the game is entirely the property of the landlord, and is in his eyes the most valuable living thing upon the estate, not excepting the tenant himself. In any northern paradise this cannot be: the farmer must have entire control over the game, and must be able to deal with it as he thinks best. Without a doubt he will take care of it within due limits, and re-let or sell the shooting to the best bidder or to his favourite sportsman. The keeper will be the servant of the farmer, not his enemy and tyrant; and probably a more scientific[1] method of preserving some of the rarer species will arise; sport will become a better test of skill, poaching will be less possible; while shooting will give health to greater numbers of workers than it does at present.

It is curious to note how the older men are much more nervous about their landlord's displeasure than the younger ones are. The older Israelites longed more ardently for the flesh-pots of Egypt than the younger ones, and the generation of Aaron had to die out before the generation of Joshua and Caleb could enter the Promised Land.

The farmer may not dispose of certain of his crops without his landlord's leave, and consequently a dull, monotonous routine is necessitated, which is good for no one. The man who has to contend with American wheat and beef, with Australian mutton, with foreign hay and oats and beans, cannot do so with shackled hands, nor by means of a cut-and-dried system which is supposed to safeguard the interests of the landlord; but he can only compete by means of keen

[1] Much might be added here as to the great variety of game which could be encouraged on the land by using the different kinds of ground available.

wit and active energy, which adopt every advantage of chemistry, and adapt themselves to every demand of the townspeople who are close to his fields. I was about to obtain relief in something like Donald's method—"I shall tamm the Boat if you will, and the Trouts—and the Loch too!"—but it is better not.

Perhaps the revelations which have been made in Ireland will prevent any strong representations appearing as to the dwellings which are thought suitable for some of the Yorkshire tenant-farmers. I can only judge from the limited number of instances which I have seen, and I must say that this fine old stronghold of the English yeoman is not without its tenements which are only partially roofed, destitute of every necessary adjunct of civilised life, and utterly uninviting.

But even in the least luxurious farm-house, where the inmates one and all have a hard struggle to earn a living, there is much to interest and attract. The horse which makes its weekly journey to the market town carries generally an alluring assortment of produce. After an interval of decay, butter-making is improving rather than declining of late years; poultry-keeping is increasing; mushrooms and blackberries are becoming staple articles of sale; and we hope soon to see game and honey added to the list. Fruit has been neglected, although it would do much to assist the weekly income; vegetables and flowers are now very rarely grown. Let the traveller point out any human race throughout the world whose members are more naturally formed to bring about a perfect state of farming than the race of Yorkshire dalesmen. They are strong and active, careful, shrewd, and persevering. If once started and filled with a little cheerful confidence, some member of the family of the moorland farmer would know each bee, be familiar with the haunts of every hare, select good fruit trees, put in the most suitable vegetables, and have a plentiful supply of eggs and poultry at all times, besides being easily first in all the larger branches of the business—horses, cattle, and sheep. No one like a Yorkshireman can understand entirely the pleasure of "the trivial round, the common task"; and he would soon take earnestly to the only means of meeting foreign competition. To encourage and assist him would not be an unworthy effort of the landlord class and of the public.

So much for the potentialities of this worthy tenant race. Some of their ways are strange. I do not find them very much at church. The question is worth asking—how far his necessary duties to his stock excuse this abstinence, and how far the clergy trouble themselves to interest and attract their parishioners. Their absence from

church on Sundays is somewhat made up for by the very great regularity with which they appear at all funerals. One of my friends, who happened to be clad in his best clothes for some excursion of a semi-holiday kind, was passing the old stone-breaker, by whom he was accosted in these words: "Now, John, thou'st meade a mistack; they're not buryin' him to-day." The squire had, indeed, died, and nothing but a funeral could properly account for the very respectable clothes.

At some of the funerals there used to be singing as the procession moved, and in one instance the minister lost his book, causing the party to be thrown into a slight state of confusion. The chief mourner—perhaps a little self-conscious, as rural folk sometimes are—called out in impatience, "Now, come, sing something and gang on; we look very okward standing here." So that it has now become a saying when anything puzzles, "Come, let's sing something and gang on, as Tom Anderton said at t' buryin' of his mother."

A few relics of superstition may still be found in these regions. The kitchen chimney in an old farm-house having taken fire, two lads were poking in it to put out the smouldering soot, when, to their surprise, a bottle fell down; when they had wiped this bottle they saw that it contained hair, pins, and needles. They did not open it at the moment, but later, after showing it to their father, they expressed their intention either of breaking or opening it. This, with much fervour and excitement, he forbade them to do, lest the charm or spell, which he declared emphatically must depend on this bottle, should be broken also.

Naturally many of the superstitions are connected with their stock, on which the farmers have to depend for existence. A calf which dies under certain circumstances is buried feet upwards under the groupstone, after having been stuck full of pins and needles. This is done to prevent a recurrence of a similar calamity.

A fine old man, now living in decent retirement and comfort, was accustomed to bind the churn with withies to drive out the witch when the milk was too cold to turn: the scientific temperature of Dr. Voelcker was not then arrived at. I knew this good man well.

It was considered unlucky not to scratch a cross upon the cheese at Christmas time; but this ancient usage belongs to a class other than those referred to. The most remarkable case of survival of superstition which I have myself encountered is the following, which is true of a neighbour of mine within the last ten years. It was considered unlucky if, after the birth of a calf, the owner did not distri-

bute the "beastings" (the first milk) to the surrounding farmers' wives. It was a most essential detail that the can or jug in which the milk was sent should be returned unwashed. But details were nothing if the original presentation was not made: the omission of this courtesy was a most unlucky error. The farmer to whom I refer, through some oversight or neglect, did not send the customary beastings to one of the neighbours, and, "as ill-luck would have it," he was very soon visited by a series of disasters, which he attributed, with all the energy of heartfelt belief, to the witchcraft of the woman whom he had overlooked.

We may still hear of the celebrated "barguest," or "guytrash"—the animal with great saucer-eyes, which walks on the tops of walls and jingles chains. Wonderful stories are yet told of these creatures, and descriptions are given as to how they walk round the house, and look in at the windows, while, for fear of their eyes, some will draw down the blinds as soon as darkness falls. Now that the animal itself has become extinct the name is applied to any ill-conditioned horse or beast.

A personality less imaginary, but more illusive, than the last is the "Will-o'-the-wisp," or "Peggy-wi'-th'-lantern." Thomson says:

> Drear is the state of the benighted wretch
> Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
> Full of pale fancies, and chimæras huge;
> Nor visited by one directive ray,
> From cottage streaming, or from any hall.
> Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
> Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
> The wildfire scatters round, or gather'd trails
> A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;
> Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
> Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,
> Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf.

The case which I am about to mention is not so bad as this, but the light must in reality be very deceptive when it misleads the moorland farmers and shepherds. One of these men was out in a heavy, damp, foggy night, when he saw a light across the field which he took to come from the lamp of some poachers. He went towards it, but found that it shifted its position rather rapidly. He thought it wiser, therefore, not to waste his breath by running, so he called out, "Now, you've no need to run, I see who it is"; but the poachers made no reply. Consequently, he "made after them" as fast as he could, to try to overtake them, but when he got near the fence the light seemed to make a circle round almost to the spot

which he had just left. So he went to the nearest farmer's house, and acquainted the inmates that certain poachers were in the fields, and a party set out to take them. "But," he said, "wherever we went, 'Will-o'-the-wisp' was always somewhere else." "Peggy-wi'-th'-lantern"—this "*ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire"—is like Bardolph's nose in the matter of moisture; it prefers a wet meadow of tenacious soil, in November, on a still night. The deep ones who have studied her think that she is neither more nor less than a conflict of gases arising from the earth. The philosopher adds that the world is a large "Peggy"—its bright things are never to be realised; following her is like going

> Straight down the crooked lane
> And all round the square.

I must not forget the sheep, which have to endure what the "fantastic blaze" exults in. The damp atmosphere infects them with a kind of catarrh, and makes them what the shepherds cal "phantom-headed." And they appear to be most susceptible to all coming changes in the weather—before a winter storm, for instance, they are seen to become very nervous.

In the list of living things among which the moorland farmer lives I have omitted my old friends the dogs, two of which find a place near him, when his work is over, not far from the fire. In one of the characteristic letters which I sometimes receive from my "Yorkshire shepherd" occurs a passage which I will venture to introduce in this place. Speaking of a celebrated Scotch dog, he says that a photograph would greatly assist those who wish to study this breed of Collie: "it would bring symmetry and intelligence together, as he has a good head. The late Duke of Wellington, I have been told, used to say that he liked to see a man with a long head—it bespoke a long memory, and I quite think so in sheep-dogs. I am sorry to say that many of the dogs we have lack that propensity, although they are the descendants of the dog Rik, whose offspring were kept in this neighbourhood, and were so highly esteemed that they had them stuffed and put into a glass case (of course, after they were dead); but I think we have not many here that merit that bestowal." I am not quite sure whether my friend means the phrase in parenthesis for a joke, or to correct any suspicion I might have that the dogs were killed before the time in order that they might be conveniently stuffed.

I do not think that I wish any evil to landlords; I am sure that I wish every blessing on good ones, of whom I could name many;

but I wish that the system did not stand so grievously in the way, in many districts, of better farming and more successful English, as opposed to foreign, work. I should like to see a combination of all classes to bring about good and cheap mutton ; plentiful game, butter, and eggs ; vegetables and fruit in perfection and in plenty. Lastly, from the game- and sheep-stocked moors let us hope soon to hear the drowsy hum of bees, whose various homes shall be, with the other living things, on every farm. If town and country are neither of them misled by any "Peggy-wi'-th'-lantern," but combine for the benefit of all, we may yet attain a golden prime, both in our cities and on our moorland farms.

GEORGE RADFORD.

VERNON AND THE JENKINS' EAR WAR.

ADMIRAL VERNON was not a great man, nor was the war in which he chiefly distinguished himself a very memorable war. But, although now forgotten, they were considered of the first importance 140 years ago. Vernon's claims to remembrance are that for a short time he was England's popular hero, who gained one small naval success, which was shortly afterwards counterbalanced by a greater disaster. To a certain extent Vernon deserved the popular applause. He was a brave and able officer, who did well what he had to do as long as he was left alone ; but he was possessed of a most violent temper, which rendered him unfit to act in concert with others. In the events about to be related he was more than ordinarily unfortunate, because, in his most important expedition, he had as a colleague a man who, according to all accounts, would have ruffled a less inflammable temper than Vernon's. The war in which these events took place is certainly one of the most peculiar mentioned in English history. It commenced through the natural indignation of the people when they were informed that several of their fellow countrymen had been most cruelly treated ; but, with the exception of Vernon's expedition, very little else seems to have been done against our original antagonist Spain. We drifted, as was the custom in those days, into a war with France ; and our hands were so fully occupied with the Dettingens, Fontenoys, and Cullodens, that there was no time or thought to be wasted on Spain. But, as far as the Spanish war went, Vernon was undoubtedly the most conspicuous figure concerned in it. Very little is known of him biographically, but what little there is shall be briefly given.

Edward Vernon was born at Westminster on November 12, 1684. His father, James Vernon, descended from an old English family, was a prominent politician during the reign of William III., having been Secretary of State to that monarch in the latter portion of his reign. Young Edward, our hero, was sent to Westminster School at

the age of seven, and, after spending several years there under the rule of the celebrated Dr. Busby, he proceeded to Oxford, where he particularly devoted himself to the study of astronomy and the theory of navigation preparatory to entering the Royal Navy, a step on which it is said he decided in spite of the opposition of his father.

His first experience of naval warfare was obtained under Admiral Hopson, who so gallantly broke the boom at Vigo in 1702. Soon after Vernon appears to have been second lieutenant of the *Resolution*, in which vessel he made his first acquaintance with the West Indies. In 1704, having returned, he was with Sir George Rooke when the Archduke Charles of Austria, the titular king of Spain, was conveyed to Lisbon, and seems to have made himself either so useful or agreeable that His Majesty presented him with a ring, and a purse containing 100 guineas. In the same year he was present at Rooke's great victory off Malaga ; and on January 22, 1706, he was promoted to the rank of post-captain, and appointed to the *Dolphin* frigate, in which ship he proceeded to the Mediterranean. In 1708, in command of the *Jersey*, he sailed for the West Indies, and on that station, under the command of Sir C. Wager, he remained for a considerable period ; and, although no great actions were fought, still, Vernon found several occasions on which he distinguished himself in single combats with the enemy. Whilst in those seas he also was ordered to cruise off Porto Bello and Carthagena, and then obtained knowledge of those and other places, which in future years was of great service to him.

After the Peace of Utrecht, Vernon was employed on various stations, and, although he had no opportunities of increasing his reputation as a warrior, he gained the character of being a thoroughly efficient and energetic officer. In 1722 he appeared on a new scene, having been returned to the House of Commons as member for Penryn in Cornwall, for which place he was also returned at the General Election in 1727. In 1734 he was returned for Portsmouth, which he represented until 1741. On his entrance into political life Vernon immediately joined the ranks of the Opposition, the self-styled Patriots, led by Pulteney, and made himself early conspicuous by his speeches, which were more remarkable for energy than for polish. For many years he appears to have been without professional employment, and the Fates seemed to have decreed that he was to spend the remainder of his days with no other distinction than that of being a noisy and pugnacious member of the House of Commons. Events abroad, however, to which we must now turn

our attention, soon gave Vernon a chance of letting off his superfluous energies in a more congenial and honourable direction.

Every year since the Peace of Utrecht the feelings between Spain and England had grown less and less friendly. These animosities arose chiefly out of the conduct of both parties as to the Asiento Treaty. By this treaty English trade in negroes and other merchandise with Spanish America was limited to one ship of 600 tons burden. The English traders kept to the letter of the treaty, but violated its true intention to the best of their abilities. A vessel of 600 tons burden certainly was the only one which was supposed to have direct communication with the Spaniards; but as this vessel was kept cruising off the American coast, and was replenished with goods and provisions by small craft from Jamaica as often as required, the Asiento ship, as Carlyle remarks, was converted into a floating shop, "the tons burden and tons sale of which set arithmetic at defiance." The Spanish authorities naturally resented these frequent breaches of the treaty, and their *guarda costas* became suspicious of every English vessel that appeared in those waters. Many ships were boarded and searched—some justifiably, some not—but the Spaniards made no distinctions; and for several years reports were constantly reaching home of the gross cruelty sustained by British seamen at their hands.

Some years passed without much official notice being taken of these cruelties until, in 1738, when the "Patriots," having failed in their endeavours to obtain a reduction of the army, suddenly adopted an opposite course, and loudly clamoured for a war with Spain.

In this attempt they were more successful, not only as there was some reason in their arguments, but also because the nation was tiring of Walpole's long and peaceful administration. That minister was represented as being weak and timid in foreign affairs, and as "the cur dog of Britain and the spaniel of Spain." Petitions from the aggrieved merchants were presented asking for redress. These were supported by the eloquence of Pulteney and Wyndham; and the energies of the great William Pitt and of Murray, the future Earl of Mansfield, were exerted on the same behalf. Several captains and seamen were examined at the bar of the House, and old stories were raked up for the purpose of strengthening the cause of the war-party; amongst others, the most celebrated being "The Fable of Jenkins' Ear," as it was called later on by Burke. This Jenkins, seven years previously (1731), had sailed to the West Indies as master of the *Rebecca*. After loading a cargo of sugar at Jamaica he proceeded on his homeward voyage. But, contrary winds preventing his progress, he was for some time kept

hanging about near the Havannah. Whilst there, he was boarded by a Spanish *guarda costa*, and, although nothing contraband was discovered, nor was it proved that he had visited any of the prohibited ports, he was, nevertheless, treated with great and brutal cruelty. He was hung up at the yard-arm to extort a confession as to the whereabouts of the supposed contraband goods. The halter, however, not working satisfactorily, the cabin-boy was tied to his feet to add to its efficacy; but the Spaniards, apparently not being adepts in the art of knots and nooses, the boy succeeded in escaping, much to the relief of Jenkins. He, poor fellow, was hoisted up three times, but as no confession could be wrung from him he was at last released, but not before one of the Spaniards, in his exasperation, tore off Jenkins' left ear, which had previously been nearly severed by a blow from one of their cutlasses. The ear was then flung in his face, and he was told to take it to his king and tell him about it. The coast-guards then left, taking with them the *Rebecca's* sextant and other property and goods to the value of about £112.

Jenkins' story, as delivered to the House of Commons, created a great sensation, especially when, after producing the ear wrapped up in cotton-wool, he was asked what his feelings had been whilst so cruelly treated. He replied, "I recommended my soul to God and my cause to my country." And his country justified his confidence by taking up his cause with fervour and enthusiasm, although there were many who denied that Jenkins had ever lost his ear, and others, more cruel still, who, whilst admitting his loss, suggested that the pillory had had more to do with it than the Spaniards. However, be the truth what it may, Walpole had, after fruitless pacific negotiations, to bow to the popular demand, and measures were taken to retaliate on Spain. On July 10, 1739, an Order in Council was issued for reprisals and granting letters of marque, and on October 19 following war was formally declared.

During the debates which preceded the Spanish war, and which are memorable as having first brought to the public notice the greatest of all English ministers, William Pitt, probably no one took a more violent part than the member for Portsmouth. Vernon's invectives were so furious that he was on several occasions in danger of being confined in the Tower. He advocated strong measures against the American dominions of Spain, and undertook that with six ships of the line he would take Porto Bello, one of the strongest and most beautiful of the Spanish possessions. These words made him a great favourite with the populace; at the same time they were considered as a reflection on Admiral Hosier,

who, in 1726, with twenty ships of the line, had effected no captures or exploits of distinction. Poor Hosier, however, had only orders to watch, and not to act. Half the men of the fleet died of disease, and the admiral himself sickened and died from the distress caused by his inglorious and miserable occupation. As a fact of history he is now forgotten, but I hope is still remembered as the subject of Glover's beautiful ballad, " Admiral Hosier's Ghost."

When war was determined upon, Vernon's offer was accepted, and he, to his own great astonishment, was appointed to the command of the West Indian fleet with the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Blue. This appointment created a considerable amount of comment at the time, as it was then a most unusual occurrence for a prominent member of the Opposition to be appointed to any place of trust and honour. Walpole's enemies soon, however, succeeded in finding out, or inventing, reasons for such conduct in the fact that the command would remove a dangerous and popular adversary, and that Walpole probably hoped the six ships demanded by Vernon would not suffice for conquest, but only for defeat, and thereby bring disgrace on him and his supporters.

Accordingly, Vernon sailed on July 20, 1739, with his flag at the mizen of the *Burford*, with nine men-of-war and a sloop. Of these nine vessels three were of smaller size, and Vernon thus had only under his command for aggressive purposes the six ships he had desired. The admiral proceeded on his voyage in the hopes of interrupting some of the Spanish treasure ships, but failing in this he sailed for Jamaica, where he arrived on October 23, and there leaving the smaller vessels he appeared off Porto Bello on November 20.

Porto Bello, so named from the beauty of its harbour, is situated on the Isthmus of Darien or Panama. The harbour is almost circular in form, the entrance being defended by a fort known as the Iron Castle. The town lay at the far end of the bay, protected by a strong fort called Castillo de la Gloria. On the morning of the 21st the *Burford*, *Hampton Court*, *Princess Louisa*, *Strafford*, and *Norwich* proceeded in line of battle to attack the town, the *Sheerness* having been left to cruise outside. But the winds proving contrary it was only possible to operate against the Iron Castle at the entrance of the harbour. The ships were piloted close up to the fort by Captain Rentone, and immediately commenced a cannonade, together with a warm fire of small arms, under cover of which the seamen and troops were landed, and although no breach had been made, the sailors clambered up into the fort, pulling the soldiers up after them, and soon compelled the Spaniards to surrender at discretion. During

the night, the vessels all having gained the interior of the harbour, they drifted out of range of the town and of the Gloria Castle, with the exception of the admiral's ship, upon which the fort opened fire, and during the greater part of the night the duel was continued between the fort and the *Burford*; but soon after daylight, on the 22nd, a white flag was hoisted on the fort, which, together with the town, was soon after taken possession of by the British. In these operations only seven English lives were lost. After the surrender the forts were destroyed, and several vessels in the harbour were taken or sunk. Ten thousand dollars were also captured; but Vernon allowed no plundering, and assigned his share of prize money to the sailors as some compensation for their disappointment at not being allowed to plunder, or to cut off the ears of the Spaniards, as many ardently desired; one sailor, indeed, apologised to his wife for not sending her a Spanish ear, and added as an excuse, "our good admiral, God bless him, was too merciful."

After the victory, Vernon, on December 13, proceeded with his fleet towards Jamaica. During the passage very bad weather was encountered, and several of his ships, including the flag-ship, the *Burford*, were injured or dispersed. He having shifted his flag to the *Strafford* eventually reached Port Royal, where the fleet had to remain some time for repairs and reinforcements. This interval was not wholly wasted, as many single combats took place between the men-of-war and Spanish privateers, and several nests of pirates were attacked and destroyed.

Meanwhile, the Spaniards had been busily strengthening the defences of Carthagena, which they knew would be Vernon's next point of attack. The Governor, Don Blas de Leso, amused himself with sending insolent messages to the English Admiral, hoping to have the pleasure of seeing him before he left those waters. To which Vernon replied he would most certainly call in person at the earliest opportunity. Accordingly, on February 25, 1740, the fleet sailed from Jamaica and appeared off Carthagena—the strongest of the Spanish towns on the South American mainland—on the evening of March 3. On March 6 and the few following days, Vernon attempted to bombard the town, and although several houses, churches, and other harmless buildings were destroyed or damaged, he found he could not greatly injure the town from the sea, and, therefore, resolved to abandon the attack until he could be supported by a strong body of land forces. On March 10 he accordingly sailed for Porto Bello to refit and repair, leaving two of his ships to cruise off and watch the harbour. Having

watered and provisioned his fleet, Vernon put to sea on March 22 and proceeded to Fort Chagre, a notorious stronghold of privateers and pirates, situate on the Isthmus of Darien, and only a short distance from Porto Bello. On his arrival he immediately commenced to bombard the place, and after a vigorous cannonade had been kept up by three ships of the line, a flag of truce was hung out on Monday the 24th, and the Governor and troops immediately capitulated. Vernon ordered the fort and other defences to be razed to the ground, also the Custom House, from which were previously removed an immense quantity of valuable stores kept there for the use of the Spanish galleons and privateers. The *guarda costa* vessels in the harbour were also destroyed, but the town and people were in all respects unmolested. During the next few months Vernon accomplished but little with his fleet, waiting anxiously for the reinforcements of land and sea forces with which he hoped to be able to destroy Carthagena. Several of his ships, however, continued to cruise about in the West Indian seas, and frequent combats took place between single vessels. The most noticeable of the captures effected by the English was that of a Spanish vessel commanded by one of Don Blas' chief lieutenants, Don Apolanco, the identical officer, as it was asserted, who operated on the ear of poor Jenkins.

Meanwhile the news of Vernon's successes had created the greatest enthusiasm and excitement in England. He was compared, in prose and poetry, with Raleigh and the other naval heroes of England who had humbled the power of Spain ; and Mr. Cave, the then proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in order to keep in with the spirit of the times, employed his chief literary hack, Samuel Johnson, to write for his periodical the lives of Blake and Drake. Both Houses of Parliament, and the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London presented addresses of congratulation to His Majesty on the successes achieved by his sea-forces ; both addresses particularly emphasising the fact that Porto Bello had been taken "with six ships only." Even Walpole and the Duke of Newcastle gave great entertainments in honour of the event. Captain Rentone, who had piloted the fleet into Porto Bello, having brought home despatches from Vernon, was presented by the King with a purse of 200 guineas for his good news, and was promised the command of a 60-gun ship. During the remainder of the year the public enthusiasm continued unabated, and Vernon was regarded as the hero of his country, and the avenger of her wrongs. The anniversary of his birthday was

kept in a right royal fashion; bells ringing, bonfires burning, eating and drinking and illuminations all over the City of London and throughout the kingdom. It appears that on that day a worthy gentleman of the name of Benn was promoted to the dignity of the Aldermanic gown. This event, in conjunction with the birthday festivities, proved too much for an honest parish clerk, who broke out into poetry, as follows:

> Hail, happy day! let Britons say amen,
> That gave to Vernon birth—the robe to Benn.

The anniversary of the capture of Porto Bello was celebrated with equal honours and rejoicings; and as the hero of inn signboards Vernon had no rivals in his own time except, perhaps, the Duke of Cumberland and the Protestant Hero of Prussia.

About this time another celebrated public character was receiving the rewards of his bravery. On December 12 the Directors of the East India Company presented Captain Jenkins (our earless friend) with 300 guineas for having repulsed, after nineteen hours' fighting, an attack made on his vessel, and those under his convoy, by pirates off Goa.

At the General Election in the early part of 1741 the name of Vernon was a watchword in many places, and he was returned triumphantly for Ipswich, Penryn, and Rochester, and polled heavily though unsuccessfully for Westminster and London. Before this, however, the Government had at last got ready for sea a large fleet to reinforce Vernon, under the command of Sir Chaloner Ogle, consisting of 25 ships of the line, several transports and smaller craft having on board about 7,000 troops under the command of Lord Cathcart. The Opposition, of course, and certainly with some reason, complained bitterly of the great delay in strengthening Vernon's hands. It was ascribed to a malicious desire of the Government that Vernon might be defeated and ruined before the reinforcements reached him. The true reason, however, I think, may be readily found in the great difficulty then experienced in manning a large fleet and preparing it for sea. But whatever the cause may have been, Sir C. Ogle and his fleet at length set sail, after various futile attempts, on October 26, 1740. There was one vessel in this force which ought to be very noticeable to us. The *Cumberland*, of 80 guns, carrying 600 men, had on board a poor young Scotch surgeon's mate, earning a salary of from thirty shillings to two pounds a month. His name was Tobias Smollett, and to him we owe the most lucid and authentic account of this expedition: an expedition memorable,

if for nothing else, as having given to the great novelist his first and sole experience of the British navy, its officers and men, of which he afterwards made such valuable and well-known use. To Smollett, also, we owe a vivid description of the utter misery and want of care that then existed in the navy. For many generations England had shown the greatest indifference as to the comfort and lives of those to whom she owed her military glory, but that callousness, perhaps, never prevailed more than at the time of which we are writing. In addition to Smollett's evidence we have another account of one of the most wicked pieces of inhumanity ever perpetrated by any Government, and which took place only a few weeks before Ogle's fleet sailed. Commodore Anson had been appointed to command a squadron which was to sail round Cape Horn and act in concert with Vernon on the Spanish main. Anson's instructions were to take on board a regiment of foot, but when his squadron was ready for sea, he found that the Cabinet, in spite of the objections of Sir Charles Wager, the First Lord of the Admiralty, had ordered 500 Chelsea out-pensioners to be taken on board instead of the troops promised. These poor men, who had been pensioned on account of old age, or of wounds received in the service of their country, naturally felt the cruelty of this order, the consequence being that, when Anson prepared to take them on board, he only found 259 of the oldest and most decrepit waiting for him at Portsmouth, as all who were possessed of the least strength or vigour of limb had run away. Of these 259 poor old cripples not one returned alive. With forces composed of similar materials to these Anson proceeded on that voyage round the world, which, although not assisting Vernon, has rendered the old commodore the hero of one of the most memorable expeditions in our naval annals.

After a long and tedious voyage Sir C. Ogle joined Vernon at Jamaica on January 9, 1741. Before the fleet arrived at Port Royal, a great loss had been sustained by the death at sea of General Lord Cathcart. He was everywhere regarded as a capable and efficient officer, and what added more to the grief felt at his loss, was that he was succeeded in the command by Brigadier-General Wentworth, who was as generally considered to be totally incompetent.

Vernon now found himself at the head of the largest armament that had ever been seen in the West Indian seas. He had 124 sail, large and small; and the troops under the command of Wentworth, including the American regiments, numbered about 10,000. On March 4 this large armament appeared off Carthagena, the fleet sailing in three divisions, one under each of the Admirals, Vernon

and Ogle, and the third under Commodore Lestock—the same Lestock who a few years later rendered himself conspicuous by his inactivity during the sea-fight off Toulon, and who, instead of being shot, as he most richly deserved, was honourably acquitted by one of the peculiar courts-martial that flourished in those days. The fleet anchored in the open bay off Carthagena, and it was soon found that Don Blas had not been wasting his time, and that he was thoroughly prepared to defend his charge. Several days were spent in reconnoitring, in order to discover the most likely places for a successful attack. The town of Carthagena lies at the far end of an inner harbour, which is entered by a small mouth called by the Spaniards the Boca-chica (little mouth). This Boca-chica was strongly defended by forts, strong booms, and sunken ships, and, as it was necessary to capture these forts before an attack could be made on the defences of the town, a furious bombardment was commenced against them. Under fire from the ships some of the troops were landed, and erected their batteries, and for sixteen days the Boca-chica forts sustained the heavy fire from the sea and shore. At length, on March 25, it was resolved in a council of war to storm the chief fort that evening, and whilst a portion of the fleet was occupying the attention of the enemy's men-of-war and of the smaller coast defences, the attack was made and the Spanish forces were driven out and fled towards the town. A few days later another large fort, the Castle Grand, was captured, and, the entrance to the harbour now being in the hands of the British, Vernon sent home a despatch containing news of the successes and brimful of hope as to the future. The news was received with more than the usual rejoicings; medals were even struck in honour of the capture of Carthagena, and Vernon was declared to be the saviour of his country's honour.

So far all had gone well—there had been hard blows given and sustained—the disposition of the forces had been skilful, and land and sea troops had been worked well and willingly together. But now a change took place. The impetuous and irascible Vernon made no attempt to hide his contempt for his colleague Wentworth, whom he regarded as dilatory and incompetent. The defences at the entrance of the harbour having been taken and destroyed, the Spanish ships sunk and the booms broken, Vernon regarded the naval portion of the operations as complete and finished. He asked why Wentworth did not go at once and take the town? Wentworth said he could not do so without the co-operation of the fleet. Vernon replied it was impossible for him to get his ships up to the town. And so the leaders openly quarrelled. At length, after angry recrimi-

nations and delay, Wentworth got his troops landed preparatory to attacking Fort San Lazaro, the strongest of the interior forts, and which was between him and the town. Vernon recommended carrying the place by storm. Wentworth said batteries must be erected. Batteries were accordingly commenced, and then Wentworth changed his mind and thought storming would be better, and gave orders for the works to cease. This last plan was strongly opposed by two of Wentworth's officers. General Blakeney, the future defender of Minorca when Byng failed, and Colonel Wolfe, of the Marines, the father of the great general immortalised by his victory before Quebec, and by Thackeray in the "Virginians." Meanwhile, whilst their superiors were quarrelling and their general making up his mind, the rainy season was having a dreadful effect on the troops. They fell down dead or dying from scurvy or fever, not only in hundreds, but in thousands, and, as they had no medical assistance on shore, the animosities of the commanders greatly increased the horrors of their situation. Wentworth disdained to ask help from Vernon, who, in his turn, would not make overtures to Wentworth. And so things went on until Wentworth had at last determined to storm the place. The troops appointed for this undertaking advanced in two columns up the hill on which the fort was situated, and, in spite of a galling and a continuous fire, they marched up with a dogged firmness similar to that exhibited a few years later at Fontenoy, and added one more to the list of combats, so large in English military history, where the courage and heroism of the troops have more than compensated for the almost perpetual blunders of their leaders—a fierce and stubborn fight having been kept up for four hours, and the attacking party having lost more than half of their numbers, they were at last compelled to retreat to their camp, which they did in good order.

The admiral and general now at length found one subject on which they could agree, namely, that as it did not seem probable that Carthagena was to be captured, it would be wiser to retire from the place than to throw away any more of the valuable lives under their charge; and accordingly, on April 16, all the troops were embarked, and, after having destroyed all the captured forts and having removed everything that the Spaniards might have considered a trophy, the fleet set sail for Jamaica. On their arrival at Port Royal on May 19, Vernon and Wentworth spent the larger portion of their time in quarrelling and heaping reproaches on each other. To a certain extent both were blameable. Wentworth was without doubt thoroughly inexperienced and useless, and Vernon, whose ability and energy nobody questioned, probably let his feelings of anger

and contempt get the better of his judgment, and perhaps did not render that assistance to Wentworth which he would have done if they had been working amicably together.

Amongst the officers engaged in this disastrous expedition, one, Captain Laurence Washington, of the American regiment, is well worthy of notice. He gained the friendship and esteem of both the admiral and general, and greatly distinguished himself at the attack on the San Lazaro fort. After the failure of this attack he returned home to his estate in Virginia, to which he gave the name of Mount Vernon, in honour of the admiral under whom he had served and whom he respected and admired. At Mount Vernon he acted the part of the kindest of guardians to his young half-brother George, to whom, on his death, he left the estate, where the great American patriot lived in peace and happiness after the Revolutionary War was over, and where he died and was buried. Mount Vernon, as a place of pilgrimage, is almost as dear to Englishmen as to Americans, who equally admire the great and noble man who lived and died there.

Soon after the arrival of the fleet at Jamaica, the admiral diminished his strength by sending home several of his ships under the command of Commodore Lestock. Vernon himself was so dissatisfied with the result of the Carthagena expedition, and with his colleague Wentworth, that he asked permission to return home, but the opinion of the country was still so strong in his favour that he was requested to retain his command, and instructions were at the same time sent for an attack to be made on the island of Cuba. Accordingly, on July 1, 1741, Vernon sailed with his fleet of eight ships of the line, twelve frigates and smaller vessels, and forty transports on board of which were 3,000 troops under Wentworth's command. They arrived in Guantanamo Bay on the south side of the island on the 18th, and so confident did the leaders feel of a complete conquest that they renamed the bay, calling it Cumberland Harbour in honour of that royal Duke who equally, though by different means, added so much disgrace to the English arms at Culloden and Closter-Seven. This achievement was all that the expedition accomplished, because, although the troops were landed with the intention of taking Santiago by surprise, yet Wentworth, after having allowed almost half of his force to become inefficient through sickness and fever, wrote to Vernon informing him that he thought he could do nothing, and that the troops had better be re-embarked. Vernon expostulated and stormed, but as Wentworth would do nothing with his troops, and as their numbers were fast diminishing, the admiral had at last to acquiesce, and returned to Jamaica with only 2,oco efficient soldiers

—the sole remnant of the large force which had been sent out to the West Indies under Lord Cathcart. This last exploit proved too much for the temper of Vernon, and he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, the Secretary of State: "Though I pretend to very little experience in military affairs by land, yet it is my belief that if the sole command had been in me, both in the Carthagena expedition and the Cuba one, His Majesty's forces would have made themselves masters both of Carthagena and Santiago, and with the loss of much fewer men than have died."

After this failure, the fleet cruised about for some months without falling in with the enemy, and nothing beyond a few naval duels occurred until March 1742, when, further reinforcements having arrived, the admiral and general determined to sail for Porto Bello, and having there landed the troops, to march across the Isthmus of Darien and attack the rich town of Panama. Vernon's surprise and indignation may be well imagined when, on the arrival of the fleet and troops at Porto Bello, a council of the land officers, held even before the troops were landed, and in spite of the fact that the Spanish garrison had retreated from Porto Bello and there was nothing to oppose them, decided that the attack would be impracticable, and advised an immediate return to Jamaica. Vernon, of course, could do nothing alone, and so, after stormy debates and angry expostulations, had to submit, and the fleet accordingly sailed for Jamaica. After this useless and ludicrous parade, there can be but little doubt that Vernon experienced the greatest satisfaction when, on September 23 following, he received a letter from the Duke of Newcastle ordering him and General Wentworth to return to England.

Before leaving the subject of Vernon's West Indian command, his connection with one of the most romantic episodes in the history of the British Peerage ought to be mentioned. James Annesley, whose adventures are described in "Peregrine Pickle," and whose history supplied materials for "Guy Mannering," and formed the foundation of the late Charles Reade's "Wandering Heir," having escaped from slavery in which he had been kept for many years on the North American mainland, besought the protection of the British admiral. Vernon, having heard his story, and fully believing in his claims to the Anglesey title and estates, furnished him with clothes and other necessaries suitable to his station, and otherwise behaved with the greatest kindness to him until he was enabled to give the claimant a passage in a homeward-bound vessel. Vernon's kindness, however, did not end here, as he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle a detailed account of the young man's misfortunes and adventures, and

recommended him to the Duke's notice. The Anglesey peeragè trial, the longest then known, will be found described in many books of romance and history, but it is most probable that, if it had not been for the generosity of Vernon, this celebrated trial would never have taken place—a trial which has a double advantage over another well-known and more recent claimant case in being much shorter and very much more interesting and romantic.

Vernon and Wentworth sailed from Jamaica in the latter part of 1742. They very wisely returned home in different vessels, and on January 6, 1743, Vernon landed at Bristol, where he was received with every demonstration of respect and esteem. The freedom of the city was presented to him in a gold box, and a few days later he took up the freedom of the City of London, which had previously been conferred upon him; and he also was elected a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company, on which occasion he left 100 guineas to be distributed amongst the poor of the neighbourhood. From the Government he received no substantial favours, although his friends were now in power, having succeeded in overthrowing Sir Robert Walpole, but in a very short period he was successively promoted to the ranks of Vice-Admiral of the Red, Admiral of the Blue, and Admiral of the White. By the public, however, in spite of the disastrous failures that had attended the West Indian forces, there seemed to be no diminution in the favour and estimation with which he was regarded. The popular voice, and to a great extent rightly, declared all the disasters to be due to the indecision and incompetence of Wentworth, and Vernon was regarded as a hero who had been thwarted in every direction by his enemies. As to his ability and courage there was no doubt, and his violent temper and irascibility were considered to have been quite natural and proper under the trying circumstances in which he and the fleet had been placed.

Shortly after his return Vernon elected to take his seat in the House of Commons for Ipswich, for which town he was also elected in 1747 and 1754. He devoted his attention to matters connected with his profession, especially as to the best means of manning the navy. His language was sometimes violent and unparliamentary, as, for instance, when he declared that there was not this side hell a nation so burdened with taxes as England. His pen likewise was not idle, and was equally intemperate with his tongue. Amongst his publications is especially noticeable the pamphlet containing his letters to the Duke of Newcastle, wherein he publicly expressed his contempt for his late colleague Wentworth.

At the time of the invasion of England by the Young Pretender,

the public clamour pointed to Vernon as an officer who ought to have high command during that time of danger. He was accordingly appointed to the command of the fleet in the Downs. This command he retained for a few months, during which time he showed all his accustomed energy and ability; and although he never had the good fortune to meet the enemy, still, he justified the public confidence by keeping that portion of the coast under his charge clear and free from invasion. This was the last command Vernon ever held, as shortly after he had struck his flag he was made the victim of a most unjustifiable piece of official tyranny.

In the early part of 1746 two pamphlets appeared, respectively entitled "A Specimen of Naked Truth from a British Sailor," and "Some Seasonable Advice from an Honest Sailor." In these pamphlets were several uncomplimentary remarks on the way in which naval affairs were managed, and on the statesmen who were then at the head of the Admiralty. Many observations and copies of letters contained therein seemed conclusively to point to Vernon as the author; and there appears to have been no doubt that he was so. In the month of March, 1746, he received a letter from the Secretary to the Admiralty Board, asking if he were the author or not. To this Vernon returned no reply; and on April 4 another letter was written to him, to which Vernon answered that the request was unprecedented, but if the Board demanded his presence he would duly attend. Accordingly, on the 10th, as he was leaving the House of Commons, he received an order to attend the Board at their office at seven o'clock that evening. Vernon obeyed the order, and, after being kept waiting some considerable time, he was admitted to the presence of the Board, the Duke of Bedford, the First Lord, presiding. The Duke, after delivering a long lecture on the power of the Admiralty Board, and on his authority as its head, and after expressing astonishment that Vernon had not thought proper to answer the Secretary's letters as he had been expected to do, demanded from the Admiral an answer, "Aye or No," to the question whether he was the author of the obnoxious pamphlets. To this Vernon replied that he fully admitted the authority of the Board as the head of naval affairs, and recognised the Commissioners' right to order him to perform any military duty, or to ask him any question relative to his profession, but as to the pamphlets he denied their right, telling them that he regarded this as a private matter, over which the Admiralty had no control, and therefore refused to answer their question. At the same time he expressed great astonishment that an officer of his years and services should be treated in such an

extraordinary manner. When Vernon had finished the Duke of Bedford informed him that if he would give no other answer, he might withdraw, and they knew what they had to do. On the following day Vernon received a letter from the Secretary, informing him that the circumstances of the case had been laid before the King, who had been pleased to order Vernon's name to be struck off the list of flag officers. Whatever may be our opinion of Vernon's discretion and conduct, we cannot but feel that he was treated in a most unjust and cruel manner. It seems monstrous to us, with our ideas of justice, that a gallant and able officer should be degraded and debarred from his profession, without his having been put upon any form of trial, or his case having been submitted to the least investigation. There is another cause for regret in the fact that that fine old sailor Anson was one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty at the time. It is almost impossible to imagine that the sturdy old circumnavigator was any party to such a miserable piece of work.

From the time of his dismissal, with the exception of occasional speeches in Parliament on naval matters, Vernon lived in retirement at his seat at Nacton, in Suffolk, where he died on October 29, 1757, at the age of 73. Very little is known as to his private habits and life. He was married and had three sons, the two younger of whom, however, died whilst their father was absent on his West Indian command. In personal appearance he was noticeable for extreme untidiness, and for having a preference for old clothes, an old grogram coat usually forming the most conspicuous portion of his attire. It is said that to this fact we owe the origin of a word now as well known on land as at sea. During his West Indian command Vernon ordered the spirits for the men, which had previously been served out undiluted, to be mixed with water. This innovation was naturally not much relished, and the concoction received its now familiar name in honour of its founder, who, on account of his partiality to the before mentioned old coat, was known throughout the fleet as "Old Grog."

H. P. ROBERTS.

All dates Old Style.

SUMMER BEVERAGES FOR FAT PEOPLE.

THE old adage which says that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," may be carried a little farther, and made to apply with equal truth to what he imbibes. I think it may be admitted, without fear of contradiction, that the length of the life of an individual depends a great deal more upon what he drinks than upon what he eats. Excesses in both are equally to be deprecated; but, alas for weak human nature! the gustatory nerves are very keen, and it is not every one that can resist the temptation of pandering to their desires and commands. Of course, where drink is used for quenching thirst *only*, it is scarcely possible for any persons to over-imbibe regularly and continuously; but how few there are of these. There are a great many more, unfortunately, who would do well to remember the advice of Socrates, where he says, "Beware of those foods that tempt you to eat when you are not hungry, and of those drinks that tempt you to drink when you are not thirsty." But, unfortunately for themselves, few people do take his advice, or any one else's advice, where eating and drinking are concerned, and therefore as, especially in the warmer months of the year, a large amount of liquid becomes necessary for quenching not only the natural thirst, but also what may be called an artificial thirst, a few hints on the subject may not be out of place. One thing may be admitted at once, and that is that pure water is harmless in any quantity, to fat and lean alike; indeed, pure water is to the kidneys what pure air is to the lungs—it flushes them, and helps to dissolve the refuse in the blood in the shape of excess of salts and other products of waste that have fulfilled their purpose in the operations of life, and therefore should be carried out of the system through this channel. There is no greater adjunct to health and comfort than can be obtained by drinking, an hour before breakfast, a full tumbler of *hot* water, but it should be as hot as it can be drunk; if it is only lukewarm, it is apt to nauseate. This dissolves the salts that coat the stomach after its

rest from food (if there are any), and washes away any unhealthy secretion that may remain in it; and thereby gives it tone and energy to begin its day's work. It also acts beneficially in many ways that it is not needful to mention here.

It is, or should be, an interesting subject to consider how the largest amount of palatable liquid may be taken with the least harm to the consumer, for an adult requires about a hundred fluid ounces a day in summer. About 20 oz. of this is taken in food, as nearly all solid food contains half its weight of water; this leaves about 80 oz. to be drunk as liquid. The ordinary healthy man who is not encumbered with an undue accumulation of fat, will have but little difficulty in choosing a variety of beverages suitable to his taste. If he abstains from alcoholic liquors he can drink soda water, lemonade, tea, coffee, milk, and other harmless beverages. But if he should be unfortunate enough to be handicapped with a tendency to obesity, or gout, or, worse still, be the subject of it, the liquids that he can take, to any extent, without increasing and developing the evil, are few, and, beyond *water itself*, are not generally known to ordinary persons.

In the May number of this magazine I wrote an article on "Living to Eat and Eating to Live," in which I endeavoured to show the evil effects of certain foods in the case of obese and gouty people, and what articles of diet were most suitable for them to prevent an aggravation of the existing evil, and even to remedy it. Man is an animal, and if we look at animal life, we see what can be done in this way, both with solids and liquids. Take the animal, for instance, that furnishes the matutinal rasher—what is done to fatten him? He is fed on milk and farinaceous food, and induced to sleep away his life in blissful ignorance of the inevitable end, and he *does* fatten. On the other hand the horse, if he is brought in fat and lazy from grass, is put into condition by giving him a more concentrated food and plenty of exercise, and he rapidly parts with his fat. I was amused the other day by reading in a "Society" paper an article by a lady, in which she said dieting would not cure obesity. Why will people write about things they do not understand?

I think I may claim to know something about this, and my experience teaches me that this is the *only* way to cure this *diseased condition*, and that in this way it can be done safely, rapidly, permanently, and pleasantly, and this on a full, sufficient, and even luxurious dietary. Banting has passed into well-merited oblivion, but the physiology of dietetics is better understood now than in his day, and 'tis well that 'tis so.

My intention here is to formulate for those really unfortunate individuals I have been referring to, namely, the corpulent, a few palatable beverages suitable for summer use, at the same time constitutionally harmless, and containing no ingredient likely to induce increased obesity.

In the first place, it is needless to say, this fact being pretty widely known now, that these "cups" must be manufactured without the aid of sugar, this article being more fattening than fat itself.

The evils that arise from drinking fluids in the case of fat or gouty persons do not arise from the quantities of the liquid that they drink —they may drink a gallon of water a day without harm—but from the composition of the beverages, sugar and other articles that are injurious to fat people being necessarily largely used in their manufacture.

In catering for such people—not only in the liquid aliments that they require, but as I showed in my former article (in the May number of this magazine), in their dieting as well—saccharin comes in our day as a great boon and a perfect substitute for sugar for sweetening purposes; containing, as it does, no fattening or injurious properties. With its assistance several drinks can be rendered enjoyable that, unsweetened, would be unpleasant to the palate. I look upon its discovery as quite one of the most important productions of recent years, and if its virtues were more generally known, it would be more highly appreciated than it is.

If people who are subject to biliousness or gout, and people who are inclined to be corpulent, were in all cases to substitute this for sugar, it would make a great difference to their health and general comfort, and, being perfectly harmless, nothing but a want of knowledge of its virtues can prevent its use being more general. In its most portable form, as prepared by Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome, & Co., Snow Hill Buildings, London, it can be carried in the waistcoat-pocket in the shape of minute tabloids in sufficient quantities for daily use, and thus be conveniently at hand whenever occasion requires, or where sugar would be necessary.

The exigencies of space preclude my entering here into a long dissertation on the evils of obesity and its tendency to shorten life, and the only safe and pleasant system of obviating it; but those to whom the subject is of vital interest may gain this information by reading a little work that fully discusses this subject, and also contains not only recipes for beverages suitable for them, but also a choice of foods and articles of diet as well; and those who wish to know and understand why and wherefore it is so necessary that certain people should pay particular care as to the foods they eat and the liquids they

imbibe, and to get some idea of their effects on the animal economy, would, I think, be well repaid by a perusal of this volume.[1]

But to proceed with the subject of this article. Taking, in the first place, wine—a beverage that from the time of Noah to the present day has been the theme of the poet and painter, and the virtues of which have been extolled, far beyond its merits, by many a writer who has been shipwrecked on the rock that has been held up to the adoration of mankind—one may say at once that the ordinary healthy individual may drink in moderation almost any kind, or the produce of any climate; and it would fill a book to enumerate the good qualities, and, may be, the reverse, of each particular brand. In fact, this is a matter of taste. Some people like a dry wine, some people like a full-bodied one, some worship—if I may use such a word—the luscious Tokay, "the wine of kings," some the "drop" produce that eventuates in that choice brand known as Château d'Iquem, some prefer the sparkling produce of the Champagne district or the Moselle, some the still, but no less delicious wine that comes from the last-named district or the banks of the Rhine. The wines drunk by our ancestors were mostly the stronger vintages of Portugal and Spain, and if the men of days gone by were *not* stouter than those of the present day, at least they are depicted so in the works of Hogarth and Gillray. Indeed, the paintings of Hogarth almost tell you what kind of alcoholic liquor his prototypes drank. The pale thin denizen of Gin Alley shows plainly the drinker of that beverage; the rubicund fresh complexion of the squire in "Marriage à la Mode," the victim of gout, represents the wine drinker; and the bloated, coarse-featured sot of "Beer Lane," the victim of that beverage. I assume his fondness for, and his habit of drinking largely of malt liquors, is the reason why the "John Bull" of a hundred years ago came to be depicted as a very stout personage, as he is even to this day typified in the pages of *Punch*. The "six-bottle men" of days gone by are not heard of now, and the sweeter and more alcoholic wines of years ago—the old crusted port and delicate nutty sherry—have largely given place to many varieties of lighter wines. Men in our day do not end a dinner party under the table, or go to bed with their hunting boots and spurs on. Most celebrated men, even in this epoch, were abstemious; indeed, a man whose brain is always under the influence of alcohol has little chance of becoming noted, for he seldom lives beyond middle age. Nelson, after one of his victories, when offered by a Hamburg merchant a present of a choice selection of wine, refused to take but

[1] *Foods for the Fat: the Scientific Cure of Obesity.* London: Chatto & Windus.

a few bottles. Few people who remember the Duke of Wellington could fail to have noticed, more or less, his extreme abstemiousness; and Bonaparte—to take a third instance of men remarkable for nerve and activity—usually confined his libations to one or two glasses of Chambertin (a very delicate claret) once, or twice a day. What astonished him most when a captive on board the *Bellerophon* was the amount of wine the officers drank, and he refused to follow their example. I may say here at once, that if people of the class I am now catering for drink wine, and if they wish to do so without harm to themselves (and I can hardly suppose that there are any who do not), they must take only wines that are manufactured in the colder climates where the grape is grown, and of these the best are the light wines from the banks of the Moselle or the Rhine. These wines, unlike the wines of the south of France and Spain, if they are selected with proper care, contain neither sugar nor tannin, while their flavour and bouquet will vie with those that come from warmer climates. These latter are always liqueured to suit the English palate and market. Only recently I have carefully tested and examined a large number of different brands of wine for the use of the class of patients to whose comfort I confine my ministrations—viz. the obese and the gouty, and in the treating such people it is very important to know, not only the solid foods that they can take without increasing the mischief, but also the precise nature and composition of the liquids that they imbibe. As a dietician I may say emphatically, that such people are debarred by considerations of health from drinking ports, sherries, full-bodied burgundies, and sparkling wines of almost every description, as these are all full of sugar, and the waste of sugar when combined with alcohol in the system, is the most powerful factor in charging the blood with gout poison and loading the body with fat.

After testing great numbers of Rhine wines and Moselles, I find the driest to be Zeltinger, Schloss Rheinhausen, Trabener, Sonnenberg, Rottland, and Schazberg.[1] Zeltinger and Schloss Rheinhausen have the most distinctive Moselle bouquet and flavour of still wines.

It is difficult to find a sparkling wine sufficiently dry to admit of its being taken by corpulent persons without injury, and a very dry Moselle (Nonpareil), sparkling Burgundy, and sparkling Hock are about the only ones free enough from sugar as to be possibly and

[1] These wines and others are imported extra dry for me by A. Aldous & Co., 61 Hatton Garden, Holborn, London, E.C. They may be had by any others who desire them, and they are specially suitable for corpulent, gouty, and bilious people.

sparingly admissible in such cases. Parenthetically, I may remark here that if an obese person in the early spring underwent a course of proper dietetic treatment by which his weight was reduced to healthy dimensions, he might during the hot weather indulge in wines that under other circumstances would most certainly bring on a fit of the gout; for the system, once cleared of the poison, it would take a good deal of "indiscretion" to fill it again.

While on the subject of the hygiene of certain wines, it is a curious fact, but one of undoubted interest to the gouty, that Rhine wines, as a result of their freedom from sugar, do not tend to induce the disease. It requires a combination of sugar and spirit, apparently, to produce gouty poison, for those who take large quantities of sugar and abstain from alcoholic beverages enjoy a great immunity from gout (though not from biliousness), whilst those who drink spirits that are free from sugar likewise rarely suffer from this malady. On the contrary, however, others who take liquors that contain the two properties combined, such as port and other sweet wines, are notably subject to gout. Sir Robert Christison, during thirty years' experience in the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh, only met with two cases of gout; and both of these were in fat and over-fed English butlers. Russians, Poles, and Danes, though they drink large quantities of spirits, enjoy almost complete immunity from gout.

Now that the hot weather is here, and tennis and other outdoor exercises which induce excessive thirst are indulged in, it may be asked what beverages can a fat, gouty, or bilious person drink with the least injury to himself. Of course there would be no difficulty in his taking up any cookery book and finding dozens of tempting recipes; but then all these contain sugar in large quantities—for saccharin, a harmless product three hundred times sweeter than sugar, was unknown to our grandfathers—and sugar, as I have said before, will in warm weather fatten rapidly; so that while the victim of superabundant adipose tissue is fondly believing that the exercise is reducing his bulk, he is being egregiously deceived. Many people put on fat—not flesh—rapidly in hot weather, and this is one reason for it. Another is that there is not the demand in hot weather for the combustion of foods that are chemically converted into heat in the system, as the temperature of the atmosphere in the summer approaches that of the human body. So that really a person should not only choose certain foods as more suitable for the hot weather, but should also take less of them; and there are few people who would not benefit by taking one or two bottles of effervescing potash water daily to correct the undue acidity usually prevalent during this season.

We will assume that the reader is not one of those who takes the advice of Socrates (previously given), and is, therefore, fond of those beverages containing wine. In this case he cannot do better than make a "cup" according to one of the following recipes.

As saccharin as a substitute for sugar will now be given in all beverages, the reader will please remember that as tastes differ so much in regard to sweetness, it is best not to overdo this process. It is an easy matter to add a little, but too much cannot be withdrawn. Generally speaking, one saccharin tabloid—this is about the size of a split-pea of the shops—is sufficient to sweeten a large cup of tea or coffee, or a tumbler of lemon-water : if this is remembered there will be no difficulty in regulating the amount necessary in any given cup. Each of Burroughs, Wellcome, & Co.'s tabloids contains half a grain of pure saccharin, and one of these has the sweetening properties of half an ounce of sugar. They should in all cases be dissolved in boiling water, and this then put aside to cool before use. A more wholesome and pleasant drinking beverage for tennis than the following one cannot be made. There are no fattening or bile-making properties in it.

Take four saccharine tabloids, and dissolve them in about a wineglassful of boiling water. Let these become cold. Then mix in a punch-bowl one bottle of Zeltinger and one bottle of soda water. Slice in the whole of a lemon, a grating of nutmeg, and a sprig of borage. When the saccharin water has become sufficiently cool add it, and throw in half a pound of ice broken into small pieces.

Where a large quantity is required, increase these ingredients in the same proportion.

A more sparkling "cup" may be made in this way, and though, of course, it is not entirely free from sugar, it is as harmless as it is possible to have any "cup" that contains a sparkling wine.

Dissolve eight or ten saccharin tabloids in a wineglassful of boiling water. Take a bottle of sparkling Burgundy, a bottle of Schloss Rheinhausen, a slice of cucumber, two bottles of soda water, and mix. When cold, add the dissolved saccharin, and break in two or three pounds of lake-ice.

Refrigerators are now to be found in most well-appointed houses, but where they are not, one should be procured, and I can safely say that the small expense incurred would be amply repaid by the luxury in the hot weather of being able to have nice and cool beverages. There are so many in the market that it is hardly possible to recommend any particular kind, but most respectable ironmongers would know how to get one suitable for keeping cool

M 2

claret and other "cups." In these days, too, ice can be procured almost anywhere, and if wrapped up in flannel can be kept for many hours, or even days.

Perhaps it would be in place to mention here that the proper way to break ice into lumps is to take a sharp instrument—say a darning needle—and a small mallet. By using the needle as a chisel the ice can be broken into suitable pieces with perfect ease.

To keep a liquid cold, the vessel it is in should be wrapped round with a wet cloth. The evaporation of this brings the contents of the vessel almost to freezing point. The cloth should be kept wet by adding water to it as it dries.

A very nice "cup" suitable for tennis parties may be made in the following manner.

Take two bottles of Schloss Rheinhausen, one bottle of dry sparkling Moselle, two lemons cut into slices, four bottles of soda water, and two pounds of ice. Sweeten with ten or twelve saccharin tabloids, previously dissolved in a little boiling water and allowed to get cold.

It should be remembered that these beverages are quite as pleasant to the taste as those brewed where large quantities of sugar are used, and far more healthy to those people who prefer drinks containing wine. In fact, made with *saccharin* instead of sugar, even ordinary people would find them less bilious and equally palatable. There are very few people indeed who in the summer do not take more sugar in some form or other than is good for them, and congested liver, gout, headache, indigestion, and furred tongue are the penalties they pay for it.

If anyone doubts this, let him drink a bottle of bad champagne, or sweet sherry, and await results. Cheap wines are poison !

An extremely refreshing drink may be made by taking two bottles of Trabener, half a gill of brandy, the strained juice of two lemons, a sprig of borage and of mint ; these should be allowed to stand for an hour, then strained. Having previously dissolved six saccharin tabloids in some boiling water, and allowed it to become cold, mix and add two pounds of ice and four bottles of soda water. Wrap the bowl this is contained in around with a wet cloth, as previously mentioned. The evaporation of the water in the cloth will keep the "cup" cool, and the ice from dissolving too rapidly.

The wines of the Moselle have the peculiar flavour of the Muscat grape, and even sparkling Moselle may be procured of a very dry

character. This is a *sine quâ non* where the wine is to be drunk by those who require a wine as free from sugar as it is possible to have a sparkling wine, for it must be remembered that a supplementary quantity of liqueur is added to sparkling wines to prevent their turning sour. This varies from one to three per cent.

To make a beverage flavoured with sparkling Moselle, take two bottles of Zeltinger, one bottle of dry sparkling Moselle ("Nonpareil"), two bottles of iced soda water, and the juice of one lemon. Having previously dissolved four saccharin tabloids in a wineglassful of boiling water, and allowed it to get cold, mix all together in a bowl, and serve as cold as possible.

A pleasant fruit-flavoured beverage may be made as follows :—

Macerate half a pound of fresh greengages, peaches, or apricots, in a pint of gin ; strain by pressing through muslin. To this add two bottles of Schloss Rheinhausen and two bottles of soda water, six saccharin tabloids, previously dissolved in a gill of boiling water, and four pounds of ice. This will make a pleasant beverage, and should be sufficient for eight or ten persons.

Another pleasant drink is a bottle of Liebfraumilch or Marcobrunner, a bottle of soda water, and a slice of cucumber. Having previously dissolved two saccharin tabloids in boiling water, mix this with the above. Ice up and serve cooled, as previously instructed.

The best way to utilise a bottle of Schazberg is the following :—

Dissolve in some boiling water four saccharin tabloids, and slice into it a lemon. When sufficiently cool, add the wine and a bottle of soda water. Shave in half a pound of ice, and serve.

It may seem a far cry from luscious beverages, manipulated with choice Rhine wines, to cold tea, lemonade, iced soda water, and other more simple drinks affected by those who look upon alcohol in any form as a subtle poison. But as there are large numbers of persons who are determined enough in the interest of health to eschew intoxicants of all kinds, it is only fair that their idiosyncrasies should be considered, and a few beverages constructed on these lines offered for their acceptance.

The ordinary teetotal beverages are all sweetened with sugar, and are therefore unsuitable for fat people. What I ask these descendants of Sir John Falstaff to understand is that in these days they need not be debarred from sweet beverages, though they are from sugar.[1]

[1] The efficacy of sugar in promoting fatness is displayed by the change that occurs in the condition of the negro during the sugar-making season in the

To begin with, there is not a more refreshing drink than tea, but the fat man should sweeten his tea on all occasions with a tabloid of saccharin instead of sugar, if he does not want to increase the burden that he has to carry about with him.

Where tea is drunk in large quantities, it is as well to know that the most wholesome kind is that known as Ceylon, for this tea is more free from tannin, and indeed is superior in flavour to the teas of China or India. It is a difficult thing to get *pure* Ceylon tea, for it is usually blended with other kinds; indeed many of the brands of Ceylon tea are supposed to come from estates in Ceylon, but, as a rule, these estates do not exist. Those who are determined to have it can get it absolutely pure from the Agra Tea Association, whose head-quarters are at Yeovil. The tea comes direct from the estates of Mr. H. R. Farquharson, M.P. Personally, I prefer this tea to any I have ever tasted, and it is as cheap in price as it is luscious in flavour—a great desideratum; and I very much question whether anyone who has once tasted *pure* Ceylon tea, would ever care to drink any other.[1]

With regard to coffee the same rules must be observed by stout people, that is, that it should be sweetened with saccharin and flavoured with *cream*—not milk.

Some people find cold tea flavoured with lemon juice a most refreshing beverage, and this may be sweetened with saccharin and iced in the same way as an ordinary "claret cup." Indeed, in Russia tea is usually drunk prepared in this way.

Every house should possess a gazogene apparatus, as with one of these machines an unlimited supply of aerated waters may always be

---

West Indies. The ordinary food of these people, I was informed by a plantation proprietor belonging to Barbadoes, consists of Indian corn meal, rice, butter, and salt, with, during a portion of the year, the sweet potato, which is grown as a succession crop to the sugar cane. I learnt from the same source, in confirmation of what has been mentioned by others, that during the season for gathering the sugar cane, which extends through March, April, and May, the negroes are noticed to grow conspicuously stouter, and that this change is attributed, and doubtlessly correctly so, to their habit of constantly chewing pieces of the succulent cane whilst they are working among it.—*Food and Dietetics*, by Dr. Pavy.

[1] The harmful effects of tea depend a great deal on the way it is made. If it is allowed to infuse too long, the tannin and other injurious ingredients of even the best tea are drawn out, and the infusion becomes bitter and astringent and unpleasant to the taste. To make tea properly the teapot should be warmed and the water poured over the tea immediately it boils. Five teaspoonfuls of Ceylon tea should be put to each quart of boiling water, and it should draw for eight minutes. Professional tea-tasters are very particular to use only water that is freshly boiled.—*Foods for the Fat*, p. 47.

kept ready for use, and the soda water made by their aid is inexpensive, and as good or nearly as good as that bought in the shops at six times the price.

For using with soda water, a cooling and pleasant-flavoured portable sweetening may be made in this way. Take twenty saccharin tabloids and dissolve them in a pint of boiling water, add to this one ounce of citric acid and two drachms of tincture of lemon peel. When cool bottle, and it is fit for use. One or two tablespoonfuls added to a tumbler of soda water will pleasantly flavour it. This "syrup" will keep a week or more.

The essence of lemon sold by chemists may be utilised in this way for making the basis of lemonade.

Take of citric acid three and a half drachms, essence of lemon ten drops, four saccharin tabloids, and half a pint of boiling water. Shake. One or two tablespoonfuls of this added to a tumbler of soda water or iced soda water will make a lemonade.

Another easy way of making lemonade for drinking in hot weather is to slice two lemons into a pint of boiling water, throw in six saccharin tabloids and a grating of nutmeg. When quite cold add a sprig of borage, two bottles of soda water, and half a pound of shaven ice, when it is ready for use.

The further fabrication of summer drinks on these lines may be left to the ingenuity of individuals, and I am only surprised that some enterprising chemist has not ere this manufactured different compounds for the purpose.

Prejudices die hard, and the prejudice in favour of sugar has been handed down to us for many generations, regardless of the fact that to many people it is a slow poison.

To those with an hereditary tendency to obesity it is certainly so, and the sooner such people learn this fact the better for their comfort, yes, and even their chances of long life.

Science has done much in recent years, by the light it has thrown on some of the laws of nature, to increase the length of life of those who profit by its teachings, and if a knowledge of dietetics formed a part of a "liberal education," there is no reason why the "three score years and ten" of the Psalmist should not be considerably increased, while at the same time these increased years might be not years of "toil and sorrow," but of robust and generous health.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

LIFE IN AN ALGERIAN HILL-TOWN.

WE see plenty of Arabs and a little of Arabian life in the towns clustering along the Algerian coast. But, to behold this people as they were yesterday, are to-day, and will be to-morrow, we must push up country to the extremest French colonial settlements. One cannot help comparing these new places with similar towns in Queensland. We have only to change the Arabs for Australian aborigines, and it would not be difficult for a traveller to imagine himself in Australia. The European homes are similar, usually one-storeyed, roughly-built huts, with a few more pretentious buildings stuck in between. The climate is much the same; the abundance of flowers very similar.

My head-quarters were at the town of Souk-Ahras, having a population of about six thousand, of which five thousand were pure Arabs. The odd thousand comprises five hundred Frenchmen, and a mixture of about five hundred Jews, Maltese, Italians, and Spaniards. Just as in Australia, so here, every shanty where drink is sold is called an "hotel." The French colonists appear to live by keeping hotels, cafés, restaurants, cigar-shops, &c.; a few are in "business," such as it is. But there is practically no opening-out of new country, and little clearing-off of primeval forests (except on the northern side of the hills) such as we see going on in all our English colonies. The Arabian Europeans open their shops about seven, but they close from half-past ten to half-past two or three for *déjeuner* and a siesta. Then they run on till seven in the evening—if they have any customers. If you want to buy anything—cigars, drapery, grocery, &c. —and the owner of the shop is not in, you have only to send the boy off to the nearest café, and keep shop until he returns, and probably the owner will come back with him, and perhaps serve you if he has what you want.

But it is not the ways of Europeans which interest us in a place like this. It is the life and habits and associations of the stately

figures which are moving through the streets as dignified as if they were ancient Roman senators—or who are lying, packed like sardines in a tin, on the causeways, nearly all of them fast asleep. Their long grey woollen burnouses are furnished with a hood, like a monk's cowl, which is pulled over the head during the greatest heat of the day. The head is closely cropped or shaven, and covered with the many folds of the turban, which latter is wound round again and again with a brown-coloured woollen cord. The turban, therefore, makes a capital pillow, and the Arab finds a cheap and tolerably clean bed on every doorstep. Except when bathing—which I can readily believe, from the strong smell of humanity among them, the town Arabs seldom indulge in—they never seem to take off these woollen garments. They live in them, sleep in them—sometimes actually work in them. The garments get older and older, like our old-fashioned buckskin breeches; but age does not seem to wither them very much. When these garments begin to go, they go with a run. Here are a few ancient Arabs walking about (many of them live to the age of a hundred years—there is no reason why they should not live for ever if it is true that it is work and anxiety which knock a man up) who resemble so many rag-merchants. I am very fond of antiquities, and should much like to know the exact age of some of these venerable garments. I feel sure they date beyond the time of the present generation. We are told that the Children of Israel wandered forty years in the Wilderness, and yet their clothes waxed not old. I can readily believe the narrative now; but it is a bad job for the tailoring business. I have only seen one Arab tailor's shop since I came here, and he was evidently making some new clothes for the young Arab "mashers."

But, if the tailor's art is not very busy, the cord-maker's evidently is. Some of the ragged old burnouses have been stitched and patched over and over again, until they are like the old knife the sailor set such store by, which had had six new blades and five new handles, and yet was as good as ever. Here and there, stalking majestically about, we come across fine specimens of manhood clad in clean and tidy robes. The young Arabs of about twenty-three or -four are most of them fine fellows; but they are not so picturesque as the ragged-clad, grey-bearded, and blear-eyed old men. Here they are in hundreds—artists' models, every one of them—sitting, squatting, standing, walking; but chiefly squatting, and none of them working!

Some of the younger Arabs are splendid physical specimens of humanity. They average about five feet nine to ten—some are six

feet in height. Their eyes are large, lustrous, and pleasant to look at; their fine limbs bronzed as if they had been cast in a selected metal.

The Arab boys are everywhere, but generally where they are not wanted, as boys are all the world over. The chief industry among them seems to be boot-blacking, and I roughly calculated there were six boys to every pair of European boots. They swoop down on you like mosquitoes when you come out of your "hotel," in which latter place your boots are not cleaned. Then you proceed to some shady corner and hold a *levée*. I am not acquainted with much Arabic, but I am fairly up in my native Lancashire dialect. I have found the latter very useful in Germany, Italy, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and elsewhere—among beggars and scamps. So it is here. I gravely address the Arab boys in my Lancashire dialect, and dumbfound them, just as I have Germans, Swiss, Niggers, and Frenchmen. It is a new language to them all—never heard since the fall of Babel. There is an archaic sound about some of its expressions which may be French, Dutch, German, Arabic, or Malayan. It is a noble dialect, fully capable of expressing a stronger feeling than you actually feel. A man who can blaspheme in the true Lancashire dialect cannot be beaten even in the Western States of America.

I could not have selected a better season for seeing the Arabs in their natural work-a-day state than I did, even if I had tried. It was the Fast of Ramadan or Ramazan. The Arabs don't work much, and therefore have to fast much. The Fast of Ramazan, among the Mahometans, is in commemoration of their divine book, the Koran, having been communicated to the Great Prophet from Heaven.

One thing must be said of these ragged, poor, idle, untaught Arabs. They "know in whom they have believed"—or, rather, they think they do. There is nothing in any religion more to be respected than sincerity. Without that, the highest and most authorised form of religion is a form only. The one thing needful is to "worship Him in spirit and in truth."

I watch and move among my fasting Arabs in this isolated hill-town. One of my boot-blacks, whom I was initiating into the mysteries of the Lancashire dialect, told me on the quiet that he had not tasted food for nearly twenty-four hours. He looked hungry enough to eat a red-hot poker. He was at the "hungry period of his life," fifteen or sixteen. I tempted him with a piece of French bread; that is like tempting a gin-drinker with a go of gin. But he

quietly smiled, buttoned up his ragged coat across the stomach where the aching pain lay, and kept his " Ramazan."

Even Mahometan Arabs are only men, and the old Latin proverb tells us that the chief tendency of mankind is to go wrong. One day, in the town of Souk-Ahras, an Arab went wrong. The Arabs, being Mahometans, are all total abstainers. I confess that their being such does not recommend the practice—that is, if we are to associate total abstinence from alcoholic liquors with their peculiar ways of life. I dare say this particular Arab broke his pledge. That was bad enough—but to break it during the Fast of Ramazan was worse. He may have taken very little, perhaps not sufficient to have made a cabman happy ; but it got into the only sort of head he possessed. He reeled, he was drunk—during Ramazan ! Old and young men, boys of every age and calling, immediately gathered round him, and would have lynched him. At least three hundred people howled and hooted after him through the stinking streets. I formed a better idea of the Arabic language for cursing a man, on that occasion, than I had done before. Billingsgate is nothing to it !

A native Arab policeman came up with a whip as long and strong as an Australian stockman's. He not only cracked it as loudly, but kept a ring within the crowd as large as that of a circus. Within this charmed and protected circle the Mahometan sinner retreated unassailed.

The requisites for the proper observance of the Mahometan fast of Ramazan are, first, that the observer must be a genuine Mussulman. He must have passed the period of boyhood (fourteen years), and be of "sound mind." The latter ought to be a matter of universal requirement in all people who profess to worship in sincerity. This fast requires that observers shall abstain from all kinds of food from daybreak to sunset.

Of course, in a large Arab town like Souk-Ahras (the name in Arabic means the "chief market"), even among the Arabs, there are rich and poor, speculative people, and people who are hard-up. There are Mahometan " mashers," with flowers stuck in their turbans, and carrying cigarettes behind their ears, as if the latter were quill pens, and poor beggars who are as badly off as the Prodigal Son—quite as ragged and quite as lazy.

The weather here just now is what an Englishman would call " beastly hot." In India such Englishmen would probably pass the time of extreme heat in playing "fly-loo." The Arabs do better—they go to sleep. I cannot conceive a more sensible thing for a man to do on a hot day, when not allowed to eat or drink (except to

drink water), than to snooze the happy and unnoticed hours away until sunset. It is related that an English miser used to go to bed early and rejoice because he had cheated his stomach of a meal! The Arabs do this without rejoicing, during the forty days of the Ramazan fast.

But, as Sam Slick says, there is a good deal of human nature in man. I wandered round the town, and in the Arab quarter, where the better-off fasters were fasting just about sundown. There might be a delicate question as to the exact half-second of astronomical time when sundown takes place. This has been settled by the Arabs of the town subscribing five francs a day for the French battery to fire a gun when the actual moment of sundown occurs. It was a few minutes before that interesting period when I rambled among the chief fasters.

Here they are, hands and feet washed (perhaps the only part of the body that has been washed for some days), squatting on door-steps, tables, forms. Every man has a cigarette in one hand and a match in the other. He has had to include abstinence from tobacco in his legitimate fast, although tobacco has come into use since Mahomet's time. Close by him is a cup of Mocha coffee. How tantalising its odorous vapour must be to a man who has been dreaming of coffee and cigarettes all day! It is like a drill practice. The Arabs down one side the market place and along the three others are all in the same attitude —cigarettes in one hand and matches in the other, and Mocha coffee close by. Then the gun fires, the matches are lit, the cigarettes inhaled, the coffee sipped, the *cous-cous* ordered, and every Mahometan thanks Allah. That short period of refreshment over, cigarettes and coffee, after gun-fire is the most silent of an Arab's life during the Ramazan fast.

From sundown to sunrise there is ample time for an empty stomach to be filled, especially if its owner carries a full purse. Perhaps that stomach gets over-filled, so that the fasting of next day comes in, not as a penal infliction, but as a stomachic rest. It is possible that indigestion may render fasting useful rather than otherwise.

Arabs, young and old, clean and dirty (but chiefly dirty), whole and ragged—the latter preponderating—stalk about in noiseless fashion. You cannot help being struck with their dignified gait. I was very much impressed with it, until one day the Jehu who was driving us with a pair of galloping horses suddenly turned the corner of a street. We came upon a dozen stately Arabs, who scattered themselves like a flock of sparrows, leaving their dignity behind them as they gathered up their ragged petticoats and fled.

The younger men seem of a very affectionate temperament. They walk about in pairs, with joined hands or their arms round each other's shoulders, just as I have seen affectionate lads do at school. The men are fond of their children, and you see bronzed Arabs of forty or fifty carrying their babies about and petting them. Boys of ten and twelve are the handsomest human creatures I ever saw, and contrast with the younger girls, who seem very plain-featured indeed. I have only seen two young Arab women, and, of course, they were swathed from head to foot in garments whose cut and pattern I have never yet observed in fashion-books. I judged they were young because their faces were covered up, except the eyes. There are plenty of old Arab women about, but they are chiefly Jewesses, and Mahometan women who have grown so old and withered that to keep their faces covered is utterly unnecessary. St. Anthony is said to have been tempted by the Devil in the shape of a woman. I feel certain that he did not present himself in the likeness of an old Arab woman!

Many of the oldest men are completely blind, for ophthalmia is very common. They are striking figures, these blind old men, with dark bronzed faces, sightless eyes, white moustachios and beard. They are led about by their sons or friends, and gaze upwards at the hot sun they cannot see, but whose blazing heat plainly tells them it is in the sky. One or two are mutely begging; they are evidently too poor to have many friends.

The Arab cafés are all closed during the day, and give that part of the town where they are most abundant quite a Sundayish appearance. The causeways in front of them are crowded with squatting and sleeping Arabs, whether the place be sunshiny or shady. When sundown sets in the cafés will open, their Arab customers will waken, coffee be brewed, confusion of tongues begin, gambling will go on—and the easily fed and amused crowd will be happy for five hours at a stretch.

There is one building of note in the Arab town of Souk-Ahras—the town hall. Its architecture is of the French *hôtel de ville* style, and it is said to have cost 20,000*l.*; all of which was paid by the Arabs as a tax or *octroi* duty on the butter, dates, vegetables, &c., they bring into the town. In return for this tribute, the Arabs are allowed to have a mosque, from whose minaret we hear daily calls to prayer.

Outside the town, in a broken-down, wooden-paled enclosure, is a sight to delight the eyes of an antiquary, and one that would make half the directors of museums in France covetous. It looks

like a grave-yard, or rather like the back-yard of a monumental sculptor. It is crowded with ancient Roman and Carthaginian altars and statues (most of the latter sculptured in white marble, life-size, and with many pretensions to artistic beauty). Many of the monuments are engraved with Punic inscriptions—the relics of the great ultra-Mediterranean rival of Rome. All have been brought from the immediate neighbourhood of this hill-town, and there are many still left. Grass and abundant weeds grow in and about this rude "museum," which is utterly uncared for, although its contents are archæologically priceless. The ancient marble statues are greened over with moss and lichen; and the engraved altars and stones are falling a prey to atmospheric action. No man seems to own them or care for them; and I was told that half the members of what we in England would call the "town council" of the French colonists of this important town could neither read nor write.

J. E. TAYLOR.

FLOWERS AND THE POETS.

IN the following pages an attempt is made to throw a little light upon some references to flowers in the writings of the poets. In spite of the untiring vigilance which commentators have brought to bear upon the subject, there still remains in this department, as in others, much that is obscure if not incomprehensible. The remark applies to our earlier poets especially, and the fact is scarcely to be wondered at when we remember how many of the popular names for flowers have disappeared before the advance of civilisation, and how, even of those still in vogue, many enjoy but a precarious existence in remoter parts of the country still untouched by modernism. Another fruitful source of confusion is the multiplicity of names given to the same flower, and, conversely, the large number of flowers known by the same name. The application of these names is obvious enough in some cases: thus it is matter for surprise that the term "yellow weed" should be given to but three plants; so, too, the quaint expression "son before the father"—in allusion to flowers appearing before leaves, or younger flowers overtopping older ones—we find used only five times. It is more remarkable to notice that the word "water-lily" in a rustic mouth may denote one of four flowers, and "cowslip" one of no less than nine; and it is not clear why there should be six kinds of "soldiers," seven of "snake-flower," six of "bear's-foot," and so on. But the converse is still more striking. Thus it will probably be a revelation to most people that, as any reader of the "Dictionary of English Plant Names" can assure himself, the poor little stonecrop has to bear the burden of thirty-three aliases, while there are no less than fifty-five for the blackberry; these numbers are surpassed by the wild rose and the foxglove, both of which have sixty-one synonyms, by the hawthorn with seventy-two, and the early spring orchis (*Orchis mascula*) with eighty. Moreover, there are as many as twenty wild flowers to which the word "star" is applied in some way or another; in respect of "stars," therefore, the music-hall is a bad second to the floral world. That this tends to throw difficulties in the commentator's way goes without saying: Corydon may bind

the sheaves with Thestylis, but all the time that slow though firmly-gripping brain is weaving bonds of another and no less effectual kind.

Firstly, then, to attempt the solution of a mystery handed down from Elizabethan times. In Spenser's sixty-fourth sonnet he praises among his lady's charms

> Her snowy brows like budded *belamoures.*

Editor after editor has allowed this word to pass without the faintest effort to get at the poet's meaning; in this respect comparing unfavourably with the worthy hedge-schoolmistress, who at any rate did succeed in making out part of the name by which the graminivorous king of Babylon is known to history, and although she had at length to admit a limit to her capacity, and the pupil was told to "say 'Nezzar,' and let un go," this did not happen until heroic attacks had been delivered upon the awkward array of consonants. But is there so much difficulty in understanding what our word means? One thing may be taken for granted, namely, that the belamoure has a white flower; we also know that Spenser, with his ready and rich fancy, was always coining names for his characters expressive of the peculiar trait or traits of each—Fidessa, Duessa, Sansfoy, Sansloy, and many others will at once occur to readers of his great romance. And now for a possible solution of the problem. He is writing the sonnet, and pauses in search of a rhyme; *he is thinking of the snowdrop*, and being familiar with their language from long residence among country people, the rustic name for snowdrops, "Fair Maids," is at once suggested; he has already—in the "Fairy Queen"—used the word "belamoure" with the meaning of a "fair maid"; here is just the rhyme he wants, and in a trice he has forged fetters which have held the commentators of three centuries in hopeless durance. And should it be objected that, although the word may have been come at in the way indicated, there is yet nothing to show why some other flower with an analogous name may not have been meant, then the objector might fairly be asked to give an instance. Having ransacked the "Dictionary of English Plant Names" without finding any good alternative, we do not think much of our friend's chance of success in his quest.

Lear in his madness is presented to us

> Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
> With *hardocks*, hemlock, nettle, cuckoo-flowers, &c.

So the third and fourth folios, and, with the slight variant *hardokes*, their two predecessors; the quartos give *hor-docks*; Staunton, Dyce, and other editors alter *hardocks* to *burdocks.* Farmer suggested

harlocks, quoting a verse from Drayton where mention is made of this flower, which has, however, remained unidentified to the present day; while others, more difficult to please, prefer *charlock*. For ourselves, we are strongly of Dr. Prior's opinion, that the reading of the folios should be left at peace, and that *hardock* is merely a local corruption of *burdock*; indeed in *eddick*, still used by Cheshire folk, we have what is plainly a half-way word.

And can anything but the burdock be meant by the *hediocke* of Lyly's curious play "A Woman in the Moon"? He makes Pandora, after befooling all her admirers, say to one of them who has shown even more folly, if that were possible, than the rest—

> Thy head is full of *hediockes*, Iphicles,
> I pray you shake them off.

Fairholt's note to this is "Hediockes :—i.e. Hedgehogs" (!)—darkness visible here and no mistake. A writer in *Notes and Queries* some years ago proposed to read *headache*, a country name for poppy flowers, and this reading one might perhaps say something in favour of if only its application could be discovered. It must frankly be admitted, however, that if the burdock be meant, or rather the adhesive fruits or burs of that plant, the application of the word is difficult.

What we are in search of is some such expression as "to have the head full of burs," meaning, when used of someone, that you doubt his possession of a claim to rank with Solomon and other ensamples of wisdom. Is there such a phrase? If so, the liability of a heedless person to get himself covered with burs while mooching along the wayside would naturally give rise to it. Then there is the other word "bur," with the sense of a whirling—Keats's "bur of smothering fancies" at once comes to mind—and if there really be such an expression as the one we allude to the reference may originally have been to this other word, and afterwards, by a confusion of terms, the bur of the burdock would usurp the place of its homonym. And if this be not the explanation of Lyly's phrase—and the similarity of "eddick" to "hediocke" should not be lost sight of—one cannot refrain from doubting whether this ancient crux will ever be unriddled.

Considering now the series of terms, hardock, eddick (and perhaps hediocke too), hordock, burdock, we are met by the fact of the main difference between them being that the changes are rung upon the vowel in the first syllable of each; hence the difficulty felt by some in admitting the identity of the hardock and burdock will perhaps vanish.

We do not much like Tennyson's description of the laburnum as "dropping wells of *fire*": this we cannot help thinking untrue to nature, and as such unworthy of so accurate an observer. Popular nomenclature, usually fairly correct in respect of easily noticed facts, may be taken to illustrate our objection. The laburnum is called by rustics *Golden*-Chain—just as the acacia-tree is the *Silver*-Chain—also *Golden*-Drops and *Golden*-Shower. On the other hand, in the passage from the "May Queen,"

> And the wild marsh-marigold *shines like fire* in swamps and hollows gray,

the intense vividness of the deep yellow flowers as seen embossed upon their background of dark green leaf is happily hit off; and the popular names *Fire* o' Gold, and the Scottish Will-*Fire* (Wildfire) show that our peasantry have "found and made a note of" this peculiarity.

Spenser's astrophel (or astrofell) we agree with Nares and others, including the authors of the "Dictionary of English Plant Names," in thinking to be the starwort (*Aster Tripolium*), the only English representative of the familiar true asters of our gardens. A passage in a poem eulogistic of Sidney, by a contemporary of Spenser, wherein the astrophel is mentioned, is supposed by the authors of the "Dictionary" to point to the speedwell, one of the many "star" flowers. This is, however, an obvious mistake, for the writer describes it as a

> . . . . floure that is both red and blew;
> It first grows red and then to blew doth fade,
>
> . . . .
>
> And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
> As fairly form'd as any star in skyes:
>
> . . . .
>
> That hearbe of some *starlight* is called by name—

which is incorrect in every particular if the speedwell be meant, but would apply very fairly to the starwort. But we ought not to despair of finding the word "starlight" still in use to denote a flower, and thus of settling this vexed question, unless, indeed, it is all moonshine.

The musk rose of the poets can hardly be the *Rosa moschata*. Keats was very fond of this flower, calling it "the sweetest flower *wild* nature yields," and in one of the sonnets he says it far exceeds the garden rose. We meet with it again in the "Ode to a Nightingale," as—

> The coming *musk-rose* full of dewy wine,
> The murm'rous haunt of flies on summer eves—

and he tells us how Cynthia

> . . . . lay
> Sweet as a *musk-rose* upon new-made hay.

It is also among the flowers called for by Milton "to strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies." In these, and other cases, it is most likely that the dog-rose is meant.

The cassia of "Comus,"

> Nard and *cassia's* balmy smells,

is understood to be the lavender: the passages in Virgil's "Georgics" and "Bucolics" where mention is made of this word bear out the identification, which is one of long standing, dating from before old Gerarde's time in fact. On the other hand, Keats's cassia is, without doubt, the so-called acacia-tree (*Robinia Pseudacacia*), for he mentions

> the drooping flowers
> Of *whitest cassia* fresh from summer showers.

The word seems to have been derived from "acacia" in the same way as "anemone" has become "an emony"—namely, by mistake of the first syllable for the indefinite article. The cassia alluded to by the Laureate in his sonnet "Love and Death"—

> When turning round a *cassia* full in view
> Death . . . .
> . . . . first met his sight—

is apparently the acacia-tree too; it would scarcely be one of the many kinds of true cassia known to the botanist.

It is to be understood that the long purples woven into her coronal by Ophelia are certainly the trusses of *Orchis mascula.* There was always some little doubt about the identification until the term "dead-men's fingers" was discovered as a local designation of this flower. Doubts have also been expressed whether by the "*long purples* of the dale" of Tennyson's fine "Dirge" this flower be intended; but we see no reason why *Orchis mascula* might not be found upon a grassy grave. It certainly cannot be the Northamptonshire long purples, which, as Clare's use of the word shows, is the purple loosestrife—a stream-side plant. The only alternative we can suggest is the musk mallow, formerly much used to decorate graves; though it must be admitted that the phrase "*long* purples" would not be felicitous in this connection.

Ought we to say "tube-rose" or "tuberose"? Some lexicographers allow of a choice, but we hope Dr. Murray will be less compliant. The plant undoubtedly reached this country *viâ* France,

where it is known as the *tubéreuse*, the Spanish and Italian equivalent being *tuberosa*; and this name we may conclude was acquired from the tuberous rootstock, and not from any fancied resemblance to the rose—of real resemblance there is none whatever. It may be worth while mentioning here the controversy in the press a few years back between a minor poet, the author of some pretty verses about the tuberose, a name which he treated as a trisyllable, and a critic who arraigned him upon the serious charge of perpetrating a false quantity. The critic, to clinch the matter, quoted the couplet from Shelley's "Sensitive Plant"—

> And the jessamine faint and the sweet *tuberose*,
> The sweetest flower for scent that blows.

But, even admitting Shelley's right to sit as judge of appeal in such a cause, a cursory examination of the structure of the poem in question will show that any of the four feet composing the verse may be a trisyllable, and that in some few cases each is an anapæst, for example—

> And when evening descended from heaven above,
> And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love.

The critic's quotation is thus indecisive of the matter. But Shelley's verdict is given, and in unmistakable terms, in the "Woodman and the Nightingale"—

> Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
> Struggling with darkness—as a *tuberose*
> Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie
> Like clouds above the flower from which they rose.

In fact, the history of this word simply typifies the popular practice of using the second of the two names for a plant—that is, the name of the *species*—without the first term, denoting the *genus*; for instance, people call the scarlet Japanese quince "japonica," dropping the first name (*Cydonia*), which denotes that it *is* a quince, and not one of the many score plants with an equal claim to the title japonica; in like fashion *Polianthes tuberosa* becomes "tuberose"; and the statement admits of manifold other instances.

There can be no doubt as to what Poe had in his mind's eye when alluding—in "Al-Aaraaf"—to "the gemmy flower of Trebizond misnamed," for the footnote reference to the intoxicating qualities of the honey made therefrom is proof conclusive to the botanist. This honey has been known for many centuries: all—and who indeed has not?—who, with Xenophon for their guide, have taken that memorable journey with the ten thousand, will remember how, when nearing

Trebizond and home, the soldiers finding many beehives in the valley proceeded to annex the honey, with the result that they became intoxicated; we are also told how the greater part of the army suffered, the ground about the camp being strewn with bodies, as if a battle had been fought there. The example, we suspect, must have been contagious, just as in the Indian legend the introduction of wine is ascribed to Jamshid's wife, who thought to poison herself with the juice of the grape, but the magical effects induced others to attempt suicide in the same way. Aristotle informs us that the honey deprived those of their senses who ate of it, and cured those who were already mad—a proof this of a lurking belief in homœopathy on the part of the Stagyrite. Dioscorides speaks of two plants as yielding intoxicating honey; one, from which a more limpid kind was obtained, he calls Ægolethron; and he refers to the second as Rhododendros—*i.e.* the oleander. But the old French traveller Tournefort acquitted the oleander of the charge, and showed that two closely related plants are responsible for the mischief. These are a rhododendron (*R. ponticum*), now commonly cultivated in gardens, and the yellow azalea (*A. pontica*), the species which produces those delicate trusses so common in flower-shops during springtime. Tournefort called both these plants *Chamærhododendros—i.e.* false oleander—in allusion to the mistake of Dioscorides, a mistake which obviously led Poe to speak of his flower as "misnamed."

Who knows the eglamor? Readers of Browning will remember his description of the flower with which, we are told, was linked the name of Sordello's beaten competitor—

> A plant they have yielding a three-leaved bell
> Which whitens at the heart ere noon, and ails
> Till evening; evening gives it to her gales
> To clear away with such forgotten things
> As are an eyesore to the morn: this brings
> Him to their mind, and bears his very name.

To all requests for information about this plant we have been compelled to return a *non possumus*; neither has it yet been our good fortune to meet someone better posted up than ourselves. What is certain is that among the several thousand Italian plant-names in the Contessa di San Giorgio's "Catalogo Polyglotto" there is none at all like "eglamor." But when one recalls how they did *not* bring the good news from Ghent to Aix, can the charge of unjustified scepticism be laid to one's door if the suggestion be mooted that the flower is no less mythical than is the gallop of Dirk and his friends?

And has Milton in "Comus" served us in the same way, with that stumbling-block of the commentators, hæmony? By the general voice the question is answered in the affirmative. Thus Professor Masson: "Milton invents this name for the prickly, darkish-leaved plant of his fancy"; and again, "It has been suggested that the reference is to Hæmonia, as the old name for Thessaly, an especial land of magic among the Greeks." Looking at the description with a botanist's eye one cannot but suspect this idea to be correct. The plant is so common, we are told, that "the dull swain treads on it daily with his clouted shoon"; and yet it does not flower in this climate—failure which would render it liable to rapid extinction by its more highly-favoured rivals. Nevertheless the agrimony, which was some years ago said to be still sold in Bristol market under the name of hæmony, has been suggested; but, inasmuch as the agrimony flowers freely and has not prickly leaves, the suggestion may be summarily dismissed. One may allude in passing to the Christian symbolism as would seem *read into* Milton's lines by Coleridge in one of the Lay Sermons—symbolism springing from and buttressed by the supposed derivation of the word hæmony from αἷμα and οἶνος.

Some misconception seems to have existed as regard's Milton's choice of flowers for the imaginary obsequies of Lycidas. Professor Masson says: "It is the call upon all the valleys of the landscape, and the banks of all the secret streamlets, to yield up their choicest flowers, and those dearest to shepherds, that they may he strewn over the dead body"; and in the notes to the poem he speaks of the flowers as being "of selected hues." Selected hues?—why, the whole spectrum is represented here! But let us have the passage with all its lovely music:

> Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
> The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
> The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
> The glowing violet,
> The musk-rose and the well-attir'd woodbine,
> With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
> And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
> Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
> And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
> To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

No! The flowers are selected not for their *hues*, but for their *fragrance*—a great point with all nations that make funereal use of flowers—and not only for their fragrance, but for their symbolism as well. Thus the primrose and the crowtoe (*i.e.* hyacinth) have long

been associated with death—the primrose especially with early death; and in the East the jessamine is still planted upon tombs. As for the pink, we know that in Wales, where floral decoration of the grave has never passed out of custom, this flower is frequently employed. Moreover, the pansy and the violet, as symbolical of remembrance and faithfulness, are touchingly in place, and, with its meaning of constancy in love, the woodbine also; while the rose, by a common and widely-extended practice strewn over and planted upon graves, may be looked upon as pre-eminently the flower of the dead. We know not of any funereal symbolism associated with either the cowslip or the daffodil. Perhaps the cowslip, on account of its similarity to the primrose, may formerly have done duty for it at a funeral; but the more obvious application is to be found in the supposed sadness of the nodding flowers, while the corona of the daffodil suggests a receptacle for the tears shed in memory of the departed.

SPENCER MOORE.

A GREAT RAILWAY CENTRE.

A GREAT deal has been said and written concerning our railways; but we have not yet arrived at the point where "thus far and no farther" becomes a necessary command. One half the world, we are assured, does not know how the other half lives: a statement embodying a reproach to the "other half," for not supplying the requisite information. In this paper I propose to afford a few facts and figures showing how a not inconsiderable portion of the world lives and enables others to live. Human society is held together by mutual obligation: every man is, to a certain extent, dependent upon his fellows, and it should be, therefore, a matter of supreme interest to each to know what others are doing. That man cannot be said to be well informed who is ignorant of what his contemporaries are busying themselves about, even in the least heroic walks of life; nor is he a true patriot who can regard such ignorance, either in himself or in others, with equanimity.

It is safe to affirm, however, that even in these practical and prosaic days a large proportion of the people know more of ancient history than of the history that is being made every day round about them and in their midst—history in which they themselves, in all probability, play an important, though unconscious, part. We read the tale of Troy with delight; we meditate in wonder upon the glories of Tyre and Sidon; but the records of present-day doings fall flat upon our ears. The schoolboy eagerly devours the myth that Dædalus made himself wings of wax with which to escape from Crete, and yet remains oblivious of the fact that his neighbours are daily engaged upon more wonderful and valuable inventions. It is true all the world over that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and the enchantment seems to increase in proportion to the distance, even as the planet Venus is said to acquire greater brilliancy the farther it leaves the earth. And yet it is true that we are living in times with which the days of Homer and of Virgil cannot be compared for importance—times in which actions far more momentous than those recorded by Livius and Tacitus are performed with greater

rapidity and followed by more weighty results. Facts and figures are dry, I know ; but, like many other dry things, they are of inestimable value when rightly used and appreciated. According to the worthy old fossil who once lectured our good friend Tony Veck, facts and figures are of the utmost importance in this busy world, and I am decidedly of that opinion.

I think I shall be well within the bounds of truth if I say that, to the vast majority of the travelling public, Crewe is less a habitation than a name. In his peregrinations from one part of England to another by the London and North-Western Railway, or those other systems that work in conjunction with it, the wayfarer is occasionally informed, either by a polite official or by his ticket, that he will travel "*viâ* Crewe" and in the course of his journey he probably spends a few minutes on one of the several platforms at that busy centre; possibly he may even suffer the annoyance experienced by the "uncrowned king of Ireland" some short time since, and be left behind for a night when important business awaits him at his journey's end; but Crewe remains a name, nevertheless—only this and nothing more. The traveller thinks of Crewe merely as a busy centre of converging lines; as a place through which he must pass, and at which he will probably have to change trains in the course of his journey. The town of Crewe is literally and metaphorically in the background: it has few visitors of any kind, and hardly any of distinction. I am aware that at first sight this statement will appear open to question. Names among the most learned and illustrious known to the civilised world may be quoted from a certain visitors' book within the confines of the borough. The volume contains the signatures of kings, princes, viceroys, ambassadors, statesmen, scientists, *littérateurs*—men of all nations and distinctions. In that book may be seen the mystic characters that spell the names of Egyptian khedivehs, Turkish pashas, Indian rajahs, Persian nobles, and even Malagassy envoys. There, too, among a host of distinguished names is the autograph of the man whose exploits have recently engaged the attention of the world—the intrepid Stanley; for Crewe works was one of the last places visited by the great explorer prior to starting on his wonderful march to the relief of Emin.

But I have let the cat out of the bag in referring to Crewe works, between which and Crewe town I draw a sharp distinction. In the town of Crewe there is practically nothing to be seen : in Crewe works very much may be seen and learned. The scientific man may spend the whole day in these great locomotive shops and go away without seeing half that is there. Nay, one might easily spend a

week without making a complete exploration. The stranger who goes to Crewe to "do" the works rarely sees the town. He is conveyed by rail from the main-line station direct into the workshops, sees what is to be seen, signs the visitors' book, and returns as he came. He is in blissful ignorance of Crewe, and Crewe is equally unconscious of him. He is probably unaware even of the fact that he is for the time being within the precincts of a borough which revels in the possession of a Town Council of about as cantankerous a nature as the most cantankerous Town Council can possibly be, which is saying a great deal. Men of world-wide fame, men whom crowds would follow in open-mouthed wonderment were they to appear in the streets, have visited Crewe, and the inhabitants have pursued the even—sometimes uneven—tenor of their way sublimely unconscious of the fact.

The town itself has been somewhat waggishly, and not inappropriately, compared to a "heap of badly-burned bricks." Fifty years ago there was no town at all. A farmhouse or two and a few scattered thatched cottages occupied the site of the borough which now boasts a population of close upon thirty thousand. A local poet (?), describing the place as it appeared in the time of the Great Reform Bill, refers to the Crewe of that day in lines more remarkable for accuracy than elegance—

> . . . . A hamlet known as Crewe,
> Consisting of a house or two,
> Or better termed a shanty :
> A few farmhouses old and mean,
> With here and there a cot, were seen,
> And natives few and far between ;
> For Creweites then were scanty.

So scanty were the natives of the locality in 1832 that they mustered only 148 for the whole parish—81 males and 67 females. In that year the whole population was numbered, and the name, age, and occupation of every householder is in possession of the writer. There were then only 27 houses in the township, and, as to the inhabitants, I have documentary evidence of the humiliating fact that of "wholesale traders and capitalists, clergy, office-clerks, professional and other educated men," there were—none. Even the old gentleman who took the census of the parish, or, as he calls it, "this account above," hardly redeems the locality from its utter lack of "other educated men"; for, though he carefully records the fact that Elizabeth Galley kept a "scool," it is evident that he had never been a scholar there. If he had been, then the old dame must have enjoyed somewhat original notions of orthography, for the document which old Richard Sherwin

—that was the functionary's name—has left behind is a curiosity in its way.

I have mentioned these few facts in order that the revolution wrought by the establishment of the London and North-Western Railway Company's works may be duly appreciated. The 148 inhabitants have grown to about thirty thousand. There are a good many—some may think too many—doctors and lawyers in the town; the clergy are well represented, in most of the familiar denominations. Office-clerks may be counted by the score—ay, by the hundred—while, to cap all, there is, as I have said, a full-blown and decidedly militant Town Council. More than six hundred trains pass daily over the spot where fifty years ago the good old Cheshire farmer grazed his lazy cattle, and the traditional Cheshire dairymaid milked her gentle "Blossom."

The first train passed through Crewe on the fourth of July, 1837. Bradshaw gives the date as the sixth of July; but Bradshaw is here in error, as a medal struck in memory of the occasion proves. The Grand Junction Railway, as it was then called, united London and Birmingham with Manchester and Liverpool. It was commenced in 1835, Mr. J. Locke being the engineer, and the cost of its construction was a million and a-half. The opening of this line really marks the beginning of Crewe, though the practical development of this important centre did not commence till five years later—in 1842. Prior to this—in 1830—the Manchester and Liverpool line had been constructed which in 1837 became amalgamated with the Grand Junction, thus forming, with other additions, the London and North Western system. When the Grand Junction was opened, the rate of travelling was somewhat slower than it is now, though it was reckoned extremely rapid at that time. From Birmingham to Wolverhampton, a distance computed at 11½ miles, was a journey of 40 minutes; the distance from the same place to Stafford, 29¼ miles, was traversed in 1 hour 15 minutes; to Whitmore, 43¼ miles, 1 hour 55 minutes; to Crewe, 54 miles, 2 hours 24 minutes; to Hartford, 65¼ miles, 2 hours 59 minutes; to Warrington, 78 miles, 3 hours 34 minutes; to Manchester, 97¼ miles, 4 hours 30 minutes; to Liverpool, same distance and time. These figures are all official. When the Grand Junction line was opened a medal was struck to commemorate the event. On one side appeared a representation of the London and Liverpool lines converging at Birmingham, and on the reverse the distances and times given above, together with the times at which the various trains started. Four first-class trains left Birmingham during the day, the times being 7 A.M., 11.30 A.M., 2.30 P.M., and 7 P.M.

A like number also left Manchester and Liverpool at 6.30 A.M., 11.30 A.M., 2.30 P.M., and 6.30 P.M.

But though the above figures are, as I have pointed out, official, there is room to doubt that the distance from Birmingham to Manchester or Liverpool was really covered in four hours and a-half; for it would be extremely dangerous to travel at the rate of more than twenty miles per hour in the railway carriages of that day, which resembled the modern "swing-boat" rather than anything else.

In 1842, when the amalgamated lines comprising the London and North-Western system of that time were opened to the public, the rise and development of Crewe as a railway centre commenced. The authorities who had control of the enterprise were not slow to take note of the advantages offered by the locality. It was seen that several lines must converge there, and that the place would consequently be a capital one for the construction and repair of locomotives. The Grand Junction Works were located at Edgehill, Liverpool, and their transference to Warrington had been contemplated. But Colonel Wilson Patten, now Lord Winmarleigh, who then resided at Bank Hall, Warrington, refused to part with the land necessary for the erection of the workshops, and thus another site had to be found. Accordingly, Crewe was decided upon, and in the following year, 1843, the Grand Junction Works were removed from Edgehill to Crewe.

At that time there were in Crewe proper only about thirty inhabitants, the 148 given above being spread over the whole township. There were only some half-dozen houses in the vicinity of the railway, and the Company found it necessary to commence building operations for the purpose of accommodating the workmen brought from Edgehill. In this way the present town, a great portion of which belongs to the London and North-Western Railway Company, was commenced, one street succeeding another in rapid succession.

The "works" occupied between two and a half and three acres of land, and are now known as the "Old Works." The engines belonging to the company numbered seventy-five. Mr. F. Trevithick was the first locomotive superintendent. He was the son of the renowned Trevithick who, in 1805, exhibited his wonderful "steam coach" on the site of the present Euston Station. Ten years after the settlement at Crewe, in 1853, the manufacture of rails was commenced there, necessitating a considerable augmentation of the staff employed, and four years after the northern and north-eastern

divisions of the London and North-Western system were amalgamated, by which Crewe became also the centre of the locomotive and carriage departments of the northern division of the line, the centre of the southern division being Wolverton. In 1859 more accommodation was required at Crewe, and the carriage department was consequently removed to Saltley, Birmingham.

In April, 1862, the northern and southern locomotive divisions were amalgamated, and Mr. Ramsbottom, who had in the meantime succeeded Mr. Trevithick in the capacity of locomotive superintendent of the northern division, was appointed locomotive superintendent and mechanical engineer for the entire system. In the year preceding, a new "erecting shop" had been opened, at which time the hands employed in the Crewe works numbered 1,795. There were, furthermore, 2,039 persons employed at the out-stations, making in all 3,834. The 75 engines in stock had increased to 574, and the number of miles traversed by the company's engines per year reached 9,867,827. The population of Crewe at the same date numbered 8,159. From Mr. Ramsbottom's appointment in 1862, the Wolverton works, hitherto devoted to the construction of locomotives, began to be utilised for the building of carriages, and Crewe monopolised the locomotive work. In 1853 the waggon department had been removed to Earlestown, and thus Crewe, Wolverton and Earlestown became the centres for the construction of locomotives, carriages, and waggons respectively.

A most important branch of the Crewe works was opened in 1864—the steel-works, a department which has since been considerably extended. The old Chester line was then diverted, so that the Chester line now runs outside the works, instead of inside, as formerly, the old line being utilised for private purposes, one of which is the conveyance of visitors to and from the workshops. New shops, called the "Deviation Works," were built in the fork formed by the two lines, and to these the millwrights, pattern-makers, and moulders were transferred from the "Old Works" in 1867. Three years later a new boiler-shop and smithy were erected close to the steel-works, where the engine-repairing shops, substituting those of Wolverton, had been already built.

This brings us to the termination of Mr. Ramsbottom's service. In 1871 that gentleman retired from the service of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and was succeeded by Mr. F. W. Webb, the present locomotive superintendent.

Under the energetic superintendence of Mr. Webb the work of consolidation has gone on. In 1874 the shops for the building and

repairing of tenders, for painting, &c., were removed from the "Old Works" to larger premises near the steel-works, the vacated shops being used for the manufacture and repair of signals, which had been previously made for the Company by contract. In 1871, when Mr. Ramsbottom left, the population of Crewe had grown to 17,810, and five years after, in 1876, the workmen of the town celebrated the completion of the two-thousandth engine constructed in the works. When that ceremony took place, the workmen employed at Crewe numbered 5,951, those at the out-stations were 6,762—a total of 12,713. At the same date there were 2,205 engines in stock, and the miles covered per annum were 40,911,421.

This continued growth of the London and North Western Railway works at Crewe evidently caused no little uneasiness outside, and very naturally so. Private engineering firms began to fear a monopoly, and in March, 1876, the London and North Western Railway Company were served with an injunction restraining them from manufacturing engines and rolling-stock, except for their own use. In consequence of this injunction the Company can neither manufacture for sale nor hire; they must confine their operations to their own lines or lines worked by them, or to companies using their lines. They can, however, let out their rolling-stock to another company in cases of extraordinary emergency.

Having traced the progress of this great railway centre from its commencement to 1876, I will now give some interesting figures that will bring us down to the last two or three years. In 1881 the number of engines had increased to 2,347, and the miles covered yearly were 45,803,381. The miles covered by the Company's locomotives per day were 125,489, being 5,229 per hour, 87 per minute, or 1.45 for every second of time.

In the month of May, 1882, the new foundry was opened, and was the occasion of an imposing ceremony. The engines then numbered 2,544, and the number of employés had grown to 15,000. The yearly mileage had increased to 46,333,026. By October of the following year 345 additional employés had been added, and the yearly mileage had risen to nearly 47½ millions. In September, 1884, when the members of the Iron and Steel Institute were entertained in Crewe Works, the employés numbered 15,776, of whom 6,395 were employed at Crewe and 8,776 at the out-stations, in addition to 605 in the signal-department. The mileage was over 48 millions.

Two years later—August 13, 1886—a large contingent of our Indian and Colonial visitors spent some hours in Crewe Works, where

Sir Richard Moon, the then chairman of the London & North Western Railway Company, did the honours of the occasion. At that time the capital of the company was £110,000,000, the annual revenue £10,000,000, and the annual expenditure £5,000,000. The total number of persons employed by the company in its various departments numbered 60,000, of whom 16,000 were in the locomotive departments. The length of the company's lines, taken in the aggregate, was 2,500 miles; the number of stations, 800. There were in use 28,000 signal-levers, and every night were lighted 13,500 signal-lamps. The number of passengers carried annually was 60,000,000, and 33,000,000 tons of goods and minerals were carried annually. There were 50,000 waggons, 5,000 carriages, 3,000 horses, 20 steamships, and 2,500 engines. The total mileage of the engines for the year was 54,468,199, being an average of 149,228 miles per day, 6,218 per hour, 104 per minute, and 1¾ per second. To put it another way, this was equal to the engines collectively making a trip round the world once in every four hours.

These figures give us some idea of the work necessary to be done in Crewe, which may be regarded as the great artery from which the London and North-Western Railway system draws its life-blood. The result of all the wear and tear going on unceasingly is that a new engine is required every five days to make good the regular depreciation; and carriages, waggons, rails, signals, and a host of other things, have to be turned out in proportion. Bridges are made, engines for steamships, canal-boats even, for use on the Shropshire Union Canal, &c. The works which covered 2½ acres of ground in 1843, now cover about 120 acres, about 40 acres being roofed in. Where 161 hands were employed at that time, over 6,000 are now at work; and the spot which then boasted a population of about 30, is a town with not far short of thirty thousand inhabitants—a town which gives name to an important parliamentary division of Cheshire, and practically returns the member, Mr. W. S. B. M'Laren, a nephew of the late John Bright.

On July 23, 1837, the electric telegraph was first used on the line between Euston and Camden, the necessity for rapid communication between station and station having been recognised two years earlier. In 1835 an effort was made to use semaphores, but it was not successful.

It may not be out of place to note that the first engine that ran through Crewe, on July 4, 1837, was driven by James Middleton, who entered the service of the London and North Western Railway Company as a boy. His first employment was the cleaning out of boilers, which were

then too small to admit of a man getting inside. This man was the first to carry the news of the birth of the Prince of Wales from Birmingham to Liverpool. There was no telegraph to the latter town, and James Middleton jumped upon his engine and drove at the highest possible speed to Liverpool to announce the glad tidings that an heir had been born to the English Throne. This old man, who has continued in the service of the Company ever since, was granted a pension some three years ago; but, game to the last, he expressed a wish to work a bit longer, and his wish was granted. I believe he still runs a train on the line. In the Jubilee year the old man was entertained at a public banquet, and introduced to Sir Richard Moon. In the same year the 3,000th locomotive built in Crewe Works was completed, a "compound" of the Webb type, on the side of which the figures "3,000" occupy a prominent position. At the present time the work of adding another thousand to the long list is going on merrily.

Any account of Crewe and its industry would be incomplete without mention being made of its volunteers. Of all our great citizen army perhaps the Crewe Railway Engineer Corps is the most novel organization. This corps, which was originated by Mr. F. W. Webb, consists of six companies, each numbering one hundred men. None but workmen employed in the Crewe shops are admitted, though in the matter of officers this rule has not been rigidly adhered to. Not a few of the Crewe workmen have seen foreign service, and a large number of them had served in various rifle volunteer companies. Therefore, when the Railway Engineers were organised, there was found plenty of well-seasoned material at hand, and no difficulty was experienced in getting suitable men. Indeed, the only embarrassment that assailed the authorities was the duty of weeding out the least suitable men; for, as the full strength of the corps was limited to 600 members, and very many more presented themselves, some had to be refused. The result of this selection has been to get a body of men who for physique and intelligence will compare favourably with any volunteer corps in the country.

The duties of these volunteers consist principally of operations connected with locomotive engineering. They have weekly drills within the works, in the course of which lines of railway are laid, bridges are constructed, and, in fact, all the multifarious operations required in laying down a railway with its necessary rolling-stock and the working thereof are practised. The result of this constant exercise is that a portable railway can be constructed in a marvellously short space of time, and only actual experience on the battlefield is

required to demonstrate the value of such an auxiliary force. There is also an ambulance class connected with the corps, the results of which, according to Surgeon-Major Atkinson, who instructs the members, are very satisfactory.

The efficiency of the Crewe Railway Engineers, or, to give them their full official title, the Second Cheshire (Crewe) Railway Engineer Volunteers, has been remarked upon by the Duke of Cambridge, who reviewed them at Crewe when the Queen's Park, given by the London and North Western Company, was opened by his Royal Highness. General Daniell also inspected the men at York, and spoke in high terms of their smart appearance. Major L. V. Loyd, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and subsequently of the 2nd V.B. Royal Warwickshire, who is a director of the London and North-Western Company, became Lieut-Colonel of the corps on its formation, but afterwards resigned; upon which Captain E. T. D. Cotton, who represents the Wirral division of Cheshire in the House of Commons, was appointed to the command.

The corps numbers among its members numerous army reserve men, and those not in the army reserve are offered facilities for joining. In order to encourage these engineers to serve the State whenever it shall be necessary, the London and North Western Company guarantee, to any man volunteering for active service, re-instatement in his employment, or such other employment as he is qualified to undertake at the expiration of such service. Every year the corps goes into camp for a week, and quite recently a shooting-range has been acquired in order that the men, among whom are several crack shots, may continue firing practice.

Crewe is a town of mushroom growth, but its importance is not to be estimated by its age. It is no stretch of imagination to affirm that the influence of the place is felt throughout the United Kingdom —ay, throughout that Greater Britain of which so much has been heard within the last year or two. When the line from Crewe to Chester was commenced, Sir William Jackson said it began in a field and ended in the old rotten city of Chester. Crewe now covers the field, and Chester has been galvanised into life, as Sir Richard Moon once pithily remarked. A hundred and fifty years ago a Bishop of Chester wrote in his diary: "Rose in good health, thanks be to God. Provendered my nags, and foddered my cows; returned to my closet and, after devotions with my family, perused the journals and made the following extracts." At that time, according to Bishop Stubbs, the Diocese of Chester covered the whole of Lancashire and Cheshire, a large part of Yorkshire, and portions of Cumberland and West-

moreland. "How, then," asks the above authority, "was a Bishop of Chester to cover the whole of his duties?" The nags would undoubtedly require a good deal of provendering when his lordship made a visitation. Now, however, they are not requisite. The railways have shifted populations, compelling a division of dioceses. The patient nag has been superseded by the impatient iron horse, and the Bishop who found it difficult to reach the limits of his diocese may now run up to London in order to vote upon an important ecclesiastical question in the Lords, and return the same evening if he so desires.

Bishop Stubbs has put all this in much better form than it is here set forth, and the facts are pretty generally known. But there are other points which are not, perhaps, so widely appreciated. Crewe men are very cosmopolitan. They have, in the first place, migrated to Crewe, and now they emigrate pretty freely from the town. Most of the older inhabitants are contemporary with, and some older than, the town itself, and in these the "bump of locativeness" may be somewhat developed; but their sons are to be found wherever the English tongue is spoken, and in many quarters of the globe where it is not. It is scarcely necessary to say that scores of engineers from the Crewe Works have obtained profitable berths in the United States and in the British Colonies. Many of them run trains in Chili and Peru, in Argentina, in Mexico, and, nearer home, in Spain. India is also the home of some. During the course of Indian railway development, which may be said to have commenced with the viceroyalty of Lord Dalhousie, many men have left Crewe Works for service in the East. Not a few of the "gaffers," as the officials at Crewe are sometimes termed, have also received valuable appointments abroad, one even within the last few months. Thus the influence of these great locomotive shops continues to exert itself silently and in various ways.

There is one striking feature about this industrial centre, and that is the opening it offers for real ability: the positions that may be won by indomitable perseverance and energy—without which no distinguished position should be expected to be won. If it were necessary, several men could be pointed to as having commenced their period of service in Crewe at the very bottom of the ladder and successfully clambered to the top. It was a maxim in the Napoleonic armies that the common soldier might become a field-marshal—the possibility was there, if the necessary qualities were forthcoming. In the United States of America the peasant may become President: a truth that has received ample illustration.

Without going into particulars with respect to Crewe, it will suffice to say that the late manager of the works, Mr. Charles Dick, whose untimely death all parties in the town sincerely deplored, entered the place a stranger, and commenced as an ordinary workman. Much the same may be said of his successor in that important office.

JOHN SANSOME.

SOME ENGLISH EXPLETIVES.

AN expletive consists of one or more words, inserted to fill up or fill out a sentence. Its character is purely ornamental, and its addition does not materially alter the sense of the passage, though it may add greatly to its force. It frequently takes the form of an expression not blasphemous—for there is seldom an intention to blaspheme—but profane, that is, involving that thoughtless and irreverent use of sacred words, and especially the name of God, on the most trivial occasions, which constitutes a breach of the Third Commandment.

> Bewhare of othis for dowte of peyn,
> Amonges ffelachepp whan thou dost sytt.
> A lytyl othe, this is serteyn,
> May dampne thy sowle to helle pytt.
>
> *The Coventry Mysteries.*

I propose to notice some expletives which were formerly much in vogue in this country, but most of which good taste has since led us to abandon.

The English have long been in the habit of garnishing their conversation with a forcible expression, which has earned for them, on the Continent, a nickname that clings to them still. We can hardly help admitting that they right well deserve the designation at the present day, but we should scarcely expect to find it applied to them as early as the reign of Henry VI. That such, however, was the case, is clearly proved by the evidence given at the trial of "the Maid of Orleans," in 1429.

While Joan of Arc is preparing her successful attack upon the English at Les Tournelles, near Orleans, the following episode takes place :—

" Et ainsi qu'elle delibéroit de passer, on presenta à son hoste une alose, et lors il luy dist, 'Jeanne, mangeons ceste alose avant que partiez.' 'En Nom Dieu,' dist-elle, 'on n'en mangera jusques au souper, que nous repasserons pardessus le pont, et ramenerons ung *godon*, qui en mangera sa part.' "

And again, when visited in prison at Rouen by the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, the Maid excitedly exclaims: "En Non Dé, je sçay bien que ces Angloys me feront mourir, credentes post mortem meam lucrari regnum Franciæ, sed si essent centum mille *godons*, non habebunt regnum."

Those who care to refer to the Latin depositions containing the expression in question, will find them given in "Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," by M. Quicherat (one of the publications of the Société de l'Histoire de France), Vol. 3, pages 122 and 124. M. Quicherat explains the term *Godon* as "expression populaire du 15^{me} siècle, pour designer les Anglais, de même qu'on disait naguère, *les goddem.*"

In the public accounts of the town of Orleans for the year 1439 appears an entry of payment for the making of *deux godons*, to be used in the annual celebration of the *fête* to commemorate the capture of Les Tournelles. The sound of the word *godon* leads one to the conclusion that the second syllable of the curse was pronounced by our ancestors *dom*, as it still is in the North of England.

This form of imprecation occurs very rarely in Shakespeare's plays, so far as I am aware; and, in later literature, the name of the Deity is more usually omitted.

Many very amusing caricatures were published in France during the early part of the present century, representing *Milord Goddam* as an extremely boorish individual, who begins or ends every sentence with his favourite oath. Indeed, his stock of conversation is sometimes completely exhausted after giving vent to it.

"The Vision of William concerning Pers the Plouhmon," written by Langland in the reign of Edward III., and commonly called "Piers Plowman," shows us that the English of that period thought it necessary to interlard their statements with copious expletives:

> I have no peny, quod Pers, poletes to bugg (pullets to buy),
> And I sigg (say), *bi my soule*, I have no salt bacon,
> Ne no cokeneyes (fowls), *bi Crist*, colopes to maken.
>
> *Passus VI.*

And Glutton confesses [Passus V.]:

> That I have trespassed with my tonge, I can noughte tell how oft,
> Sworen *Goddes soule*, and *so God me help*, and *Halidom*,
> There no need ne was, nyne hundreth tymes.

We learn, too, [Passus VII.] that merchants in general fared badly in purgatory, "for they *sworen by heore soule.*" Examples of

the oaths used in Chaucer's day (1340–1400) will be found in "The Reeve's Tale," where we meet with the phrases, *For Goddes banes* (bones), *For Cristes peyne*, *For Cristes sowle*, *By Goddes hart*, *By Goddes sale* (soul), *By Goddes dignité*, *God wot*, and *Pardé* (*par Dieu*).

The latter oath is used by St. Joseph in the "Coventry Mysteries," written in the year 1468, which also contain the exclamations, *The devil! In the develis name*, and *A develys name.*

"The Pardoner's Tale" and "The Shipman's Tale" of Chaucer furnish many similar examples; while the oaths in use among the peasantry at a later date are well represented in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," written in 1566, and printed in "Dodsley's Old Plays."

There is a curious old book on the French language, written by John Palsgrave in 1530, and dedicated to Henry VIII. The title of the work is, "L'Éclaircissement de la langue Française." It has been republished by M. Génin, in the series "Documents sur l'histoire de France." Palsgrave tells us, at page 866, that the equivalent of our oaths, *by my sowle*, *by God*, was in French *par Dieu*, but that just as we were in the habit of using the euphemism, *by cocke's body*, *by cocke's flesshe*, so our neighbours across the Channel exclaimed, *par le corps bieu*, *par la mort bieu.* To-day they say, *corbleu*, *morbleu*, &c. Palsgrave refers also to the singular custom of exclaiming, *Christ helpe!* "as we say to one whan he neseth" (sneezes). The modern expression is *God bless you!* He mentions, too, the formula, *So God helpe me* (*Si m'ayt Dieu*), which corresponds to the *As help me God* of Chaucer's time, and the *So help me God*, or *Swelp me*, of the present.

Lovers of Shakespeare will scarcely need to be reminded how "full of strange oaths" are the pages of that author's plays. Here are some of them:—*'Slight*, "Twelfth Night," ii. 5, God's light; *'Slid*, "Merry Wives," iii. 4, God's lid; *'Odsheartlings*, "Merry Wives," iii. 4, God's heart; *'Odslifelings*, "Twelfth Night," v. 1, God's life; *'Odspitikins*, "Cymbeline," iv. 2, God's pity; *'Odsnownes*, "Merry Wives," iv. 1, God's wounds; *'Odsbody*, "1 Henry IV." ii. 1, and *'Odsbodikin*, or *'Odsbodkin*, "Hamlet," ii. 2, God's body; *'Odsme*, "Merry Wives," i. 4, God smite me; like the expressions, "Strike me blind," and "Strike me dumb;" *Zounds*, "1 Henry IV. i.," God's wounds; *By cock*, "Hamlet," iv. 5, by God; *By cock and pye*, "Merry Wives," i. 1, By God and the Pie. The Pie was the Ordinal, or Book of Church Offices, referred to in the Preface to the Book of Common Prayer. It is said to have derived its name from the pied appearance which the large black lettering gave to its pages.

This oath probably suggested the association of *bird's* names in the sign of the old tavern, which gave their name to the "Cock and Pie Fields," Drury Lane. *By my halidom*, "Two Gentlemen," iv. 2, By my holidom or holiness. It means, too, anything holy on which people are in the habit of taking an oath :—

> Ich will that that thou suere
> On auter and on messe gere,
> On the belles that men ringes,
> On messe book the prest singes.
>
> *Lay of Havelok the Dane.*

It does *not* mean "by my holy dame," as many people very naturally suppose. *God wot*, "Hamlet," ii. 2, God knows. In "Havelok the Dane" it is spelt Goddot and Goddoth. *Cock's Passion*, "Taming of the Shrew," iv. 1, God's sufferings; *Gods Sonties*, "The Merchant of Venice," ii. 2, God's health; *Good dild you*, "Hamlet," iv. 5, God yield or grant you; *By'r lakin*, "Tempest," iii. 3, By our ladikin; *By the Rood*, "Hamlet," iii. 4, By the Cross. Not to mention *'Fore God*, *God a mercy*, *Mercy on me*, *Faith*, *Upon my soul*, *By Gys*, and a host of similar interjections.

In "King Henry V." iii. 2, the Irish Captain is made to say, "*Be Chrish*," "*So Chrish save me.*" It was evidently one of Pat's most characteristic oaths, for it occurs in the famous popular song of "Lilliburlero," sung by the English in 1688 to ridicule the Irish. It is printed in the "Percy Reliques," vol. 2, page 373:—

> Dough, by my shoul, de English do praate,
> Lilli burlero, bullen a la !
> De law's on dare side and Chreish knows that,
> Lilli burlero, bullen a la !
> Now, now, de hereticks all go down,
> Lilli burlero, bullen a la !
> *By Chrish* and Shaint Patrick, de nation's our own,
> Lilli burlero, bullen a la !

James Howell, in one of his "Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ," dated August 1, 1628, writes:—"This infandous custom of swearing, I observe, reigns in England lately more than anywhere else: though a German, in highest puff of passion, swears a hundred thousand sacraments, the Frenchman by the Death of God, the Spaniard by His Flesh, the Irishman by His Five Wounds, though the Scot commonly bids the Devil hale his Soul, yet *for variety of oaths the English roarers put down all.* Consider well, what a dangerous thing it is to tear in pieces that Dreadful Name, which makes the vast fabric of the world to tremble."

William Congreve's play, "The Old Bachelor," is certainly a landmark in the history of expletives. It literally bristles with oaths, which does not surprise us so much when we find that its first representation, on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, took place in 1693, just after the conclusion of the siege of Namur, when our old friend "Uncle Toby" was wounded, and when, as he informs us, "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders." Congreve's plays exhibit some curiously attenuated forms of English oaths. The grand old interjection, *Zounds*! (what a sonorous ring it has), becomes *'oons*; God's blood shortens into *'Adsbud*; *'Adsheart* also occurs, and *'Adslidikins*, a variety of the Shakespearian *'Slid.* Then we have *A Gad's name*, *Egad*, *I vow to Gad*, *O Gad*, *Gadsobs*, *'Sdeath*, and its shorter form, *Death*, *Lard*, *O Lord*, *By the Lord Harry*, and the puerile expression, *Gad's daggers, belts, blades, and scabbards*! "*What a dickens*" is an old saying which we also find in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." "I cannot tell what the dickins his name is." Dickens is possibly a contraction of devilkins. In *Egad* we notice the pronunciation of the letter "o" as "a," which was affected at this period by the dandies and loungers who frequented the fashionable resorts of the Spring Garden, the piazzas of Covent Garden, and the Royal Exchange. It probably did not extend to the lower orders of society; for in Congreve's "Love for Love," the old nurse says *God*! and *Lord*! and the young man from sea, *a God's name.* The oath *by God* is ubiquitous in old English literature. In the "Lay of Havelok the Dane," written about the year 1280, in the reign of Edward the First, we meet with the exclamation *Deus* several times. It is, of course, the Latin word for God, and probably the original form of our interjection, *Deuce*! In "Piers Plowman" the English form, *By God*, is seen, while in Chaucer's poems it stands side by side with the French *Pardé* or *Purdy*. It appears in an infinite number of forms—corruptions either intentional to avoid taking God's name in vain, or unintentional, from ignorance of what the phrase meant. Besides the old forms, *by cock*, *'ecod*, and *'egad*, we have the modern, *by gar*, *by gaw*, *by gord*, *by gum*, *by gosh*, and the negro slave's *by golly*.

Congreve also has *O Gemini*, which sounds strangely out of date, like our *by Jove*. Tertullian tells us that the early Christians used the old Roman oath, *Mehercle* (by Hercules), without knowing what it meant. So too the mother, who, when scolding her child, says, "plague you," or "drat you," does not know, or care to know, that those expressions are elliptical for God plague you, and God rot you.

The sound of the first syllable of the names Gemini and Jove explains why the modern Christians continue to swear by them. One of Sheridan's characters, a lady, exclaims, *By Gemini*! Its more recent form is *By Jimminy*.

But to return to "Love for Love." *Mess*! and *By the Mess*! is a survival of the once common oath, *By the Mass*. We meet with it in Chaucer's "Boke of the Duchesse"; and in "Hamlet," iii. 2:—"By the Mass 'tis very like a camel"; and in "Damon and Pithias" (1571), which will be found in the collection of old plays edited by Isaac Reed, we have the lines:—

> *Jacke.*—By the Masse, I will boxe you!
> *Wyll.*—By cocke, I will foxe you!

Marry and Amen is a form of the old oath, *By Mary*. In the "Chester Mysteries" (circ. 1450), the Patriarch Noah is made to swear *by Marye*. Why not by Joan of Arc? *Zooks* means God's looks: We find two other forms of the interjection in the play, viz., *Gadszooks* and *'Odszooks*.

The exclamation, *Flesh*! is a contraction of *'Odsflesh*, which appears elsewhere as *'Odsfish*. *'Odso* is probably a corruption of Godsbones. *Marry come up*, like the *Marry guep* of "Hudibras," I. iii. 202, has been interpreted *Mary go up*, an allusion to the Assumption of Our Lady.

Next we come to Sheridan's Plays. In "A Trip to Scarborough," (first acted in 1777) we come across some good round oaths. The exquisite Lord Foppington, when trying on his new clothes, exclaims:—

> *Death and eternal tortures*, sir! I say the coat is too wide here by a foot.
>
> TAILOR.—My Lord, if it had been tighter, 'twould neither have hook'd nor button'd.
>
> LORD F.—*Rat the hooks and buttons*, sir! *As Gad shall jedge me*, it hangs on my shoulders like a chairman's surtout.

A little later, the Fop exhibits his powers of conversation:—"I am overjoyed that you think of continuing here, *stap my vitals* (his favourite expression). *For Gad's sake*, Madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long under the fatigues of a country-life," and, when wounded in an encounter provoked by his own folly, cries out:—"Ah, quite through the body, *stap my vitals!*" They were very nearly stopped that time. We must not quit Sheridan's works without noticing the bold Bob Acres' "genteel" style of oath, which adapts itself to the subject for the time being under discussion:—"*Ods whips and wheels*, I've travelled like a comet," *Ods blushes and blooms; Ods crickets; Ods frogs and tambours;*

Ods jigs and tabors; Ods hilts and blades; Ods flints, pans, and triggers; Ods balls and barrels; Ods bullets and blades; Ods crowns and laurels. His servant, on the contrary, usually swears by the Mass.

During the time of the Commonwealth, profane swearing was vigorously suppressed, together with play-acting and other popular amusements, which appeared worldly to the Puritan eye. We read in "Hansard's Parliamentary History," that on June 28, 1650, a law was made that every person styling himself a duke, marquis, earl, viscount, or baron, who profanely cursed or swore, should forfeit thirty shillings, a baronet or knight twenty shillings, an esquire ten shillings, a gentleman six shillings and eight pence, and all inferior persons three shillings and four pence. Wives and widows were to pay penalties equivalent to what their husbands would have paid, and single women according to their father's rank. The distinction between dukes (especially self-styled ones) and inferior persons seems at first sight to be out of keeping with the democratic principles of a Commonwealth, but though the House of Lords was abolished, the nobility were still recognised as a class, and the crude doctrine of the Equality of Man, which was so insisted upon by the French republicans in after times, was here conspicuous by its absence.

At the restoration of the monarchy there followed, as a natural consequence of this system of repression, a time of unbridled licence and of reaction in the opposite direction, when the people indulged in strong language to their hearts' content.

At last, in the nineteenth year of King George II., a statute was passed, which recites that "forasmuch as the horrid, impious, and execrable vices of profane cursing and swearing (so highly displeasing to Almighty God, and loathsome and offensive to every Christian), are become so frequent and notorious, that, unless speedily and effectually punished, (*sic*) they may justly provoke the Divine vengeance to increase the many calamities these nations now labour under," (the calamities referred to being probably the War of the Austrian Succession, which included the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and the Scotch Rebellion of 1745), and that, "whereas the laws now in being for punishing those crimes have not answered the intents for which they were designed, by means of difficulties attending the putting such laws in execution," and goes on to provide a remedy for this shocking state of things by enacting, that after June 1, 1746, any person convicted before a magistrate, on the testimony of one witness, of profanely cursing and swearing, should forfeit a sum of money proportionate to his status in the social scale. For this purpose the British public were divided into three classes:—

(1) Day labourers, common soldiers, common sailors, and common seamen, who were to be fined one shilling for every oath.

(2) Other persons under the degree of a gentleman, who were to pay two shillings.

(3) Persons of or above the degree of a gentleman, who were to forféit the sum of five shillings for each oath they uttered.

For a second offence the culprit was to pay double, and for a subsequent offence treble the penalty, which was in every case to be applied for the benefit of the poor of the parish. The common soldier, sailor, or seaman who could not or would not pay the penalty and costs, was directed to be "publickly set in the stocks," where he probably exhausted his entire vocabulary of oaths in cursing the whole tribe of "constables, petty constables, tything-men, and other peace officers," who had brought him to that low estate.

This statute, which repealed an Act of William III. to the same effect, and an older and still less efficient one of King James I.'s reign, was ordered to be publicly read in church, immediately after morning or evening prayer, on four specified Sundays of the year. Proceedings are now more usually taken under "The Towns' Police Clauses Act" of the present reign, by which persons who use profane or obscene language in any *street* to the annoyance of residents or passengers, are liable to a penalty. The "bad language" of the present day must be characterised as obscene rather than profane, and here it may not be out of place to mention a word, which is often classed as profane or obscene, but which does not properly fall within either of such categories. It has been tabooed in the "upper circles" of society as not fit for ears polite, and that not because it is wicked, but because (much worse than wicked) it is vulgar. Among the lower classes, on the other hand, it is so incessantly used that it is impossible to walk from Westminster to Whitechapel, or from Highbury to Highgate, without hearing it repeatedly on the lips of passers by. I refer, of course, to that most characteristic of English epithets, *bloody* or *b*——, as the printer usually prefers to spell it. Many are the derivations which have been assigned to this word. A favourite one, that it represents a shortened form of the asseveration *By Our Lady*, is a very tempting one. It is, perhaps, as likely that the exclamation *Blood*! is a contraction of *By our Lud* as that it is the equivalent of the French *Sang-dieu*; and, by analogy, the oath *By our leddy* would naturally contract into *bloody!* But the use of the word by itself as an interjection is so exceedingly rare that the above ingenious derivation of the term must, I am afraid, be abandoned.

Again, it has been often urged that it must be connected with the once common oath, *blood and wounds* ! or *bloody wounds* ! which is still used in Ireland, and contains (it is needless to say) a profane reference to the "Five wounds" of the Crucifixion.

Those who support this theory adduce an alleged analogous adjective *woundy*, which is said to be still in use in some parts of the country. The expression, *woundy angry*, occurs in Congreve's "Love for Love." The remarks which will presently be made with regard to changes of meaning in the word *bloody* will apply equally to *woundy*, though the latter adjective is possibly only a corrupted form of *wondrous*.

Another origin that has been suggested is, that it has reference to the habits and customs of the "young bloods," or fashionable rowdies of the restoration period, and that the expression, *bloody drunk*, is equivalent to the proverbial saying, "as drunk as a lord." This seems far-fetched, and not sufficient to account for the widespread use of this qualifying particle.

But the most probable—and, at the same time most simple—solution of the problem is that the word is nothing more than an example of "degradation in sense" of the common English adjective, which primarily means covered or stained with blood. It is said that in Holland, the adjective *bloedig*, and in Germany *blutig*, are sometimes used in a sense similar to our slang term *bloody* or *bleeding*, but it may be nothing more than a literal translation of the language of our "jolly jack tars."

The figurative use of the word, as meaning bloodthirsty, cruel, hard-hearted, is to be met with very frequently in literature. Thus, in the English Bible, we have the expressions, a *bloody husband* ; *Saul and his bloody house*. In Shakespeare the word is often used in a similar sense, and when so used becomes a natural term of reproach to a person, under circumstances not necessarily involving bloodshed. The transference of the epithet from persons to inanimate objects follows as a matter of course.

I will endeavour to make my meaning clear by giving some examples of the use of the word from English authors :—

In that unutterably prosy work, "Pamela ; or, Virtue Rewarded," written by Richardson about the year 1742, occurs the following sentence : "He is *bloody* passionate, and has fought several *duels*." (Vol. iii. p. 397.) Here there is an obvious connection between the words *bloody* and *duels*.

Again, a comedy, "The Man of Mode," written by Sir George

Etheredge towards the end of the 17th century, and acted in 1715 at the Duke's Theatre, contains this dialogue:—

> DORIMANT.—Give him half-a-crown.
> MEDLEY.—Not without he will promise to be *bloody* drunk.
> —*Act I., Scene* 1.

The sense is here "outrageous," "devilish," but not necessarily causing bloodshed.

Lastly, Swift, in his "Journal to Stella," October 5, 1711, writes: "But it grows *bloody* cold, and I have no waistcoat." Here we see the word applied to the weather. Thus, in Queen Anne's reign, the word had dwindled down to what it continues in Queen Victoria's—a mere intensive adjective used adverbially, having passed through an evolution similar to that undergone by the adjectives "awful" and "fearful." The three examples given above are selected merely to illustrate what were probably the successive stages of *degradation in meaning* through which the word has passed, and must not be taken to represent historically the precise sense in which the word was *generally* used at the respective dates named.

Its meaning to-day is vague and colourless in the extreme. Hamlet's "Very, very pajocke," and his "Too, too solid flesh," might be freely translated into modern English by the help of the word which we have been considering, and I can only hope that my somewhat laboured explanation has rendered this terrible bugbear as harmless as was the lion, who confessed that, in spite of his sanguinary appearance, he was only Snug the joiner after all!

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

THE CRY OF THE SAXON.

It was said openly that Christ and His Saints slept.—***Saxon Chronicle.***

"CHRIST and His Saints are sleeping," was the cry
With which a nation's anguish pierced the sky,
When the land groaned beneath excess of woe,
Ground to despair, eight centuries ago:
Openly cried, not whispered half in shame,
But from fierce, wild, accusing lips it came.
"There is no God to save," the Saxon said;
"Our lands are wasted; lost our wine and bread;
Burned are our homesteads, few are left to weep;
Christ and His Saints," they said, "they sleep, they sleep!

"They sleep! Across our lands the Normans ride,
Devils, not men, in conquerors' might and pride,
Sparing nor church nor churchyard, saint nor rood,
Clothed as they are in garments all of blood.
Useless to struggle! Hopeless to complain!
Our warriors die, our bishops curse in vain.
Desolate ground and harvestless have we;
We till no fields—as vain to till the sea;
Wretched men starve, their helpless orphans weep;
The land is ruined—Christ, His Saints, they sleep."

Thus cried the Saxon. Centuries before,
Stood the fierce prophet once on Israel's shore,
Alone, and yet with boundless might endued,
Calling in scorn to the vast multitude.
"Does Baal hear? He is a God," he said;
"Perchance he sleeps, must be awakenèd;
Or from home-journeys, or in musings deep,
Sinks in a torpor more profound than sleep."
Ah! that fierce taunt, the watchword of the fray—
Rings it not yet within our ears to-day?

"Cry, cry aloud! Where is thy God?" we hear—
"Claimed as thy help in need, thy trust in fear?

Sleeps He, and, slumbering with care-laden eyes,
Hears as in dreams the strife of centuries?
Or, perchance, dead, with old hopes round His grave
Lingering as ghosts which have no strength to save?
Or, if not sleeping, not beneath the sod,
Why comes no answer then? Where is thy God?
Cry out! He is a God! He sleeps!" is said.
"Cry not. What profit? Not asleep, but dead."

"Ah!" still they say, "no doubt the mourners wept
When to the gates the sad procession swept,
And the Cross-bearer, bent, with faltering breath,
Moved with slow footsteps up the road to death.
All is past now. The foe has worked his will;
Now those pierced hands, that labouring breast, are still;
And, the cross o'er, its shame and anguish past,
Leave Him alone to sleep in peace at last.
Why, as one clamouring o'er a long-closed grave,
Callest thou on a God who will not save?"

Sleepest Thou, Master? Through the riftless sky
Still the dim eyes would seek Thy home on high;
Still through its doubts, its fears, its agony,
The world has raised despairing hands to Thee.
Yet evil triumphs; yet, from strand to strand,
Cruelty fills dark places of the land;
Till the fierce anguish, roused within our breast,
Swells like a mighty wave that will not rest.
"Carest Thou not? We perish"—then we cry.
"Look down from heaven, and save us lest we die!"

Ah, Lord, that questioning, born of doubts and fears,
Not for the first time echoes in Thine ears;
Still, like the rifts of hope through depths of pain,
The wind can stir Gennesaret's waves again;
Still the rough sailors, labouring on the sea,
Cry out, in their despair, for help from Thee;
Still, from Thy pillow rising, as from death,
Comes the reply, "O ye of little faith!"
The storm-clouds part; the vessel nears the shore;
And on our storm-tossed hearts is peace once more.

M. A. CURTOIS.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THE dramatic season has come to its end. One by one the theatres are closing; the curtains are being rung down for more than their twenty-four hours' repose; the lights are put out; brown holland shrouds the spaces where men and women of late sat and laughed or sighed as their mood and the power of the player moved them. And we, as we note erasure after erasure in the columns of theatrical announcements, feel that the time has come in which, with an approximate impartiality, it is possible to review the events of the dramatic season and discover what was good in it. It was, in many ways, a very remarkable dramatic season. The six months that have slipped by since I began writing these "Pages on Plays" have been eventful months, fruitful months, auspicious months. The season has seen two conspicuously successful English plays: Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Dancing Girl," and Mr. Haddon Chambers's "The Idler." It has seen the Renaissance of Pantomime in England, of the genuine pantomime which had practically been extinct since the days of Manager Rich, the genuine pantomime which is the direct descendant of the Commedia dell' Arte, of the Comedy of Masks. Most important of all, it has seen what I cannot but call the triumph of Henrik Ibsen.

This year will certainly be remembered in dramatic annals as the Ibsen year. A number of his plays were played in rapid succession; one went into the evening bill and ran for some weeks. Ibsen was the chief topic in theatrical circles. Actors and actresses who had never heard of the Norwegian dramatist before became excited by the controversy and grew eager to appear in "an Ibsen play." It got to be a kind of impression that Ibsen was so actable an author that any one, no matter how incompetent or untried, had only to take him up to win immortal fame. That this was not the case two disastrous failures showed. That Ibsen did afford exceptional opportunities to earnest and capable interpreters was made clear by no fewer than four very interesting performances—"Ghosts," at the Royalty, under Mr. Grein's management; "Rosmersholm"

and "Hedda Gabler," at the Vaudeville; and Miss Norreys' representation of "The Doll's House," at the Criterion. Five of Ibsen's most remarkable plays were thus presented to the public this year, and four of them for the first time.

I have already given my opinions upon the merits and defects of these Ibsen performances; reviewing them now that the performances can be seen more in perspective, I find little, if anything, to change. Miss Robins's melodramatic interpretation of "Hedda Gabler" has done exactly what I expected it would do: it has earned her an engagement at a melodramatic theatre. She played "Hedda Gabler" with conspicuous ability; but, as I thought and think, with a false conception of the part. Her "Hedda Gabler" was conceived in the Adelphi manner, and for her reward she has been translated to the Adelphi stage. That she will do well there, that she would do well anywhere where her special powers were given free play and full opportunity, no one, indeed, need doubt.

Miss Norreys has not tried the "Doll's House" again in London, though it was practically promised that she would do so. Perhaps she was disappointed by the reception it met with, by the hilarity of Mr. Scott, by the silence of Mr. Archer. But a serious actress should not be diverted from a serious purpose by the playfulness of a critic who does not love Ibsen, or by the austere disapproval of a critic who does love Ibsen. The critics who do love Ibsen are not all of a mind, any more than their adversaries.

There is something curious and not unpathetic about the imitativeness of the British public, and of those who set themselves to amuse the British public. Because Ibsen "caught on," to use the colloquial expression, every actor wanted to play Ibsen. Even the actors who are most loud in the expression of their scorn for Ibsen were eager for a chance of distinguishing themselves in a play by the author of "The Doll's House." In much the same way, the success of "L'Enfant Prodigue" has drowned us in a perfect flood of pantomime. It is all pantomime now, pantomime or nothing. The success of Mademoiselle Jane May and of M. Courtés has turned the heads of our players, and we are drenched, deluged with pantomime. M. Marius goes in for pantomime. Mr. Toole burlesques it in "Ici on (ne) parle (pas) Français." Miss Norreys, ever on the search for new dramatic sensations, does wonderful feats of miming and dancing in Mr. Augustus Moore's dainty "Moonflowers." Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, Mr. Charles Colnaghi, and Mrs. Crutchley contribute their share to charity and to the popular craze in their pathetic little "Portrait de Pierrette." What a people we are! Panurge's

sheep are a joke to us. I have been gravely assured that Mr. Beerbohm Tree, unsated by many experiments, is eager to try his hand, or rather his hands, at a pantomime performance, whether to precede or to succeed Hamlet is not stated. It is really a pity that we overdo a pleasant thing in this way. If a thing strikes the popular taste, how we harp upon it and harp upon it, until at last we bore everybody and ourselves included with the toy which so delighted us at first; and what in the beginning was a pretty, delicate, entertaining phantasy, becomes as tedious as an old wife's tale, and as common as a comic song!

At the moment when I write, one of the two chief English successes of our season has left the stage temporarily; when these lines appear in print, the other will have disappeared. "The Dancing Girl" has danced off the stage and into the provinces; London will know her no more till the winter season. "The Idler," too, has gone its way, after having done so much to enhance Mr. Alexander's reputation, and to encourage him in his artistic resolution to gather about him the best dramatic company in London. For the company at the St. James's does really appear to be a dramatic company in the sense in which Mr. Augustin Daly's fellowship of players are a dramatic company. They are not a collection of individual units brought together by the chance of one moment to be dispersed by the chance of the next moment. They appear to be a real union, a genuine fellowship, a "Fein Collegium," like the brotherhood in the German Ballad, and they work together with an artistic purpose and sympathy which is indeed encouraging. Of course I do not mean to say that artistic purpose, that artistic union are to be found in the St. James's Theatre alone of all the theatres of London. The Lyceum Theatre, the Garrick Theatre, the Haymarket Theatre, the Criterion Theatre, the Shaftesbury Theatre, are each in their special way centres of dramatic art. So long as the Haymarket can claim Mr. Fred Kerr, so long as the Shaftesbury can claim Mr. Cyril Maude, so long as the Criterion can claim Mr. George Giddens, so long as the Garrick can claim Mr. Forbes-Robertson, so long these theatres may maintain that their immediate principals are supported in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the art. But for the present there does appear to be a kind of homogeneity about the company at the St. James's Theatre which I do not think is to be found so conspicuously evident in any other theatre in London.

Another important event of the season has been the advent of the French players. If there is one belief more firmly grafted into the mind of the British playgoer than another, it is a belief in the

superiority of the French play-actor and of the French play-writer to the English play-actor and the English play-writer. Yet, no belief is more baseless. We owe thanks to M. Mayer for helping to disenchant the public. Not to disenchant them of their admiration for French acting, which, when honestly entertained upon due experience and honestly expressed after due reflection, is serious enough and sensible enough. But any impression that the French are markedly beyond us in our capacity for dramatic expression could hardly, I think, be seriously maintained by any one well acquainted with the present state of our English theatres who followed the course of M. Mayer's latest experiment of three weeks' duration. When we think of the Lyceum Theatre, of the Garrick Theatre, of the St. James's Theatre, of the Criterion Theatre, of the Haymarket Theatre, and many others, and compare their powers and their methods with the powers and the methods of the Comédie Française, we may be pardoned for cherishing a certain insular feeling of satisfaction. Not in the least a Pharisaical feeling that we thank God that we are not as those are; not in the least a feeling that we are very much better than our French neighbours and rivals—for, indeed, to be very much better than, or indeed at all conspicuously better than, our French neighbours at their best would be, to put it mildly, not without its difficulty. But where our feeling of exultation may legitimately come in is when we assure ourselves with all sincerity that the legend of our inferiority to our "sweet enemy France" is the most fly-blown and grotesque of all legends. We may assure ourselves, without the slightest affectation, that we are as good as they. Personally, I much prefer the modern English way of acting a modern English comedy of manners, to the modern French way of acting a modern French comedy of manners. I think our people move more naturally, speak more naturally, carry themselves with a more commendable conformity to the carriage of the real world around them; that they forget their audience far more, and are far more willing to forego their own mere personal and momentary advantage for the sake of the truthfulness of the general stage picture. They do not address themselves to the audience with the persistence of the French players: they do not regard the footlights as a sort of fictitious barrier between them and their public which it is their duty to come close to, and to hurl speeches across into the very hearts of their audience, as certain of the French players—but these, indeed, are not the best—are at pains to do. I should be sorry to be thought to underrate the genius of modern France, or to under-

estimate the magnitude of the artistic debt which we and all the nations of the world owe to her. But I should be still more sorry to be thought indifferent to, or inappreciative of, the dramatic genius of our own people, and the conspicuous advance which our stage has made within very recent years.

We have had a great deal written about the stage in the last few days or weeks. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose tireless energy cannot be confined to the mere writing of plays, but must spend itself in all manner of lectures, articles, and dramatic schemes, is found, in company with Mr. Sidney Grundy, in the pages of a recent number of the *New Review* expounding things dramatic with firstly, secondly, and thirdly. Of course, he has his hit at Ibsen. Could Mr. Jones take up his pen without this? I wish he could, for Mr. Jones is a serious author, with the interests of the drama sincerely at heart, nad does not really, I am convinced, look upon Ibsen with the frolicsome indifference which he affects in his writings. Perhaps the most interesting of recent contributions to dramatic literature was Mr. Henry James's paper on "Hedda Gabler" in a previous number of the *New Review*. Not so much for what it said about "Hedda Gabler," though that was fair enough and interesting enough, but because it is portion or parcel of Mr. Henry James's new departure as dramatic author and dramatic critic. It is interesting in this connection to turn to certain utterances of Mr. Henry James's in his theatrical novel, "The Tragic Muse." Here is the ideal theatre of which his hero dreams :

"He saw . . . . a great, academic, artistic theatre, subsidised and unburdened with money-getting, rich in its repertory, rich in the high quality and the wide array of its servants, and above all in the authority of an impossible administrator—a manager personally disinterested, not an actor with an eye to the main chance, pouring forth a continuity of tradition, striving for perfection, laying a splendid literature under contribution. He saw the heroine of a hundred 'situations' variously dramatic and vividly real; he saw comedy and drama and passion and character and English life; he saw all humanity and history and poetry, and perpetually, in the midst of them, shining out in the high relief of some great moment, an image as fresh as an unveiled statue."

But Mr. Henry James's agreeable fancy is dashed by, to him, disagreeable facts. He does not like the practical actor, whom he represents by Dashwood :

"Dashwood knew all about the new thing, the piece in rehearsal; he knew all about everything—receipts and salaries and expenses

and newspaper articles, and what old Baskerville said, and what Mrs. Ruffler thought; matters of superficial concern to Sherringham, who wondered, before Miriam appeared, whether she talked with her 'walking-gentleman' about them by the hour, deep in them, and finding them not vulgar and boring, but the natural air of her life and the essence of her profession."

Mr. Henry James may be assured, however, that an intense interest in all the minor details of dramatic art and life is quite compatible with the highest belief in the dignity of the art.

It must be admitted that there is a good deal of vague talk about the theatre just now—one might say, more than enough. Mr. Henry James, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Sidney Grundy—there they are all explaining and expounding and exhorting, and nobody is by so much as a penny the wiser. Mr. Grant Allen rushes lightly into print as the champion of a "Thinking-Theatre," to be instituted for the benefit of some particular actress or some particular group of actresses. Was Mr. Grant Allen thinking at all of that ideal theatre dreamed of by Mr. Henry James, the description of which has been just quoted? Whether he was or not—whether in his heart he cares a rap for the existence or non-existence of a "thinking-theatre," he brought down a good deal of indignation—very much as shooting brings down rain—from the jealous guardians of existing drama, the lovers of things as they are, who see in any suggestion that is not in absolute accord with the traditions of Philistia an insidious attempt to spread the plague of Ibsenism, to disseminate the poisonous doctrines of the North. In the meantime, thank Heaven, the drama goes on, and will go on, however the wordy battle is waged, however it rages.

Mr. Davenport Adams's interesting "Book of Burlesque" comes to my hands appropriately enough at the very moment when the Gaiety Theatre has closed after its long and brilliant season. If I said a regretful good-bye to "Carmen Up to Data" I can offer a warm welcome to Mr. Davenport Adams's volume. Here the admirer of burlesque will find a comprehensive sketch of the history of an enduring and amusing form of dramatic art. That we shall always have burlesque with us, in some form or another, may, says Mr. Davenport Adams, be accepted as inevitable. So much the better. I will make no attempt here and now to renew the gentle and joyous passage at arms which I had with Mr. Archer and Mr. Walkley over "Carmen Up to Data." I do not think those two scholarly critics quite understood my case: probably that was my own fault. They did not seem willing to admit that one might admire Ibsen and Verlaine and have a taste for Aristophanes, and, at the same time,

find entertainment in a Gaiety burlesque. But to any one who loves the East and Oriental thought, dancing is a great art and a great delight, and the Gaiety has been a very school of delightful dancing. Kate Vaughan danced well there yesterday; Letty Lind dances better to-day; no doubt some one will dance better than Letty Lind there to-morrow. It is time for a new star to shine. Why does not some enterprising manager induce Carmencita to come from New York for a season? London knows her only in Sargent's marvellous portrait. It would like to look upon the real woman.

One great dramatic event is at hand, an event of the highest artistic importance—the coming of Mr. Augustin Daly's company of comedians. Mr. Daly's company holds its place in our hearts; we look for it year after year with ever-increasing affection; we rejoice to recognise the genius of Ada Rehan, and to flatter ourselves that she feels as much at home in London as in her own New York. It would, perhaps, be impossible to admire her more than her New York audiences admire her, but at least we can say with honest pride that we are no jot, no, not a hair's breadth behind them. We would keep her here if we could—though, indeed, to do so would be a breach of the comity of nations. Since we cannot, let us at least rejoice that she comes to us so often across the sea; that she will be with us so soon again.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Efforts towards the Perfectioning of the Book.

EFFORTS for the perfectioning of the book are strenuous both in France and Great Britain. To the progress of book decoration in Paris I have more than once drawn attention. Beautiful in many respects are the two publications which have been issued by the Académie des Beaux Livres, which has some half-dozen English members. Vignettes, head and tail-pieces, decorated capitals, and the like are delightful, and type and paper are of high quality. In the larger designs, however, which are a special feature, printing in colour is attempted, and as this is a tentative art, the results, though an advance upon anything yet achieved, cannot be regarded as final. What a society is doing in Paris Mr. Morris does "off his own bat" in London. In passing from the "Abbesse de Castro" and the "Débuts de César Borgia" of the Académie to "The Story of the Glittering Plain" issued by Mr. William Morris from his new Kelmscott Press, we pass, so to speak, from the court of Charles II. to some abode of Puritan simplicity and revolt. All is stern, old-world, and formal. The first page of signature A is a blank, except for the letter. There is no title-page in the full sense of the word, though there is a colophon. The type is stern and dark, the capitals are conventional in design, and the binding is spotless vellum with wash-leather thongs or laces. The paper is hand-made, and the whole might almost be taken for an incunable. Here the experiment is reactionary without being less interesting. The book is accordingly at a premium. As was to be expected, the desire for applause of the author has interfered with the monopoly of the work, for which, perhaps somewhat ungenerously, the subscriber hoped. A cheaper edition, in different type and on inferior paper, is to bring the story within reach of the literary proletariat.

A New Mania.

I RESPECT the censure passed by Mr. Ruskin upon the application of the word "mania" to love of books and the like, but the term is convenient and is not really disparaging. To me—to

vary a well-known phrase first applied, I am told, to wine—all collecting is good, but some is better than others. In Paris the latest rage is for collecting the illustrated posters which, as mural decorations, are striking features in our streets. I have, indeed, received a catalogue of the prices at which they are supplied. Among modern artists who produce these *affiches* or posters, Jules Chéret and Choubrac are favourites. Their works are, I fancy, unknown in London, but have a good deal of merit. "Glycerine Tooth-paste" is considered one of the best of the designs of Chéret. Another design which stands high in public estimation is now sufficiently familiar in London streets. This is the picture of "L'Enfant Prodigue," which is the work of Ad. Willette. The name, half bantering, bestowed on the new form of collection is *affichomanie.*

Guide-book to Books.

THE great desideratum in England is a good bibliography. When the classified catalogue of the British Museum is issued, a full though scarcely a perfect work of the class will be accessible. Which generation of our descendants will be able to profit by this it is as yet too early to say. Meanwhile, ample as are the materials supplied by Lowndes, Watt, Allibone, the "Dictionary of National Biography," the sale catalogues of Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, and the booksellers' catalogues, of which during recent years there has been an inundation, publishers naturally shrink from a costly and hazardous experiment. In the absence of complete guides, handbooks to books are springing into vogue. Compilations of this kind may have a moderate amount of value, but constitute, for the most part, mere tinkering with a great subject. The most comprehensive and trustworthy is the "Classified Guide to the Best Books" of Mr. W. Swan Sonnenschein, of which a new edition has just seen the light. Subsequent compilations, a batch of which are before me, are, on the whole, delusive. What must we think of a professed guide to books which, under Botany, does not mention "Gerard's Herbal"; under Bibliography omits all reference to "Lowndes"; and while dealing with Heraldry is oblivious of "Guillim"! One may expect shortly to see Clarendon dropped from the list of historians, and Pepys from that of diarists.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1891.

THE TROUBLES OF AN OXFORD BEAUTY.

BY PHILIP SINCLAIR.

CLARA MOSTYN had never been so delighted as when she received an invitation to come and make a long stay with her aunt Catherine at Oxford; for the girl's own home at Stokely, a little town on the south coast of England, was neither comfortable nor happy. Clara's father, a doctor of some talent, had died very suddenly some years before without leaving an adequate provision for his wife and family. Since that date, the widowed Mrs. Mostyn had been living in very humble style at Stokely with her three daughters. Clara, the eldest, was a very pretty girl, with a tall, well-made figure, regular features, golden-brown hair, and large brown eyes of the kind that look so much and mean so little. She was not a girl of strong character or deep feelings; but she had an instinctive craving for ease and pleasure, and the narrowness and dulness of her present surroundings acted on her like a slow torture. Like many other girls in her position, she could only think of one way of escape from her present existence. If someone, like the ever-recurring Prince Charming of her favourite novels, would only come and marry her and take her away to a brighter place, where every aspiration would not be checked by wretched material cares, how happy she would be! But there seemed no chance of such an event ever happening in Stokely. It might have been remarked of this little-known seaside resort that, like the recluse in Gray's "Elegy," melancholy--of the

dull, however, not of the romantic kind—had marked it for her own. It had a good many visitors in the summer, but these were always invalids of the most piteous and decayed aspect. Among the residents—shabby-genteel people, who liked Stokely because it was cheap and healthy—eligible suitors, such as Clara's fancy pictured them, were absolutely non-existent. Her girlhood, it is true, had not been without its little romance. That great and wealthy corporation, the Metropolitan and Provincial Banking Company, has a branch office at Stokely. Among the gentlemen employed as clerks in this establishment was a certain bashful, knock-kneed, round-shouldered youth named Joseph Trundle. The latter had seen and loved the soft-eyed Clara Mostyn. He used to go to the little parish church where she sang in the choir, and stared at her so steadily throughout the service that the most magnificent effusions of the vicar and his attendant curates fell unheeded on his ears. At school treats, whenever they both happened to be present, he devoted so much attention to Miss Mostyn that the children placed under his care would have starved had she not pointedly recalled him to his duties. Clara very soon discovered the simple-minded Joseph's partiality for her. But even had he been a more brilliant and better-looking man, she would have resolutely declined his advances. For Joseph, alas! was poor and had no prospects, and such a match was very far from Clara's ideas. And thus when, after some months' vacillation, he made her an offer of his hand and fortune of £120 a year, he was scornfully and indignantly refused. More than a year had passed since this little episode, and it seemed as if a life of hopeless, aching monotony lay before Clara. She was becoming fretful and peevish, and used to wonder how long it would be before she would sink into the dim and dreaded stage of old-maidenism. Suddenly an event occurred, which, insignificant in itself, caused no small flutter in the Mostyn household. Their aunt Catherine, the late Dr. Mostyn's only sister, returned to England. This lady had for the last seven years been resident in Bengal by the side of her lawful spouse, Major Stuart, of the —th Highlanders. On the death from fever of that gallant officer, his widow, a buxom woman with two little boys, resolved to return home. After looking about a little for a resting-place, she decided, in accordance with the advice of several friends, to settle in Oxford.

Time was when the only society this venerable city had to offer was composed of the university professors and their womankind. The latter were not very numerous, for it is only recently that a fellow of a college has been allowed to marry. At present, however,

things are completely changed. Of late years crowds of new residents, quite unconnected with the university, have appeared in Oxford. The half-pay officer, the civilian who has earned his pension, the retired merchant who wishes to bid adieu to the smoke and din of the metropolis, the ex-stockbroker, and the widow whose husband may have belonged to any one of the above denominations, have ceased to fly to Bath, Cheltenham, and other homes of rest for weary mortals, and have begun to turn their steps to Oxford. To meet the requirements of this new population, the town boundaries have been largely extended. In place of the broad fields that used to surround the old grey city, countless stucco-fronted "terraces," "gardens," and "crescents" have arisen as if by magic; and every road leading to the town has been lined with desirable villa residences of the most approved description.

Now why, it behoves us to ask, has Oxford suddenly become so popular as a residence? The answer is mainly to be found in the necessity imposed on every English mother of finding husbands for her daughters. Just as the increase of population is continually causing once unknown and barren territories to be turned into waving fields of corn, so, as one popular resort after another becomes too well known for the purposes of husband-hunting, new and untried places are constantly being discovered, explored, and tested by the anxious matron. One of the last upon which she has cast her eye is Oxford. The advantages of that city are obvious. During six months of the year two thousand young men have to be in residence there, in order to pursue their academical studies. They are of a susceptible age. They come fresh from the refinements of their homes. It is but natural that they should long for some female society in their new abode. That of their tutors' wives and daughters is only to be entered very rarely and by special invitations. And these, it is to be feared, are rather avoided than desired, for the family circle of an Oxford don is, in general, far too lofty and edifying for ordinary mortals. The result, therefore, is, that the Oxford undergraduate is only too delighted to obtain an *entrée* to the drawing-rooms of the non-university or town residents. In fact, at the dances, afternoon teas, and musical evenings, given by the latter during term time, the male guests frequently outnumber the female in the proportion of three to one. What English matron, with daughters to provide for, would not feel raised to the seventh heaven of delight at such a spectacle? It is, however, to be feared that its apparent value must be discounted owing to two circumstances. In the first place, whereas at these entertainments the average age of the gentle-

men present is only nineteen, that of the ladies is at least seven years more. Secondly, the Oxford undergraduate is in reality little more than a developed schoolboy. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he is solely dependent on his parents or other relatives. Intent on the pleasures of the passing hour, he rarely ever thinks of his future profession in life except when just on the point of leaving the university. And, therefore, though gallant in address, magnificent in attire, and a past master in the art of flirtation, he is very far from being an eligible *parti* in the real sense of the word. And thus it frequently happens that the gentle maidens of Oxford, after enjoying the pleasures of society for some years without any sign of a wedding ring appearing to illume the horizon, begin to grow rather weary; and the Oxford hostess learns the melancholy fact that the brilliant youths she has been entertaining for so long without any result resemble those politicians who, as a German writer has observed, though always ready to be *paid*, are extremely unwilling to be *bought*.

Mrs. Stuart settled herself in a pretty villa known as "The Cedars," in Chester Road. She found plenty of old Indian and army friends in Oxford, and speedily became enchanted with the place and the people. After some weeks' time she went down to Stokely to get a look at her relatives—the Mostyns. She did not fail to remark with some pleasure the great beauty and ladylike manners of her niece Clara, who strongly reminded Mrs. Stuart of her lost brother, Dr. Mostyn. There was something very sad in the idea of so pretty and graceful a girl wasting her sweetness on the desert air of such a wretched place as Stokely. Mrs. Stuart, a kind-hearted and impulsive woman, was quite touched by it. She at once thought of her own pleasant home at Oxford, of her large circle of friends, of the many nice young men to whom she could introduce her niece. Moreover, how pleasant it would be for herself to have Clara as a companion, and what an element of attraction it would add to her little parties! The idea once conceived, Mrs. Stuart communicated it to her sister-in-law. The latter, who did not get on very well with her eldest daughter, readily consented. And before many days were over the whole matter had been definitely arranged.

The preparations for Clara's departure were soon completed, and the girl, trembling with delight and anticipation, reached Oxford towards the end of September. It was a wonderful change from Stokely. "The Cedars" was a very pretty and comfortable house. Mrs. Stuart had taken a great fancy to her niece, and for the first time since her father's death Clara began to be thoroughly happy.

It was not long before her definite entry into Oxford society took place. Shortly after the beginning of the winter term on October 11 Mrs. Stuart gave a dance, which was attended by the usual crowd of gushing spinsters and well-dressed hobbledehoys. Clara, who had never seen anything grander than a dismal tea-fight at the Stokely vicarage, was delighted at the entertainment. Her beauty and grace made her the belle of the party. The undergraduates present were astonished to find so fair a flower in the *hortus siccus* of withered Oxford womanhood, and vied with one another in attempting to secure her as their partner in the mazy dance. Her aunt was delighted with Clara's success, and foresaw that "The Cedars" would become the most popular house in Oxford. The fame of Clara Mostyn's beauty was soon spread over the whole town. A few days after her aunt's party she went to a dance given by Mrs. Catcher, an army-surgeon's widow with five daughters, who lived opposite. Before she had been a quarter of an hour in the ball-room, Clara could have filled her programme over and over again, to the bitter disgust of the five Miss Catchers, good girls and clever girls, but no beauties, who found the evening very poor fun.

As a general rule, the richer undergraduates at Oxford, most of whom are to be found at Cardinal College, are far too great personages to take part in the pleasant but somewhat humble entertainments given by the town residents. But Clara's success at Mrs. Catcher's had been so *éclatant*, that her admirers carried the report thereof beyond the actual circle formed by the town society and the undergraduates who specially frequented it. Among the persons who thus heard of her was a certain Mr. Charles Huntington, a shining light of the great sporting college of Brazenface. He was the only son of the wealthy Worcestershire manufacturer and landowner, Sir William Huntington. The gallant Charles did not give much attention to adies' society. He was, indeed, so fully occupied with hunting, polo, billiards, cards, and wine parties, that, though the young gentleman never by any chance did a stroke of work from one week's end to another, it is difficult to see how he could have possibly found time to spare for the courtesies of the drawing-room. But it chanced that he heard such a glowing account of Clara from his friend and brother sportsman, Mr. Fielding of St. Jerome's, that he was filled with a desire to have a look at her. He, therefore, asked Fielding to get him a card for Mrs. Stuart's next dance, which was to come off in a few days' time. The card was readily obtained. Mrs. Stuart, like the other Oxford matrons, had carefully studied the

University Calendar, and knew that the only son of Sir William Huntington was a tremendous catch.

"The Cedars" was beautifully decorated for the night of the dance, and the crowd was very great. Mr. Huntington arrived early, with his stalwart person arranged with unusual care. He was at once introduced to Clara, who of course had been carefully coached for the part, and danced with her nearly the whole evening, with the exception of the last three dances; these he sat out with her in the conservatory—a dangerous place for the susceptible! Clara had begun well. When Huntington got back to his rooms he informed his particular chum, Bulkeley, the great rowing man, that he, Huntington, was "mashed."

So, indeed, it seemed. From the evening of the dance Huntington became quite an *habitué* of Mrs. Stuart's drawing-room. That lady soon got to know him so well that one day at afternoon tea, when very singularly only herself, Clara, and Mr. Huntington were present, she waggishly asked him if he wouldn't rather have a brandy-and-soda in place of the cup that neither cheers nor inebriates. Huntington told all his friends of the incident. He swore that Mrs. Stuart and her niece were the most "ripping" people he had ever met. Some of his wiser companions tried to warn him. But he damned them for a set of impertinent fools, and told them to mind their own business. The two ladies were quite amazed to find what a fund of conversation he possessed when his natural bashfulness had once worn off. He would sit by the fireside with Clara, Mrs. Stuart writing letters at the other end of the room, and tell her how he had gone ratting the other day with a new dog; how many rats the aforesaid dog had slaughtered; how it was a good dog, but not quite so good as one he had last term that got run over by a railway train; how he and Mr. Soker of Brazenface had gone a drive in his tandem last week to Blenheim; how many bottles of wine they had consumed on the way; how they had an accident driving home; how, the trap being smashed to pieces, they had to walk into Oxford at 1.30 A.M., each leading one of the horses; how his friend Bulkeley was a good chap, but a most awful fool; how morning chapel was an awful bore when a man had been going it the night before; with many other details of the rowdy man's career.

These ingenuous confidences went on for nearly a month. Huntington was getting deeper and deeper in the toils every day. At last, shortly before the end of the term, while walking home with Clara from a skating party on Port Meadow, he actually proposed, and was immediately accepted by the delighted girl. To describe

the joy of Mrs. Stuart at her niece's triumph would be impossible. "My niece, Lady Huntington," as she would be some day, sounded almost too beautiful to be true. She got an illustrated history of the county of Worcestershire, in which the magnificent house of Huntington Manor was depicted, and wondered which of the thirty-seven large bedrooms she would have when she went to stay there. There was a beautiful room in the western turret, overlooking the lake, that she fixed on as her favourite. As for Clara herself, she received congratulations without number. She wrote off a most glowing letter to her mother at Stokely, in which she described all the great things she would do for her younger sisters when she was married. Huntington completely gave up his cards, his billiards, his wine parties, everything, in order to spend his time by Clara's side. He had never known anything so sweet as the companionship of this lovely, pure-hearted young girl who loved him so truly. What had he got to recommend him, he used to wonder? For he was a simple-minded youth in spite of his rowdy, reckless life, and very, very young. He knows now—but we are anticipating.

Even in his highest moments of felicity there was one little point which caused Huntington some trepidation. One night at his rooms at Brazenface he was expatiating on the virtues of his inamorata to his chum Bulkeley. Suddenly the latter, taking the eternal pipe out of his mouth, remarked, "Very good, my boy; but does your governor know about all this?" At these words Huntington grew pale as death. However, after a short pause, he replied that he had not yet informed his father of his engagement, but intended to do so on the first opportunity. Bulkeley chuckled. "I hope I shall be there to see the row," said he. Huntington rose from his chair white with rage, and told Bulkeley that when he wanted his opinion about his own affairs he would ask for it, at which the sarcastic Bulkeley only whistled. It was plain that there was a little cloud on the horizon.

Shortly before Christmas Mr. Huntington returned home. He wrote Clara an affectionate letter announcing his arrival, and saying that he would have something important to tell her in his next. About a week after this Mrs. Stuart was sitting late one evening in her private room checking the house bills. Suddenly she was startled by a loud ring at the front door. It was opened by the maid, who in a few moments came in and said, "Sir William Huntington is in the dining-room, and wishes to see you at once." Mrs. Stuart put her cap straight, and went into the room in a tremulous state of suppressed excitement. She found herself confronted by a burly, red-faced gentleman, who, holding in his hand a letter which the

ill-fated Clara had written to Charles a few days ago, roared out, "What, madam, is the meaning of this?" Mrs. Stuart, intensely surprised, for Charles had always said that his father would offer no opposition to the engagement, gasped out that, as her niece and Mr. Charles Huntington were engaged, there was nothing extraordinary in their writing to one another. "Engaged!" screamed the baronet, who was evidently of a choleric nature. "What the devil do you mean by entrapping my son in this way?" "Entrapping!" Mrs. Stuart broke in. "Yes, *entrapping*," replied her interlocutor, with such emphasis that the maid, listening at the keyhole, as she subsequently expressed herself to the cook, "felt struck all of a 'eap." "You think you're going to marry your penniless niece to my money, but you won't; just look here!" And then, in harsh tones, he proceeded to explain that his son had not a single shilling except what his father gave him; there was no entailed property in the family, and if Charles persisted in this engagement he would kick him out of the house. "So now," he concluded, "you know what to expect." With these words he seized his hat and rushed out. He must have got back to Huntington Manor the next day, for the morning after that a letter arrived in Charles's handwriting. It was evidently written by authority. The young man merely stated that his father declined in any way whatsoever to recognise the engagement existing between him and Clara; he had no money of his own, and no means of making any; he was afraid, therefore, he must ask Clara to let him have his promise back again. Mrs. Stuart saw that the game was up. She wrote to Charles to the effect that, her niece being too ill to write, she was authorised to inform Mr. Huntington that he might consider the engagement at an end.

Charles Huntington never went back to Oxford, his father preferring the safer course of sending him on a tour round the world. The sudden rupture of her first engagement was a terrible shock to Clara. But Mrs. Stuart knew perfectly well that such catastrophes were very common in Oxford. It was the splendour of the match rather than any real sentiment that had attracted Clara, and the girl's heart was very far from broken. Her aunt, therefore, was resolved to try again, but be more cautious this time.

About the end of January the Easter term commenced. Mrs. Stuart had told all her friends a judicious little story about Clara's engagement. It had been broken off, she declared, because Mr. Huntington was such a wild young man; his poor father had been actually compelled to take him away from Oxford to prevent his getting into any more scrapes! Though, of course, nobody believed

this, the number of Clara's admirers was in no way decreased. The girl resumed her position in society as if nothing had happened to ruffle her equanimity, and it was not long before another aspirant to her hand appeared.

The æsthetic movement at Oxford has never had a more enthusiastic votary than Vivian Digby, scholar of Bruce College. His thin figure, sallow face, and lackadaisical expression eminently fitted him for the part of an apostle of culture. A great admirer of the works of Gautier, Baudelaire, and others of that ilk, he himself was a poet of no mean talent. But his effusions, which were kept locked in an antique casket labelled "Tristia," were only shown to the initiated. Digby had plenty of male friends of his own stamp, with whom he would spend long hours discussing the regeneration of the British Philistine. But what he longed for in vain was some feminine sympathiser to whom he might make known the yearnings of his soul. It is true that numerous ladies in Oxford would have been ready to sympathise with him to any extent. But these, alas! lacked that physical beauty without which the ideal woman of Vivian's fancy was imperfect.

On a certain Sunday about the middle of the Easter term, Vivian Digby happened to attend a great "function" at the well-known church of Saint Theodosius. Miss Mostyn also chanced to be present. She was looking exquisite that morning; a result due partly to religious emotion, partly to the consciousness that she was the prettiest and the best dressed girl in church. From that day, curiously enough, Digby's intimate friends began to notice that his poems, heretofore of the most lugubrious character, began to assume a brighter tone. Moreover, a fortnight after the Sunday above mentioned, Digby, who had not been into Oxford society before, asked a friend to take him to one of Mrs. Stuart's "at homes." He must have paid Miss Mostyn a good deal of attention; for the eldest Miss Catcher, who was present on this occasion, subsequently remarked to her sisters that "that girl" was already making up to someone else, at which the four junior Catchers exclaimed in chorus "How disgusting!" From that day the once austere Digby became quite a frequent visitor at "The Cedars." He also managed to meet Clara out at different houses, where he always paid her the most marked attention. The girl soon discovered his feelings towards her, and many and long were the conversations she had with her aunt about him. The difficulty about Vivian Digby was this. A man of brilliant classical attainments, he had already won numerous University prizes. It was extremely probable, therefore, that he would soon obtain the proud position of a

it to say that, to the very end of the Easter vacation, his lot was one of blissful contentment. But after the beginning of the summer term, at the end of which the Final Examinations always take place, a change began to come over Digby. In his conversations he began to drop hints about true genius being unrewarded in this world. He also began to cut short his visits to Clara. For, sad to say, the young gentleman's work was in a very bad condition. The Final Classical Schools Examination at Oxford demands even from the most gifted an immense amount of hard and regular study. And Digby now suddenly awoke to the fact that, owing to the way he had wasted his time over æstheticism and love, he had scarcely read a tenth part of the necessary books. What was to be done? The examination, failure in which meant not only the ruin of his future career, but also the loss of Clara, would take place in two months' time. He engaged two special tutors, and made a desperate effort to retrieve his position. But it was too late. Nervousness and overpressure ruined his health. The examination came, and even before the class list was published it was known that "Digby, Vivianus, e collegio Bruciensi," the ablest scholar of his year, had been a miserable failure. It was all up with his hopes of a Fellowship. His tutor told him he had wasted his time and disgraced his college. Mrs. Stuart wrote to say that, as he had failed to fulfil her conditions, all intimacy between him and her niece, Miss Mostyn, must now cease; and the unfortunate young man left Oxford for ever, to take an undermastership in a preparatory school.

Vivian Digby's downfall was rather a disappointment to Mrs. Stuart, who had set her heart on getting into the real University circle. But there had been no formal engagement. Moreover, even if Digby had been successful in his examination, it is rather doubtful whether after all the course of true love would have run smoothly.

So great is the reputation of the University of Oxford that it has of late years begun to attract students from the most distant parts of the world. The mild Hindoo, the stalwart Australian, the wily Sclav, and the cute Yankee have come from their distant homes to drink of the font of classic lore beneath the shadow of St. Mary's. As a general rule, the above-mentioned students come rather to enjoy the social life of the place than to wrestle with the difficulties of intellectual culture. And thus it happens that they are apt to be unduly gorgeous in their surroundings and unnecessarily frivolous in their mode of life. Among the foreign birds of passage present at Oxford at this time was a certain dark and dashing youth named Constantine Vasari. He was a Greek by birth, nephew of Paolo Vasari, an eminent Italian banker and financial agent long since

settled at Athens. Constantine had been sent over to England to learn English and get some knowledge of English ways, with a view to ultimately undertaking the foreign department of his uncle's business. He had for this purpose been entered as an undergraduate at St. Jerome's Hall, one of those foundations at Oxford which require of their students little knowledge and no application. He lived in great state in the best and largest lodgings that money could procure. He thoroughly entered into the ways of his young English friends. He arrayed his person in the most brilliant and best-cut check suits that Oxford tailors could supply. He drank brandies and sodas and smoked cigars with exemplary regularity. He drove a tandem, kept nine fox-terriers, and garnished his conversation with the latest and most fashionable slang. His convivial tastes and truly Oriental hospitality would alone have secured him a host of friends. But, being a man of varied abilities, he did not confine himself to one circle, but took as much pleasure in talking high art with a cringing æsthete as in discussing the odds with the smartest sportsman from Brazenface. What wonder, then, that he was the best-known and most popular man in Oxford!

Among Constantine's other characteristics was an intense fondness for society. He found the pleasant, frank English girls a most delightful change from the shy duenna-guarded *jeunes filles* of southern Europe. He rapidly acquired the mysteries of flirtation, and soon became such an adept in that essentially English art as to distance even his native-born rivals. Before long no dance or reception among the Oxford residents seemed complete without him. He had not been long in Oxford society before, in deference to the prevailing fashion, he enrolled himself among Miss Mostyn's cavaliers. Vivian Digby was now nearly always locked up with his books; so Constantine, after a little preliminary skirmishing, found no difficulty in becoming the most prominent of all the worshippers who met at the well-known shrine in Chester Road.

The summer term at Oxford always concludes with a shower of dances, concerts, picnics, garden parties, and other gaieties. A large number of visitors, mainly consisting of female relatives of the undergraduates, come down. The regular residents are rather apt to be neglected during this period. Still, by coming out in new dresses, affecting a sudden ignorance of the locality, and getting some new and callow youths to take them about, they manage to get mistaken for visitors, and so see a good deal of the fun. Miss Mostyn, however, was far too pretty and popular to be shunted during this festive season. Vivian Digby's examination was over, and that young

gentleman had disappeared, no one knew where. But Vasari gladly seized the opportunity to take Clara to every fête and entertainment of the commemoration week. His wealth enabled him to do the thing in grand style; and the value of the ball and concert tickets, bouquets, and luncheon parties he compelled Mrs. Stuart and her niece to accept would have kept an average working-man's family in good condition for twelve months. The Greek's attentions were by no means unwelcome. Clara knew perfectly well that her stay at Oxford could not last for ever. The affair with Digby was now broken off. Unless she got engaged again pretty soon she would have to go. Constantine's appearance, therefore, at this conjuncture seemed like a godsend, and Clara was resolved not to lose the opportunity. A girl who has had two lovers—to use a sporting phrase—gets to know the ropes. She redoubled her powers of pleasing, she brought all her most subtle fascinations to bear upon the enamoured foreigner, and her endeavours received their well-merited reward when he succumbed at a picnic at Nuneham.

Mrs. Stuart was disposed to be rather suspicious as to Vasari's position and character. But her doubts were soon set at rest. The papers he had with him proved that he was really and truly nephew to Paolo Vasari, the eminent Athenian banker. He had inherited a fortune from his late father, Francesco Vasari, Paolo's younger brother. In a few months, as several passages in his letters showed, he was going into his uncle's business as partner, so that eventually he would be a very wealthy man indeed. With such credentials Constantine was graciously accepted; and Clara's rivals, who had just begun to rejoice over the end of the Digby affair, were again compelled to bow the knee.

The long vacation now ensued. Mrs. Stuart, like many of the other Oxford residents, went away for a long visit to the sea-side. She took Clara with her. Constantine had to pay several visits to the continent, and also went up to Scotland about the middle of August to get some grouse-shooting. He, however, managed to run down occasionally to the hotel at Eastbourne, where his *fiancée* was staying, and his numerous letters and presents were all that the most exacting young lady could desire.

Towards the end of September Mrs. Stuart and her niece returned to Oxford for the winter term. Clara had been the belle of Oxford society before. But the glories of the past twelve months were utterly eclipsed by the splendours of her position as the bride elect of the wealthy and brilliant Constantine Vasari. The latter surpassed himself in seeking to do honour to his beautiful Clara. In

Mrs. Stuart's name he gave dances and fêtes innumerable, in which Clara was always the centre of admiration. Constantine was the *beau idéal* of a lover. The alternations of courtly grace and sentimental fervour with which he treated his inamorata contrasted so favourably with the uncouth confidences and æsthetic banalities of her two former admirers, that Clara grew quite fond of him, and rapidly began to persuade herself that she was really in lòve. She thoroughly enjoyed the enthusiastic homage paid to her wherever she went. Her rivals were furious that the girl who had been jilted by young Huntington and who had treated poor Mr. Digby so shamefully should have carried off the best prize in the matrimonial market. Still, they knew that the only way to be happy in this world is to take what one can get, and stick to it, so Mrs. Stuart's invitations were accepted more eagerly than ever.

It had been arranged that Vasari should leave Oxford for good at the end of the winter term, and return home to make the final preparations for his marriage, and draw up the settlements. He was to come back to England in March, and the wedding was to take place about the end of April or the beginning of May. With the month of December, therefore, he began to make preparations for his departure. The last day of his stay in Oxford he spent exclusively in the society of Clara and her aunt. He had a long and interesting *tête-à-tête* with the former, in the course of which he described with great eloquence the splendid life which Clara would lead, after her marriage, in continental capitals. He made careful arrangements about writing. The two ladies went up to town to see him off by the continental mail. The lovers said an affectionate farewell, and Clara watched him waving his handkerchief and smiling at her with his handsome gleaming eyes till the train passed away into the darkness.

It was on December 18th that Vasari had left England. Clara was rather surprised when that month passed away without bringing a letter or telegram from him. It seemed very strange. Up to the middle of January, in spite of reiterated appeals sent from Oxford to the various addresses given by him, Vasari's silence remained unbroken. As the month of January passed away without a letter, Clara's rivals, first in private, then quite openly, began to make sarcastic remarks. Some suggested that Constantine had been captured by brigands, and that old Paolo Vasari, like the wicked uncle in "The Babes in the Wood," had refused to pay the ransom. Others asserted that he had been chosen Prince of Bulgaria, and that the Russian Government had refused, on any pretext whatever, to

let him marry an English lady. The Miss Catchers, on their part, simply declared that he was a rank impostor. When February came Mrs. Stuart still buoyed herself up with the hope that Constantine's silence was intentional, and that he was going to suddenly reappear at "The Cedars" at the last moment and take them all by surprise, like Mr. William Terriss in an Adelphi melodrama. Mrs. Stuart and her niece used to sit up late every night and keep all the lights burning, but there came no sudden ringing at the front-door bell to disturb their vigils. At last, when March passed away without bringing even the ghost of a message, Mrs. Stuart's face began to grow very long. Clara had grown too nervous and depressed to stir out of doors. The constant inquiries and hypocritical sympathy of her friends maddened her. Suddenly, one morning towards the end of April, a letter, in Constantine's well-known handwriting, was handed in at "The Cedars." Clara, with a vague presentment of evil, handed it unopened to her aunt. Mrs. Stuart broke the seal and read as follows. The envelope bore the Vienna postmark, but the enclosure had neither date nor address :

"CARISSIMA MIA,—It is with pain and regret that I indite these lines to my sweet English lily. Our engagement, alas, can now never be fulfilled ! A week ago I was united in marriage to my cousin Anastasia. But to explain the concatenation of circumstances which have brought about so dolorous a catastrophe. I come back to Athens in December. My uncle Paolo meets me with a very grave face. I am filled with alarm. I demand to know the worst. He tells me. The fortune left to me by my late father has been all lost owing to the sudden failure of the securities in which it had been invested. Except, then, for the partnership in the bank, which depends on my uncle's goodwill, I am ruined. I tear my hair and ask aid of the good God ! Then my uncle, seeing my distress, continues, 'My child,' says he, 'I cannot see the son of my dear brother Francesco reduced to extremity. I have a daughter—Anastasia—of whose future I have been thinking much of late. She will inherit my wealth. She loves thee dearly. Take her as thy wife and I make good the loss of thy father's fortune at once, and thou shalt succeed me as head of the house of Vasari.' I am thunderstruck at his proposal. I implore him to find some other means of showing his affection. But my uncle is adamant. 'The husband of Anastasia, whoever he is, will become my son,' says he. I consider the situation. If I refuse to accept, I am too poor even to wed thee, my angel. I think of my father's often expressed hope that I should wed my cousin. I yield. One cannot argue with the master of forty legions. Why

should I uselessly plunge into expressions of regret? Of thee I only ask one thing. In thy own goodness, Carissima, pardon me! Lay the blame of our separation not on myself, but on that cruel fate which has ever delighted in the unhappiness of lovers! Thou wilt wed another, and possibly we shall meet again. Give, I pray thee, to thy aunt the assurance of my most sincere respect, and accept for thyself the eternal devotion of the broken-hearted CONSTANTINE VASARI."

. . . .

We will draw a veil over the consternation and bewilderment into which this epistle threw Clara and her aunt. The end was indeed come! We must, however, say a few words about the letter itself. Alas for the deceitfulness of the human heart! With the exception of the one fact about his marriage with Anastasia, Constantine's letter was a fiction from beginning to end. During his stay in England that enterprising young gentleman had resolved to thoroughly enter into the spirit of English life; and while in residence at Oxford it had occurred to him that it would be an excellent plan, as well as a most splendid joke, to become regularly engaged to some English girl. It was true that from his birth he had been betrothed to his cousin Anastasia, and the idea of breaking this arrangement never entered into his head. But what would that matter? He had already heard of so many of these English engagements that ended in nothing. One friend of his had been engaged three times; another had been engaged for five years to the girl of his heart, and had about as much chance of ever being in a position to marry as of becoming the Sultan of Turkey. He reckoned up the long list of engagements that had occurred in Oxford society during his own time. Not one in three had come to anything. Yet no one seemed to care much; the parties to these affairs went their way exactly the same. There was, therefore, no harm to be apprehended for himself. Then, the advantages were obvious. It would be grand fun doing the youthful lover *à l'anglaise.* And then, what an insight it would give him into English life! Possibly he would not have put his little comedy into execution unless he had met Clara Mostyn. But she was so fascinating, so well known, and so completely the belle of the place, that to be her recognised *fiancé* would not only be very pleasant, but would make him the king of Oxford society for the time being. No danger was to be apprehended from inquiries by his uncle. Constantine had mentioned once or twice in his letters that he was a great admirer of a certain English lady named Clara. But old Paolo Vasari, a wit

and libertine of the ultra-Parisian type, taking it for granted that it was a married woman to whom his nephew was paying his addresses had not been much affected thereby. Constantine had come back to Athens in December, and had immediately set about making preparations for his marriage with Anastasia. The loss of his father's fortune existed only in his own imagination. He had been married in April. The extraordinary delay he took in writing to Clara was due partly to pressure of other business, partly to a wish to escape any trouble which might tend to hinder the wedding. Once married, he knew he could snap his fingers at the world.

Some Oxford people must have met Constantine and his wife abroad during the Easter vacation; for even before the fatal letter, which had arrived three days after the summer term began, had been many hours in Clara's hands, the news had spread all over Oxford. It was impossible for the girl to face the storm of scandal that arose. Mrs. Stuart had given herself tremendous airs during the last few months. The way she had bragged of Constantine's wealth and high European position had sickened her hearers to the death. There is no misfortune a worldly woman dreads so much as a great social disappointment. In her fury Mrs. Stuart vented all her rage on Clara, and finally told the girl that, as she had made such a bad use of her opportunities, the sooner she went home the better.

Clara was too utterly broken-down to expostulate. The bright hopes which had animated her on her arrival in Oxford eighteen months ago had all been dashed to the ground. Conscience speaks with such an extremely small voice in the breast of a modern woman, that its whisperings are rarely heard at all. And thus, when, after her aunt's tirade, Clara retired to her room in a paroxysm of tears, her only feeling was one of indignation at her bad luck. It never occurred to her that to spend all her time and energies in trying to entrap the first eligible person who crossed her path was hardly an ideal life. None the less, as she grew calmer, her first instinct was to fly from a society which seemed to contain nothing but selfishness and deceit, unredeemed either by brilliant talents or external splendour. But where was she to go? To return to Stokely, where her last engagement had been cackled about more eagerly than at Oxford, was impossible. She would have to go out into some family as governess or companion. It was a wretched fate; still, it was the only thing to do.

Mrs. Stuart consented to let Clara remain at "The Cedars" till she had found a situation. The next few days were spent in hunting

up advertisements in the newspapers. After some searching, Clara came on one that she thought would suit. Mrs. Grimsby, of 201 Bedford Square, London, wanted a young lady of good birth and refined manners, as companion-governess to her two little girls. Clara resolved to write to Mrs. Grimsby at once. An answer came by return of post saying that Miss Mostyn might call on Tuesday next at half-past six. Clara went up to London on the appointed day, and drove up to Bedford Square at the fixed time. The door was opened by a solemn butler who ushered her into a well-furnished side-parlour. Mrs. Grimsby, a tall, gaunt matron, was sitting at a table with several account-books before her. As Clara came in she looked up with a pair of cold blue eyes. That one glance was enough. Clara was far too pretty to have in the house with young Jack Grimsby, a sprightly but somewhat weak-minded youth of nineteen. Mrs. Grimsby found fault with every answer Clara gave to her inquiries, and at last told her that she wouldn't suit. The solemn butler reappeared and ushered Clara into the street. It was nearly dark, pouring with rain and blowing a perfect gale. Clara had sent away her cab. There were no others in sight, so she started to walk down to Holborn to get another. As the rain blew in under her umbrella and dashed pitilessly against her skirts, the sense of her wretched position came on her more fully than ever. In spite of all her efforts, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and it was all she could do to keep herself from falling on the pavement. Hardly knowing whither she went, she struggled on till she was brought to a standstill by coming full tilt against a pedestrian. The latter stopped short and begged her pardon in the most abject terms. Something in the voice made Clara look up. Good heavens! It was Joseph Trundle. Though far more independent in bearing, more manly in physique, and better dressed, there was no doubt of its being her old lover. He gave one look at Clara's trembling face and recognised her at once. He saw, moreover, that she was in deep trouble. "Come out of the rain," he said, and, taking her hurriedly extended hand, he led her into a confectioner's shop that stood close by. Bad tea and stale Bath buns are not very conducive to emotional confidences; and Clara had a distinct remembrance that the last words she had spoken to Joseph two and a half years ago had been the reverse of polite. But the curiously sudden way in which she had come across him, and an instinctive knowledge that he was her only friend, deprived her of all hesitation. She told him briefly of her life at Oxford, of the engagement with Constantine Vasari into which her aunt had driven her—possibly she was unduly hard on the aunt—and of her

present unhappy situation. Simple-hearted Joseph had not got over his first affection. Had it been otherwise, it is very doubtful whether he could have resisted the implied appeal. She looked so bewitching in her distress that he could scarcely refrain from seizing her in his arms before the five waitresses. As it was, he contented himself with giving her a brief outline of his career since they had parted. He had left Stokely soon after she went to Oxford, and had been transferred to another branch office of the Bank at Slowborough in Yorkshire. Some time after his removal thither, a distant relative whom he had not seen or heard of since his childhood had quarrelled with his nephew and heir presumptive, and, dying soon after, had left all his property to Joseph. The latter thus found himself in possession of a large sum in the Funds and a half-share in a very prosperous City business. He had readily arranged to take up the latter, and was actually returning from his office when Clara met him. After a short pause Joseph went on to speak of his acquaintanceship with Clara at Stokely. For a moment the girl's heart died within her. Was he going to say good-bye? But this, fortunately for her, was very far from his intention. "In spite of all that has happened, Clara," said he, "I am as fond of you as ever. Will you give me a kinder answer now?" For all response, Clara put her trembling little hand into his.

Clara was married from a private hotel in London, as both Stokely and Oxford had such unpleasant associations for her. Her husband is rather dull sometimes, but Clara has learnt to appreciate his real worth. And, with an establishment with which even the critical Mrs. Stuart can find no fault, Clara, if not supremely happy, is quite content.

ON SOME EXTRACTS FROM HARRIET SHELLEY'S LETTERS.[1]

Harriet's inexperience in business matters.

"*To* Catherine Nugent. Lynmouth, August 5, 1812.

" . . . I thank you, in Percy's name, for your kind offer of service, though at the same time we cannot accept it. The case is this: His printer refuses to go on with his poems until he is paid. Now, such a demand is seldom made, as printers are never paid until the profits arising from the work come in, and Percy agreed with him to this effect. And as long as we staid in Dublin he wore the mask which is now taken off."

Opinions of Miss Hitchener—and of Godwin.

"Our friend, Miss Hitchener, is come to us. She is very busy writing for the good of mankind. She is very dark in complexion, with a great quantity of long black hair. She talks a great deal. If you like great talkers, she will suit you. She is taller than me or my sister, and as thin as it is possible to be. . . . Miss Hitchener has read your letter, and loves you in good earnest. Her own expression. I know you would love her did you know her. Her age is 30. She looks as if she was only 24, and her spirits are excellent. She laughs and talks and writes all day. She has seen the Godwins, and thinks Godwin different from what he seems: he lives so much from his family, only seeing them at stated hours. We do not like that; and he thinks himself such a very great man. He would not let one of his children come to us, just because he had not seen our faces. . . . Such excuses sit not well upon so great a literary character as he is. I might have expected such an excuse from a woman of selfish and narrow mind, but not from Godwin. . . ."

Views on the Irish Question.

"Lynmouth, August 11, 1812.

"My dear Mrs. Nugent,—Your friend and our friend, *Bessy*,[2] has

[1] Now first published in this country. The original letters are in the possession of Dr. Edward Dowden.

[2] Eliza Hitchener, presumably.

been reading 'Pieces of Irish History,' and is so much enraged with the characters there mentioned, that nothing will satisfy her desire of revenge but the printing and publishing of them, to exhibit to the world those characters which are—shameful to say—held up as being possessed of every amiable quality, whilst their hearts are as bad as it is possible to be. . . . Percy intends to print some proposals for printing 'Pieces of Irish History,' saying that everyone, whether Irish or English, ought to read them. We depend upon you for many subscribers, as being upon the spot where so many of your exalted and brave countrymen suffered martyrdom. . . . There must be many still smarting under the wounds they have seen their brave companions suffer—and all from this hated country of mine ! Good God ! were I an Irish man or woman, how I should hate the English ! It is wonderful how the poor Irish people can tolerate them ! . . . Thank God we are not all alike, for I, too, can hate Lord Castlereagh as well as any Irishwoman. How does my heart's blood run cold at the idea of what he did in your unfortunate country. How is it that man is suffered to walk the streets in open daylight? . . . Bessy wishes much to see you. Your last letter won her heart instantly. Reading 'Pieces of Irish History' has made her so low-spirited. She possesses too much feeling for her own happiness. . . ."

Personal impressions of the Godwins.

"Lewis's Hotel, St. James's Street,
"London (no date), 1812.

"My dear Mrs. Nugent,[1]—You will smile at my address, wondering how and where we have been during the long interval that has taken place since the receipt of your last letter. . . . I know not how it is that whenever we fix upon any particular place of residence, something comes to take us to another. . . . Bysshe's being a minor lays us under many unpleasant affairs, and makes us obliged to depend upon, in a great measure, the will of others in the matter of raising money, without which nothing is to be done. We have seen the Godwins. Need I tell you that I love them all? You have read his works, therefore you know how you feel towards the author. His manners are so soft and pleasing, that I defy even an enemy to be displeased with him. We have the pleasure of seeing him daily, and upon his account we determined to settle near London. . . . There is one of the daughters of that dear Mary

[1] Catherine Nugent, of Grafton Street, Dublin, unmarried, called *Mrs.* Nugent by courtesy only.

Wollstonecraft living with him. She is 19 years of age, very plain, but very sensible. The beauty of her mind fully counterbalances the plainness of her countenance. . . . She is very much like her mother, whose picture hangs up in his study. She must have been a most lovely woman. Her countenance speaks her a woman who would dare to think and act for herself. I wish you could share the pleasure we enjoy in his company. He is quite a family man. . . . G. is very much taken with Percy. He seems to delight so much in his society. He has given up everything for the sake of our society. . . ."

Later impressions of Miss Hitchener.

"Stratford-upon-Avon, November 14 (1812).

"*To* Catherine Nugent.

". . . The lady I have so often mentioned to you, of the name of Hitchener, has, to our very great happiness, left us. We were entirely deceived in her character as to republicanism, and, in short, everything else which she pretended to be. We were not long in finding out our great disappointment in her. As to any noble disinterested views, it is utterly impossible for a selfish character to feel them. She built all her hopes upon being able to separate me from my dearly loved Percy, and had the artfulness to say that Percy was really in love with her, and it was only his being married that could keep her within bounds, now. Percy had seen her once before his marriage. He thought her sensible, but nothing more. She wrote continually, and at last I wrote to her, and was very much charmed with her letters. We thought it a thousand pities such a mind as hers appeared to be should be left in a place like that she inhabited. We, therefore, were very urgent for her to come and live with us; which was no sooner done than we found our mistake. It was a long time ere we could possibly get her away, till at last Percy said he would give her £100 per annum. And now, thank God, she has left us never more to return. . . ."

The above extracts from Harriet Shelley's letters show the extremely youthful character of the writer, and how the bride of sixteen reflected all the moods and views of the husband of nineteen.

The letters also give some form to the shadowy personality of Harriet, and arouse a sympathy for the ill-fated girl. Children indeed both these were, untried, inexperienced, full of unknown and dangerous possibilities—unfit each to be leaned upon by the other—having none other on whom either could fully lean. The idyl is a

sad one, and we would not utter harsh judgments on these children of Fate. Still, some graver thoughts are awakened. Let us briefly recapitulate some circumstances of the story!

Shelley was a youth of nineteen, newly expelled from his Oxford College, when he first met Harriet Westbrook, who was a companion of his sisters, at a school in Clapham. Having failed to convince the authorities at Oxford of the appropriateness of his religious beliefs, Shelley was now bent on revealing his views to his sisters. Elizabeth was the favourite disciple. In his occasional visits to Church House, the poet met this fair, lovely girl, Harriet Westbrook, and straightway included her in his readings. Charmed with these tender and untried minds, Shelley wrote and talked of his success as a moral teacher to his friend Hogg—the partner of his Oxford escapades. In time the poet conceived the idea of uniting his favourite sister, Elizabeth, to his friend—in a relation unfettered by the matrimonial tie. Hogg was not fastidious, but not absolutely unmatrimonial in his views. The young Elizabeth stoutly refused to agree to the astounding proposition, and caused her brother the deepest chagrin and disappointment. His anger knew no bounds. "I loved a being"—so he wrote to Hogg—"the being that I love is *not what she was*; consequently, as love appertains to mind and not body, she exists no longer." That relieves the moral stigma. Followed out with all unconsciousness, we may transfer this form of reasoning to the marriage bond, and need no further elucidations as to Shelley's conduct towards his first wife, terrible as it seems to some of us. Meantime, having failed to influence Elizabeth, Shelley returned with double energy to the other promising disciple. And here he had more hope. For Harriet Westbrook was a less evenly balanced nature; she was not at all the gay and careless schoolgirl of ordinary type. Ignorant, beautiful, and inexperienced, she was also morbid in some of her views—ready to consider herself ill-treated at home and at school—itself a sign of deficient moral soundness, and she was quick to turn the conversation on suicide as the only rational remedy for all woes. Shelley studied the girl's character, found his principles easy and quick of growth in this virgin soil, and constituted himself "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend." All-powerful in his manhood and his beauty, he was soon the one object of life, love, and interest in the heart of her who was to be finally moulded by his cold and careless hands. As to the causes of the complaints of unhappiness and injustice which fired Shelley's imagination with the pseudo-chivalrous sentiment in these early days, they were inappreciable when examined. Home-surrounding, not altogether congenial—

a sister, nearly twice her age ; a father, who thought she should always be at school, and, when there, an occasional bad mark, a badge of untidiness or ill-conduct hung round the throat—these things sufficed to present the fair creature as a youthful martyr. Shelley, at war with all laws, human and divine, sympathised wildly with the ill-used Harriet, and fed the flame of her discontent. And in time the natural result followed. He vowed to confound her cruel enemies, and "she did love him that he pitied her." She loved, and he did not love—perhaps enthusiastically pitied, we should say. After some time spent in growing wretchedness—with no relief but the pouring out, in letters to Shelley, of her disaffected condition—the tone of the correspondence became so desperate as to alarm the poet. The idea of suicide again cropped up in her letters—what other resource had she against the malice of her persecutors? Done into plain English, we suppose this malice was represented by the wish of her family that she should return to school, after the holidays, and finish her education. The ignorant and impassioned child appealed hereupon to Shelley, who had broken with all his own "pastors and masters;" she urged her misery and uselessness as grounds for suicide, and wound up with the well-worn lament that she had "no one to love." Alarmed at her expresssions Shelley came to London, saw her again, found, to his surprise, that she was deeply in love with him, and began seriously to debate whether he should marry her or not. It seemed the only plan to extricate her from her father's authority. The poet was rather shaken in his anti-matrimonial prejudices at this point in his career. The affair of Hogg and Elizabeth was not forgotten. Yet it was apparently a struggle. "Godwin"—he says, in a letter to Hogg—"considers marriage *detestable*," and at the time of his difference with his sister on this point, Shelley had said that marriage was "the most horrible of all the means which the world has had recourse to to bind the noble to itself"—he had quoted the cheap sentiment, "Laws are not made for men of honour." No! we agree to that, when we have proved and known your "honourable men." Still, the fact remains, that this young couple eloped, and were married at the Register House, Edinburgh, on August 28, 1811, with such ceremony as Scotch law demanded. Now, Shelley had an interesting friend, for whom he had a boyish admiration, dating some time back, in the person of Miss Hitchener, the mistress of a school at Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. This lady shared his advanced views—for the rest, was not young nor handsome, nor particularly agreeable. To her the young husband wrote, in the autumn following his marriage. Of Harriet he says: "Her letters became more and

more gloomy. At length she assumed a tone of such despair as induced me to quit Wales precipitately. . . . I was shocked at the alteration in her looks. Little did I guess its cause—she had become deeply attached to me. . . . I proposed marriage, for the reason which I have given you, and she complied. Blame me, if thou wilt, dearest friend—for *still* thou art dearest to me. . . . If Harriet be not at sixteen all that you are at a more advanced age, assist me to mould a really noble soul into all that can make its nobleness useful and lovely."

It is, perhaps, not surprising, that, fortified by this encouragement, Miss Hitchener supplemented her wedding felicitations by making love to the poet herself. And Shelley replied in that most false phraseology which substitutes "the union of minds—the love of a soul for a soul," and such expressions, for the outspoken utterances of passion. With Miss Hitchener as "the sister of his soul," and Thomas Jefferson Hogg, the man of loose morals and flippant mind, as "the brother of his soul"—while the hapless Harriet was only his wife—how could happiness result? Shelley wrote to Miss Hitchener in his first year of married life: "Were it not for the dear friend whose happiness I so much prize, which at some future period I may perhaps constitute, . . . I might have slept in peace." Shelley's ideals held their ground for very short periods, and their brightness was succeeded by revulsion and disgust. This was an unfavourable temperament for the higher exhibition of married faith. The poet caught at each new attraction as a child might grasp at fireflies, and almost as innocently. These, however, when caught and retained till daylight, are reviled as ugly, ill-shaped insects. Shelley married Harriet, believing her driven to despair by injustice, and by want of love. (We are bound to admit that the inexperienced girl threw herself on his protection.) He feared her being driven to suicide from these very causes. In the end Harriet experienced the actual ills of which the shadows had so terrified her— *injustice* and *want of love*—and, when fairly confronted with them, she did as she had threatened, namely, after the marriage, sought her desperate remedy in real earnest.

Such the justice meted out by the young apostle of Freedom and Right! It was not long before Miss Hitchener—whom Dr. Dowden calls the "Republican Schoolmistress"—was living with the young married pair. But a few months of closer intimacy transformed Shelley's enthusiasm for her into a most lively disgust. The rapid metamorphosis overtook her, which was apt to overtake all the poet's cherished human ideals. Life in her presence and atmosphere was impossible. She must go. And go she did, but not before the

unhappy young wife had learned the taste of doubt, and the possibility of hopeless misery. Miss Hitchener at length retired. She had fallen from the lofty eminence. No longer called "Portia" by an adoring young poet as beautiful as Eros, she was styled the "Brown Demon," and Shelley actually offered her £100 a year as an annuity if she would go. In November 1812 she departed, and was alluded to afterwards by her quondam admirer as "our late tormentor and schoolmistress."

"What," says he, a little later, "what would Hell be—were such a woman in Heaven?"

Neither Shelley nor Harriet was more than a child in many ways. Yet children have griefs, have, alas! passions; children suffer, children inflict intensest pain.

Shelley's idea seems ever to have been, to group together several women who should produce a harmonious *mise en scène*, wherein he might disport himself as his nature should dictate. He disregarded all ulterior consequences, equally with the possible effect the elements thus brought together might have on each other. Eliza Westbrook soon became to him as odious as did the "Brown Demon." He spoke of her as "a blind and loathsome worm," and failed to dissociate her image from that of his fair young wife, who, as Dr Dowden says, entered a room "like the spirit of a spring morning." In June 1813, Harriet gave birth to a little daughter, named by the poet Ianthe, or "violet-flower." Harriet was motherly, and in a letter to Mrs. Nugent, of Dublin, some months later, wrote: "I wish you could see my sweet babe; she is so fair, with such sweet blue eyes, that the more I see her the more beautiful she looks." We do not fancy Shelley in the paternal character, yet Thomas Love Peacock, his friend and Harriet's chief advocate, says that he was "extremely fond of his first child." He certainly hushed it to sleep with strange and uncouth sounds. He was probably more passionately attached to the children of his second marriage, but with these we are not here concerned.

The autumn of 1813 found the Shelleys travelling northwards. From Edinburgh Harriet writes to her friend Mrs. Nugent, and we give the letter; the date is October 20th.

"My dear Mrs. Nugent,—My last letter was written from the lakes of Cumberland, where we intended to stay till next spring; but, not finding any house that would suit us, we came on to this far-famed city. A little more than two years has passed since I made my first visit here to be united to Mr. Shelley. To me they have been the happiest and

the longest years of my life. The rapid succession of events since that time makes the two years appear unusually long. . . . When I look back to the time before I was married, I seem to feel that I have lived a long time. Though my age is but eighteen, yet I feel as if I was much older. Why are you so silent, my dear friend? I earnestly hope you are not ill. I am afraid it is nearly a month since I heard from you. I know well you would write oftener if you could. What is your employment on a Sunday? I think, on those days you might snatch a few minutes to gratify my wishes. . . . . We think of remaining here all this winter. Though by no means fond of cities, yet I wished to come here, for, when we went to the lakes, we found such a set of human beings living there, that it took off all our desire of remaining among the mountains. This city is, I think, much the best. The people here are not so intolerant as they are in London. Literature stands on a higher footing here than anywhere else. My darling babe is quite well, and very much improved. Pray let me hear from you soon. Tell me if I can do anything for you. Mr. Shelley joins me and Eliza in kind regards to you, whilst I remain

"Your affectionate friend,

"H. S.

"Do not tell anyone where we are."

Already Harriet's childish ignorance and *insouciance* were giving way before inevitable uncertainty and apprehension.

It was on March 24, 1814, that Shelley married Harriet for the second time, in St. George's Church, London. It would seem that he now was really bound to her in every sense. Yet was his life manifestly reaching out in other directions. Supposing that Harriet maintained such place in his heart as had ever been possible for her, supposing even that for some time after marriage she had improved her position with him, it is nevertheless certain that, very soon after this second marriage ceremony, Shelley was deeply interested in another feminine "group."

The cottage of High Elms, Bracknell, where the poet lived, was near the house of Mrs. Boinville, the venerable and admiring lady, with her attendant satellites. This house was a second paradise to the poet, and one from which he was only driven by a fiery sword. For there were claims on him which did not leave him absolutely free to enjoy "the celestial manna of high sentiment" with that group of whom the white-haired Mrs. Boinville was chief prophetess dispensing potent magic in her tea-cups. Mrs. Newton, her sister,

with the fair Cornelia Turner made up the circle, all mysterious, all unorthodox, all exalted in aim and opinion. Truly Shelley was, as he said, "translated to Paradise," but it was an Eden with several "Eves"! It is true he had written charming lines on his sweet babe, and on Harriet, of whom he still spoke as *the partner of his thoughts and feelings*; but as a fact, his thoughts were fettered to the Boinville household. He needed *relays* of feminine influences. Having given Harriet the religious marriage, perhaps the poet thought her now finally provided for, and was at ease among Platonics and Italian poetry.

In April of that year the poet wrote his mysterious stanzas, which Dr. Dowden aptly terms "a fantasia of sorrow." He bewails "the music of two voices, and the light of one sweet smile." The return to Bracknell so soon after his ecclesiastical marriage with Harriet seems to have been, indeed, the forerunner of increased discomfort and separation. The marriage relation was too severely strained, and the month of May, 1814, seems to have been spent in attempts on Shelley's part to reconcile his now alienated wife to himself again. Harriet must have realised that, although unable to go into ecstasies over Wieland's "Agathon," she was at least a woman, a mother. She could love; she could be jealous; she could hate. Her simple iterated song of three notes was drowned in a Wagnerian storm of wild and unmeasured dissonance. And when the poet turned to her now, the angry wife could not and would not forgive him.

The thread of this sad narrative is not easy to follow; but Harriet had withdrawn in alienation from her husband, and in July she was certainly living in Bath. The misunderstanding was probably not regarded by her as a perfectly hopeless and final one. What cannot a woman forgive a man she loves? And her extreme youth must be remembered. Her conduct must not be canvassed as are the arts and wiles of an accomplished woman of the world. Men rarely can credit or allow for the amazing ignorance and innocence of young girls, and, from the first, Harriet had displayed these qualities. Though Shelley had always informed her that he thought lightly of the marriage vow, the words would convey little idea to her, and it cannot be expected that she could estimate the logical effect, on his moral conduct, of Godwin's pernicious doctrines; still less could she foreknow the peculiarities of the poetic temperament. While we admit that Shelley had been at first drawn into the fatal friendship by Eliza, the elder sister, and that he was ready to disclaim any mere affection for Harriet as an over-mastering element in his conduct, we yet feel that Harriet received hard measure at his hands. Young as he

was, his knowledge immensely exceeded hers. Her obduracy at the time of their separation cost her dear. For, added to the hopelessness of reconciliation with her, the poet now cherished suspicions of her fidelity, which grew rapidly into proportions substantial enough for his excitable temperament, and left him defenceless against the new influence which assailed him at this very time. For it was now that the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft first crossed his path.

We know how suddenly and how strongly these two natures went forth each to the other, at first without the hope of any closer union, and justly so ; for Shelley was a husband, his wife a prey to the strife of conflicting passions, and not at all contemplating a final separation from him. We feel that Godwin played a somewhat disingenuous part in the tragedy of these three young lives. For *he* had a motive in believing Harriet to be unworthy, and certainly he did not scruple to present her conduct in the worst light. Could he have separated Mary, his daughter, from Shelley, he might have felt no *animus* against Harriet ; but *not* being able to separate the lovers, it was his interest to weaken the tie between Shelley and his first wife : thus we place little faith in any of his statements.

Shelley did not wait to assure himself with certainty as to Harriet's actual misconduct, but, coupling his suspicions with her attitude of harsh alienation, was naturally ready to believe himself morally emancipated from all tie to her—all tie which should bind his affections. For he still proposed to be friendly, and careful for her welfare. Strange and incomprehensible this blindness on his part ; utter, though possibly not uncommon, ignorance of woman's nature ! Peacock says, "I feel it due to the memory of Harriet to state my most decided conviction, that her conduct as a wife was as pure, as true, as absolutely faultless, as that of any who, for such conduct, are held most in honour." And those friends who knew the Shelleys all concur in this testimony.

At this time of anguish the young wife fell ill, and came at much risk of health to London, at Shelley's request. The details of what followed are not completely known to us. The birth of a child was looked for in December, and the revulsion of feeling on the young woman's part was naturally very terrible. Forced now to consider all at an end between herself and her husband, the girl was adrift. Knowing that Shelley could not legally contract a second marriage at this time, Harriet may not unreasonably have looked for some reconciliation at a later date ; and possibly it was in this belief that she temporised with him, now when he was about to leave her for ever. He certainly took legal advice, and directed money arrangements to

to be told. The false doctrines therein contained have poisoned many a young and virtuous mind. Mr. Shelley is living with Mr. Godwin's two daughters—one by Mary Wollstonecraft, the other the daughter of his present wife, called Clairmont. I told you some time back Mr. S. was to give Godwin three thousand pounds. It was in effecting the accomplishment of this scheme that he was obliged to be at Godwin's house, and Mary was determined to seduce him. She is to blame. She heated his imagination by talking of her mother, and going to her grave with him every day, till at last she told him she was dying in love for him, accompanied by the most violent gestures and vehement expostulations. He thought of me and my sufferings, and begged her to get the better of a passion as degrading to him as herself. She then told him she would die—he had rejected her, and what appeared to her as the sublimest virtue was to him a crime. Why could we not all live together? I as his sister, *she* as his wife? He had the folly to believe this possible, and sent for me, then residing at Bath. You may suppose how I felt at this disclosure. I was laid up for a fortnight after. . . . He begged me to live. The doctors gave me over. They said 'twas impossible. I saw his despair, the agony of my beloved sister, and owing to the great strength of my constitution I lived, and here I am, my dear friend, waiting to bring another infant into this woful world. Next month I shall be confined. He will not be near me. No; he cares not for me now. He never asks after me, or sends me word how he is going on. In short, the man I once loved is dead. This is a vampire. His character is blasted for ever. Nothing can save him now. Oh! if you knew what I have suffered, your heart would drop blood for my miseries . . . .

"Adieu, my dear friend, may you be happy! is the best wish of her who sincerely loves you,

"H. SHELLEY."

We cannot wonder at the bitterness and inaccuracy of this account of Shelley's position. The one main fact was *true*—he had deserted his wife and eloped with another.

The terrible pain and helplessness of Harriet's position caused the distorted words in which she blames *not her husband*, but his companion in flight. This injustice is easy to understand. In a succeeding letter to her friend, Harriet tells of the birth of her son, towards the end of November 1814. The child was called Charles Bysshe, and died in 1826.

Harriet says, writing to Mrs. Nugent,—"I have seen his father: he came to see me as soon as he knew of the event: but as for his

tenderness for me, none remains. He said he was glad it was a boy, because he would make money cheaper. You see how that noble soul is debased. Money now, and not philosophy, is the grand spring of his actions. Indeed, the pure and enlightened philosophy he once delighted in has flown. He is no longer that pure and good thing he once was, nor can he ever retrieve himself."

These sad words describe Harriet's broken ideals. There is yet one letter remaining, of later date, and also to Mrs. Nugent. The date is January 24, 1815.

"My dear Mrs. Nugent,—I am sorry to tell you my poor little boy has been very ill. He is better now, and the first spare time I devote to you. Why will you not come to England, my dear friend, and stay with me? I should be so happy to have you near me. I am truly miserable, my dear friend! I really see no termination to my sorrows. As to Mr. Shelley, I know nothing of him. He neither sends nor comes to see me. I am still at my father's, which is very wretched. When I shall quit this house I know not. Everything goes against me. I am weary of life. I am so restrained here, that life is scarcely worth living. How I wish you were here. What will you do, my dear Catherine? . . . . Do now make up your mind at once to come and stay with me. I will do everything to make you happy. For myself happiness is fled. I live for others. At nineteen I could descend, a willing victim, to the tomb. How I wish those dear children had never been born! They stay my fleeting spirit, when it would be in another state. How many there are who shudder at death! I have been so near it that I feel no terrors. Mr. Shelley has much to answer for. He has been the cause of great misery to me and mine. I shall never live with him again. 'Tis impossible. I have been so deceived and cruelly treated that I can never forget it! Oh, no! with all the affections warm, a heart devoted to him—and then to be so cruelly blighted! Oh! Catherine, you do not know what it is to be left as I am, a prey to anguish, corroding sorrow, with a mind too sensitive to others' pain. But I will think no more. There is madness in thought. Could I look into futurity for a short time, how gladly would I pierce the veil of mystery that wraps my fate. Is it wrong, do you think, to put an end to one's sorrows? I often think of it—all is so gloomy and desolate. Shall I find repose in another world? Oh, grave, why do you not tell us what is beyond? Let me hear from you soon, my dear friend. Your letters make me more happy. Tell me about Ireland. You know I love the green Isle and all its natives.

Eliza joins in kind love to you.—I remain your sincere but unhappy friend,

"H. SHELLEY.

"Chapel Street."

Here we lose the thread of poor Harriet Shelley's wanderings. We cannot trace her path from the day when she wildly left her father's roof, to that November night in 1816 when she sought a final refuge in death by drowning. The flood of her young despair overwhelmed her, and the tortured spirit sought rest.

A cloud of sorrow, of darkness deeper than sorrow, prevented the wanderer from returning to any earthly refuge. No light that way any more!

She had never truly lived—the promises seemed all unfulfilled. Belief was shattered and gone.

ANNIE E. IRELAND.

ZOOLOGICAL RETROGRESSION.

PERHAPS no scientific theories are more widely discussed or more generally misunderstood among cultivated people than the views held by biologists regarding the past history and future prospects of their province—life. Using their technical phrases and misquoting their authorities in an invincibly optimistic spirit, the educated public has arrived in its own way at a rendering of their results which it finds extremely satisfactory. It has decided that in the past the great scroll of nature has been steadily unfolding to reveal a constantly richer harmony of forms and successively higher grades of being, and it assumes that this "evolution" will continue with increasing velocity under the supervision of its extreme expression—man. This belief, as effective, progressive, and pleasing as transformation scenes at a pantomime, receives neither in the geological record nor in the studies of the phylogenetic embryologist any entirely satisfactory confirmation.

On the contrary, there is almost always associated with the suggestion of advance in biological phenomena an opposite idea, which is its essential complement. The technicality expressing this would, if it obtained sufficient currency in the world of culture, do much to reconcile the naturalist and his traducers. The toneless glare of optimistic evolution would then be softened by a shadow; the monotonous reiteration of "Excelsior" by people who did not climb would cease; the too sweet harmony of the spheres would be enhanced by a discord, this evolutionary antithesis—degradation.

Isolated cases of degeneration have long been known, and popular attention has been drawn to them in order to point well-meant moral lessons, the fallacious analogy of species to individual being employed. It is only recently, however, that the enormous importance of degeneration as a plastic process in nature has been suspected and its entire parity with evolution recognised.

It is no libel to say that three-quarters of the people who use the phrase, "organic evolution," interpret it very much in this way:— Life began with the amœba, and then came jelly-fish, shell-fish, and

all those miscellaneous invertebrate things, and then *real* fishes and amphibia, reptiles, birds, mammals, and man, the last and first of creation. It has been pointed out that this is very like regarding a man as the offspring of his first cousins; these, of his second; these, of his relations at the next remove, and so forth—making the remotest living human being his primary ancestor. Or, to select another image, it is like elevating the modest poor relation at the family gathering to the unexpected altitude of fountain-head—a proceeding which would involve some cruel reflections on her age and character. The sounder view is, as scientific writers have frequently insisted, that living species have varied along divergent lines from intermediate forms, and, as it is the object of this paper to point out, not necessarily in an upward direction.

In fact, the path of life, so frequently compared to some steadily-rising mountain-slope, is far more like a footway worn by leisurely wanderers in an undulating country. Excelsior biology is a popular and poetic creation — the *real* form of a phylum, or line of descent, is far more like the course of a busy man moving about a great city. Sometimes it goes underground, sometimes it doubles and twists in tortuous streets, now it rises far overhead along some viaduct, and, again, the river is taken advantage of in these varied journeyings to and fro. Upward and downward these threads of pedigree interweave, slowly working out a pattern of accomplished things that is difficult to interpret, but in which scientific observers certainly fail to discover that inevitable tendency to higher and better things with which the word "evolution" is popularly associated.

The best known, and, perhaps, the most graphic and typical, illustration of the downward course is to be found in the division of the *Tunicata*. These creatures constitute a group which is, in several recent schemes of classification, raised to the high rank of a sub-phylum, and which includes, among a great variety of forms, the fairly common Sea Squirts, or *Ascidians*, of our coasts. By an untrained observer a specimen of these would at first very probably be placed in the mineral or vegetable kingdoms. Externally they are simply shapeless lumps of a stiff, semi-transparent, cartilaginous substance, in which pebbles, twigs, and dirt are imbedded, and only the most careful examination of this unpromising exterior would discover any evidence of the living thing within. A penknife, however, serves to lay bare the animal inside this house, or "test," and the fleshy texture of the semi-transparent body must then convince the unscientific investigator of his error.

He would forthwith almost certainly make a fresh mistake in his

classification of this new animal. Like most zoologists until a comparatively recent date, he would think of such impassive and, from the human point of view, lowly beings as the oyster and mussel as its brethren, and a superficial study of its anatomy might even strengthen this opinion. As a matter of fact, however, these singular creatures are far more closely related to the vertebrata—they lay claim to the quarterings, not of molluscs, but of imperial man! and, like novelette heroes with a birth-mark, they carry their proofs about with them.

This startling and very significant fact is exhibited in the details of their development. It is a matter of common knowledge that living things repeat in a more or less blurred and abbreviated series their generalized pedigree in their embryological changes. For instance, as we shall presently remind the reader, the developing chick or rabbit passes through a fish-like stage, and the human fœtus wears an undeniable tail. In the case of these ascidians, the fertilized egg-cell, destined to become a fresh individual, takes almost from the first an entirely different course from that pursued by the molluscs. Instead, the dividing and growing ovum exhibits phases resembling in the most remarkable way those of the lowliest among fishes, the Lancelet, or *Amphicxus.* The method of division, the formation of the primitive stomach and body-cavity, and the origin of the nervous system are identical, and a stage is attained in which the young organism displays—or else simulates in an altogether inexplicable way—vertebrate characteristics. It has a *notochord*, or primary skeletal axis, the representative or forerunner in all vertebrata of the backbone ; it displays gill-slits behind its mouth, as do all vertebrated animals in the earlier stages only or throughout life ; and, finally, the origin and position of its nervous axis are essentially and characteristically vertebrate. In these three independent series of structures the young ascidian stands apart from all invertebrated animals, and manifests its high descent. In fact, at this stage it differs far more widely from its own adult form than it does from *Amphioxus* or a simplified tadpole.

Like a tadpole, the animal has a well-developed tail which propels its owner vigorously through the water. There is a conspicuous single eye, reminding the zoologist at once of the Polyphemus eye that almost certainly existed in the central group of the vertebrata. There are also serviceable organs of taste and hearing, and the lively movements of the little creature justify the supposition that its being is fairly full of endurable sensations. But this flush of golden youth is sadly transient: it is barely attained before a remarkable and depressing change appears in the drift of the development.

The ascidian begins to take things seriously—a deliberate sobriety gradually succeeds its tremulous vivacity. L'Allegro dies away; the tones of Il Penseroso become dominant.

On the head appear certain sucker-like structures, paralleled, one may note, in the embryos of certain ganoid fishes. The animal becomes dull, moves about more and more slowly, and finally fixes itself by these suckers to a rock. It has settled down in life. The tail that waggled so merrily undergoes a rapid process of absorption; eye and ear, no longer needed, atrophy completely, and the skin secretes the coarse, inorganic-looking "test." It is very remarkable that this "test" should consist of a kind of cellulose—a compound otherwise almost exclusively confined to the vegetable kingdom. The transient glimpse of vivid animal life is forgotten, and the rest of this existence is a passive receptivity to what chance and the water bring along. The ascidian lives henceforth an idyll of contentment, glued, head downwards, to a stone,

> The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Now here, to all who refer nature to one rigid table of precedence, is an altogether inexplicable thing. A creature on a level, at lowest, immediately next to vertebrated life, turns back from the upward path and becomes at last a merely vegetative excrescence on a rock.

It is lower even than the patriarchal amœba of popular science if we take psychic life as the standard: for does not even the amœba crawl after and choose its food and immediate environment? We have then, as I have read somewhere—I think it was in an ecclesiastical biography—a career not perhaps teemingly eventful, but full of the richest suggestion and edification.

And here one may note a curious comparison which can be made between this life-history and that of many a respectable pinnacle and gargoyle on the social fabric. Every respectable citizen of the professional classes passes through a period of activity and imagination, of "liveliness and eccentricity," of "*Sturm und Drang*." He shocks his aunts. Presently, however, he realizes the sober aspect of things. He becomes dull; he enters a profession; suckers appear on his head; and he studies. Finally, by virtue of these he settles down—he marries. All his wild ambitions and subtle æsthetic perceptions atrophy as needless in the presence of calm domesticity. He secretes a house, or "establishment," round himself, of inorganic and servile material. His Bohemian tail is discarded. Henceforth his life is a passive receptivity to what chance and the drift of his profession bring along; he lives an almost entirely vegetative excrescence

on the side of a street, and in the tranquillity of his calling finds that colourless contentment that replaces happiness.

But this comparison is possibly fallacious, and is certainly a digression.

The ascidian, though a pronounced case of degradation, is only one of an endless multitude. Those shelly warts that cover every fragment of sea-side shingle are degraded crustaceans; at first they are active and sensitive creatures, similar essentially to the earlier phases of the life-history of a prawn. Other Cirripeds and many Copepods sink down still deeper, to almost entire shapelessness and loss of organization. The corals, sea-mats, the immobile oysters and mussels are undoubtedly descended from free-living ancestors with eye-spots and other sense-organs. Various sea-worms and holothurians have also taken to covering themselves over from danger, and so have deliberately foregone their dangerous birthright to a more varied and active career. The most fruitful and efficient cause of degradation, however, is not simply cowardice, but that loathsome tendency that is so closely akin to it—an aptness for parasitism. There are whole orders and classes thus pitifully submerged. The *Acarina*, or Mites, include an immense array of genera profoundly sunken in this way, and the great majority of both the flat and round worms are parasitic degeneration forms. The vile tapeworm, at the nadir, seems to have lost even common sensation; it has become an insensible mechanism of evil—a multiplying disease-spot, living to that extent, and otherwise utterly dead.

Such evident and indisputable present instances of degeneration alone would form a very large proportion of the catalogue of living animals. If we were to add to this list the names of all those genera the ancestors of which have at any time sunk to rise again, it is probable that we should have to write down *the entire roll of the animal kingdom!*

In some cases the degradation has been a strategic retrogression —the type has stooped to conquer. This is, perhaps, most manifest in the case of the higher vertebrate types.

It is one of the best-known embryological facts that a bird or mammal starts in its development as if a fish were in the making. The extremely ugly embryo of such types has gill-slits, sense-organs, facial parts, and limbs resembling far more closely those of a dog-fish than its own destined adult form. To use a cricketing expression, it is "pulled" subsequently into its later line of advance.

The comparative anatomy of almost every set of organs in the adult body enforces the suggestion of this ovarian history. We find

what are certainly modified placoid fish scales, pressed into the work of skull-covering, while others retain their typical enamel caps as teeth. The skull itself is a piscine cranium, ossified and altered, in the most patchy way, to meet the heavier blows that bodies falling through air, instead of water, deliver. The nasal organ is a fish's nasal organ, constructed to smell in water, and the roof of the mouth and front of the skull have been profoundly altered to meet a fresh set of needs in aerial life. The ear-drum, in a precisely similar way, is derived from a gill-slit twisted up to supplement the aquatic internal ear, which would otherwise fail to appreciate the weaker sound-waves in air. The bathymetric air-bladder becomes a lung ; and so one might go on through all the entire organisation of a higher vertebrate. Everywhere we should find the anatomy of a fish twisted and patched to fit a life out of water ; nowhere organs built specially for this very special condition. There is nothing like this in the case of a fish. There the organs are from the first recognizable sketches of their adult forms, and they develop straightforwardly. But the higher types go a considerable distance towards the fish, and then turn round and complete their development in an entirely opposite direction.

This turning is evidently precisely similar in nature, though not in effect, to the retrogression of the ascidian after its pisciform or larval stage.

If the reader can bear the painful spectacle of his ancestor's degradation, I would ask him to imagine the visit of some bodiless Linnæus to this world during the upper Silurian period. Such a spirit would, of course, immediately begin to classify animated nature, neatly and swiftly.

It would be at once apparent that the most varied and vigorous life was to be found in the ocean. On the land a monotonous vegetation of cryptogams would shelter a sparse fauna of insects, gasteropods, and arachnids ; but the highest life would certainly be the placoid fishes of the seas—the ancient representatives of the sharks and rays. On the diverse grounds of size, power, and activity, these would head any classification he planned. If our Linnæus were a disembodied human spirit, he would immediately appoint these placoids his ancestors, and consent to a further analysis of the matter only very reluctantly, and possibly even with some severe remarks and protests about carrying science too far.

The true forefathers of the reader, however, had even at that early period very probably already left the seas, and were—with a certain absence of dignity—accommodating themselves to the necessities of air-breathing.

It is almost certain that the seasonal differences of that time were very much greater than they are now. Intensely dry weather followed stormy rainy seasons, and the rivers of that forgotten world —like some tropical rivers of to-day—were at one time tumultuous floods and at another baking expanses of mud. In such rivers it would be idle to expect self-respecting gill-breathing fish. Our imaginary zoological investigator would, however, have found that they were not altogether tenantless. Swimming in the pluvial waters, or inert and caked over by the torrid mud, he would have discovered what he would certainly have regarded as lowly, specially-modified, and degenerate relations of the active denizens of the ocean—the *Dipnoi*, or mud-fish. He would have found in conjunction with the extremely primitive skull, axial skeleton, and fin possessed by these Silurian mud-fish, a remarkable adaptation of the swimming-bladder to the needs of the waterless season. It would have undergone the minimum amount of alteration to render it a lung, and blood-vessels and other points of the anatomy would show correlated changes.

Unless our zoological investigator were a prophet, he would certainly never have imagined that in these forms vested the inheritance of the earth, nor have awarded them a high place in the category of nature. Why were they living thus in inhospitable rivers and spending half their lives half baked in river-mud? The answer would be the old story of degeneration again ; they had failed in the struggle, they were less active and powerful than their rivals of the sea, and they had taken the second great road of preservation—flight. Just as the ascidian has retired from an open sea too crowded and full of danger to make life worth the trouble, so in that older epoch did the mud-fish. They preferred dirt, discomfort, and survival to a gallant fight and death. Very properly, then, they would be classed in our zoologist's scheme as a degenerate group.

Some conservative descendants of these mud-fish live to-day in African and Australian rivers, archaic forms that have kept right up to the present the structure of Palæozoic days. Others of their children, however, have risen in the world again. The gill-breathing stage became less and less important, and the air-bladder was constantly elaborated under the slow, incessant moulding of circumstances to the fashion of a more and more efficient breathing-organ. Emigrants from the rivers swarmed over the yet uncrowded land. Aldermanic amphibia were the magnates of the great coal measure epoch, to give place presently to the central group of reptiles. From these sprang divergently the birds and mammals, and, finally, the

last of the mud-fish family, man, the heir of the ages. He it is who goes down to the sea in ships, and, with wide-sweeping nets and hooks cunningly baited, beguiles the children of those who drove his ancestors out of the water. Thus the whirligig of time brings round its revenges; still, in an age of excessive self-admiration, it would be well for man to remember that his family *was* driven from the waters by fishes, who still—in spite of incidental fish-hooks, seines, and dredges—hold that empire triumphantly against him.

Witness especially the trout; I doubt whether *it* has ever been captured except by sheer misadventure.

These brief instances of degradation may perhaps suffice to show that there is a good deal to be found in the work of biologists quite inharmonious with such phrases as "the progress of the ages," and the "march of mind." The zoologist demonstrates that advance has been fitful and uncertain; rapid progress has often been followed by rapid extinction or degeneration, while, on the other hand, a form lowly and degraded has in its degradation often happened upon some fortunate discovery or valuable discipline and risen again, like a more fortunate Antæos, to victory. There is, therefore, no guarantee in scientific knowledge of man's permanence or permanent ascendency. He has a remarkably variable organisation, and his own activities and increase cause the conditions of his existence to fluctuate far more widely than those of any animal have ever done. The presumption is that before him lies a long future of profound modification, but whether that will be, according to present ideals, upward or downward, no one can forecast. Still, so far as any scientist can tell us, it may be that, instead of this, Nature is, in unsuspected obscurity, equipping some now humble creature with wider possibilities of appetite, endurance, or destruction, to rise in the fulness of time and sweep *homo* away into the darkness from which his universe arose. The Coming Beast must certainly be reckoned in any anticipatory calculations regarding the Coming Man.

H. G. WELLS.

WAS LORD BEACONSFIELD THE SUN?

A LECTURE IN THE YEAR 3000.

IT was in a state of trance or second-sight after reading certain works on mythology, that I heard the following lecture delivered by a learned professor about the year 3000 A.D., as distinctly as if it had been delivered yesterday.

"In the deplorable destruction of most of the contemporary records of the nineteenth century in England, consequent on fires and wars and the ordinary ravages of time, it often becomes extremely difficult to discriminate between history and mythology, or to assign aright to fact or fiction their respective property. In this difficulty, caused by the dearth of documents, we have no other resource than to follow the guidance of comparative mythology, in order to separate the mythical from the real. I propose then, gentlemen, by this method to test some of the leading features in the legendary life of Lord Beaconsfield, a figure that stands out prominently from the general haze of that remote epoch, with some claims, no doubt, to historical reality, but with many more links with the mythical and fictitious.

That such a being never lived I would be the last to assert; there probably was a human personality at the bottom of the legend; all I say is, that mythology has so taken possession of his memory, that for all practical purposes he is for us as purely mythical as Osiris, or Krishna, or Herakles; and this I hope to make abundantly clear to you, by the scientific method that has already compelled so many myths to surrender their secret.

Now I will call your attention first of all, gentlemen, to the fact that Lord Beaconsfield is always represented as having been by birth an alien and a Jew, not an Englishman. This is to me most significant, for in the mythology of all nations, what feature of the culture or solar-hero is more conspicuous than his coming from abroad—his foreign origin? Need I remind you of Viracocha or Monabozho, or the other American culture-heroes, who were not only white like the

Dawn, but who also came from the East. The meaning of the myth is obvious: for who can fail to see that each day's sun starts as a new-comer, and that the world he comes to enlighten receives him as an alien and a stranger? To say, therefore, that Lord Beaconsfield was a Jew is only to say that he too came from the East: a fact which is sometimes otherwise noted by an allusion to his *Oriental* imagination.

Notice next his political career, if you please; his beginning in feebleness and failure, his ending in power and honour. Here again the myth is ridiculously transparent. For is not this too a characteristic of the sun, that it rises often only to be obscured, and after a long contest with the clouds or with rain—the damping nature of which is so faithfully rendered by the figure of political opposition—ends the day in glory and might and majesty, the object of universal delight and admiration?

The legend speaks of Lord Beaconsfield as member of Parliament for Aylesbury, a place said to have been in those remote times the centre of a famous cheese-making district, but of which not a trace now remains to prove that it ever had a real existence. Gentlemen, I unhesitatingly make so bold as to say that it never had, but that, like Kapilavastu, the city of Buddha, its existence was purely atmospheric, its real location in the sky. This to my mind is placed absolutely beyond doubt by the significant allusion to the cheese. Sometimes it is as a discus, as in the case of Krishna, sometimes it is as a wheel, as in the wheel of the sun, turned by Buddha, that the sun is indicated; but the meaning is always the same, and the object is always round; and clearly a cheese is as well entitled as a wheel to represent both the shape and the motion of the sun.

But, gentlemen, if there is any doubt still left in your minds, I now come to a point which I think you will acknowledge to be absolutely conclusive. As over against Zoroaster is set the tempter and opponent Ahriman, as over against Buddha is set the tempter Mara, as over against Osiris the demon god Seti, so over against Lord Beaconsfield stands a figure, who is in constant opposition to him, and at regular intervals either his victorious or his vanquished foe. Both the name of Beaconsfield and that of Gladstone stand out in bold relief from the crowd of other mythical names of that epoch, girt with a certain grandeur of form that can leave us in no doubt as to their real meaning and significance. For how can we fail to see in the one the personification of that solar light, of which the other, the dark night-cloud, is the bitter and persistent opponent; or fail to recognize, in the periodical fluctuations of their respective fortunes, an allusion to that episode, which was of never-

fading interest to our poetical ancestors, who loved to speak in terms of political phraseology of the diurnal conquest of day over night, and anon of the triumph of darkness over light?

I ask your patience, gentlemen, whilst I point out to you some of the reasons which lead me to identify the name of Gladstone with that great Cloud-Demon, now Dragon, now Snake, of which the mythologies of all times and people have made so much. I call your attention to such facts as the great eloquence and persuasiveness attributed to him; the great affection and admiration for him on the one hand, so evenly balanced by the detestation in which he was held on the other; and lastly, his love for tree-felling. These, I take it, are the main elements in the story of this clearly mythical character; and I feel sure you will have no difficulty in anticipating the solution. For what, I ask you, can be more eloquent or persuasive than the soft splash of the rain as it falls from the overburdened cloud on the parched and thirsty earth? And is not the cloud as much longed for by the agriculturist as it is vehemently dreaded and disliked by the merchant or the mariner? Or, finally, what can be more conclusive than the image of the tree? I need scarcely remind you how favourite an image in mythology is the atmospheric tree, that tree under which Buddha is figured to have attained to Buddhahood, of which Krishna, for the service of men, robbed the heaven of Indra, and which in Norse mythology is so well known to you as Yggdrasil; but clear as is the meaning of the tree, it yields in transparency to that of the axe, the brightly and swiftly flashing steel, than which it would be difficult to conceive a happier image for the bright lightning that flashes from the thunder-cloud, and proves no less fatal to the atmospheric tree itself than to the trees of the forests of earth. No, gentlemen, with these indications before me I decline altogether to follow the Euhemerists who will have it that Gladstone was no mere figure of the storm, but a real being of human flesh and blood. No, no, gentlemen, when a statesman fells trees with a bright axe, we know where we are; we can afford to smile at the modern followers of Euhemerus.

I must apologise, gentlemen, for having detained you these few minutes over so obvious and essential an ingredient of our solar myth as the Cloud-Demon. To return to our central figure. With the key I have supplied, it is wonderful with what ease minor details of the old myth can be made to yield up their secret. Take, for instance, the narrative of events connected with the so-called Russo-Turkish war, itself only another version of the same old ever-absorbing story. Lord Beaconsfield, it is said, was in favour of the Turks,

whilst his opponents sympathised with the Russians; and one day a large crowd of the Philo-Turk party met in a great park, whence, rushing with enthusiasm to the great statesman's house, they picked up on their way an Indian crossing-sweeper, dressed in a turban, whom they raised before Lord Beaconsfield's windows as an unmistakable symbol of their sympathies with the Turk.

Now mythology may often seem absurd, but it has always a meaning, and often a deep one, underlying it; and none but the hypercritical will say here, Why an Indian as a symbol of a Turk, or why a turban on the head of an Indian? Then the crowd of adherents meeting in a park—and note that the meeting significantly purports to have been held upon a *Sunday*—does it not clearly point to those Devas, or Angels of Light, who, with harmonious voices, daily call upon the Sun to issue from his chambers to run his course? What more fitting than that these, in mythological language, should be said to favour the Turk, a nation whose emblem was the Crescent, and should hold aloft an Indian, not because he was an Indian, but because his turban—a *circular* head-dress—was of quite peculiar appositeness in the sight of that splendid luminary, whose appearance and whose course alike are nothing if they are not circular?

Then again, it belongs to the legend that on a certain occasion the statesman, having to lament in public the decease of a great warrior, delivered with great emotion a speech that a statesman of France had already uttered over the grave of a famous soldier of that nation. Surely never was myth more transparent than here. The similarity of incident, here ascribed to borrowing, clearly implies similarity of fact; and what better image could there be of the sun than that immemorial and beautiful image of a warrior, who, after battling all day with the darkness and the Cloud-Demon, sinks at last, weary but victorious, into the well-earned repose of night; or what finer idea could have been conceived than that of each rising sun in succession pronouncing its benediction or funeral oration on the sun that has preceded him and set, on the sun that, like himself, was figured as a patriot, and whom he appropriately deplores with tears, the tears of the dew of the morning?

Our ancestors in the nineteenth century loved to speak in this poetical way. To a nation of sailors, living mostly at sea in full and daily sight of the marvellous phenomena of the heavens, such common events as the succession of day and night, or the contest of the sun with the clouds, presented themselves, not as ordinary matter-of-fact events of no interest beyond the present moment, but as actual living romances of which the details could not be too poetically portrayed,

nor too frequently or lovingly repeated. Hence the wealth of incident that astounds us; the marvellous elaboration of detail might sometimes lead us off the right track, if we ever allowed ourselves for a moment to forget our few guiding and simple principles. The Sun, the Dawn, the Night, the Storm, and the Lightning, these are the elements which everyone that diligently seeks will as certainly find throughout every highway and byeway of comparative mythology. We have seen how plentifully they occur throughout the great Beaconsfield legend; the very name betraying its meaning, for surely a sign that is set as a *beacon* in a *field* has its obvious prototype in that sublime solar beacon, that moves, majestically visible, across the azure fields of space.

We come, gentlemen, now to the final act in this solar drama. For there is one unfailing feature in the history of every solar hero, and one that is always as melancholy as it is inevitable. As the sun ultimately succumbs to night, so does the hero to death; and the clouds that terminate the one are not more varied or beautiful in nature than are the manifold poetical fancies by which the hero is figured to die. Nothing can surpass the beauty of some of these images. Whether it be the poisoned robe that kills Herakles, the fumes of hemlock that destroy Socrates, the fever that stays the conquests of Alexander, the mistletoe that is fatal to Baldur, the pork that (according to one story) proves too much for Buddha, the arrow that fatally wounds Krishna, or lastly, the illness that carries away Lord Beaconsfield, in each and every case there is one and the same allusion: an allusion, beautifully imagined, delicately conveyed, but an allusion for all that which few can misconstrue, none can mistake; an allusion, need I say, to the daily fate of that orb, whose daily extinction in the West our ancestors with pitying tenderness so loved to symbolise, by every form of decease with which they were familiar.

I consider, therefore, that the death of Lord Beaconsfield would alone be conclusive evidence of the essentially solar nature of that hero; but when we take into consideration, and piece together all the other bits of evidence that support this conclusion, I am confident that no candid mind can make further resistance. I have, however, reserved for my final argument that which I regard as my strongest. It is clear that a sort of cult of Lord Beaconsfield arose shortly after his death—the mourning, of course, of the Bright Ones for their Lord, the Solar Lord of Day—a cult which we find associated, as we find it associated in the case of no other statesman, with honour paid to a particular flower. That flower, gentlemen, was the Primrose, and it

would have been impossible for the myth to have chosen a more significant flower. You are doubtless aware that in German folk-lore, the Luckflower which opens the way to the hidden treasures of mountains is the primrose; clearly the golden key that pierces the cloud-masses, or mountains of early morning, and unfolds the dazzling jewels or brightness of the day; therefore, nothing is more natural than to find it associated closely with a solar hero as that hero's favourite flower. But here the myth abandons its usual disguises, and positively betrays itself by its childish transparency, for who in the world would have really preferred a primrose to a lily or carnation? Need I then remind you that nothing more closely resembles our hazy English sun than the pale yellow primrose; and that, as five petals belong to the flower, so five vowels go to the name of Beaconsfield, and five primary gases to the composition of the sun?

But the myth degenerates into positive puerility when it asserts that on the emblem of the primrose was founded a political League, whose object was the conservation of all political institutions at that time in existence. Nothing of the sort, gentlemen. No political party ever set before it so impracticable an aim. The whole story is plainly mythical, which only makes its elucidation the more imperative upon us. Now, when the sun has departed, what takes its place? Is it not the moon and the stars? It is their permanence that is expressed by the League, and the fixed stars are fittingly typified by the figure of political immobility. And the primrose which, as an emblem of the sun, was so suitable in its application to our solar hero, is no less suitable in connection with that paler orb of night, which its colour so closely resembles. For the primrose is a lunar as well as a solar flower, and thus the conclusion of our myth proves as poetical as any other part of it. The Primrose League was a mere expression of this beautiful fancy; its only existence was in the heavens, and, if I may so express myself without undue levity, the so-called League was simply moonshine."

With the laughter and cheers that greeted the termination of this lecture my vision ended, and I became aware that I had been held in a trance, in which the future and the present had been merged into actual identity.

J. A. FARRER.

A DAY AT THE MEYDOUM PYRAMID.

THE Nile traveller, if he has a heart, will probably at the end of his voyage find the words "Mi Tum," or Bull-Town, written upon it, for that glorious Meydoum Pyramid, with its three stages of shining masonry lifting themselves to Heaven out of the brown mound of débris at its base, haunts the mind; and after many days the traveller finds that none of the temples or tombs he has seen up Nile has banished the impression made by that lonely pile, whose triple-terraced mountainous mass of yellow stone rises from the border of the plain of farmers' paradise, to the west of Wasta.

Whose tomb was it? That was not exactly known till quite recently. It had been said to have been built by King Senefru, the founder of the fourth Egyptian dynasty, about B.C. 3766, but savants had cast doubts upon this, and it has been left for Mr. Flinders Petrie to show, by patient excavation, that at any rate as long ago as the time of Amenophis III., and Thotmes I., and Seti I. the pyramid in question was looked upon as Senefru's building—Senefru, "Lord of Truth," and "Maker of the Good," who was long after his death looked upon as a god—Senefru, whose temple, perhaps owing to this fact, still stands intact at the base of his vast pyramid tomb to this day.[1]

One had often heard of the False Pyramid, as the Fellaheen call it, Haram el-Kaddab—calling it so, because, in their ignorance of the plan of pyramid building, they thought that these steps, which their fathers had made to appear by a process of stripping the pyramid of outer casing, were evidence that the pyramid had never been finished. One had thought of it as being for all this "falseness" or unfinishedness of appearance the oldest pyramid—Sakkara's step pyramid only excepted—standing in Egypt. One had fancied

[1] Senefru is said by Brugsch Bey to have been the last king of the third dynasty, date 3766, by Mariette Bey he is looked upon as first king of the fourth dynasty, date 4235 B.C.

the men hard at work piling stone down at Meydoum, before ever the quarrymen had been called upon to hew a block in the quarries of Mokattam and Turra at the command of Chufu, Chafra, or Menkaura. And so one had much wished to see this forerunner of the pyramids at Gizeh.

Even if the pyramid of Senefru should, on nearer acquaintance, disappoint one with the manner of its masonry, or the finish of it, at any rate close by were Mastabas of the fourth dynasty ; there were the tombs of Nefer Mât and Atot, his wife, with their almost unique evidence of early Egyptian Mosaics by way of ornament, and then side by side with these there would be visible, we hoped, the tomb chamber in which Mariette found those two remarkable life-size sitting statues in stone of Rahotep and his wife Nefert, whose liquid eyes and delicate drapery and colouring are the marvel of the Gizeh Museum.

So it needed little persuasion on the part of the great gloriously-shining pyramid of Meydoum to call one from the Nile steamer and bid one make one's way across the plain to its base.

We had hoped to accomplish our visit between sunrise and 3 P.M. when we knew the solitary afternoon train would have conveyed us from Rekkah, up through the evening lights of the rich Nile land to Cairo, but our steamer stuck now here, now there, and it was already half-past four when we stopped the engines off the mud village of Rekkah, or Riggah, and with a bundle of food in our hands and a sailor to carry a donkey-saddle, we bade adieu to our fellow passengers and pushed off for the Nile bank.

It is not so easy a matter as at first might appear, this landing from a Nile boat on a Nile bank, for the Nile mud is as slippery as grease, and what looks solid is found to be soft and *vice versâ.* But we did not mind getting in up to the knees for the sake of good King Senefru, and struggling from the slime we got on to the hot sand, and entering the dirty little village asked for the railway station. We did not want a train, but we wanted donkeys, and we believed that the station-master, who in these out-of-the-way villages is the centre of light and learning, would be the provider of so much ass-flesh as would bear us to the pyramid. He could talk English a little, we spoke Arabic a little, and at once he despatched a bare-legged railway porter in blue blouse and red tarboosh to harry Rekkah for donkeys. "One donkey he knew of, Allah might give two, but of this he was not sure." Heaven smiled upon us, for a shout was heard half a mile away, and that shout echoed another half-mile ; there was a running together of camels and buffaloes and

sheep in a very far-off field, and a little cloud of dust upon the railway line embankment told us that our ass had been caught and was coming down the six-foot at its own pace to bear the "Khawaja" to Meydoum.

We saddled up, and the donkey's master tapping the patient creature on the nose, for bridles are an unknown quantity in the Meydoum donkey-world, we went back up the highway—the railway line, for a quarter of a mile. We then turned into the pleasant green fields of beans and clover, and while the larks sang, and the paddy-birds strutted, and the kites flew high, we passed towards the sunset and the mighty memorial tomb of Senefru.

Away to our right, as we rode over the rich plain towards the barren desert mounds, was seen the little palm-girt village of Ghurzeh; on our left, to the south, like barren islands in a sea of greenery, appeared the villages of Soft, Kafr Soft, and Haram or Haram Soft, whilst between Kafr Soft and Haram Soft was visible the tiny village that was the centre of the great religious world of the fourth dynasty in this place—the Bull-Town, "Mi Tum"—Meydoum of to-day.

It was good to hear how the old names had clung to these villages No one would have thought, from looking upon that little village nearest the desert, by which our path presently took us, that there had once stood close by, a pyramid; but as late as thirty years ago the remains of a pyramid were visible there, and the present village is built out of the mud bricks that the old pyramid-builders made.

We wind in and out, now west, now south, for the lands are divided out in squares, and we go along the edges of the allotments. Whole families are squatting by their yellow-faced, lop-eared sheep, or their long-eared goats or grunting buffaloes. Here a tiny tot of a child watches a tethered camel, there a little girl carefully collects into palm basket the manurial products of the day of cattle-feeding, to take home with her flock in the evening. A slinger crouches like a black ghoul—for he has drawn the head-shawl over his head—upon his rough clod hillock, and in the fields men are busy with hoe or glebe-hatchet and creaky "shadoofs." The land of Senefru has no rest, and since the King of Truth and Goodness entered his tomb until this day, men plough and break the glebe and lift the shadoof bucket, and sling the stone, and take at morn the cattle to the fields, watch them through the day with greater care than they give to their children, and bring them back at eventide.

Now, while the hoopoe calls "hut-hut" from the distance, and the black and white kingfisher—"sick-sak"—poises over the village

›ond, we pass the remains of some old offering-stool or slab used in temple raised by the fourth dynasty men, but now cast out by the rayside. Round the muddy pond we go, wherein the ducks dabble nd the brickmaker dabbles too, treading the slime into paste, filled ıll with the bits of chopped straw that have sunk down from farm-ard refuse of last year. This is the village of the pyramid we spoke ›f, and brickmakers, having exhausted the fourth-dynasty supply, must read their own mud into brickage, and put it in their little square rood moulds and leave it to the sun.

We have now reached the edge of the plain, yellow here from the lower of the "kabbach" or ketlock, and here is a white-domed heyk's tomb beside a fine old "atli" or juniper tree—beneath it rest he bones of Sheyk Ali Nurr, peace to his ashes; on now over the raste we go southward towards the shining terraced pyramid.

Presently we are aware that the great brown grey mounds upon ›ur right and left have been trenched through, pits or wells are ›pened out in the midst, and what seemed just wind-blown waves of lesert sand show themselves to be carefully built mud-brick masses. Ve are in the burying-ground of oldest Egypt, and these are the 'Mastabas" that extend from here to the foot of the pyramid and ›n beyond it, which day by day, under the careful exploration of Mr. Flinders Petrie, are yielding up their secrets. Now we see a tiny ent and rough reed hut, such as the wandering bedouin might use. Chat is the palatial accommodation that the brave explorer is con-ented with. If you go into that tiny tent you will find an old pack-ng-case with three rough shelves in it, a couple of cups, a plate, a ›poon, a paraffin stove, a box of biscuits and some potted-meat tins, ınd opposite another packing case to serve as table and chair in one. Chat is Mr. Petrie's dining and drawing room. If you enter the ittle tomb close by, where once with much lamentation and many :akes of offering entered those who mourned for Nefer Mât, you vill see a rude camp bedstead. There, at the end of long days of ligging, sleeps the explorer, and the stars can look in upon him and he first sun visit him.

I brought no cakes of offering to the tomb—half a fowl and a ›it of bread and a couple of oranges was my supply—but I found it ıll too much; for my friend the explorer opened his tin and set his amp a-going and gave me of his store a supper fit for Senefru; ent me his own pocket-knife to eat my feast, shared his single tea-›poon with me, and finished piling on his desert courtesy with a bit ›f crystallised ginger such as Senefru and Nefer Mât never knew. I ›roffered my English bread in return: he haughtily refused it. What

was English bread to a man who can get the Arab bread thrice a week from Wasta? I suggested that fowl recently killed and cooked would be a pleasant addition to his supper. He fiercely refused to believe me. Had he not potted pilchards in abundance, and did not Moir supply him with English or Australian lambs' tongues in tins that were better than all the fowls of the Nile valley? But I anticipate.

It was enough for me to know that that tiny tent and hut of reeds and tomb-chamber was the home of the "Khawaja," and to my question where was he, I was told "Gedam foh fil Haram," which being interpreted meant "On there beyond, near the Pyramid."

I went across the heaving billows of sand and flint, and found him taking some trigonometrical measures which needed that he should not be interrupted till the sunlight failed him, and climbing up over the débris at the base of the pyramid I wondered at its mass and its marvellous colour.

The hawks, beloved of Senefru, Rahotep, and Nefer Mât in the days of auld lang syne, flew out and in to their high-built eyries, and clamoured as they flew. I looked up the eastern face of the masonry, and noted that, for a third of its height, it had upon it a rough facing of stone, then came tooled and smoothed orange-coloured limestone, and then a small band of rough-hewn stone. The meaning of this rough masonry, Mr. Petrie showed me after, was, that two outer skins of casing, now destroyed, went upwards, the one to the top of the rough masonry, the other to the top of the second band. What labour had been lost here! All that careful tooling of the intermediate band of gloriously golden masonry had been covered over by one of those outer casings. All honour to the men for this waste of time, who, pending the putting on of the skin, dared to face this wall so beautifully with their facing tools.

At my feet as I stood I noticed the solid platform blocks of limestone masonry, all with a slight inward cant, whereon one of these outer skins had been built. Going a little farther to the north side, one could note the platform *in situ* wherefrom had sprung the second outer casing, and at the opening of the pyramid vault, which was discovered by Mariette Bey, the great trench his workmen made in the débris beneath was still to be seen. One noticed, as one bent forward into the opening and placed one's eyes against the lintel and gazed upward, how, contrary to expectation, these two outermost casings would run at an angle of 75 degrees clear to the top, beyond and outside of the present terrace of masonry above, and give to the six-stepped pyramid its possibility of pure pyramidal form.

I do not think I could ever have realised how these pyramid-builders built core within core, and, filling up the terrace angles, got complete pyramid form, had I not stood upon the outer casings of this pyramid of Senefru. I am sure I could not have got an idea of the actual mass of building required, had I not realised on the spot that all that vast mound, wherefrom the three or four central cores of the pyramid that still remain intact arise, was nothing in the world but the remnants of the two outer skins and the débris occasioned by the stripping off of the upper portions of these skins, and learned that it was conjectured that within the last three generations no less than 100,000 tons of material had been carted away, and that still the work of destruction and carting away goes on. No "raphir" or local guardian has been appointed. Is £12 a year too large a sum to expect of the Museum authorities towards the care of this interesting fourth-dynasty Necropolis? It looks like it.

And now the great sun was collecting its fire into its bosom, and lighting up the bastion wall of Senefru till it burnt pure gold. White as milk is the limestone which Senefru's builders originally piled. Yellow as orange is the limestone to-day that has been visited by more than 5,000 years of rolling suns.

Looking upward to the vault of heaven, one noted that the deep orange accentuated the blue of the airy pavilion above, and I thought of Faber's lines "On the Larch in Autumn," whose tresses are much in colour as this pyramid wall is to-day:—

> There is no tree in all the forest thro',
> That brings the sky so near and makes it seem so blue.

At any rate, I never saw Egyptian sky so blue as when I looked at sunset time up the golden wall of Senefru's pyramid.

It was plain that Mr. Petrie had been digging for the peribolos wall, and had found trace of it on all four sides of the pyramid base. Going round the pyramid, on the débris of the outer casing, towards the east, one turned one's back upon the billowy purple desert, and faced as fine a view as can be gained in Egypt, a view certainly unequalled as far as a Nile valley scene goes, for though the view from the pyramid of Chufu at Ghizeh is wonderful, one is always oppressed by the somewhat keen sense of the neighbourhood of mighty neighbours. Here one looked out from the waist-belt of a solitary giant of stone, and nothing dwarfed the details of the scene.

The green plain with purple streaks of yellow stretched boundlessly north and south, licked the desert to the west with its green tongue, flooded with tender flood of cornland a kind of inland bay

that the great god Nile had made to the north beyond the tomb of Sheyk Ali Nurr.

The hills Jebel es Sherki, the hills to the far east across the valley, were white and grey, and seemed lower than the hill plateau of Mokattam and Turra; the Nile was unseen, but belts of palm told us where he hid his silver head. All along at the foot of the desert plateau whereon Senefru built his mighty tomb, ran the tiny strip of silver canal that gave water to the thirsty villagers and parching fields. By its banks were going homeward at the sunset flocks and herds, the whole air was filled with the sound of labourers and laughing lads and lasses who were picking up heart now that rest and food-time were so near; and mason bees who had plastered the whole side of the eastern face of the masonry above us, added their sound of pleasant murmuring.

The shadow of the pyramid, a cone-pointed sloping tower of blackness, moved and stretched itself upon the vivid green. There was no other shadow in that land. So full of peace and rest was the scene that the men who had been long dead came out of their tombs and Mastabas north and east, and I seemed to see them passing up the hollow *dromos*, between the white walls Mr. Petrie has uncovered, from the green plain towards the peribolos wall, or passing in from the north and south to the side entrance of that avenue he has laid bare, and so up towards the little temple of offerings for the manes of King Senefru, and for the rest in Amenti of the founder of the fourth dynasty.

I was very anxious to be of their ghostly company, so I went down the shales of limestone débris to where the workmen still plied mattock and palm-basket among the silver smoke of the rubbish they were moving. For Mr. Petrie had determined to dig a way through the rubbish to the eastern entrance gate of the temple, and let as much light within the temple chamber as should serve for himself and his photographic apparatus to put on record the *graffiti* of certain scribes who had passed into that chamber in the days when Thotmes III., and Amenophis III., and Seti I. were kings.

Mr. Petrie had finished his labours for the day, and joined me; and not without a proper enthusiasm and a just pride did he show me his discovery of the oldest piece of dated masonry in Egypt, the most complete archaic temple in the land of Nile.

For here, untouched by the hand of the spoiler, was a small temple completely roofed in, with little forecourt, say roughly twelve feet square, reaching to the base of the untouched outer casing of Senefru's pyramid. On either side the doorway two milk-white

monoliths, chipped at the base, but *in situ* and otherwise intact, raised their shining height. These stelæ stood about eight feet high, by two and a half by one foot broad, and between them lay a stone of offerings on which men had poured oil and left the fruits of the earth in memory of their king, "The Maker of Good," who, ages after he was laid in his sarcophagus, was looked upon as God.

I passed from the sanctuary into the chamber through the low door, and can but describe it as a long box, twenty feet long, by about six or eight feet broad, and five feet high, somewhat like the four lateral chambers in the inner court of the granite temple near the south-west side of the Sphinx at Gizeh. The chamber was built of large blocks of limestone carefully fitted, and showing in parts that it was still in process of being dressed down or tooled when the craftsmen left it; it sparkled with diamonds of salt that had worked their way out to the surface. Passing thence by a low doorway at the north end, one found a similar hollow box of limestone laid parallel with the first chamber, and at the farther or south end, and on the east side, a passage leading eastward—this, in fact, the main entrance passage long blocked up, which Mr. Petrie's workmen were still busy in clearing. And here, opposite this passage, and in the passage itself, was centred the interest of the find. For about fourteen *graffiti*, some in the passage, some on the western wall of the entrance chamber, or so much of it as could be lighted from the entrance passage, were seen as fresh as when penned. In the passage was one written by a scribe in the reign of Thotmes III. On the chamber wall were others written when Amenophis III. and Seti I. were on the throne.

One especially of the latter was of interest, for there was a long inscription of fourteen or sixteen lines of close hieratics, whose date-sign had been inscribed in red, and therein the word Senefru occurred in three places, and so a vexed question was settled. This temple was reared before the pyramid that in Seti I.'s time, at any rate, was looked upon as the Pyramid of Senefru. Senefru was the royal genius of this place as long ago as 1366 years B.C.

Two little drawings, roughly scrawled, adorned the wall—one of them a disk of the sun—looking, save the mark, like a watch face, and beside it a seated Osiris figure; the other picture was an image of Horus as a hawk, whose legs were long enough to have done duty for a heron, beneath it a *graffiti* of the time of Amenophis III.

It looked very much as if these scribbling scribes came, as I had come, on errand of curiosity, and had not been able to penetrate to the second chamber or to the sanctuary between the statues. There,

perhaps, darkness reigned in their time, there débris had perhaps fallen, and, luckily for our century and our eyes, had covered in the shrine, where men of Senefru's day had worshipped with their faces toward the base of the sloping pyramid. Surely the narrow area of the inscriptions in the first chamber looks, as Mr. Petrie suggested, much as if at the doorway light alone could penetrate the first temple chamber, and thither only came the scrawlers of hieratics.

The light was fading fast, but Mr. Petrie showed me how he had first come upon the outer wall of the sanctuary by driving a trench through the débris from the south, and he also pointed out how, after the sanctuary had been almost cleared, a strong wind rose—I do not think the gods were angry—and cast down tons of the chip débris from above, and gave him all his work to be done again; but drawings have now been made.

For the sake of travellers one could wish that a "raphir," or local guardian, could be appointed at a pound a month, to see that this archaic temple was not injured and that it was kept clean and clear of rubbish; yet I am not sure but that, perhaps, the sealing up of Mr. Petrie's important find by the chip débris from above, will not be the safest way of preserving that which it has so well preserved all down the centuries until to-day. And here above our heads, as we talked, hung the chip-sealing; a single gun-shot fired, and all would be reburied again.

Home we went to the tiny tent and the cup of tea—never tea, though milk was not, tasted better—and the stars were over us as we talked of the work done during the last months in this ancient necropolis.

To the east of the pyramid Mr. Petrie had investigated two Mastabas. The outer casing of both had been unburnt Nile-mud bricks. I measured one, and found it to be 14 × 7 × 6 inches, large bricks well-kneaded with chopped straw, and tough even to-day. The inside of one Mastaba was completely filled with chips from the débris of the pyramid-builders, the core of the other was filled with remnants of pottery from the offerings that had come to the shrine of the pyramid temple.

But other discoveries of interest had been made at the former Mastaba, for at the angles Mr. Petrie had laid bare angle walls upon which the builders had drawn, in black and red, the lines of inclination or angle at which they intended the Mastaba builders to build their Mastaba's slope. I had a good look at these angle walls early on the following morning, and was surprised at the brilliancy of the colouring of the broad red vertical line upon the white-cemented angle wall, and noted how accurate these old workmen

were even in the matter of line drawing. They had with a fine red double line first drawn their red vertical eye-guide, and had then filled in the middle space of it so as to preserve in its absolute integrity and accuracy of outline the standard upright for their line of sight. It was not without interest to note the horizontal cross-lines which had been drawn at intervals all the way up from the ground to the top of the angle wall at the distance of single cubit spaces apart, and that underneath, at one point, for the guidance of the foundation-builders, had been written in red letters the note, "Under is the good, five cubits," which meant that the rock-bed was five cubits beneath this mark on the wall.

One sometimes talks of the want of care in foundations that the old Nile-valley builders were guilty of, but I confess that, after seeing this note, and observing the deep trench from which the outer lining Mastaba wall sprang, and after looking carefully at the depth of masonry upon which the columns of Amenophis rest in the Temple of Luxor, one's idea of their want of knowledge of foundations has been considerably altered, and, when one observes how cleverly the old architects used their red paint in the "construction" line, their black for the "working" line, so that the eye might never hesitate or become confused, one asks even if our own architects are wiser than the men of old.

That evening talk in the tent was full of interest; one learned much, but the best thing I learned was the kind of friendly relation existing between Mr. Petrie and his workmen. I had seen them labouring with their palm baskets and adze-shaped hoes till after sundown. Mr. Petrie had been late in taking observation, and so had not given his usual signal of a whistle to the men to cease work, but they did not cease, and I soon found that there had been established such relations between employed and employer as made the day's work not slaves' labour, but the work of men who wish to serve their master in love to the uttermost. There was a fair at some Fayum village near, and some of the men came up to the tent very courteously to ask for their wages and for leave to go. It was a sight worth seeing, the patient courtesy with which they squatted, one hand on the tent-pole, and listened to Mr. Petrie's recital of the various amounts due for the various metres' work on the different days. They kept nodding and saying "Eyua," as the various details were given; they were serving a just man, and they knew that each evening their work had been measured and recorded. Sometimes an extra piastre or two had been agreed upon for this or that extra work or extra care, and the men smiled and mentioned it, and took

their wage, saying at what hour they intended to return, but all with such an air of confidence and pleasure in their talk as made one feel that the curse of Egypt had been lifted, and that labour and joy had supplanted the labour and curse of the old Kourbash days.

"Well, you see," said my friend, "that I first carefully pick my men. I then get the fathers and the children to work together. Each hand is soon found to be better fitted for one kind of work than another, and I change the men's work till I find each man is in the right place, and then the whole work goes on smoothly. I have no 'reis' or intermediate man; I go round each day to see the men at their various posts, and instead of massing them together at one big job, in which they would only get in one another's way, I tell them off to the different points of exploration, and agree to pay by the metre and thus discount idleness." I went back in thought to that very different method of excavation I had seen at Luxor and Karnak, and wished devoutly the Gizeh Museum authorities would take a leaf out of Mr. Petrie's book. Here, at the Meydoum, men and master were, it seemed, bound by a common tie of interest which seemed of a really personal character. There, at Luxor and Karnak, a great cursing and swearing bully in the form of a "reis," armed with a kourbash, hustled the children with their palm baskets of mould from pit to bank, lashing them mercilessly at times, and flicking his elephant-hide whip as it would seem for pure cruelty's sake at the thinly clad or half-naked bodies of the poor little girls and boys, who were in the name of Science working like slaves through heat and dust to bring back the colossi of Ramses the Great, or the temple of his father Seti, from the grave of centuries.

It was a sight to make any Englishman's heart boil to see the lash, in the hand of the burly bully at the Pylon of Luxor, curl with a crack round the leg of a lad or naked ankle of a girl, with a heavy palm basket on their heads, as they toiled up the steep bank, and bring the poor creatures to their knees; but when I complained I was told "Ma alesh," "It matters not." "Mafish kourbash, shoggalu mafish," "No kourbash, no work." I have seen the men and boys who are working pleasantly and cheerfully for Mr. Petrie at Meydoum, and I unhesitatingly say that he gets twice as much of actual work done in the time as the brute who drives his gang of slaves at Luxor and Karnak, and I know from seeing them labour at early morn to the late eventide with what interest and pleasure, I was going to say with what pride, they work for "Khawaja Engleese," the English gentleman. It was refreshing to sit there in the shadow of those vast Mastaba mounds, at the building of which we had been brought up

to believe the land had groaned and the lash had been lifted and the sweat of the people toiling for its princes had been taken for nought, and to see how now men laboured with the same tools, dressed in the same way, having much the same simple wants to satisfy, and the same homes to come from and return to at morn and eventide; but a light was in their faces and a smile upon their lips, for they toiled for honest bread at honest price, and their master was a friend.

I say this because that evening I heard a boy's voice and saw a boy's hand thrust through the tent, and noticed Mr. Petrie solemnly cut a bit of soap in two and give the lad half, saying, "I find there's nothing like soap for sore heads." Presently another voice piped in the darkness, and the same knife now dived into a pot of ointment, and spread some carefully on a sore place near the nose of the applicant—a dust sore, for which this ointment was a palliative.

Presently, with a low salaam, a dusky man with a dark ache in his dusky stomach applied for cure. The paraffin lamp was kindled. A cup of coffee was made, and therein a spoonful of pepper stirred. The poor fellow swallowed it with a gurgle and turned to go. "God increase your goods exceedingly!" (Ya Kattar Allah kherak. Katall kherak ketîr) was the word of thanks; and the grateful ones went back to their reed huts and their burnouses and their sandy beds for the night.

I did not wonder that Mr. Petrie, the wise hâkim, was beloved of his workmen. Fancy a poor sick or wounded child coming to the Luxor bully with the kourbash, for emollient or detergent! What a change had come over the labourers' dream here under the shadow of the Meydoum Pyramid! And what a different estimate of the qualities and character of the Egyptian Fellah was this that we gained by converse with the explorer, from the ordinary guide-book idea that prevails with Nile travellers! A letter received afterwards from Mr. Petrie is so confirmatory of what we saw and felt, that I dare to print it.[1]

[1] "With regard to the treatment of workers, you may say that I have never found occasion to strike man or child that was in my pay during ten years' work. This is not from any sentimental reason (for I heartily believe in the *Kurbash* as a penal measure), but simply that no one is worth employing who needs punishing. My only penalty is inexorable dismissal, without warning. Sometimes I take a fellow back, where it was only a squabble between workers: but *never* if asked to do so.

"For three years now I have had no overseer, or head man; there is no one between me and the workers; and I much prefer it. All overseers expect to get a heavy proportion of the wages, and *do* get it. I believe that of every £1,000 spent on works, from £200 to £300 goes into the pockets of men who have not the faintest right to it. When the railway was lately made in the Fayum the wages

Next morning we were awake with the lark; the great sun drove his fleecy flocks from the plains of Nile to the plains of Heaven, and the green carpet of the valley was already alive with the shouts "of labourers going forth into the fields" below us as we gazed.

We paid a second visit to the pyramid and the archaic temple, towards which we saw the workmen coming from the near village, and streaming up the slope of débris to their toil, palm-baskets and hoe over their shoulders. One man had broken his basket handle, and I noticed with interest his fellow labourer produce from his bosom a bit of palm fibre in the rough, and, in less time than it takes me to write, sit down and twist it into rope, rolling it like tobacco twist between his clever hands into four-stranded cord.

Thence we went to see the pits to the north side of the Mastabas, where the angle walls before described had been uncovered. These had contained burials of the twenty-second dynasty, which varied in depth from 6 to 30 feet. It looked as if whole families had selected the mud walls and inner lining of the Mastaba as a kind of quarry wherein they could with ease excavate the narrow cells for their long sleeping. The place was many-caverned, and looked, after Mr. Petrie's work, like a warren of some gigantic earth-burrower. Here a whole family had been content to burrow little cells 12 feet deep side by side; there, and apparently in some long anterior age that the later buriers knew nothing of, men had sunk their deep wells and lowered the heavy stone to close the side chamber at the bottom of the well.

---

were enough, but the exactions of the *reises* were such that few men cared to take the work for what *they* got. Hence it dragged on a long time for lack of enough labour. Probably the engineers had no idea of the cause.

"My workmen always form my natural guards and friends; and I have never known them steal anything. On the contrary, they will often dispute an account against their own interest, and if accidentally paid too much in error, they will bring me back the money and go over it. Even when any visitor gives a boy a piastre or two for any little service, they will generally come and tell me, as a piece of news that they like to share with me. I mention this to show you what terms I am on with them. Yet I get work done cheaper than anyone else does, at two-thirds of the lowest rate of government contract. So it is not merely extravagant pay that they look after. I have an excellent opinion of the Egyptian when under authority; but he cannot stand temptation, especially long continued; hence it is criminally wrong to throw temptations in their way, and I am very careful to avoid doing so.

"I always pay the men for whatever they find just what I expect they would get from a travelling dealer. So they have no temptation to conceal anything.

"If you can do anything toward abolishing this horrible, effete system of leaving all the management in the hands of corrupt and overbearing *reises*, it will be a good work. I believe that very few natives are fit to exercise authority."

Although as at Kom es Sultan, so here, it seemed the deeper he dug the older were the burials, not one of the least remarkable discoveries Mr. Petrie had made was this, that side by side with one another, and apparently buried at the same age, there appeared to be two different races of men, or at any rate men with two different ideas about burial. In one grave will be found men laid out full length, in another, with equal care, the bodies of men have been doubled up in a crouching position, knees to chin; but these last have always most carefully been laid upon their left side, their heads to the north and their faces to the east. As to the men laid out full length, these were placed sometimes in rude coffins of wood, fragments of which remained; the coffins had been covered with stucco. One mummy had been found modelled as it were in pitch, the pitch, that is, not poured over and left in a formless mass, but carefully worked so as to cover the limbs in normal human proportion. No implement, so far as I learnt, had been discovered in any of the graves, and such fragments of pottery as appeared, resembled the rough little offering vases one finds in such numbers at Abu Roash. I think the Abu Roash pots are, if anything, a trifle rougher in make, but they are of similar shape to the tiny third- or fourth-dynasty vases discovered by Mr. Petrie at the Meydoum.

I crossed to examine the Mastabas and tombs to the north-west, and stopped, of course, before the door of Nefer Mât's tomb, a tomb which, since the explorer took up his quarters here, might be spoken of as

> A tomb contrived a double debt to pay,
> A bed by night, a drawing-room by day.

For here Mr. Petrie was able, in the little guest chamber that Nefer Mât planned for the mourning of his friends and relatives, to finish the plans and put the colours to the beautiful drawings he has made of the sculpture of the adjacent tombs.

The first thing that struck one was that the Mastaba Nefer Mât had reared for his memorial, and for the well chamber wherein h body rested, had apparently been finished, decorated with false doorways, and coated with limewash or cement, just as the inner wall of that ancient Egyptian fortress near Abydos had been coated, and that then an outside or masking wall had been built entirely to cover the original Mastaba. The limestone tomb-chamber seemed to have been excavated in the original Mastaba, and the outer lining or casing may perhaps have entirely covered and concealed the entrance to the tomb-chamber at some later time. Be that as it may, I was face to face with the open tomb-chamber of a nobleman

who was probably of the household of the king who built what Mariette Bey called "the most carefully constructed and best built pyramid in Egypt," and I naturally expected to find that he carried on the traditions of the great Senefru, and Erpah Nefer Mât did not disappoint one. For here upon the outer wall, at the left hand of the doorway, the resolute-looking man stood—square-headed, features delicate, small beard, his hair curled after the manner of the day, unless it was a short-frizzed wig he wore; and not content with the beautiful sculpturing in low relief, so characteristic of that dawn of Egyptian art history, this man, who lived before the Gizeh pyramids, had determined to have his image on his doorway of brilliant mosaic, and there are the pit marks in the stone for the colour to this day, some of them still holding the red cement or enamel which was used for the decoration of his waist-cloth 3750 years B.C.

I had, under Mr. Grebaut's guidance, seen on a low wall flanking the western side of the inner part of Amenophis' Hall of columns at Luxor, rude pit marks in the stone which had doubtless been filled once with a like enamel, but then there the pit marking was rougher, and this enamelling that I was gazing at was more than 2,000 years earlier in date. But it was not only the manner of enamelling that interested one in Nefer Mât's tomb: the beauty of the stone sculpture was for clear cutting wonderful. Nefer Mât had been father of three sons; there they were upon the left hand door soffit—the eldest a man, the youngest a child. He had had a beloved wife, the Lady Atot; she is sculptured on the wall to the right. He had been a great farmer, and each farm, mindful of the dead master, had sent a servant with offerings to his tomb; amongst them was seen the name of Mitum, the Bull-town, so that one could turn one's head and gaze upon the very fields that knew the lordship of Nefer Mât in the time of the third or fourth dynasty, for there in the plain below was to be seen the brown mud cluster of huts upon its mound that still kept its village name of Bull-town or Meydoum.

And Nefer Mât had been a lover of sport in the days of long ago, for here, unhooded on their several perches, immediately above the doorway, sat, as they had sat in stone miniature for more than 5,500 years, the four favourite hawks of Erpah Nefer Mât. He had died, one might suppose, or at any rate had prepared his tomb with thoughts of death before him, while still in the full vigour of his active out-door life; and he had had a wife who must have shared his love of field sports, for on the façade of the Lady Atot's tomb, about 50 feet to the north, men are represented as spreading a large net for wild fowl

while three persons, perhaps the three sons who are sculptured on Nefer Mât's tomb, bring the fowl they have captured to the great hunter's dame.

I did not see the Lady Atot's tomb-chamber. The Arabs had so ruthlessly cut it about, that Mr. Petrie had very properly filled it with sand: but I gazed reverently in the Gizeh Museum at the marvellous fresco of geese that Mariette brought from the interior of Lady Atot's tomb-chamber, with the kind of wonder that one gazes at the earliest picture of the kind in the world; and as I gazed, I felt that Lady Atot must not only have been as great a lover of the fowls of the farm as she was with her husband a lover of field-sport, but that she must have had an eye for natural history that would not allow of the drawing and colouring of a single false feather by the artist she employed for her tomb chamber's decoration.

Her artist was for all purposes of finish a Japanese. I turned to leave Nefer Mât's tomb, but not without a wonder at the way in which the great man had determined to tell after ages, that in the time when Senefru was king, men could handle stone in a way tha would severely tax all our mechanical appliances of to-day. He had chosen that his tomb-chamber should be roofed with large slabs of limestone. The nne exposed to view measured roughly 20 feet in length, 8 feet in breadth, and was 3 feet thick, and weighed probably 42 tons. But what was a weight of 42 tons for a roofing-stone in the days of the third dynasty?

We went up over the back of the Mastaba, and visited two Mastaba pits that Mr. Petrie had uncovered, thence to a Mastaba farther to the north, and intermediate between the Mastaba of Nefer Mât and Ra Hotep of Gizeh Museum fame. Everyone who visited Bulak, or who now visits Gizeh Museum, will remember those two almost life-size seated statues of limestone, spoken of as the oldest portrait-statues in stone that exist in Egypt, or, for the matter of that, in the world.

Ra Hotep, with his right hand on his breast, his left hand on his knee, sits naked but for his waist-cloth, bare-headed, brown of skin, with a single jewel round his neck, side by side with his wife, the royal Lady Nefert. She, fair of skin and delicately clad in fine white linen garment, sits with folded arms. Upon her head a dainty circlet of riband, a necklace of eight bands, the lower one with large pear-shaped stones, her hair frizzed into a fine wig, and her feet bare. No one, who has once seen Ra Hotep and his wife Nefert, forgets the liquid, limpid, life-like eyes, eyes of quartz and rock crystal upon a background of silver plate to give light; and here I stood at the pit

mouth, 30 feet in depth, down which had been lowered, to their rest in the brown mud-brick Mastaba, the bodies of Ra Hotep—son of Senefru, as some say—and his princess-wife Nefert.

The great stone that sealed the tomb had been let down into its place by means of ropes, coiled eighty times round its massy bulk. The rope had perished, but the impression of the twisted palm-fibre strands was still fresh when Mr. Petrie opened the pit. No mummy of Ra Hotep was found, but men of Mr. Petrie's stamp are discouraged by nothing, not even when, as in the case of the neighbouring Mastaba-well of Ra Nefer, he finds that others have burglariously entered the tomb from below, and long ago burrowed upward into the chamber he with such arduous work has just worked his way down to. But it is not only by burglars of old time that the explorer in Senefru's necropolis to-day may be baffled, for sometimes such an untoward event happens, as occurred in the opening of a Mastaba pit rather farther to the north than the one of Ra Hotep. There, just as the workmen had finished clearing out a tomb-well, and were ready to descend to the tomb-chamber, a large black snake was seen to glide from the light and disappear into the darkness, and, of course, till that snake was scotched and killed—a matter of no little difficulty—no one would venture down to prosecute the work of enquiry.

But returning from the top of the Mastaba one naturally wished to see the tomb-chamber, or shrine itself, from which in January of 1872 Mariette Bey removed the two oldest portrait statues in the world to which a date can be assigned. And, thanks to Mr. Petrie's work, one could see how a little forecourt, with long low wing walls and two white limestone pillars or stelæ, stood before the entrance to the chamber; passing through this little forecourt, and entering the painted and sculptured room, one noted at once the comparative freshness of the colours, and the hieroglyphs that stood out in exquisite relief; such hieroglyphs, so cleanly carved, I have nowhere seen in Egypt.

The little room, or anteroom, that we entered, spread itself out into two wings, right and left, and between these was a recess or shrine. The figures in the Gizeh Museum originally stood in front of this recess. Ra Hotep is sculptured on the left wall with his long staff in hand, his three sons beside him. His foot is firmly set down, and one observed an exquisite bit of sculptor's accuracy, in the way in which the fold or crinkle of the flesh between the foot and the big toe was expressed.

The Lady Nefert is seen long-haired, with a lily in the fillet, and she holds one in her hand also; but I forgot all about Ra Hotep

and his Lady Nefert, in the children whose pictures and names were given on the jambs of the little innermost recess: Jeddah, Atori, and Nefer Ra, the brothers; and Neferab, Settet, and Mest, the sisters.

How delightful it was to think of that happy family life of old, when the father who called one daughter to his side always spoke of her as "Sweetheart," and Sweetheart, if she talked with her sister, always named her "The Beloved One."

In the upper registers of the side wings were seen sculptured the oryx, oxen, ibex; and in the four lower registers of the right-hand wing, great Ra Hotep's seal-bearer, butcher, cup-bearer, and five servants bringing offerings were portrayed. The vases of honey were covered with lids and sealed down tightly, and beautiful in shape were the jars seen to be; one as delicate as a Greek vase, another evidently hewn out of stone. I suppose they worked with diamond-drills, and cut the diorite with corundum into whatever shape it pleased them, when Senefru was king, and Ra Hotep stood as a prince among the people.

In the opposite, or left-hand, wing of the chamber representatives from twelve farms, men and women, brought offerings; and that Ra Hotep encouraged handicrafts and cared for the life of the country gentleman was evident from the fact that here, in his tomb-chamber, were seen men working with adze and wedges shaping out wood, boat-builders were busy, fishermen fished with nets that had floats and sinkers, and a couple of men staggered under the weight of a fish just caught as big as a John Doree. Ploughing was going forward, herdsmen drove the calf afield, and a man was seen coaxing a bull along.

But it was the bird life of Ra Hotep's time that charmed me. The great man's three hawks were there, but these were of small account when compared with the interest of the wagtails drawn to the life. For the wagtail befriends every Nile traveller to-day, lights on the deck of his dahabeyah, comes into his cabin, and as they are, in colour and dress, to-day, so I gather from Ra Hotep's tomb they were, in the days of Senefru; they have not changed a single feather of their dress, and they are the beloved bird of the family of those who dwell beside the Nile to-day as they were then. It is a long time that separates us from that date. The Pyramids of Gizeh had not been built when these wagtails were sculptured and painted. Men used stone knives and horn-stone hatchets then—witness the sculptures on the walls—and yet, as the little figure of the fluted Doric pillar tells me, there, on the tomb-chamber wall,

at that time of day they hewed out pillars that were the forefathers of the glory of the Parthenon, and knew how to work in high relief their mural sculptures and hieroglyphics in style scarcely surpassed when Hatasu was Queen ; while as to pigment, here was colour, if anywhere, that had stood the test of time.

Yes, and it has had to stand crueller tests of late years. For an English "Khawaja" opened this tomb-chamber for his pleasure some five years ago, and heartlessly left it open. He had his look, he was satisfied, and cared not one jot or tittle what should happen to this, the most remarkable monument of the third or fourth dynasty handicraft in the necropolis of Meydoum. He did not even let the Egyptian authorities know of his visit, or it is possible that the Museum directors would have at once prevented harm by filling the chamber, as Mariette had filled it, with the conserving sand. He came, he saw, he went away, and after him came Arabs, who saw, but did not go away, and the result is that the splendour of Ra Hotep's tomb-chamber is a thing of the past ; and as I left the great brown Mastaba heaps, and, turning my back upon the glorious Pyramid of Senefru, passed away among the green corn and blossoming beanfields towards the Nile, I did not think kindly of that English "Khawaja," and thanked Heaven that the exploration of the Necropolis of Senefru was in such tender, careful hands as those of the patient worker it had been my very good luck to find at work therein.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

JOHN AUBREY OF WILTS.

1626–1697.

BIOGRAPHICAL Dictionaries tell us that John Aubrey, of Kington, in the county of Wilts, was a learned and famous antiquary, an intimate friend of Milton, a friend and associate of Antony Wood, and of many other equally notable men of his time; and a Fellow of that Royal Society which he helped to found. He also left behind him in the Ashmolean Museum a number of curious and weighty manuscripts (mostly incomplete), including a History of Wilts, a Perambulation of Surrey, *an Apparatus for the lives of* (*sic*) certain Mathematical Writers, a Life of Hobbes, and two vols. of Letters and Miscellaneous Papers, &c., &c. But the Dictionaries fail to tell us that he was about as credulous an old goose as one could hope to find out of Gotham—an inveterate, good-natured gossip, as fond of a cock and bull story, and as certain to adorn it (*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*) as the very latest editor of Mr. Joseph Miller or Barnum. He was ready to believe the *ipse dixit* of any one mortal man, woman, or child, that fell in his way, on any subject under the sun, from a cure for the toothache to a discourse with the Angel Gabriel.

All this, however, one has to find out for oneself, and the task is an easy and amusing one, by simply wandering pleasantly through one of his most characteristic books just now republished, and rightly named "Miscellanies upon various subjects, by John Aubrey, F.R.S." (Fifth Edition). From the brief dedication to the R. Honble. James Earl of Abingdon, down to the last word of the Appendix, it is the same quaint, credulous old book-worm that talks to us—as he only could talk—revealing himself in every page. The book comprises only 220 small octavo pages, and may be divided into about sixteen sections relating to portents, dreams, and apparitions, and other such topics—"the matter of the whole collection being," as the author tells us, beyond human reach; "we being miserably in the dark as to the economy of the invisible world,

which knows what we do, or incline to, and works upon our passions, and sometimes is so kind as to afford us a glimpse of its præscience."

The dedication bears date 1696; but a year before death came to put an end to a life, the latter part of which was clouded with misfortune, and its final words are, *May the Blessed Angels, my Lord, be your careful guardians; such are the prayers of yr. obliged, humble servant, John Aubrey.*

The materials for a sketch of his life are but brief and scanty, and space will permit of only an outline before dipping into the daintily curious Miscellanies, which he regards as of such rare and spiritual import. John Aubrey, eldest son of R. Aubrey, Esq., of Herefordshire, and Broad Chalk, Wilts, was born at Kington, Wilts, March 12, 1626 (the exact hour and minute being duly noted in a mysteriously potent horoscope at p. 221), and, "being very weak and like to dye," was baptized that very day. He lived to be threescore and ten; but as far as can be gathered from his own special account of the "Accidents of John Aubrey" seems to have had far more than a fair share of mortal ailments and troubles, as we shall presently see. After a short stay at the Grammar School of Yatton Keynel, he remained for some years under the strict tuition of a Mr. Latimer, the preceptor of Hobbes, and at the early age of sixteen was entered a Gentleman Commoner of Trin. Coll. Oxon., where he applied himself closely to study. Even then he had a taste for English history and antiquities, and dabblings in science; but with what result—or whether he even took his degree—seems doubtful. Had he ever become a B.A., John Aubrey is the very man never to have omitted that appendage to his name in print, and of this there is no trace. Be this as it may, after four years at Oxford, where he made the acquaintance of Antony Wood, of Merton, in April, 1646, his name appears as a student of the Middle Temple, which pleasant retreat, however, he was shortly after forced to leave by the sudden death of his father, which made him heir to sundry estates in Wiltshire, Surrey, Herefordshire, and Monmouth, as well as to a string of law-suits that worried him to the end of his life. These law-suits, in fact, seem to have occupied a large portion of his remaining fifty years, and to have been a constant source of loss and misfortune, as well as trial of mind and body; though, in the midst of all his troubles, he managed to find time for his favourite studies—his books on Divination, Magick, and the Invisible Powers, and his speculations on the unseen world. He kept up an intimacy with some of the men of science and letters of his day, and to the very last corresponded in his own credulous fashion with a chosen few, among

whom it would have been a treasure trove to find that shrewd gossip and prince of diarists, Samuel Pepys, or that loftier and more genial philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich. The three might easily have met, and a single chapter of dialogue between such a trio would have been of far greater worth than a ton of Miscellanies. As to the actual details of his life, nearly all we know of them is founded on his own curious memoranda, which he calls "Accidents of John Aubrey," and from which we will cull a few flowers in his own characteristic words, from his birth in 1625 to his narrow escape from the knife of a drunken reveller in 1680. They fill but a few pages, and begin thus:

Born at Easton Piers, Kington, March 1626, about sun-rising; very weak and like to dye, and ergo Xtened that morning. Ague shortly after I was born.

Again in 1629 he had grievous ague; then, for the next few years sickness, vomiting, a *coronall sutor* of his head, a violent fever, the most dangerous he ever had; in 1640 "the measills—but that was nothing," though the Monday after Easter week his uncle's nag ranne away with him and gave him a dangerous fall. All these calamities, however, were survived; and we safely reach:

1642. May 3, entered at Trinity Coll. Oxon.

1643. April and May, the small pox at Oxon; after, left that ingenious place, and for 3 years a sad life in the country.

1646. April. Admitted of the M. Temple, but my father's sickness and business never permitted me to make any settlement to my study.

So passed away some five years of which little is known, and in which perchance nothing unusual occurred, though fate had in store for him another deadly wound, by an arrow as yet avoided, from that "keene archer, Dan Cupid, of whom," saith wise old Burton, "may a man be well afraide," for his next entry is:

1651. About the 16 or 18 of April, I saw that "incomparable good conditioned gentlewoman," Mrs. M. Wiseman, with whom *at first sight* I was deep in love.

How his love prospered there is not a word to tell; but, in spite of a fall at Epsom, where he "brake one of his ribbes," and was afraid of an "apostumation," things went fairly well with him till September 1655 or

1656. Septr. when I began my chargeable and tedious lawe suite on the entaile in Monmouthshire; which yeare and the last was a strange yeare to me; *several love and lawe suites!*

Whatever John Aubrey may have studied at Oxford, he certainly had not mastered the difficult art of spelling, though, like Mr. Samuel

Pepys, he seems to blunder into mistakes by downright carelessness; and that, too, in the case of words which on the very next page he spells quite correctly. If, however, he sins in this respect, and will talk of "ribbes," "blew" for blue (as blew-corants), "pultess" for poultice, or a "grate plaister," he now and then borrows or invents a new word, which for oddity of look and mystery of meaning is not always to be matched, *e.g.*, "Apostumation," "Metoposcopie," "Kim Kam." But this by the way; so, to return.

In 1656, we come suddenly to a mysterious entry in this form: "December 9 Morb."; and directly after to November 27, Obiit Dña Kasker Ryves with whom I was to marry, to my great losse! Two years later he was like to break his neck in Ely Minster (how, he saith not), and then, still more strangely, in the next line, we come to "the next day riding there (in the Minster?) my horse tumbled over and over, and yet, thank God, no hurt." 1659.

1661. Sold my estate in Hereford; 1662, had the honour to be elected Fellow of the R.S.

1664. A terrible fit of the spleen and piles at Orleans. Munday (*sic*) after Xmas was in danger to be spoiled by my horse, and same day *læsio in testiculo*, like to have been fatal. *O. R. Wiseman quod I believe* 1664.

As to which final, mysterious clause, if there be some doubt as to its exact meaning, there can be none at all about the entry in the next line, touching his first step in a new love affair. He had escaped in safety from the charms of one fair lady, who bore the terrible name of "Kasker Ryves," but only to fall, a few years later, into the snares of another, equally fair, but as it seems, far more perilous, if we may judge by his one brief ejaculation of misfortune, whether he married her or not. All he says is:

1665. November 1. I made my first address (in an evil hour), to Joane Sumner.

Whether Joane played him false, jilted, scorned, dallied with, or married him, it is now impossible to say. In any case—whether his affliction was in the bonds of courtship or the sharper torments of matrimony—his note of the fact would probably have been the same, it being the very nature of the man to chronicle his own doings or sufferings in this brief, snappish fashion—though we may not endorse the bitter words of his quondam friend, Antony Wood, who says of him, "a magotie-headed, shiftless person, and sometimes little better than crazed."

Evil days were clearly in store for him, as his own brief words prove; for, in 1666, "all his business and affairs ran 'Kim Kam,' nothing tooke effect, as if I had been under an ill tongue" (perhaps

the tongue of Joan). "Treacheries and enmities in abundance; 1667. Arrested in Chancery Lane at Mrs. Sumner's suite; February 24, 8 or 9 a.m. Triall with her at Sarum; victory and £600 damaged; through devilish opposition agt. me."

Whether this "triall" was a case of breach of promise of marriage, defamation, or slander, or what not, there is no evidence to show; but, however that may be, or to whom was the "victory," in July, 1668, by Peter Gale's malicious contrivance, the poor victim was again arrested just before setting out to Winton for his "second triall," which detained him two hours, but did not then come off; not indeed until March, 1669, when it lasted but an hour, and the judge, though exceedingly made against him by a Lady Hungerford, gave a verdict for £300 and a moiety of Sarum, whatever that may mean.

Then, for a time, John Aubrey had rest, and for some years "enjoyed a happy delitescency"; lying by, as it were, not only from constant danger of arrest, but from perils of a far worse kind, such as "being run through with a sword by a young Templer at M. Burge's in the M. Temple;" or, "being killed by William, Earl of Pembroke (then Lord Herbert) at the election of Sir W. Salkeld for New Sarum;" as well as the risk of being drowned twice, and the final peril of being stabbed by a drunken gentleman (unknown to him) in the street of Gray's Inn Gate, in 1680.

This, the final entry in his list of "Accidents," clearly proves that though he had come to "forty year," he was leading rather a rackety kind of life; and that his "delitescency" had come to an end. But the days of hot youth gradually cooled; once more he called himself contently quiet; and though now in straitened circumstances, which made life hard, he gave himself up once more to his favourite studies, in a world in which he said "he knew not how to live." But live he did until 1697 (chiefly by the generous help of Lady Long, who gave him a room in her house), when, on his way back to London, he died at Oxford, and there, strangely enough, was buried in the church of St. Mary Magdalene, as "John Aubery, a stranger."

But as, according to another John (Bunyan) of greater fame, "half a dozen ripe pippins may be of more goodly interest than the crabbed tree that bare them," so are Aubrey's little "Bokes" of greater interest than the man; and into one of these we now propose to dip, not in spite of so much as because of its oddly-mingled contents—bearing in mind that this F.R.S. deemed "the matter of the whole collection beyond human reach." Of the seventeen sections of unequal length, into which his Miscellanies may be divided, the first is "Day Fatality, Lucky and Unlucky." Beginning with 14th of

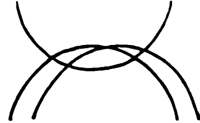
the first month as happy and blessed to the Israelites, 430 years being exactly expired on the day of their exodus, &c., he cites Dan Horace as cursing the tree that had like to have fallen on him, *Ille nefasto te posuit die*—planted on an unlucky day. Having glanced at Roman history in passing, he notes on April 6 Alexander the Great was born; on the same day conquered Darius, won a victory at sea, and finally died;" *felix*, we may suppose, *opportunitate mortis.* On the same day his father Philip took Potidæa; Parmenio gained a victory, and was victor at the Olympic games. After a few pages of this kind, he turns to his own birthday (so he says) as November 3 (it being in reality March 12, according to his own horoscope), "on which fell out some remarkable accidents, *e.g.*, Constantius, Emperor, 'worthy warrior and good man,' died on November 3; as did Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; also Cardinal Borromeo, of famous sanctity; no less did Sir J. Perrot, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, son to Henry VIII. and extremely like him, in the Tower, slain by the fatality of this day; a remarkable man in his lifetime."

Now, as to this remarkable Sir James, how it comes to pass that not even his name is mentioned by Hume, or, as far as I know, by any English historian; or how any son of Henry VIII. could be named Perrot and die in the Tower fifty years after his father's death and leave no record of his fate, is a mystery hard to unravel. But a man who muddles the date of his own birthday may be excused for being foggy about the facts of any other hero, present or past; and so we must be content to know that on this same fatal 3rd of November the Pope of Rome was banished the realm in 1535; the same day 1640 began the Parliament so fatal to England; Worcester victory, 1651, being also the day of Oliver Cromwell's death.

After some pages of this kind of exposition on Lucky and Unlucky Days, we come naturally to such things as the mystical No. 1260, mentioned twice in Revelations (and even more famous, we may add, down to the days of Dr. Cumming), Pope Gregory, and the Calendar, the Julian year, and the "Old Stile;" and, to crown all, that in Sherborne, Dorset, the small-pox breaks out every seventh year, and at Taunton, Somerset, every ninth year! "which the physicians cannot master!"

"Ostenta or Portents" opens with a sounding note of alarm from no less a philosopher than Nicholas Machiavel: "How it comes to pass I know not, but by ancient and modern example it is evident that no great accident befalls a city or province, but it is presaged by divination, prodigy, or astrology, or some way or other." In proof

of which grave assertion, Aubrey cites four or five strange circles and bows of a white colour which appeared round the sun on Sunday and divers occasions, as when peace was concluded between Robert of Normandy and Robert of Bælæsme, in 1104 (the said Robert of Normandy having died in 1035); or when "at the coming in of King Philip," two suns appeared, and a rainbow reversed! or when, as Cornet Joyce carried Charles I. prisoner from Holdenby to the Isle of Wight, there was seen in the sky a remarkable thing in this guise, distinctly seen in the churchyard at Bishop's Lavington, Wilts, about three o' the clock P.M., "the Isle of Wight lying directly from Broad Chalk at the ten



o'clock point!" Of which amazing wonder, says honest John, "we learn a world of things from these Portents and Prodigies, &c. . . . . from which indeed the whole art of divination has been compounded."

From "Portents" it is but a step to "Omens," which indeed fill some ten pages with such choice and singular "prodigies" as that two eagles fought in the air, between the hosts, at Philippi; that Mat. Parker, seventieth Archbishop of Canterbury, in the seventieth year of his age, feasted Queen Elizabeth on her birthday; that a little while before the death of Oliver, Protector, a whale came up the Thames, —— feet long! and "'Tis said Oliver was troubled;" that Charles II. was crowned at the very conjunction of the Sun and Mercury, and as he was at dinner in W. Hall "it thundered and lightened extremely;" and, more amazing still, "In February, March, and April, two ravens built their nests on the weathercock of the high steeple at Bakwell;" and that when Major John Morgan, of Wells, a Royalist, lay sick of a fever, being lodged secretly in a garret at "Broad Chalk" there came a sparrow to the window which pecked the lead of one side of a certain lozenge therein, and "made one small hole in it;" but no more ever again after the Major's recovery!

Nothing seems too trifling, too incredible, or too absurd for our good old gossip's store-house, to be treasured as fine gold.

But, if portents and omens delight him, "dreams" are still dearer, and afford him even more special objects of a "nimble fancy and fond belief." He will not, he says, draw much from Cicero *de Divinatione*, but simply set down (Section VI.) "some remarkable and divine dreams of certain excellent persons (his acquaintance) worthy of belief." But, in spite of this admirable resolution, John Aubrey wanders away into the days of the remote past, and prattles

idly on of Hannibal, and two Arcadians, Simonides and Alexander the Great, all worthies whom he could *not* have known ; and tells, in many pages, how a slave of Pericles fell headlong from the pinnacle of a lofty tower, was picked up for dead, but cured by the herb *mugwort* (Parthenium) revealed to Pericles in a dream by Minerva ; and how the plague in the army of Charles V. was, in like fashion, cured by a decoction of the dwarf thistle, " since called Caroline," and of a certain lewd young fellow of St. Austin's acquaintance, who, in danger of arrest for debt, was warned by his father's ghost of a certain and swift means of deliverance. Soon, however, he wearies of classic grounds, and comes back to his own country and his own time, where we always have him at his best. It is pleasant to know that " my Lady Seymour dreamt that she found a nest with nine finches ; and afterwards had nine children by the Earl of Winchelsea, whose name was " Finch " ; no less comforting that dates are admirable against stone disease, *similia similibus*, so saith old Captain Tooke of K——, thus : " Take 6 or 10 Date stones, Dry, Pulverise, and searce (*sic*) them ; take as much as will lie on sixpence in a quarter of white wine fasting, at 4 P.M. ; ride or walk for an hour ; in a week's time you shall have Ease ; in a month, Cure." What can be more charming than the old Captain? unless it be the " gentlewoman who dreamt that a pultess of blew corants would cure a sore throat, and it did so ; a pious woman, and affirmed it ! ! " It reads like a bit out of an old cookery book—in the days when spelling was an unknown art. "There are," goes on Aubrey in his innocent way, " millions of such Dreams too little taken notice of, but they have the truest dreams whose IXth house is well dignified, *which mine is not* ; but must have some monitory dreams." Clearly, however, the good old Captain Tooke, and many another of John's acquaintance, must have been born under better auspices, and enjoyed all the keen powers belonging to the House mystical No. IX. ; whose visions fill the next twenty pages. Beyond a doubt, so gifted was " Mr. Smith, the Curate of Deptford," who in 1679, being in bed and sick of an ague, " there came to him a vision of a Master of Arts, with a white wand, and bade him lie on his back for three hours, and be rid of his ague." He tried two hours—when the ague instantly attacked him ; but became more obedient, lay supine for three, and was perfectly cured. " All which did John Evelyn, Esq., shew to his fellow members at the Royal Society." An apparition or vision of a Master of Arts must have been an unusual rarity even in those days when intercourse between the seen and the unseen world seems to have been so easy and so frequent, and one would

like to know in what exact way a spiritual graduate managed to reveal his distinctive rank. Possibly, he may have revealed his presence as a visitor from another world in the same happy fashion as did an "apparition at Cirencester in 1670," who, being demanded whether a good spirit or a bad? returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume and most melodious twang"; to the amazement of the famous astrologer, Mr. W. Lilly, who believed it was a fairy, though Aubrey himself inclines to a higher range of being, and caps the story with a quotation :

Omnia finierat; tenues secessit in auras;
Mansit odor; posses scire fuisse Deam,

so aptly to the point that we pardon his credulity at once, and forgive him for his legends of Dr. Jacob, at Canterbury; T. M., Esq., a widower who, after a vision of his first spouse, married two wives since, "and the latter end of his life was uneasy."

Also, for the old lame man in Stafford who entertained a stranger with a cup of beer, and in return was cured of his malady, "the said stranger being in a purple-shag gown"—never before seen or known in those parts—and vouched for by his Grace, Gilbert Sheldon of Canterbury; and even for old Farmer Good, at Broad Chalk, who persisted in getting out of bed at eighty-four, and thereof died incontinently!

In the midst of such a wilderness of trash, however, it is only fair to note one, as good a ghost story, and as well authenticated as any now afloat in the treasury of Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," or of Daniel Home himself, having about it a singular Defoe-like air of veracity that prevailed to make Dr. Martin Luther's first and able translator vouch for its truth. It must be told in Aubrey's own words :

I Captain Henry Bell, do hereby declare to the present age, and to posterity, that being employed beyond the seas, in state affairs, divers years together, both by King James, and also the late K. Charles in Germany, I did hear in all places, lamentations made by[1] the destroying of Dr. Martin Luther's books, &c., upon which divine works, the Reformation was wonderfully promoted. Whereupon, Pope Gregory XIII. did so fiercely stir up, and instigate the Emperor Rodolphus III. to make an edict, that all the aforesaid printed books should be burned, and it should be death for any person to have or keep a copy of the same;—insomuch that not one of all the said books, nor one copy of the same could be found, or heard of. Yet, it pleased God that *in anno* 1626, a German gentleman, Casparus Van Sparr, with whom I became familiarly known, having occasion to build upon an old foundation of a house, and digging deep, one of the said original books was there happily found, lying in a deep hole, wrapped in a strong linen

[1] *By*, clearly *on account of*.

cloth, waxed all over with bees wax within and without, whereby the said book was preserved fair without blemish. Whereupon, the foresaid gentleman, fearing for his own safety as well as that of the book, and knowing that I had the High Dutch tongue very perfect, did send it unto me; related the passages of the preserving and finding the same, and earnestly moved me to translate it into English.

Whereupon I took the said book before me, and many times began to translate the same, but always was I hindered therein, being called about other business insomuch that by no possible means could I remain by that work. Then, about six weeks after, it fell out that being in bed with my wife, one night betwixt twelve and one o'clock, she being asleep, but myself yet awake, there appeared unto me an ancient man, at my bedside, arrayed in white, having a long, broad white beard, hanging down to his girdle steed, who taking me by the right ear, spake these words following: *Sirrah, will not you take time to translate that book sent unto you out of Germany? I will provide for you both time and place to do it;* and then he vanished out of my sight. Whereupon, being much affrighted, I fell into an extreme sweat, insomuch that my wife awaking, and finding me all over wet, she asked what I ailed; I told her what I had seen and heard; but I never did heed nor regard visions nor dreams. And, so, the same soon fell out of my mind.

Then, about a fortnight after I had seen the vision, on a Sunday, I went to Whitehall to hear the sermon, after which ended I returned to my lodging at Westminster, and sitting down to dinner with my wife, two messengers did come from the Council-board, with a warrant to carry me to the keeper of the Gatehouse at Westminster, there to be safely kept until further order from the Lords of the Council; which was done without shewing any cause at all,[1] wherefore I was committed; upon which said warrant I was kept there ten whole years close prisoner; where I spent five years about translating of the said book: insomuch that I found the words very true which the old man in the aforesaid vision said unto me, *I will shortly provide you both place and time to translate it.*

Then, after I had finished the translation, Dr. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, sent unto me in prison, by Dr. Bray his chaplain, ten pounds, and desired to peruse the book; he afterwards sent me by Dr. Bray, forty pounds. There was also, adds Aubrey, a Committee of the House of Commons for the printing of this translation, which was in 1652.

So ends the *true averment* of worthy Captain Henry Bell, of whom it may be noted that no other trace is to be found by me in the history of that stormy time, nor indeed of the precious book itself, except that made in the introduction to the original edition of "Luther's Table-Talk," by John Aurifaber, D.D., in which the whole story is told at length, and Bell's special statements are entirely corroborated. There also is found the report of the said Committee of the House, in which they extol the captain's treatise as "an excellent, divine work," and "give order (February 24, 1646) for the printing thereof," "the said Henry Bell to have the sole

[1] Whatsoever was pretended, says Aubrey, yet the true cause of the Captain's commitment, was because he was urgent for his arrears, which the Treasurer could not pay, and to be freed of his clamours, clapt him into prison.

disposal and benefit arising therefrom, for the space of fourteen years" (*vera copia*)—a bit of dog Latin which must have troubled the mind of Mr. John Aubrey. As to the "apparition itself, one may fairly say of it, *se non vero è ben trovato*, and commend it to the solemn scrutiny of the Psychical Society, as being worthy of a place in their strange farrago of ghostly lore. It is something to know that the good Captain Henry Bell was, at all events, a real *bona fide* personage, that he was imprisoned, that he translated a certain divine treatise, and was out again and at work in the world after his labours. Nay more, he may possibly have been that "little Captain Henry Bell," of whom says Pepys in his diary, 1666, "he did in one of the fire-ships at the end of the day fire a Dutch ship of seventy guns. Whereat," he adds, "we were all so overtaken with this good news that the Duke ran off with it to the King, who was gone to chapel, and there all the Court was in a hubbub, &c."

And here, I regret to say, our brief glance through these pleasant pages must draw to an end at the close of Section VII., for fear of trespassing on our editor's precious space, though not, I trust, on the patience of his readers. We can but say a word as to the remaining chapters on "Voices," "Impulses," "Knockings," "Miranda," "Prophecies," "Magic," "Transportation by an Invisible Power," "Converse with Spirits," "Oracles," and "Ecstasy," &c. Throughout them all breathes the same spirit of good-natured, gossiping credulity, of the same simple old John Aubrey, who still prattles on in his usual fashion about things mundane and things supermundane, with a calm satisfaction and untroubled belief that Messrs. Darwin and Huxley, F.R.S., of these weary days, would regard severely as so much bottled moonshine. The unscientific reader, as he wanders on, will perhaps be more merciful, and smile cheerily as he falls upon an "amazing impulse," whereby a Commoner of Trinity College, Oxon., once on a time, riding towards the West in a stage-coach, did suddenly tell the company, "We shall surely be robbed," and they were so; that a "gentleman formerly seemingly pious" fell into the sin of drunkenness, and "heard strange knocks at his bed's-head;" that Mr. B——, when once riding in a country lane, had a blow given him on his cheek or head—donor unknown; "that there is a house near Covent Garden that has warnings," "the Papists being full of these stories;" that the "Prophecies of Nostradamus do foretel strangely, but not easily understood until fulfilled" (he might have added, and scarcely then); that a fit of laughter once and again seized Oliver Cromwell just before Dunbar and Naseby fight, of which Cardinal Mazarine did say, "he was a lucky

fool." If any fair reader do feel inclined towards "Magick," she may be glad "to know and perceive her future husband's profession," when all she has to do is "to put the white of a new laid egg in a beer glass, and expose it to the sun when he is in Leo," or if anxious to know whom she shall marry, "lie in another county (not her own native), knit the left garter about the right-legged stocking (let the other garter and stocking alone), and rehearse the following verses, at every comma knitting a knot:

> This knot I knit,
> To know the thing I know not yet,
> That I may see,
> The man that shall my husband be,
> How he goes, and what he wears,
> What he does, all days and years;

accordingly in your dream will you see him." Is any inquisitive reader inclined to go deeper into mysteries—he may now find that the potent spell of "Abracadabra" cureth the ague; how *Rebus Rubus epitepscum* never fails to cure the bite of a mad dog (let M. Pasteur ponder this well), while, against the horrors of an evil tongue, let the sufferer simply put a hot iron into *unguentum populeum*, vervain, and hypericon, and anoint his backbone! or if in these days of east wind the miseries of tooth-ache befall him, let him rejoice to know of a certain and swift remedy. "Take a new nail and make the gum bleed with it, and then drive it into an oak. This did cure William Neal, a very stout gentleman, almost mad with pain and ready to pistoll himself." And, with this delightsome and affecting picture of happy Mr. Neal and his safe deliverance from the pangs of "odontalgy" we regretfully take leave of our kindly, benevolent old Fellow of the Royal Society, antiquary, quack, and sage, who in stormy, rough times gave little heed to such troubles, but dipped into many books on many subjects, and listened with eager ears to gossip on all things, "mundane, cælestial, or supernatural," and believed all he heard as authentic gospel, from the "Goodwin Sands" to talk with the "Angel Raphael." He had friends and intimates among the most learned men of his day, as well as some of the most ignorant and credulous, and would probably have been as courteously polite and attentive to the wise men of Gotham as he showed himself in his talk with Sir William Dugdale or the R. Honble. James Earl of Abingdon. His notes, musings, rhapsodies, and dreams, not only give us a picture of the man himself, but more than a glimpse of days and men, beliefs and habits, not two centuries old,

and yet utterly remote from and unlike our own. He suffered much he says "from love and lawe suites"; as well as "treacheries and enmities in abundance." Born in affluence, his last days were days of hardship and poverty. But through it all he battled bravely to content at last. We should like to know more of him than we do.

B. G. JOHNS.

NOTES ON THE LIAS AND TRIAS CLIFFS OF THE SEVERN.

When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

BRET HARTE.

I NEVER sail by the red and blue cliffs of the Lower Severn, where the classic sections of the Lias and Trias resting conformably may be studied at Westbury-on-Severn, Aust, and other places, without thinking of Martin's well-known engraving entitled "The Age of the Great Saurians," for there is truth in his vivid and realistic picture, enhanced by the imagination of a Gustave Doré. The artist has depicted the subject in vigorous style. The orb of light is veiled in dense mists, which nearly descend to the surface of the curling ocean waves. The huge reptiles are struggling against each other in the seething waters, tearing each other's throats in blind fury, and lashing the waves with their formidable tails. In the foreground is a rocky islet, where other winged reptiles are engaged in the pleasing task of picking the eyes out from an Ichthyosaurus stranded on the shore. It is a blood-curdling picture, appealing strongly to the imagination—after the manner of all the work of the artist who portrayed "The End of the World," and other terrible subjects; and yet, after all, the battle of the saurians may be a faithful representation of the past geological ages by the Severn estuary. There is many a lesson to be learned from the study of the rocks: bones, mollusca, and insect remains abound in the various substrata, each one possessing a definite history of its own.

One of the lowest of the many zones or subdivisions of the lias limestones and clays—each indicated by its more or less peculiar molluscan genera and species—is that in which *Ammonites planorbis* enjoyed its horizon of life. Beneath this thin layer we find at Aust Cliff the Penarth beds, White Lias, or Rhætic beds, as they are variously called, which formation links the true Lias rocks with the underlying

Trias, or New Red Sandstone system. At Westbury a small species of Avicula marks the upper layers of the transitional section, but at Aust fish-bones and insect wing-cases abound in the banks, which gleam white in the sun from the opposite side of the river, at Beachley. A layer not exceeding six inches in depth has furnished the fossil remains of *Elateridæ*, or beetles of the fire-fly tribe, and the forerunners of the dreaded wireworm (larval beetles) of our gardens; *Ephemeridæ* the descendants of which are dear to the heart of fly-fishermen; grasshoppers, dragonflies, with many wood-eating and herb-devouring insects. In the midst of the marine and estuarine deposits this isolated fluviatile bed is found not only in England, but to a greater extent in other parts of Europe, implying a terrestrial fauna of many hundred genera.

In the limestones of purely marine origin are endless fragments of *Encrinite* or "Stone Lily" stems, and a wealth of *Crinoids*, which tell of seas possessing the temperature, clearness, and physical conditions of the Pacific Ocean. The molluscan genera embedded in the rocks may be reckoned by thousands, and cycadaceous plants, such as grow in the West Indies and the tropics, abound in a fossilized state. The great reptiles, however, extending in geological time from the Chalk to the Trias, and perhaps surviving in a single instance in an amphibious lizard of the Galapagos Islands, attained a maximum development in the Liassic age. Airbreathing animals living in shallow estuaries and seas, the *Ichthyosauri* and *Plesiosauri* ranged from eighteen to twenty-four feet in length, the structure being specially adapted for rapid and easy movement in the water. It is these gigantic creatures that Martin has delineated striving with *Dinosaurians* and *Pterosaurians*, or winged reptiles, in ceaseless warfare. The curious manner in which the fossil bodies are often discovered in the rocks, as if "scarcely a single bone or scale had been removed from the place it occupied during life," is suggestive of a sudden and overwhelming death. Scores of fish and saurians must have perished in certain areas at the same moment, through some eruption, it may be, of volcanic mud and poisonous vapours. Sir Charles Lyell, in the "Principles of Geology," shows that large quantities of similar mud, with the carcases of animals, have within the recent period been swept into the sea or river in time of earthquake in Java, about the commencement of the eighteenth century. So it has been in the Lias epoch; the strata, with mollusca and other palæontological records in their separate zones, accumulating between the periods of catastrophe. Even Lyell's sedimentarian teaching did not exclude the action of intermittent volcanic agencies. With the exact succession of the Lias strata I

am not now concerned; it is enough to note that genera and species varied in development, appearing and disappearing according to their special environment. As the physical conditions changed, the depth and density of the water altered, mud or sandy bottoms prevailed, and climate varied, so species of living organisms flourished or decayed. There is nothing permanent in nature; the forces of evolution are ceaselessly in operation as surely as the laws of gravitation govern the course of our planet in the solar system. Either we must admit the gradual—if generally imperceptible—modification of all forms of life since matter was first endowed with animation in one harmonious design, or we must accept the less comprehensive scheme of repeated destruction, followed by a series of new creations. The alternative is infinitely small in comparison with the grandeur of evolution, for so comprehensive a design implies the existence of a Designer; the theory of natural selection does not necessarily lead to pure materialism. I am satisfied with the limitations laid down by Wallace in his review on Darwinism. As the horse can be shown, together with several nearly allied animals, to have been modified through the tertiary ages, step by step, from a common ancestor having divided toes instead of the hoof, so the whole evidence of palæontology, imperfect as it is, tends to reveal a like process throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Like Wallace, I am impelled to believe that there was a period in natural development when consciousness was bestowed on living things—even as matter was originally endowed with vitality; and that at a third period the special attribute of mankind was granted to a race of beings gradually modified from a lower scale in the animal kingdom: in other words, spiritual and physical life have not been evolved along the same plane. The reason of man cannot prescribe the ultimate limit or source of the supernatural Creative Power, neither can it distinguish by a hard and fast line the precise period in the scale of life when consciousness appeared. Why then should we seek to circumscribe the power of the Deity to confer an imperishable soul or spirit on mankind—already differentiated from the anthropoid apes, but proceeding from a common ancestry in the course of a natural law of evolution? The changing genera and species of the Oolite and Lias fauna, exhibited in the rocks of the Cotswold Hills and by the Lias banks of the Severn, compel us to repudiate the idea of separate creations. If the chain is incomplete and many links are inevitably missing, each organism, in comparison with those of other rock formations, has its indelible history engraven within itself, speaking eloquently of steady and incessant change, the species flourishing or dying out according to completeness or incom-

pleteness in the environments of life: the testimony is surely there for those who seek it. In the Trias formation, besides the ripple-marked flagstones which tell of an ebbing and flowing tide in past epochs—even as the sands to-day in the Severn estuary are ridged and furrowed through the action of the waters—the impressions or footmarks of vertebrate animals which have waded in the mud of prehistoric ages are found, and they contain the bones of the most ancient mammal as yet known in geological time, *Microlestes antiquus.* The dental affinities and peculiarities in structure lead us to the conclusion that this animal belonged to a plant-eating genus of marsupials, not unlike those described by geologists from the Purbeck strata. The presence of a pouched mammal in beds of so remote a period is somewhat suggestive of all quadrupeds being descended from the *Marsupialia*, an inference which is strangely supported by a visit to the Antipodes. On the isolated Australian continent almost every mammal is a marsupial, and there is evidence that the existing forms are of at least Secondary age. In the caves of Pleistocene, and perhaps Pliocene periods, enormous quantities of bones have been preserved—encrusted by stalactite formations of anterior marsupial genera, ranging from animals as large as elephants and lions to rodents no bigger than a rat. The same process of change, development, or deterioration, is illustrated throughout by the record of a past fauna whenever it is found to have existed. Hardly a pouched mammal, except the opossum, now lingers in the world away from Australia. Owing to peculiar physical conditions, the march of progress has in this strange country been almost arrested. In many respects Australia is still in the Tertiary period. Wallace has supplied a key to this insular character of the fauna, proving that a deep-sea channel has severed the whole continent from the Asiatic portion of the Archipelago at least since Mesozoic times. On the other hand, in the Purbeck age, it is practically certain that a marsupial fauna similar to that of Australia predominated in all suitable parts of the world, proving an ancient land connection for the dispersion of genera which have lingered in nearly related types through the ocean-girt Australian main. The Trias marsupials were thriving countless years before those of the Purbeck strata, and must have been the direct precursors of them all. Nothing can be more striking from a geological point of view than to stand by Watts River, in Victoria, to watch the platypus glide silently into the stream. You are confronted with a warm-blooded mammal that lays eggs, has the amphibious habits of a reptile, the bill of a bird, a poison gland in the webbed foot, the fur of a mole, and the pouch of a marsupial.

Nature was here certainly trying her hand at the production of varied phases or types of animal life united in one species; in the presence of so remarkable a product, telling of a most ancient fauna, man is out of place: geologically he has no right to co-exist with such a primeval beast. But with the platypus still in existence, the remains of winged reptiles in the Lias clays and the evidence of past races of marsupials in Pleistocene caverns all linking the most opposite types and families of the reigning animal kingdom, who can affirm that repeated series of special creations are necessary to account for the vast transitional forms of life slowly developed in the course of countless millions of years that have elapsed since an aqueous belt enveloped our cooling planet Earth sufficiently to support incipient life.

Beneath Newnham Church, where a section of the red Trias cliff rises abruptly from the water's edge, a thin band of gypsum (sulphate of lime) is visible. In the heart of the Midlands valuable deposits of this mineral are extracted from rocks of the same age and character for the "plaster of Paris" of commerce. By the Severn it is found only in unproductive quantities, and generally closely associated with rock-salt or brine-springs. Higher up the Severn, the Droitwich salt pits have been worked since the time of the Roman occupation. For many centuries a constant supply of liquid brine literally ran to waste in the Severn from the Worcestershire springs. As in Cheshire, the pumping of the brine from the natural subterranean reservoirs in the synclinal trough of the Worcestershire red marls is directly responsible for phenomenal changes of the land surface in the vicinity of Droitwich. From year to year, and almost from day to day, the most unexpected changes occur. The parish church has split in half more than once, and the interiors of the tombs in the churchyard are not unfrequently exposed. Twenty years ago water ran down the main street through the town in an opposite direction to what it does now. Sometimes the bed of the canal sinks a few inches, or the embankment of the railway gives way; there is no stability in the foundations of the houses in the line of displacement, and whole structures often collapse. Many a field is rendered useless for agriculture by the subsidence of the land, and property is seriously depreciated by the continued pumping of brine from the saliferous marls below.

The process of extraction is not without interest. The boring operations are commenced from the surface where there are indications of the salt-bearing strata, a shaft being sunk after the manner of an ordinary well. In the section that I myself have seen, the upper layers consisted of alluvial deposits of the peaty black soil, which

rested on about a hundred feet of red marls, some bands of which became hard rock, varying in different layers from deep red to grey or even blue argillaceous marls. At the base of this stratified but unfossiliferous rock the steel-rods struck a hard calcareous mass, rebounding as they came in contact with the matrix. This was an indication that the gypsum bands had been reached, intermixed with irregular agglomerations of rock-salt. Beneath this obstruction the hollow reservoirs exist, the rock-salt and gypsum forming a roof, as it were, to the caverns below. Immediately the hard mass has been pierced a stream of the strongest brine wells forth with such a sudden rush that men have often a difficulty in effecting an escape to avoid disaster. The brine is of such a density that common table-salt will not dissolve therein, and an egg will roll on the surface of the water. The cavities at the depth of a hundred feet have been caused by the dissolution of local areas of rock-salt through the action of percolating water from the higher level of the Bunter sandstone. This accounts for the great force with which the brine rises when the stored supply is tapped, and the subsidence of land corresponds very closely with the extent of the cavities from which the salt has been evaporated. Droitwich is situated exactly in this synclinal trough of the Trias, and consequently there is hardly a straight wall or chimney in the lower town.

The accumulation of extensive beds of rock-salt must be attributed to the natural process of evaporation beneath a torrid sun in the Trias days, when a series of salt lagoons, communicating with the sea, were dried up and encrusted with salt after the fashion of many of the so-called Australian lakes of the present age. The borders of the Dead Sea are now extensive salt-pans, and the water is not so dense as the Droitwich brine. The few mollusca that are found correspond with the brackish shells of recent salt lakes, while the ripple marks perpetuated in the lower flagstones indicate the near influence of the sea-tides on an expanse of muddy coast adapted for wading and estuary-hunting animals.

I have stood by the shores of the South Australian lakes at a season when innumerable wild-fowl congregated on the shallow waters or by the desolate reedy marshes. At the sound of a gun the musk ducks, sheldrake, and teal arose in dense flocks, scared by the unwelcome shot. An osprey pursued his avocation as a fishing-hawk, and more rarely the great sea eagle soared above. Pelicans, white-faced herons, flocks of fat quails, and other birds arrive in due season; there is always something to be snared or shot. But gazing over the broad marshes and reedy waters—most of which are salt or

brackish—I have been reminded of the Severn Trias rocks at home. The salt areas must have been singularly like the Australian lakes and lagoons, and the occasional glimpse at a rock wallaby is at once suggestive of the *Microlestes antiquus* of ancient days. The marsupial progression was common to both genera.

Following the course of the lower Severn through Worcestershire and Gloucester to the coast of South Wales, there are many admirable sections of the red marls and blue clays through which the river has carved its course, the cliffs invariably forming the most picturesque parts of the valley. In the present month the British Association holds its annual meeting at Cardiff; and for those interested in geology I cannot imagine a more delightful mode of visiting Cardiff than by going down the Severn from Stourport or Worcester in a steam launch, with a 2 ft. 6 in. or 3 ft. draught, to the Welsh metropolis. There are many charming little nooks by the river-side, most seductive to those who appreciate such life. A little below Worcester there is a pleasantly situated inn, known as "The Ketch." From the side windows of a comfortable parlour there is an exceedingly fine view of the winding river, flanked by the deep-red Trias marl on one side, with wild bits of overhanging woodlands. On the opposite side, through tall elms, the rugged Malvern Hills can be seen, purple in the distance. Hard by is the junction of the Teme, where more than one 40-lb. salmon has before now been netted. Between Worcester and Stourport lies Holt, the beau-ideal of a river-side hamlet. Enticing little inns, indeed, are dotted all along the Severn banks. At Kempsey and Upton there are fine old timbered houses, relics of past centuries. At Tewkesbury, where the Avon joins, besides the grand old Norman Abbey, is there not the "Hop Pole," immortalised by Dickens as the house of refreshment for Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick? At Wainlode, a few miles above Gloucester, there is again a river-side inn, near to one of the finest Liassic sections passing into the Trias. Nowhere can sedimentary banks be studied to greater perfection. Passing onwards from Gloucester, *viâ* the Sharpness canal to Framilode lock, we re-enter the Severn channel. In the great horseshoe bend at Newnham is seen the celebrated Garden Cliff at Westbury, with the flagstones at the base. Below the Severn Bridge and Lydney there are interesting sections on one side or the other until Aust, opposite Beachley, is reached. At the mouth of the Wye are limestone rocks. In the vicinity of Cardiff itself the Rhætic Lias is developed to a great extent. Passing through the vicinity of the Forest of Dean and the Vale of Berkeley, the ridges of the Oolite stretch away to the left of the Severn valley. Coarse

gravels, the *detritus* of the hill-tops, are scattered through the vale, intermixed with corals, Belemnitidæ, casts of Trigonidæ, and numerous bivalve mollusca, which tell of a prolific marine fauna in the Oolitic period. At least thirty feet have been worked away from the ridges of the Cotswolds into the valley beneath.

In the full perfection of summer foliage it is a very fair scene. The ancient Forest of Dean may be chiefly reclaimed, or changed into smiling orchards amid the undulations of the hills; but there are bits of real forest worth visiting which still remain on that neck of land between the Severn and Wye, of which the "Speech-house" is the centre.

Those who wish to study the rock formation for themselves will do well to consult the maps of the geological survey; for it is not intended in this article to offer an exact summary of the various sections exposed. An indication is simply given of what may be seen, together with some of the inferences gleaned by the writer as he sailed or fished upon the silver Severn. The record of the rocks may not be easy to decipher, but there is at least abundant material to occupy the attention of thoughtful minds.

C. PARKINSON

SOME LONDON STREETS.

LEICESTER SQUARE at mid-day in autumn: overhead a pitiless sky, the pavement feeling like red-hot coals, not the merest whiff of wind.

Long ago—years have passed since then—men came out here for cool breezes, and sat underneath the shady elms that made the fame of Leicester Fields. Thrushes and blackbirds sang among the trees; roses scented the air with perfume, in far-famed gardens, those which are now only read of, such as surrounded Savile House. Lovers sauntered hither and thither, as they now do on Hampstead Heath; ladies left their sedan chairs; coaches, six-wheeled, deposited their burdens.

Johnson sat here, Goldsmith sat here, Sir Joshua, and Hogarth; the latter adorned in his scarlet roquelaure and well known cocked hat. Garrick loved the shade of the trees, to which he rambled from Adelphi Terrace, and from time to time, we read, Royal and gorgeously-decorated carriages drove up, to set down at Leicester House. What memories there once thronged the brain of the Winter Queen, ere she passed gladly out of life! What burning problems here pursued the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II.! On one memorable occasion, a hackney coach arrived, which came to fetch an Imperial guest; it conducted Peter the Great hence to Kensington—there to make his bow to the King!

Here too were riots, those notable riots of which Burke tells the tale so admirably: in which tumult, by the by, rails torn from Savile House were the chief instruments of the mob. Edmund Burke, whose letter may be remembered, graphically recounts his night watch, when he with other gilded youths of the period spent the night in guarding Savile House. A few brief years, and fresh scenes are enacted, all these "noble tenants" have quitted residence: this time it is Miss Linwood's needlework which here gathers huge crowds. Nightly assemblies take place again, in front of the gorgeous equestrian statue, to inspect the superb head of St. Peter, for which its owner refused three thousand guineas. So the tale runs; who in

these days goes mad over art needlework? "The town was mad," so says the record, and Miss Linwood was voted the thing! But crowds did not come this way for nothing, and town grew wider this way, trees were felled, gardens were destroyed, the rage of bricks and mortar began.

Savile House gardens disappeared, and with them the scent of roses; the old damask and maiden blush were known no more in Leicester Square. With buildings came smoke, with smoke went country air, the town pressed more and more westward: and Sir Joshua's gilded coach was built to carry him into "the suburbs." The sign of the Golden Head in those days still flaunted over Hogarth's house, the old dark red-brick house, with rose windows, which in our time adorns Leicester Square, as it may have done (turn to your "Esmond") in the days of the wicked Lord Mohun, for this original lived close by in Gerrard House when that duel was fought with Castlewood. On that occasion, the chairmen were bidden to set down the gentlemen in Leicester Fields—they were set down, and, moreover, opposite the old Standard Tavern.

> It was midnight and the town was abed by this time, and only a few lights in the windows of the houses; but the night was bright enough for the unhappy purpose which the disputants came about; and so all six entered into that fatal square, the chairman standing without the railing, and keeping the gate, lest any persons should disturb the meeting.

You remember how my Lord Viscount was put to bed, and his wound looked to by the surgeon; and how he bandaged up Harry Esmond's hand (who from loss of blood had fainted).

How many unchronicled encounters ended in such a way as this? Are men of better blood now that they do not meet at the sword's point? In this same square, under sunnier skies, another "tragedy" was enacted; we do not need Northcote to remind us of poor Reynolds' pet canary. One day—and he says its voice was never silent—it flew away from him for ever, vanishing among the trees "which make Leicester Fields, and was never after brought back." Sir Joshua's sight was dim in those days, and already going quickly. Northcote tells pathetically of the acute sorrow which the loss of this pet occasioned. Was it before, or after, I wonder, the arrival of a certain sedan chair which set down at the door one Angelica Kauffmann, at No. 47 of the Square?

She must have walked up the very same oak stairway, which you and I may climb if we like, and turned in at the doorway of the octagonal painting-room with its great west light.

Did she see, I wonder, Sir Joshua standing there, with his

"handled" palette all ready? Did his hand shake a little as he took hers—and left a kiss upon it?

On a hot summer day, as you gaze into the room, all this rises before you; but a faint mist intercepts the *then* and *now*. The room, once hung with priceless studies, has given way to a busy auction chamber—the Painter's Light has yielded to the requirements of a London sale-room. Still, as you stand on the little landing—but a very few steps hence, you can realise yet more forcibly another scene here enacted.

Outside the door of the little drawing-room a troubled figure stands before you, with a light shawl wrapt about it, and a strangely serious expression. On that landing Miss Reynolds waited, on a very memorable occasion, as she watched Angelica emerge from the studio and pass slowly down the stairs. In "Miss Angel," I think, you will find her described, in the old *négligé* costume; tears gathered in the good lady's eyes when she watched Sir Joshua's face. He worked, you remember, "prodigiously hard" with from five to sixteen sittings a portrait; his income at that time must have risen to some £6,000 a year. This at the period of those noted dinners, held in the oblong room below, where Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Richardson were wont to foregather.

They always adjourned later on to the Turk's Head, or the Mitre; Garrick alone, it is stated, would never enter a tavern doorway.

. . . .

Northward again, passing through Lisle Street, the celebrated abode of Bone, the enamel painter—whose prices, in these days of ill-paid art, are apt to make one's mouth water—we come upon the beginning of narrowed streets, dingier ways, forsaken churchyards. Gerrard Street lies in murky shadow, its stone-paved roadway forsaken and desolate. Soho! we are inclined to exclaim, has it indeed come down to this! Was *this* the abode of the Turk's Head, surrounded by a shady garden? was this indeed the very house of 43 where Dryden lived, with his Lady Elizabeth Howard?

The "front parlour" with windows of "wide light" was where he loved best to sit down; "one of a thousand such houses" you say—but stay, the Plague *must* remind you.

Rogers once brought Sydney Smith here, to see this very same place. "Well, it's exactly like every other old house I've ever seen," was his reported ejaculation! There they stood together, looking up at it, much as you see it now. I should say that in 1991, Gerrard Street will look unaltered. Burke lived here too, for a short space, at a time you wot well of, when Warren Hastings'

cause trembled in the balance, and was the one thought in all minds.

But a stone's throw off stands St. Anne's, Soho—in compliment to the Princess Anne of Denmark—its old graveyard, desolate as it looks, is yet fruitful in memories. If you pass through the somewhat ponderous edifice till you come to the heavy southern door you will find the churchyard confront you, well stored in moral lessons. A certain simple unadorned monument marks the resting-place of a king; of course you will remember it was Theodore of Corsica, who, freed from the King's Bench, found here at length a home. Time passes so quickly, one may be forgiven for recalling a forgotten memory, or recalling for a moment the memorable oilman who paid the funeral expense of a king.

Hazlitt, the harsh-tongued essayist, lies here, who died in Frith Street, hard by; his son, Lamb, and Coventry Patmore's father were the witnesses of his funeral. As he lay dying, the story goes, Lamb bent down to listen—his last words, uttered at the point of death, were, "Well, I've had a happy life!"

Hazlitt was a brother of the Bath miniature painter (one of whose beautiful little drawings in my youthful days hung over the mantelshelf of Fort's, in Milsom Street). He was twice married; first to Sarah Stoddart, Mary Lamb's friend, from whom he was divorced, and then to the widow from whom he was so soon unceremoniously separated.

Soho, of course, is redolent of Macaulay, who has associated it for ever with Sedgemoor. Years after the battle, it is known Somersetshire children played a game called "War."[1] The war cry in it, as at Sedgemoor, was the old word "Soho!" and Soho, as everyone knows, was the property of the Duke of Monmouth. In "Nollekens and his Times" you can read of the pulling down of Monmouth House—"the gate entrance of massive ironwork, supported by stone piers, surmounted by the crest of the Duke of Monmouth. The principal room of the first floor was lined with blue satin, superbly decorated with pheasants and other birds in gold."

All this has given way now to a perfect medley of streets; it is to be regretted perhaps, but apparently the glory has departed from Soho.

. . . .

Away southward, leaving behind you the foreign quarters of Soho proper, a grander prospect opens before you, marked by fine streets and busier traffic. Trafalgar Square comes into sight, with Landseer's magnificent lions; Thornycroft's Charles General Gordon, its base

[1] Macaulay's *History of England*, i. 614, gives an interesting reference to this subject.

thickly covered with wreaths; fountains play and splash merrily in the sunshine, unheard in the din of passing wheels.

In Charing Cross an equestrian statue (of Charles I.) has an interest of its own quite apart; for years during the Commonwealth it lay buried; it has a fine pedestal by Grinling Gibbons. In St. Martin's Street, a narrow little place southward of Leicester Square, fresh memories are awakened, for there once lived Sir Isaac Newton; in a house to which years after the Burneys came. Until a recent period, it is recorded, the observatory stood intact, when it was purchased, I believe, by the ubiquitous American. Miss Burney's book "Evelina" was written in this same house, and many a letter[1] she dated from there in the years 1779–80. Mrs. Thrale, you remember, had a habit of styling the Burneys "dear Newtonians," which explains itself at once on identifying the house with its erstwhile inhabitant.

Near here, for many a long day, Woollett came for "colouring"; but a few yards south of him, in Orange Street (then court), there lived Opie the painter. Do the bells here now, as then, ring out requiems for Nell Gwynne, who left, it is said, a legacy to St. Martin's, to "ring out her soul to heaven."

Every street hereabout has a "natural history" of its own; a record which, perhaps, no city in the world could beat.

Leaving St. Martin's-in-the-Fields behind you, turn down the south side of the Strand and pass Craven Street, of Franklin renown, till you come to York House, not York House *now*, but simply 31 Strand; which sacred spot once saw the birth of a Lord Chancellor, Hume's "Great Lord Chancellor" Bacon. Here, at another page of history, the great seal went from him; and here—yet another tragedy—Villiers Duke of Buckingham (Dryden's "Zimri") afterwards came to reside. All the streets here shout out his name and glory. We have George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, and Buckingham Street, all lying in close proximity.

At the south end of Buckingham Street, you will find the last of our old watergates; built when the Strand really was the river strand, and Inigo Jones lived to immortalise it. *Fidei Coticula Crux*, runs the motto, and the river front once led down to the water, through whose archway streamed, with the tide, watermen in picturesque costume. The Strand at this time "was full of pittes in which men feared to fall, so that they ever went by water 'twixt Westminster and the Savoy." This beautiful old sculptured gateway is entirely formed of Portland stone, the last remnant of the grandeur of old York House.

Pepys, it will be remembered, dwelt near to it, "within a com-

[1] *Diary and Letters*, Vol. I.

fortable apartment." Next door dwelt, for a short space, a certain David Copperfield! Name after name surges up, full of pleasant reminiscence. Peter the Great, of ship-building fame, came here for self-instruction. In several of the old houses still you will come on dainty wreathed ceilings, on fresco paintings, carved stairways, fretted archway or window.

. . . .

But grandest of all vistas hereabout is perhaps the "Grey River," of which endless glimpses may be got from many points of view. When evening deepens and shadows fall, a red glow comes over the sky, below it a grey mist, shading into blue, through which fairy-like towers and steeples stand out against the heavens. Above and below are grey white bridges, across which the din of traffic rolls incessantly at all hours; underneath there laps and flows a dull leaden-coloured river, to which puffing red-funnelled steamers constantly lend contrasting hues. Now and again barges, heavy laden, toil painfully up the river, or are pulled up by steam-tugs, snorting and labouring, swelling the tide by their motion.

On the south bank, reviving perhaps some of the memories of old-world London, there are still clustered the shot-works, breweries, warehouses, timber wharves, and landing steps, then as now densely thronged. The north bank in these days shows what has been done, what may some day, perhaps, befall the south side: the Embankment, the rigid outline lapped by the tide, the roadways tree-lined, the hurry of traffic. Below, the piers with floating decks; above, the gardens, green grassed, from which, towards nightfall, in "smoky London," comes a scent of flowers on the breeze.

Bronze statues, smoke-grimed, give already an air of antiquity; below them play children in red, blue, and yellow, as they played in the days of the "Dandies."

The streets diverging off here are indeed "Old London." From Buckingham Street to Adam Street we come perpetually on old names. The Adelphi, so named from the brothers Adam, still occupies its old site; whence it has always looked down on the panorama of the Strand. In the days prior to the Thames Embankment, the streets of John, Robert, James, William, were probably as much objects of admiration as the present buildings of the Embankment proper.

The great dome of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and Lambeth, were too distant to dwarf them by comparison; and how immeasurably superior they must have felt to the small squalid buildings at their feet.

If you turn down Adam Street till you reach Adelphi Terrace, built somewhere about 1760, you will gain an impression, not easily

forgotten, of the glories and riches of London; to me, the site constitutes a far more commanding prospect than the near level of the embankment.

Many a time Garrick's feet have passed here, when he lived in the centre of the terrace; though the view has changed, the house itself is probably much as it was then. He died here, you will remember, in 1779; his wife remaining in the same house till her death in 1822. Record tells us that she never got over his loss. I doubt, indeed, if she ever spoke of him; his bedroom, at any rate, was never opened from the day of his funeral to that of hers. The story, pathetic as it is, in these days of short mournings, may find place here: "When the door was opened, I speak here of his bedroom, a cloud of moth flew out which had eaten all the draperies of the room; every article in the chamber remained as it was on the day of his death."

To the right of Adelphi Terrace, as you stand with your back towards it, was Hungerford Market, and the Fox under the Hill —a public-house Dickens mentions, where he saw the coal-heavers dancing: you can still trace a great part of that well-known edifice, if you too are a lover of Dickens, as indeed you cannot possibly help being.

. . . .

Along the south side of the Strand, passing the entrance to Cecil Street, we come at length to the precincts of the Savoy, now known only as a chapel: once the site of a great palace. What multitudes of names surge before one connected with this great name, "throwing back," as it does, to the Great John of Lancaster. Fresh from the bustle of Wellington Street, Strand, where once "faire gardens lay," you come in this still quiet region to an old-fashioned silent churchyard, whose walls, though exposed to both fires and tempest, have hitherto withstood the "woes of age." Authorities tell you the surrounding streets have raised their level with the march of centuries: but that this old chapel flooring represents the ancient height of the footways. Once inside it, the roar of London fades, you are again in a University city; such is the appearance the chapel presents to a student of Alma Mater. Romance-land begins as you name the Savoy, for you go back to the days of Poictiers, "when thyder" (to the Savoy prison) "came often tyme the King and Queene on a visit to King John of France." Here too stayed the poet Chaucer, between those many diplomatic missions, until later and sadder times came about, and the Palace Chapel fell in dignity to a Lazar hospital: this, in the days of King Hal, since when it has been repeatedly restored;

on the last occasion by our present Queen Victoria somewhere about the year 1865.

Already at that date the river view was fading, and is now quite blocked out; in old days (you can still see from paintings) the river flowed past the churchyard, or rather, perhaps, past the low mud-banks which fronted the churchyard walls, and have now, with recent improvements, disappeared for ever. Nevertheless, the Savoy churchyard *is* a bit of old London, and much, to all intents and purposes, as Hollar and Canaletti have shown it to us.

. . . .

If you go past the east end of Somerset House, the great public building which, says the record, "distinguished the reign of George III., and cost half a million of money," and take the sharp turning to your right, down the paved pathway of Strand Lane, you will come to the oldest Roman bath known to exist in London.

This is an old Roman bath built about A.D. 300, and lost sight of entirely when the Romans left Britain. It was found by accident in the days of my Lord Essex of Queen Elizabeth fame, who built himself a beautiful white marble bath, close to it and still extant. The Roman bath is fed by a spring which still flows from Highgate Hills, and falls (as the attendant will tell you) at length into the Thames. A curious arched chamber this, formed of dark red tiles, with layers of cement and rubble, much as the baths of Caracalla are lined, and corresponding exactly with the remains of our old Roman walls. There are no pipes to conduct the spring, which rises from the very bowels of the earth, clear and unpolluted as crystal, and icy cold in mid-summer! If you are curious to test the origin of the beautiful water you see before you, stir the layer of sediment in the bath, and you will see bubbles rise. David Copperfield, you remember, was a stern believer in the merits of this bath, in which he was wont to indulge in "many a cold plunge." Did he, I wonder, attend at a certain St. Clement Danes, and sit in the very same pew (with his back to the pillar) where Samuel Johnson once sat? I am sure, as it lies so near to the neighbourhood of his own street, he *must* have done so, though his biographer has failed to enlighten us in this particular!

. . . .

Fleet Street! with its busy traffic, its dusty roadways, and crowded crossings: its Grub Street memories, and alas, its somewhat narrowed proportions. To countrymen, it brings back at once mighty visions of the Temple: the antiquary dreams of the Round Church, and of the mailed warriors in iron coats.

Literary men, I think, love the Temple, for joys quite apart; and for them, at any rate, it is peopled with a strange and medley throng. Entered from Fleet Street by the great brick gateway, what a curious feeling comes over him who for the first time passes its "charmed portal"! How sure *he* feels, who lives in these days, that everything here is unaltered! At No. 2 Brick Court, second floor, he remembers, Oliver Goldsmith once had rooms: and at these very same windows, dust-dimmed, in summer evenings loved to sit. From the distant rookery there would come a perpetual sound of *kraw, kraw*; less objectionable this, in Blackstone's opinion, than the noise of his turbulent neighbour's uproar.

Long since, the old sun-dial has departed with its legend "Begone about your business." How changed is the fountain, at which John Westlock was wont to meet Ruth Pinch. At No. 3 of the Middle Temple (as it now is) Lamb, you remember, was born: and under a sycamore tree close by here, Johnson and Goldsmith used to sit. Look for it. Alas! in vain you do so; time has swept this away too. Within fifty years, report says, that tree grew and flourished—it has gone the way of the roses—it has gone the way of the rooks.

Gone too, by the way, is the Fleet Prison, which once towered hard by; and which you would have stumbled on as you emerged from Fleet Street to Farringdon. There still live those who can remember the glories of the old Fleet Prison, which was finally abolished or removed in 1846. Are there those too who remember when prisoners came sailing up the river Fleet? they did so, say old records, by way of Whitehall. The walls of the prison are still to be traced under Ludgate Station; scored by marks—some say of prisoners' games, others (less emotional perhaps) by cart wheels! Green Arbour Court, which debouches out of it, has lately earned a lively fame; and it is hardly possible to realise that Goldsmith once inhabited it.

"The Fleet was famous," so writes to me an octogenarian, "for some of the most jovial Free and Easies; they took place on Thursdays of every week, and were said to be delightful entertainments! The grating where the prisoners sat was a familiar sight to me in my youth, I can remember the rattling of the collecting box, and the voices crying, 'Pity the poor prisoners'! I could point out to you, with the greatest ease, iron bars, marking the chapel windows; to go farther afield, I remember distinctly the days of the King's Bench Prison. I could no longer take you to see some of the most prominent taverns; I could have done so readily sixty years ago! London is so rapidly changing in appearance about here, that my genera-

tion hardly know their way about it. Boswell Court I could have shown you, but it's all pulled down now. We used, in the days of my youth, to talk of Chatterton, who was buried among the paupers in Shoe Lane ; I doubt whether I could now take you anywhere near the spot, which is of course covered by Farringdon Market."

Nevertheless, with all modern improvement, much still remains to be seen, such as the old-world haunts of Richardson, Goldsmith, Johnson. There is Bolt Court, where, in Johnson's day, fair gardens and shady trees grew ; at No. 8 he lived for many years, years of ceaseless industry. Before this, from 1747–57, he lived, you remember, in Gough Square, and wrote his Dictionary, says the record, in a certain top attic. Boswell did not know him till '63, so could not have visited him here ; Reynolds, Garrick, Richardson undoubtedly did so. So, too, Goldsmith, from his chambers in Wine Office Court ; the "Vicar of Wakefield" was written at No. 6 of that row. At the time Goldsmith was in such distress Johnson took it from him and sold it to Newbery the younger for £60. "He was called away from the Thrales," says the story, "and found Goldsmith weeping over his bills. Johnson gave him a guinea, which he found on his return Goldsmith had spent on a bottle of madeira he was drinking with his landlady." This was at the old tavern still known as the Cheshire Cheese, where you may find, if you like, the chairs on which Johnson and Goldsmith sat ; "the room is, or was until lately" (I quote from my octogenarian friend), "sanded as to floor, and a most thoroughly comfortable apartment."

At Johnson's Court (No. 7) you would have found Johnson till 1770; here Boswell dined with him on many a notable occasion. Mrs. Villiers and Mrs. Desmoulins were also the welcome guests of this house, which Boswell describes to us as being of very roomy proportions. He has told us, too, how keenly he regretted Johnson's departure hence to the Temple ; in his delightful pages you will find the record of the removal.

You will find, moreover, thoughts that will people for you nearly all the old Strand byways and passages, and will recognise that each London street, court, alley, and tavern hereabouts, has its ghosts.

E. K. PEARCE.

JEAN CHOUAN: A TALE OF LA VENDÉE.

THE White were routed, Bluecoats swept the plain ;
It seemed of bullet balls a very rain ;
Behind the naked hills against the sky
Forests of pine-trees loomed mysteriously.

Under the shelter of a knoll the White
Had rallied and were counting head by head
Their numbers. Then Jean Chouan came in sight,
His long locks scattered in the wind.
"All's right,"
They cry : "All's well—there's no one dead,
For here's the chief alive !"
Jean silently
Stood listening to the muskets : then he said,
"All here? Is no one missing?"
"None."
"Then fly !"
Women and children panic-struck stood round.
"We must disperse, my sons—it must be so.
Fly to the woods!"
Bewildered, not a sound
Broke from their lips.
"Back to the thickets—go !"
And all, like swallows fleeing from the blast,
Took flight. Jean Chouan stood apart—the last—
Then slowly followed, but he turned again
To look behind.
A cry upon the plain !
A woman in the centre of that rain
Of pitiless balls.
The fugitives are gone,
Have almost reached the woods : the chief alone

Stands still and listens.
On the woman flies,
Haggard and pale—her bare feet torn—she cries
In anguish, "Help—oh, help!" in vain. So dire
Her peril in that steady, ceaseless fire,
It seemed that God alone could succour her.
Jean Chouan stands a moment thoughtful there,
Then gains a hillock on the rising ground,
In full face of the volley, with a bound,
And shouts,
"'Tis I who am Jean Chouan—I!"
Amidst the Blues there rose exulting cry
"'Tis he! it is Jean Chouan! 'tis the chief."
And then Death changed its target.
Like a leaf
Borne by the wind she speeds in terror wild.
"On! save yourself!" said Chouan; "on, my child!"
She rushes onwards to the woods, and he,
Like pine in snow or mast of ship at sea,
Stands firm: the Blues see nothing on the heath
But him; he looks as if in love with death.
"On, on, my girl! good days are still in store:
You'll put the posies in your breast once more."

But still around that grand and dauntless head,
Harmless and wide, the furious missiles sped,
And in his pride of fierce disdain he drew
And waved his sword: then swift a bullet flew
Straight to his heart.
"Ave Maria! 'tis well,"
He said—stood still a moment—reeled and fell.

C. E. MEETKERKE.
After VICTOR HUGO.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THOUGH the dramatic season is over, the drama has reasserted itself in several theatres. At the Criterion Theatre "Miss Helyett," decorously translated into "Miss Decima"—let me resist the temptation to quote Quince the joiner, with his "Bless thee, how thou art translated"—delights with the admirable acting of Miss Nesville and Mr. David James. "Fate and Fortune," a wild melodrama, holds the stage at the Princess's, and gives Miss May Whitty an opportunity of showing that she could do better in a better piece. A melodrama of a much higher type is "The Trumpet Call," Messrs. Buchanan and Sims's new piece at the Adelphi, where Miss Robins's talent is seen to more advantage than in "Hedda Gabler." "A Pantomime Rehearsal" has been transferred from Terry's to the Shaftesbury, and is more amusing than ever with two such actresses as Miss Beatrice Lamb and Miss Norreys to aid its burlesque humour. "La Cigale" still runs triumphantly at the Lyric under slightly altered conditions, as Mr. Hayden Coffin has taken the part created by the Chevalier Scovell. In "Theodora," at the Olympic, Miss Grace Hawthorne thrills audiences who like their Procopius and their Gibbon through a Sardou medium.

One of the most interesting of recent dramatic events was the production by Mr. Alexander, on the last night of his season, of a little one-act piece by Mr. Frith, called "Molière." The play, which deals with the tragic circumstances of Molière's death, was gracefully written and admirably acted. There have been plays on Molière before. Georges Sand wrote one in five acts, in which she endeavoured to give a picture of Molière's whole life and to clear the character of Armande Béjart. Mr. Frith, too, had this latter aim. That Mr. Frith had not merely no historical authority for his treatment of the closing hours of Molière's life, but that he actually set aside the historical certainties concerning the death, is not a matter for which he should be reproached. He wished to give Mr. Alexander opportunity for some fine acting, not to dramatise a few pages from Louandre or Durand or Despois and Mesnard. And what he wished to do he succeeded in doing. Mr.

Alexander never looked more picturesque, never acted with subtler alternations of grim humour and infinite pathos. From the first moment when the dying man is brought in in the sedan-chair, his ghastly face contrasting with the royal scarlet of his cloak, with the word "Juro" still upon his failing lips, to the last moment of reconciliation with his erring, unhappy wife, the study was admirable, the picture perfect. The young actor had given his most interesting proof of high artistic power.

But it is not so much of acted plays that I wish to speak this month as of one unacted play which is just now attracting considerable attention *dans la haute dramatique.* It is called "La Princesse Maleine" and it is the work of a young Belgian author—Maurice Maeterlinck. I saw what I believe was the first copy which came to London some months back; I glanced at it, did not find it to my liking, and laid it aside. But now certain leaders of the new school of dramatic criticism—Mr. William Archer and Mr. Walkley most notably—have laid hold of "La Princesse Maleine" and extol it enthusiastically. At this moment there is a movement among certain devoted Maeterlinckists to translate the piece and put it in some form or another upon some English stage. I do not think the result would be successful. I am inclined to share Mr. Lang's distrust of the exotic geniuses that are so incessantly being discovered for us; I decline to admit that, because I admire the dramatic genius of Ibsen, I must therefore recognise a dramatic genius in Tolstoi or Maeterlinck, that I must rave over "The Fruits of Enlightenment," or "The Powers of Darkness," or "La Princesse Maleine." Undoubtedly there is much queer distorted cleverness in "La Princesse Maleine." It is a nightmare play, the kind of play that one might dream of after an overstrained study of "The White Devil," or "Les Burgraves," or "Death's Jest-Book." There is a little of all these, of Webster, of Hugo, of Beddoes, in it. It is grim, grotesque, fantastic, absurd; I do not think it would make a possible stage-play. But, as it is being talked about so much, I propose to give a translation of the last scene of the fifth act, which is a most excellent specimen of the peculiarities, the merits, and the defects of the drama. A wicked old king of one part of Holland, named Hjalmar, has made war upon and killed Marcellus, king of another part of Holland. Old Hjalmar has a son, young Hjalmar, who was betrothed to the Princesse Maleine, Marcellus's daughter. When her kingdom is devastated, Maleine, like the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, sets off to seek Hjalmar in company with a faithful nurse, and enters the Court of Hjalmar disguised as a waiting-maid. Young

Hjalmar is now betrothed to Uglyane, daughter of a Queen Anne of Jutland, who has been captured by old Hjalmar, and who exercises a fatal influence over him. Maleine declares herself to the young Hjalmar, who avows his intention of marrying her, after some doleful wooing in an owl-haunted park. Queen Anne, after trying unsuccessfully to poison Maleine, finally, with the reluctant assistance of the old, doting, almost imbecile Hjalmar, strangles Maleine in her room on a wild night of storm and heavenly portents. The scene I am about to quote is the last scene after the murder is discovered.

SCENE IV. *The room of the Princesse Maleine.*

(*Hjalmar and the Nurse are discovered—the tocsin is heard ringing outside throughout the scene.*)

THE NURSE. Help! help!

HJALMAR. What has happened? what has happened?

THE NURSE. She is dead! My God! my God! Maleine! Maleine!

HJALMAR. But her eyes are open! . . . .

THE NURSE. She has been strangled! Her neck! her neck! See!

HJALMAR. Yes. Yes. Yes.

THE NURSE. Call! call! Call out!

HJALMAR. Yes! yes! yes! Oh! oh! (*Outside.*) Help! help! Strangled! strangled! Maleine! Maleine! Maleine! Strangled! strangled! strangled! Oh! oh! oh! Strangled! strangled! strangled!

(*He is heard running down the corridor and banging against the doors and walls.*)

A SERVANT (*in the corridor*). What is the matter? What is the matter?

HJALMAR (*in the corridor*). Strangled! strangled! . . . .

THE NURSE (*in the room*). Maleine! Maleine! Here! here!

THE SERVANT (*entering*). It is the fool! He has been found under the window!

THE NURSE. The fool?

THE SERVANT. Yes! yes! He is in the ditch! He is dead!

THE NURSE. The window is open!

THE SERVANT. Oh! the poor little princess!

(*Enter Angus, lords, ladies, domestics, waiting-women, and the seven béguines with lights.*)

ALL. What is the matter? What has happened?

THE DOMESTIC. The little princess has been killed! . . . .

SOME. The little princess has been killed?

OTHERS. Maleine?

THE DOMESTIC. Yes. I think it is the fool?

A LORD. I said something untoward would happen. . . . .

THE NURSE. Maleine! Maleine! My poor little Maleine! . . . . Help!

A BÉGUINE. There is nothing to be done!

ANOTHER BÉGUINE. She is cold!

THE THIRD BÉGUINE. She is stiff!

THE FOURTH BÉGUINE. Close her eyes!

THE FIFTH BÉGUINE. They are fixed!

THE SIXTH BÉGUINE. Her hands must be joined!

THE SEVENTH BÉGUINE. It is too late!

A LADY (*fainting*). Oh! oh! oh!

THE NURSE. Help me to lift Maleine! Help! my God, my God, help me!

THE SERVANT. She does not weigh more than a bird!

(*Loud cries are heard in the corridor.*)

THE KING (*in the corridor*). Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! They have seen her! They have seen her! I come! I come! I come!

ANNE (*in the corridor*). Stop! stop! You are mad!

THE KING. Come! come! with me! with me! Murder! murder! murder! (*Enter the King, dragging the Queen Anne.*) She and I! I prefer to say it at once! We did it together!

ANNE. He is mad! Help!

THE KING. No, I am not mad! She killed Maleine!

ANNE. He is mad! Take him away! He is hurting me! Something dreadful will happen!

THE KING. She did! she did! And I! I! I! I had a hand in it too! . . . .

HJALMAR. What? what?

THE KING. She strangled her! So! so! See! see! see! There was knocking at the window! Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! I see her red mantle there over Maleine! See! see! see!

HJALMAR. How does that red mantle come there?

ANNE. But what has happened?

HJALMAR. How is that red mantle here?

ANNE. But you see he is mad! . . . .

HJALMAR. Answer me! How is it here? . . . .

ANNE. Is it mine?

HJALMAR. Yes, yours! yours! yours! yours! . . . .

ANNE. Let me go! You hurt me!

HJALMAR. How is it here? here? here?—You have? . . . .

ANNE. And after? . . . .

HJALMAR. Oh! the wanton! wanton! wanton! monstrous wanton! . . . . There! there! there! there! there! (*he stabs her several times with the dagger*).

ANNE. Oh! oh! oh! (*she dies*).

SOME. He has stabbed the queen!

OTHERS. Arrest him!

HJALMAR. You will poison the crows and the worms!

ALL. She is dead! . . . .

ANGUS. Hjalmar! Hjalmar!

HJALMAR. Be gone! There! there! there! (*he stabs himself with his dagger*). Maleine! Maleine! Maleine!—Oh! my father! my father! . . . . (*he falls*).

THE KING. Ah! ah! ah!

HJALMAR. Maleine! Maleine! Give me, give me her little hand!—oh! oh! open the window! yes! yes! oh! oh! (*he dies*).

THE NURSE. A handkerchief! a handkerchief! He is going to die!

ANGUS. He is dead!

THE NURSE. Lift him up! the blood is choking him!

A LORD. He is dead!

THE KING. Oh! oh! oh! I have not cried since the deluge! But now I am plunged into hell to my very eyes!—But look at their eyes! They are going to jump on me like frogs!

ANGUS. He is mad !

THE KING. No, no ; but I have lost courage ! . . . ah ! it is enough to make the paving-stones of hell weep ! . . . .

ANGUS. Take him away ; he cannot gaze on that longer ! . . . .

THE KING. No, no ; leave me :—I dare not remain alone any more . . . . where is the beautiful Queen Anne ? Anne ! . . . Anne ! . . . . She is all contorted ! . . . . I don't love her any more at all ! . . . . My God ! how poor one looks when one is dead ! . . . . I should not like to embrace her any more now ! . . . Put something over her ! . . .

THE NURSE. And over Maleine too . . . . Maleine ! Maleine ! . . . . Oh ! oh ! oh !

THE KING. I shall never embrace any one again in my life, since I have seen all this ! . . . . Where is our poor little Maleine ? (*He takes Maleine's hand.*) Ah ! she is cold as an earthworm. She descended like an angel into my arms. . . . . But it is the wind which has killed her !

ANGUS. Take him away ! For the love of God, take him away !

THE NURSE. Yes ! yes !

A LORD. Wait an instant !

THE KING. Have you black plumes ? One ought to have black plumes to see whether the queen still lives. She was a beautiful woman, you know. Do you hear my teeth ? (*Dawn lights up the room.*)

ALL. What ?

THE KING. Do you hear my teeth ?

THE NURSE. It is the bells, Seigneur . . . .

THE KING. But it is my heart, then ! . . . . Ah ! I loved them well all three ! I should like to drink a little . . . .

THE NURSE (*bringing a glass of water*). Here is some water.

THE KING. Thank you. (*He drinks eagerly.*)

THE NURSE. Don't drink like that. You are in perspiration.

THE KING. I am so thirsty !

THE NURSE. Come, my poor Seigneur, I will wipe your forehead.

THE KING. Yes. Ah ! You have hurt me. I fell in the corridor . .. I was frightened !

THE NURSE. Come, come ; let us go.

THE KING. They will be cold on the stones. She cried "Mother !" and then, oh ! oh ! oh !—it is a pity, isn't it ? A poor young girl . . . . but it is the wind . . . . Oh ! never open the windows ! It must be the wind . . . . There were blind vultures in the wind to-night ! But don't let her little hands trail on the stones . . . . You will step on her hands ! Oh ! oh ! take care !

THE NURSE. Come, come ; one must go to bed, it is time. Come, come !

THE KING. Yes, yes, yes ; it is too warm here. Put out the light, we will go into the garden ; it will be fresh on the lawn after the rain ! I want a little rest . . . . Oh ! there is the sun ! (*The sun comes into the room.*)

THE NURSE. Come, come ; we are going into the garden.

THE KING. But little Allan must be shut up ! I don't want him to come and frighten me any more !

THE NURSE. Yes, yes ; we will shut him up. Come, come !

THE KING. Have you the key ?

THE NURSE. Yes ; come.

THE KING. Yes ; help me . . . I have a little difficulty in walking I am a poor little old man . . . my legs are no good any more . . . but my head is solid . . . (*leaning on the nurse*) I don't hurt you ?

THE NURSE. No, no; lean heavily.

THE KING. One must not be angry with me, must one? I, who am the oldest, I am loth to die . . . . There! there! now it is finished! I am glad it is finished, for I had all the world on my heart . . . .

THE NURSE. Come, my poor Seigneur!

THE KING. My God! my God! she is now waiting on the quays of hell!

THE NURSE. Come, come!

THE KING. Is there anyone here who is afraid of the malediction of the dead?

ANGUS. Yes, Sire; I . . . .

THE KING. Well, close their eyes, then, and let us go!

THE NURSE. Yes, yes; come, come!

THE KING. I am coming! I am coming! Oh! oh! how alone I am going to be now!—behold me up to my ears in misfortune!—at seventy-seven years old! Where are you?

THE NURSE. Here, here.

THE KING. You are not angry with me?—we will have breakfast. Will there be some salad?—I should like a little salad . . . .

THE NURSE. Yes, yes; there will be some.

THE KING. I don't know why. I am a little sad to-day. My God! my God! How unhappy the dead look! . . . . (*He goes out with the nurse.*)

ANGUS. Another such night and we shall all be white! (*They all go out, with the exception of the seven béguines, who intone the Miserere whilst placing the corpses on the bed. The bells cease. Nightingales are heard outside. A cock jumps up on to the window-sill and crows.*)

THE END.

It will be seen from this example that Maeterlinck's method is a queer method. There is, indeed, a kind of horror in his style, a kind of strength in its affected simplicity, in its wearisome repetitions, in its eccentric struggle after contrast and effect. But it is not an attractive play to me; much as I am in sympathy with the new school of dramatic criticism, I cannot share a profound admiration for "La Princesse Maleine."

It is scarcely by the study of exotic eccentricities such as this that the regeneration of our drama in England is to be accomplished. Mr. Pinero apparently thinks that the desired end is to be assisted by the perusal of "The Fruits of Enlightenment," to the English translation of which he has just supplied a preface. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones thinks that it is to be done by the author-manager as opposed to the actor-manager. He has set to work to put his conviction to the proof. He has taken his theatre, engaged his company, written his play, and within a few weeks London will be asked to witness the result of Mr. Jones's new departure. In the meantime Mr. Jones's action has aroused a stormy controversy. Mr. E. S. Willard, who has been successfully associated with two of Mr. Jones's most successful plays, has assailed Mr. Jones very vigorously in the columns

of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in the same arena Mr. Jones has no less vigorously retaliated. These dramatic quarrels are profoundly regrettable. Cannot Mr. Willard and Mr. Jones differ as to the best method of producing plays without stirring each other up with angry insinuations and bitter retorts? Both are able men; each holds high rank in his own department of dramatic art; it is a thousand pities that they should waste their time and their abilities in profitless altercation. The public wants other work from them then that.

J. H. M'CARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

"LE MORTE DARTHUR."

WITH the publication of the third volume, containing his analyses of the early Arthurian romances, Dr. Sommer completes his edition of "Le Morte Darthur."[1] Another service to English scholarship is thus rendered us by a German. Not only does Dr. Sommer establish the place in the Arthurian cycle of Malory's book, which has inspired Milton and Tennyson and incurred the sanctimonious condemnation of Roger Ascham, and supply the first thoroughly trustworthy text; he shows also that Malory has introduced matter not to be found in the well-known romances of Merlin, Tristan, Lancelot, and so forth. While owning a personal debt to Dr. Sommer for a book which I have perused with much interest and which it is a pleasure to possess, I ask—Where are our scholars, that writers such as Malory and Gower must be introduced to us by foreigners? Can it be that scholarship is deficient in a country that can boast men such as Murray, Skeat, Furnivall, and Mayhew, or that in this, as in other respects, Germans can live in comfort where Englishmen, with more ambitious notions, would starve?

HEINE ON ENGLISHMEN.

THE appearance of a translation of the entire works of Heine, the first that has yet been seen in England, translated by C. G. Leland (Hans Breitmann), and published appropriately enough by Heinemann, is in many respects of interest. Englishmen will turn with eagerness, and unfortunately with disappointment, to "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women," now first, so far as I am aware, brought within their reach. Essays by Heine upon Rosalind, Miranda, Cordelia, Desdemona! How much is not promised! Unfortunately, concerning these creations Heine, in what is a piece of task-work, has scarcely a word that is new to say. For this Englishmen will be consoled by the edifying comment that is passed upon their country and themselves. Nowhere in Heine is more "excellent fooling" than in the opening pages of this work. After

[1] David Nutt.

[illegible] a good Hamburg Christian who cannot
[illegible] the fact that our Saviour is a Jew of kin to the
[illegible] who go running about the streets selling
[illegible] Christ," he continues, "is to this excellent son
[illegible] Shakespeare to me. It takes the heart out of
[illegible] he is an Englishman, and belongs to the
[illegible] God in His wrath ever created." I will
[illegible] many amenities of this sort, though there is
[illegible] select. Mr. Leland—in very chivalrous style,
[illegible] undertakes our defence, and draws attention
[illegible] mainly to please the French, and that
[illegible] recanted his opinions. It does us good,
[illegible] time how heartily we have been disliked
[illegible] nations, and to learn that whilom in the
[illegible] denied all that is beautiful and worthy
[illegible] that stone-coal-stinking (*stein-*
[illegible] church-going, and vilely-drunken

[illegible] MENT.

[illegible] has been caused in theatrical circles
[illegible] undertaken against actor-managers.
[illegible] Shakespeare, and probably from a still
[illegible] monopoly of management. Occa-
[illegible] Shakespeare, Garrick, Foote, and Bouci-
[illegible] doubled with the dramatist.
[illegible] has an author who was not also an actor
[illegible] I am confronted with the two men under
[illegible] long northern night of Puritanism,
[illegible] both of whom were dramatists while
[illegible] actor. These men were, however, the pos-
[illegible] the Crown too precious to be bestowed
[illegible] the King loved to honour. They were
[illegible] The practical command of the stage soon
[illegible] as Betterton and Hart, and, in later
[illegible] that actors are the most successful
[illegible] in England, the only managers.
[illegible] have been trusted with the
[illegible] M. Jules Clarétie is the present
[illegible] Germany has seen the control
[illegible] Goethe, and the much-maligned
[illegible] of the theatres in Bergen and in

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1891.

NAMELESS.

"Stat Nominis Umbra."

BY J. LAWSON.

THE time of summer was now at hand—movement of some sort was absolutely needful.

A man does not knock about this world for twenty years to rest content pent up in any special nook, however snug and comfortable.

For long flights the times were inopportune and out of joint—nay, opportunity itself was lacking. Moreover, the year was young: the "insect youth" still weak on wing, the "early-wailing" swallow but just arrived, the horse-chesnuts barely in bloom, the "ruffian blasts" of our boisterous coast not yet stowed (for good and all) in their summer cave.

"I will hie me to the Highlands," said I. "It is but a small venture; and there will I revisit those scenes that, in days when life was young and pleasures crowded thick, did use to charm me most."

O vain and foolish thought! Of all the dismal failures in this world of failures, that revisiting old haunts after long absence is surely the dismallest. Henceforth do I utterly renounce and abjure such fond and fatal folly.

O my coevals, remnants of yourselves!

is a pathetic wail that breaks from most of us as we near our ends. And yet there is a certain dignity about it that is quite wanting to your *middle-aged* man's version.

His exceeding bitter cry is: "O my coevals, *dumplings* of your-

selves!" The shrunk shank, the lean and slippered pantaloon, are things not too arduous to be borne with equal mind; but who may abide that horrid form, that lax obesity of figure ("un embonpoint flottant," Balzac calls it) that too often afflicts him whose conscience is easy and balance clear, between the heyday of youth and the decrepitude of senility?

Can it be that, not so many years back, you twined your arm round that exorbitant waist in melting waltz? Can it be that once, backing your prowess against that of yonder Daniel Lambert, dozing over his paper by the drawing-room fire, you were beaten hollow?

But we must not linger moralising on the threshold.

Borne on the wings of a smooth south wind, I sped northward all a moonlight night of May; and noon next day found me got as far as a place that, well within my own recollection, had been a whitewashed fishing hamlet and port of call for Hebridean smacks.

All old landmarks were now swept ruthlessly away—a monstrous modern ruin dominating the plain below, and rendering it ridiculous. I fled amazed far, far away; and turned my attention to an inn where, in days of yore, I had gone a-fishing.

It—thank Heaven!—remained as heretofore—solid, massive, unembellished, square. So lonely and open to all comers stands the building, that I saw a dawdling beast rub his unkempt hide against the door-post, and *bless the Duke of Argyll*, ere his drover, with uplifted ash, annexed him to the lowing kine ahead.

Here, then, was an ark of refuge from the flood of a too nice and delicate civilisation; and I entered in at its portal accordingly. The time of tourists was not yet. A Sister of Mercy with a pretty girl of eighteen, two Indian officers fishing, a college don and his ward, a sick doctor from the Midlands and his little boy, made the complement of our mess that night.

A curious air of silence hung about the precincts: the people of the house showed little care to entertain the traveller, or ease him of his cash with grace. An incurious dulness of disposition seemed to sit upon them like an incubus.

Two plaided shepherds, with a ghillie and boatman, talked the harsh Gaelic of that district outside the open window, but even they spoke with bated breath.

Next day the hush and stillness of the inn were more pronounced than ever; but it was the Sabbath, and much might be set down to that.

I got back from a long and stiff climb to the top, the *true* top,

of a high and difficult hill—one of Scotland's most notable hills—just in time for the *table d'hôte.*

The night was close and sultry; all day there had been shifting mists and fine drizzling rain. And now, at eventide, the breeze had died down to a flat calm, while the drizzle had turned itself into a downpour that forbade further going abroad.

Outside the house was a roomy porch with pillars; and there, our meal done, we sat or lounged about, and smoked, and did a little feeble talk. But everything and everybody seemed weighed down by the depressing gloom and stillness, and we lapsed into a dreary silence.

That silence was broken by a cough of preface from behind; and, looking round, we beheld standing in the doorway a gaunt and haggard female. Her eyes were hard and dry, her features lacked expression, and all she said was this: "*Would any of you gentlemen like to take a look before the body is screwed down?*"

The look of horror—not to say terror—that came into the officers' eyes I shall never forget.

As they sat nearest the speaker, one on either hand the door, on them lay naturally the onus of reply; but they were past power of speech, and stared, with stony eyes, at the woman looming on the steps above. I, who sat farther off, kept awed silence, while the sick, but callous, doctor said briefly, "Is a man dead in the house?"

The woman, seeing us thus hang back from the proffered boon, turned on her heel with never a word, and vanished in the dark recess of passage within.

The sick doctor sought to cheer us with professional yarns. Weird and ghoulish enough, in all conscience, many of his stories were, but, somehow or other, they fell flat, and on unitching ears.

With Death so near, we didn't seem much to care for him far away.

So the doctor carried his little boy to bed; the officers slunk off to the bare, fireless sitting-room, and I followed quickly in their wake. There was little or no talk between us.

Grog, we felt instinctively, was the properest support we could have under the shock.

And it certainly *is* a shock, when in a spirit of holiday-making, to be asked if one would like to see a fellow holiday-maker *screwed down.*

I wasn't sorry when, ere long, the two strangers took themselves off to speak with their ghillie, on the way upstairs, and left me to my own devices.

I sat by an open window, and looked out on the melancholy night. My thoughts rushed off to days long past, and the merry group I had once formed one of, in a Hebridean isle.

No plutocrat as yet had lighted on that happy isle. As yet no venomous crofter had raised his crest and expanded his hood to hiss the passer-by. All was poverty, simplicity, and peace.

For needful stores, we put our trust in Mr. Hutchinson, of Glasgow, whose weekly packet-boat disgorged the wheaten loaf and cask of Bass. We killed our own mutton, shot our own game, caught our own cod or trout. Now and again, Lord M—— would send us a haunch of venison, wherewith (and added *Carbost*) to cheer our hearts in time of festival. Now and again, too, did we make roystering moonlight raids, in our trim gig, on some barque weather-bound in distant loch. No exciseman was nearer hand than Inverness or Oban—each a good hundred miles off. Kindly neighbours, as the eve of his visitations drew nigh, would send out wary scouts to be the heralds of his coming, and with true Christian charity blow the horn of warning from some craggy height or pinnacle of rock.

What a hubbub and stir there was, when the bray of that horn (louder than Alecto's) rang through the land!

Naughty superfluities of terriers and otter-dogs were shepherded out at hillside huts, while Her Majesty received payment of such a number as, for people in our walk of life, seemed a reasonable allowance.

Ah! happy days of innocence and ease, passed for ever away! What days of (perhaps, too free) hospitality they were—what interchange of good offices—what *camaraderie*—what high hopes—what confidence in the goodwill of mankind—what boundless εὐήθεια!

Amongst others I came across at that time was M——, an old chum at school, but long lost sight of. Poor dear M——! since last we met, fortune had played him many a scurvy trick. Compelled to renounce the profession of his choice, he had lapsed into evil courses, and played pranks that had a spice of hereditary madness lurking in them. He was now leading a listless life of exile, ashamed and sorry, mixing sprees and repentances in about equal quantities.

A good-natured soul as ever breathed, a boon and cheery companion; but assuredly he was born under an unlucky star.

Manifold were his scrapes, and dire the accidents that befell him.

One time my friend V—— and I, sitting smoking by an open window, and looking on the loch beneath, spied a man shove off from the opposite shore and make in our direction. The loch was alive with whales at the time—we had killed one with our rifles but the day before. By-and-by a sportive fish *bumped* the fresh-tarred dingey and overset

her. Of course, we pulled instantly off to the rescue, and found it was M——, sitting astride the uneven keel of his craft. And an awkward time the poor fellow had of it: the swamped boat wobbling about like a barrel, with every inclination to rid herself of her rider. We made many efforts to accomplish his deliverance *dry-shod*; but, after all, the passage from his topsy-turvy dingey to our gig was only effected by means of a header.

Another time a friend from Oxford swooped down upon us, and we must needs show him the lions. Driving tandem home from a long day's outing, M——, who was of our party, and in the back seat, overcome by fatigue and whisky, fell sound asleep, toppled out in a rutty bit of steep incline, and broke his arm.

Worse still, we had gone (three of us) for two days' rabbit-shooting at a far-away hut, under stupendous cliffs. A room or two superadded made our place of occupation, and the shepherd's daughter—a "neat-handed Phyllis"—cooked and *did* for us. Our stay there done, we were packing up to be off. Men with ponies would meet us at the head of a balloch, the way up to which, from our side, was too steep and stony to be done except afoot. M—— rattled a canister in his hand. "All but empty; no use bothering to take it with us." "Toss it on the fire, then!" He took out the plug, a trickling stream of powder fell down upon the flame, the flame leapt up the trickling stream of powder, the canister burst, and so frightfully was poor M——'s hand shattered that there was nothing for it but amputation of thumb and forefinger, and all that hand remained an indigo blue to the end of his days.

In course of time, the days of our island sojourn were accomplished, the pleasant party broke up, and we were scattered abroad to the ends of the earth, V—— going to New Zealand, I—— to Canada, and M—— to hunt beasts in Natal. He and I were the last to part.

"Au revoir!" he cried gaily, as his train moved on out of York station. "We meet again!"

"Never more," said I; "ah! never more!" and moved sadly away.

Whilst thus dreaming the hour away in sad remembrance, a shabby trap had drawn up at the door, and three men had entered the inn. I gave them no particular attention. "Men for their Sabbath *night-cap* of toddy, maybe."

A tiny runlet from moors above hurried past the open window where I sat, to join a bigger stream below; and I think I found more entertainment in watching the antics of some absurd ducklings who ought to have been abed long since.

The stream, now swollen by rains, ran strong; and in vain did these ugly ducklings, to the anguish of their reputed mother, strive to make headway against it. Over and over they rolled; and still, with perseverance worthy of a better cause, stuck to their self-imposed task, returning gallantly to the charge after each capsize, with tempers and plumage unimpaired. By the brook-edge lay a callow brother, flat as a pancake; perhaps (who knows?) *sib* to him "that Samuel Johnson trod on."

I was wondering what possible motive they could have for going by water, when they might, so much more speedily and pleasantly, have made their way home by land, when there came a shuffling of feet on the stairs, the pop of soda-water, silence for the space of "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," and then the three men, issuing from the front door, stepped into their shabby trap, the stable-boy flicked the rug off the steaming hack, and they were gone.

Each of them had in his hand one of those ugly black bags which, I know not why, have Mr. Gladstone for godfather.

It must have been eleven by this, but still light enough to see with ease.

No sooner were the men gone than a glass door, which gave access to our room from the dark passage without, was opened, and that awful woman stood in the gap.

Two awkward steps led down from passage to room, and the woman a-top towered higher than ever.

At sight of me she made a halt, and seemed uncertain what way to go.

Feeling it incumbent on me to break the ice of silence, I asked "if all were done?"

"No; a post-mortem had been ordered by the sheriff—the doctors were just gone—the corpse laid afresh in its coffin—the lid not yet affixed. Again she said, "*Would you like to take a look before the body is screwed down?*"

The spell of her influence was upon me, like mesmeric fascination. She beckoned with the hand. I rose and went.

Steering a devious course through many a maze of winding passage—a step up here, another down there—we came to the chamber of death: a miserable bare closet to die in, I thought, as ever was seen. Scarce a bit of furniture but the bed of death, and the trestle on which the dead lay in his open coffin.

No flowers, no candles, no crucifix; not a note of hope or faith—all still blank and apathy of death!

The face was covered with a napkin ; the woman, eyes fixed on me, withdrew it ; and I gazed, with that awe which death begets, on the unknown.

The body was covered with a sheet ; no mark of the doctor's horrid task offended the shrinking eye.

The hands lay clasped upon the breast, also covered with a napkin.

The woman, eyes still fixed on me, withdrew it.

My knees gave way for fear of what I saw ; and staggering to the only chair, I sat upon the dead man's clothes.

"Good God !" I gasped ; "who is he ?" and could say no more.

Brandy was at hand for those that did their offices about the dead, and I drank without stint of what the woman poured me out.

Then I drew near and gazed again. Again I cried, "Good God ! who is he ?"

The woman, unperturbed by my agitation (I think, ignoring it), told, in harsh dry voice, what little she knew.

"He had come by coach from some place south—Inveraray or Lochgilphead—was going north, he said—a total stranger—no clue to identity—no letters, no pocket-book, no name on linen—a decent stock of money, fifteen pounds or so, in gold—to be buried early in the kirkyard yonder—that was all."

But, God of heaven ! *was it all ?* Whose was that *blue mutilated hand ?*

Greatly agitated, I begged a day's delay.

At midnight, I rode off to the nearest office, and by eight next morning had despatched a telegram to Lord ——. I waited eagerly at my post for the answer ; it came at noon :

"We know nothing—we wish to know nothing—of the man. Let him rest."

It was five in the afternoon when I got back to the house of death. The Sister of Mercy and the pretty girl of eighteen were gone ; so were the college don and his ward. The Indians were out fishing ; the doctor and his boy on an excursion. Only that hard dry woman and I were there ; with bearers, pipe in mouth, lounging in the porch, hungering for their load.

"You are late, sir !" says the woman ; "does the burial go on ?"

I bowed assent, and she summoned the minister. He came in quickly, and, while he made his funeral oration by the coffin side, I stood afar off, and, with bowed head, recited, *sub silentio*, my *Paternoster*, my *Miserere* and *De Profundis*.

Then, away with him to the graveyard, and so to rest without

more ado; earth shovelled briskly in to the tune of "Tullochgoram," and rammed down on the Nameless by hobnailed soles of strangers' feet.

That very hour I went my onward way. Men rowed me, in the gloaming, many miles to the head of a loch. The watches of the night were spent a foot in Scotland's wildest glen. Next afternoon found me knocking at the gate of a great monastic pile. The brethren received me with joy; but the errand that had brought me there was without accomplishment.

In one of his many fits of gloomy remorse, M—— had gone, with mystery, to the mainland over against us. In those far-back days there dwelt at that spot an old priest, who ministered to the wants of a Catholic clan, and acted as chaplain at the big house of the neighbourhood.

By this priest—I had it from his own lips—M—— had been received into the fold. But the good father was, long since, gone to his rest; and the brethren could tell me absolutely nothing.

Next day I took a grateful leave of my hosts, and went a great way off, that I might (if it were possible) leave sadness far behind.

My excursion was meant as quite a steady-going, middle-aged affair, with nothing loud or *young-mannish* about it; and yet here was I, of five nights out, spending but two in bed!

Of the rest, one had been passed in a train, another in the saddle, the third on foot.

And now my sixth, spent at a decent roadside inn, was little more to the purpose than its fellows in the way of rest.

That *Nominis Umbra* had murdered sleep. To this very day,

> When the house doth sigh and weep,
> And the world is drowned in sleep,
> Yet mine eyes the watch do keep.

For what they watch I cannot tell. It may be that he whom I saw laid to rest was a stranger to me. It may be that M——'s prophecy, "We meet again!" remains to this day unfulfilled.

But I shall never shake myself free of the conviction that his gay words had their fulfilment when I looked on the blue, mutilated hand of the *Nameless.*

'E CUSTOMS OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

HE inferior races are being improved off the face of the earth. It is so everywhere. The old giveth place to the new. The ıword, "Advance, Australia!" has sounded the death-knell of ıborigines of the country which is fast making local history. are passing away. This must be. The foothills have to be 'en down, and left behind, if the mountain top is to be reached; ave men always trodden so lightly as they might have done? : native races must perish, we need not be in haste to kill them Nature will do her work, if only she is left alone. Good people lain that these aborigines have not been duly Christianised; humanitarians that they have not been preserved, after the ›n of ancient monuments. Such persons never pause to inquire ıer one or the other could have been done.

he race was a decaying one when it was discovered. Nature is rable; her processes may be retarded, but she will win in the The aborigines have been well treated, with exceptions, but :onditions of life are not theirs. The vices and diseases of ;ation have been too much for us and for them.

'hen Europeans first settled in New South Wales, the native lation scarcely averaged one hundred persons to an area of two ;and square miles. The country could not support a large popu-ı. There were no animals which could be domesticated, to raise to the pastoral condition. Protracted droughts rendered food water more than scarce. Now the few are almost gone. Some ›ns have become extinct. In districts where tribes once dwelt, not ıgle native exists. Other tribes, which formerly numbered two ıred souls, have dwindled down to three or four, or, it may be, to a solitary rêpresentative. This decline has been largely g to the practice of infanticide, loss of native rights, subversion ibal order, and the introduction of European vices. These ren of nature have suffered. Formerly they possessed no icants, now drunkenness is their bane. One imported disease,

which must be nameless, has desolated the tribes. Soon the place of this people will know them no more; "they will be clean forgotten, as a dead man out of mind."

This being so, it will be wise to bestow a thought upon the lives of these beings, who are, in some respects, so near to anthropoid apes, and whose artistic powers are inferior to those of extinct old-world tribes which have left us rude delineations of the chase. Something is known about them: of their weapons, innocent of iron previous to contact with Europeans; of their habitations, formed of bark shealing; of their cookery, which consists chiefly of throwing game, in its skin, upon the fire, or the employment of red-hot stones; of their clothing, or rather no clothing, for, as a witty Frenchman informed a lady, "one could clothe six men with a pair of gloves." These are familiar topics, but the natives are more than these; yet they may be dismissed with few words. There is a racial likeness in all, although there are tribal differences, which when seen are readily remembered. All have thick lips, overhanging brows, and widely extended nostrils. They usually possess well-formed hands. Many are weakly in appearance, having little muscular development in arms and legs. Babes when born are nearly white; the colour of the skin in youth is chocolate, darkening with age until it verges upon black. The hair is always black. The bodies of old men are especially hairy. Women, after they have left off child-bearing, generally have whiskers, which they recognise as a sign that they will have no more children. Taken as a whole, these natives are a dirty, unprepossessing race. Some writers describe them as being treacherous, cruel, and bloodthirsty. If so, who has been to blame? Experience has proved that, naturally, they are kind, gentle, and not immoral.

The first Europeans who visited Australia were thought to be "Guram," or, in the language of the Kamilaroi, "Wundah," spirits; and the natives sought to kill them. Knowing nothing of the effects of gunpowder, the poor creatures had no fear of guns, but would march up to the muzzles to stop the smoke from coming out. In this manner many were shot at Murribi. After this they watched for the white men to kill them. The first one whom they slew they caught while he was milking, and stuck up his body on three spears.

In common with all savage races, these people regard manhood as the acme of perfection, and courage is the most highly prized of all the virtues. It is amidst imposing ceremonies that the boy becomes a man, and is loosed from the tutelage of the women of his family and tribe.

Amongst the natives of Encounter Bay, the tribe being assembled, candidates for manhood are placed between two fires made for the

purpose. All hair upon the body, except that of the head and face, is carefully singed off or plucked out, and the parts operated upon are rubbed over with grease and ochre. The novice is not permitted to sleep during that night, nor to eat until sunset on the following day. During the whole of the ensuing year these young men singe and pluck out one another's hair, and apply the prescribed unguent and ochre. The year following they pluck out each other's hair and beard and anoint the face. When the beard has again grown it is plucked out a second time, after which the men are eligible for marriage.

A boy of the Dieyerie tribe undergoes during youth several important rites. The first of these, which is performed shortly after he is weaned, is called *moodlawillpa*, and consists in the perforation of the cartilage of the nose. This is followed, a year or so later, by the *chirrinchirrie*, or tooth extraction, which is performed as follows. The two front incisors of the upper jaw, having been loosened by the insertion of two sharp wedges of wood, are covered with folds of skin, upon which a third piece of wood is placed. This is struck with a stone, after which the loosened teeth are drawn out with the fingers. In the boy's fourteenth year he undergoes the rite of circumcision, or *kurrawellie wonkanna*. As soon as he has attained to virility he is subjected to the most solemn rite of all, the *willyaroo*. During the night he is removed from the camp, to which he returns at sunrise. Upon his arrival he is surrounded by all the men of his tribe, except his immediate relatives. His eyes having been closed, he is drenched with blood drawn from the veins of all the old men who are present. This being over, deep incisions are made with a sharp flint in his neck, breast and shoulders, to infuse courage into him.

Among the Kamilaroi the admission of youths to the rank of manhood is termed *boorrah*. Meetings for this are summoned as emergencies arise. The neophytes are instructed in the mysteries of their supernatural beings, and religious codes are enumerated with much solemnity. Symbols are used, rites practised, and fastings enforced. *Turrumūlan*, the deity, is represented by an old man who is learned in all laws, traditions, and ceremonies common to the tribe, and assumes to be invested with supernatural powers. Those who have passed through the *boorrah*, as a rule, religiously observe the moralities and spiritualities there enforced. It is here that instruction is given in the law of consanguinity and marriage. The infraction of these is punished by severe penalties. It is called *boorrah* because the neophyte is solemnly invested with the belt of manhood. It is unlawful to mention this rite, or the name of *Turrumūlan*, in the presence of women, lest evil should befall.

In the Kurnai tribe these initiation ceremonies are termed *Jeraeil.* This tribe would appear to have ignored, to some extent, the "class system" of the tribes; for, so far as can be learned, the initiated have "made men" once only in about thirty years. When it is intended to hold an initiation service, the head-man summons the clans by a messenger, who bears a token, such as a club or shield, and one of the sacred "bull-roarers" (*tundun*). The purpose is carefully hidden from the women and children, except that the old women guess, from expressions which are let fall, that the *mrarts* (ghosts) are "going to kill a kangaroo." Several months may be taken up with preliminaries, for time is of no importance to the blacks. As a preliminary ceremony, the *tutnurring* (novices), as are also their *krau-un*, or tribal sisters, are drilled by the women, led by the wife (*gweraeil rukut*) of the second head-man. Meanwhile the *Jeraeil* ground has been prepared. At sundown proceedings commence. The novices, attended by one of the *bullawangs*, or attendants (robin, a Kurnai ancestor), are seated, with the *krau-un* behind them, and their mothers, bearing staves crowned with eucalyptus twigs, in the rear. Then the men appear. These are smeared with charcoal and fantastically bound with strips of white bark, pieces of which they also hold in either hand. They approach in a series of short runs, beating the ground and crying "Huh!" while the women make a drumming noise, to which the novices sway in unison. In this manner the men claim the boys from their mothers. The next stage is that of "laying the boys down to sleep." This is deferred until the following day. The arrangement is as before. The men now offer the boys rods, which they must not touch, because these are afterwards gathered up by the women, which would be unlawful if the *tutnurring* had touched them. From the commencement of the rite there is an increasing separation from the women, until it becomes absolute after the sleeping ceremony. The novices are to be put to sleep as boys, to awaken as men. They are laid in rows, within a leafy enclosure, with their arms crossed, and a bundle of twigs for a pillow, and covered with rugs until they can neither see nor be seen. A huge fire is lighted at their feet, while the women make another behind the screen of boughs. They may neither move nor speak, but, if they require anything, must inform the *bullawangs* by chirping like the emu-wren. The women, under their leader, now beat their rods together, to the ejaculations "Ya!" and "Yeh!" The men do the same. Then both sexes march round the enclosure, continuing the perambulation for hours. This is supposed to cast the *tutnurring*

into the magic sleep, from which they will awaken into manhood. The women now withdraw, for what follows is too sacred for them to look upon. They are told that *Tundun* himself comes down tc change the boys into men, and that he would slay any female who might witness his acts. To awaken the youths from sleep, which appears to be hypnotic, the services of the medicine-man are requisitioned. They are then invested with the belt of manhood, kilt, armlets, forehead band, nose-peg, necklace—in short, the male dress. After this they are, in the language of the old men, "shown their grandfather." For this the *tutnurring* are taken for a walk, on pretence that they must be tired. Suddenly their eyes are covered with their blankets. The old men, led by the head-man, throw their "bull-roarers" into the air, amid shouts; the blankets are removed from the eyes of the boys, who are bidden to look into the air, then lower, and finally to the *tundun* men. They are then cautioned never to speak of what they have seen to women, or anyone who is not *Jeraeil.* After this they are carefully instructed in the mystery of ancestral beliefs. Next they are bidden to sound the *tundun* (a piece of wood, paddle-shaped, to which a string is attached), which they do with awe. To relieve the proceedings the old men play the "opossum game," a vestige of *totem* worship. The boys may now move about with less restriction, and seek for the animals which they may henceforth use as food. Among the rules of conduct laid down for them to observe are: (1) to hear and obey the old men; (2) not to molest girls or married women; (3) to live orderly with the tribe; with others too numerous to mention. The next step in the initiatory rite is called "Giving the *tutnurring* frogs." It means giving a food plant which grows abundantly in the swamps. By the ensuing ceremony of "Seeing the ghost," in which an "old man Kangaroo" plays a part, after certain obscene ceremonies, the neophytes are free to eat kangaroo flesh. This is an important proceeding; if it were neglected the youths would never, lawfully, be able to eat the flesh of the male kangaroo. The final act, which is designated the "Water ceremony," is public. The mothers of the newly made young men each have a vessel of water, from which they stoop to drink, when their sons, with a stick, splash the water over them. The women, in seeming anger, fill their mouths with water and squirt it over the faces and heads of their respective sons, after which the novices retire to the young men's camp and the women to their own. Although this closes the ceremonial, the probation is not ended. The young men must spend a considerable time in the bush, away from their friends. While this is a more elaborate form of procedure

than is adopted by some tribes, in all there is an initiatory ceremony, without which the boys cannot be "made young men."

It is supposed that the various tribes are offshoots of one common stock. This opinion is supported by the fact that, no matter how greatly the languages may differ, members of one tribe can, after a few weeks' residence, understand and make themselves understood by those of any other tribe. The view is strengthened by the "class system." There is no authenticated instance of any tribe being without some "class system." Where this has been thought to be absent, it has been owing to error on the part of observers, not to its non-existence. Class rules are sacred. While superficial onlookers have supposed that sexual intercourse has been promiscuous, natives have regarded marriage as family, or even tribal, but within defined limits. To them class rules regulate conduct. Marriage may be contracted in the tribe, but not in the same family, or special class, in or out of the tribe. No man may marry into his own class. The strictness with which class laws are observed is surprising. Although the decadence of the race has rendered observance of ancient customs difficult, any infringement of the class system is punished with death. Even in casual amours the law is adhered to. This is true of all tribes. Thus, among the Kamilaroi, a man of class *kubbi* can only marry a woman of class *ippata*. According to the theory of the system, every *kubbi* is husband to every *ippata*, having an admitted right to treat as his wife any woman of that class. Among the Wailwun a man may not take to wife a woman with a name corresponding to his own. Probably the prohibition of certain *totem* and same name relatives to intermarry indicates an intention, at some bygone time, to prevent consanguineous marriages. Class rights exist irrespective of tribal locality. A man capturing a woman in war, or stealing her from another tribe, cannot have her to wife if she belongs to a prohibited class. Marriage is strictly forbidden in the line of uterine descent, or what, by the *totem*, appears to be such.

It will be understood from such singular customs that the lot of woman is an unenviable one. She is a slave. Marriage by capture is common. A young man will secretly follow a tribe to which the maiden on whom he has set his eyes belongs, until a fitting opportunity offers, when he will strike her to his feet, and bear her senseless form away to his tribe. Being thus unceremoniously introduced to her new home, the girl is left to pine and fret until she becomes reconciled to her husband. Frequently, when a man seeks a wife, he will go to a camp where there are men and women, and throw in a boomerang. If it is not thrown back, he enters and selects a wife.

If the boomerang is returned, the wife-seeker has to fight the "sorcerers." This is a contest in which he has to prove himself worthy of the bride. He, armed only with a *heliman*, or shield, has to defend himself from spears which are hurled at him with force and vengeful precision. If he succeeds in this, he must fight a selected opponent with a *waddie*, or club. This is less a trial of defence than of endurance. When the combatant has satisfied the demands upon his warlike powers, he obtains his bride. Among the Wailwun it is the custom when a girl is born to give her to some man to be his wife in due time. It is not uncommon for old men to get young women as wives, and for old women to become the wives of young men. The marriage ceremony is simple, if it exists. When a young man is allowed to marry he asks the parents of the girl who was betrothed to him in her infancy for his intended bride. They, pleased that their early wishes are to be realised, at once arrange for the union. The bridegroom is told by the principal old man in the camp that he can take the girl he desires; at the same time a piece of string, with a knot tied in it, is given him. The mother of either the bride or the bridegroom makes a camp for the young couple, and tells the bridegroom to occupy it. When the bride-elect comes into the camp she is bidden to go to her husband; should she refuse, her relatives use force to compel her, and the two are regarded as married. Men are allowed to have several wives; two or three are common. The widow of a deceased brother may be inherited. Some of the women, when young, are comely in form and feature, with graceful carriage and small shapely hands and feet. The poor creatures lead a hard life, and are subject to constant abuse and ill-treatment at the hands of their husbands. Blows on the head with a stick are a common mode of correction. They are sometimes speared for a slight fault, the killing of a gin not being regarded as a grave offence.

During those periods when nature suggests a cessation of marital intercourse women carefully seclude themselves, sleeping at separate fires, and avoiding every kind of association with others. In 1870, near Townsville, a gin was put to death for having gone into her husband's *mi-mi* at such a time and slept in his blanket. The man did not know until the next day that the girl had used his bed. Upon making the discovery he slew the woman, dying himself a few days later, solely from a dread of evil consequences resulting from the pollution. As children are an encumbrance to wandering races, the women frequently procure abortion, heavy blows upon the abdomen accomplishing their purpose. When this is not desired, women, previous to child-birth, leave the camp in company with a

female companion, and the two form a temporary settlement a few score yards distant. This is done lest there should be a death in the camp, as after a death an encampment is broken up. Infanticide is a common crime. The murder of a newly-born infant is not looked upon as a thing of any moment. Whether a child shall be killed or not is generally decided by the mother's brother, if she has one, and he happens to be present. If his decision is for death the little victim is despatched by a blow on the back of the head, by strangling, or by being choked with sand. It is then buried *sans cérémonie.* It is singular that, while life is so little valued at birth, if the child should live for a few days and then die it would be lamented as if it had been an adult. That this apparent indifference is not caused by any lack of natural affection is shown by the attachment which parents evince for their offspring. These are not spoiled by kindness, but respect and obey the authors of their being. A curious custom prevails among the natives of Leichard River, Carpentaria. The eldest child is treated with much affection until the younger attains the age of manhood. When this happens the father quarrels with his first-born son, beats him, and drives him from the home. A month later the outcast rejoins his tribe, but he remains a stranger to his family.

Among all the tribes sickness is met by kindly attention, by charms, surgical appliances, and medicated baths. A large number of plants are employed for drinks and for external application. A broken limb is bound with bark splints ; snake-bite is treated by scarifying and wetting the wound, and then applying a poultice made of bruised and warmed box-bark. A common method of alleviating pain is by bleeding. This is effected by minute cuts made with flints or mussel-shells. Natives on Darling River believe that sickness is caused by an enemy who makes use of charms. One of these, *yountoo*, is composed of a small bone from the leg of a deceased friend, wrapped in a piece of the sun-dried flesh of a second, and bound with hair from a third. It is placed in the hot ashes of the destined victim's fire, while a small splinter of the bone is cast at him as he sleeps. At the end of five weeks it is buried beneath a fire ; and, as it consumes, the victim sickens and dies, unless the doctor sucks out the piece of bone which is supposed to have entered the body. The *moolee* consists of an oblong piece of quartz, with a piece of string made from opossum fur, fastened thereto with *nynia*, or black gum. The quartz, having been pointed at the person to be killed, is supposed to have entered his body; while the string, having been warmed, placed in human fat, and bound with a dead man's hair, is placed in a fire, where it is left to consume slowly. As it

warms and burns away the doomed man sickens and dies. Both of these charms resemble those once common in European countries. A disease called *Tarree* is common, and usually fatal. It attacks the middle-aged and old ; a hard lump forms in the stomach, while the rest of the body wastes ; the growth eventually causes death by suffocation.

While the medicine-men, "black-fellow doctors," claim the power to heal diseases and remove spells, they are also prepared to inflict evil for a consideration. They are not only doctors (*maykeeka*), but wizards, and adepts in magical arts. To enumerate their practices would fill a volume. A brief notice must suffice. Undoubtedly they understand, and make use of, the hypnotic art. Throwing the subjects into a deep sleep, they will compel them to see visions, reveal secrets, and even pine and die. The possession of some part of the belongings of the subject expedites the magician's plan. This is less wonderful than it appears. The imagination has greater power than is supposed, especially over undisciplined minds. Some black seers are popularly supposed to be able to command the elemental spirits, fetch back departed spirits, and render ghosts visible at camp fires. Hypnotism renders this explicable. Of the practices attributed to these men, that of "taking kidney fat" from their victims is most feared. Belief in their power to accomplish this prevails through the entire continent. In innumerable instances persons have died, believing themselves victims of this art. So real does it seem, that hypnosis is clearly at the basis of the practice. Thus, among the Kurnai, the *brewin*, or wizards, are thought to cast the victims into sleep by pointing at them with the *yertung*, a bone instrument made from the fibula of a kangaroo. Among the Wotjobaluk the victim, after being half strangled, is laid upon his back ; then the *bangal*, or wizard, gets astride of his chest, opens the right side, and extracts the fat from the kidneys. He then joins the cuts, and, after singing his spell, bites them to render the opening scarless. After this he retires, and sings a magical melody which awakens the victim, causing him to stagger, wondering how he came to be "sleeping out there." It is believed that by partaking of a man's fat the eater acquires his victim's strength. So also it is thought that human fat brings good hunting, causes spears to fly true to their mark, or the *waddie* to deal resistless blows.

For men who can accomplish wonders upon the human form divine, "rain-making" must indeed be a commonplace undertaking. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that, throughout Australia, wizards are credited with the possession of this power, which they

exercise in various ways—not always, it must be admitted, with satisfactory results. In the Ta-ta-thi tribe the rain-maker uses a piece of transparent white quartz, which he wraps in emu feathers, having first broken off a small piece, which he spits up towards the sky. The quartz and feathers are then soaked in water, and afterwards carefully hidden. Among the Myappe the entrails of an opossum are steeped in water for some days; when decomposing they are taken out. This, it is believed, will always cause rain. Or a native cat is skinned and hung on a tree for the purpose.

It has been stated that the Australian tribes are wholly without religion. This is an error. They believe that the god who comes down at the *boorrah* is good and powerful; that he saves them by his strength; that he is very ancient, but never grows older. The Mycoolon tribe believe in life, after death, in Yalairy—the road to which is the Milky Way. Here a spirit will look after them, and here they will find trees, water, game, dogs, and their women and children. The practice of knocking out the two front teeth is a religious one. Those who have been so mutilated will have clear water to drink, while others will only have muddy water. The *Jump-up-white-fellow* idea, or reappearance after death as a white man, is likewise indicative of religious faith, and belief in a life after death. The Wathi-Wathi believe that traps are set for the spirits of bad men; if they escape these they fall into hell-fire. The Ta-ta-thi say that a "doctor" once ascended into the sky, and saw a place where wicked men were burnt. *Tharamulun* is believed in as the Supreme Being, but his name is secret, and is only imparted at the initiation ceremony. The women only know that a great spirit lives beyond the sky; they call him *Papang*, or father. These are ancient beliefs, although a careless observer might deem that they had been borrowed from the white men.

The funeral rites of the tribes further indicate the existence of a belief that men die, not as a dog dieth. The tribes on the Page and the Isis, when about to bury their dead, dig a round well-like hole, in which they kindle a fire. When it is burnt, they carefully collect the ashes on a piece of bark, and throw them out. They then inter the dead in a sitting posture. It may be this is an analogous custom to that of some races which bury their dead under the hearthstone. Whatever belongs to the deceased—weapons, rugs, and valuables—are buried with him. Then logs are placed across the grave level with the ground, and roofed over with bark, upon which a mound of earth is raised. Serpentine lines are carved upon

two trees to the north-west of the grave. They say the "black will rise up white fellow." Among the Encounter Bay tribes all the apertures of a corpse are sewn up. The person who performs this service runs some risk if he does not provide himself with a good string; as, if the string should break, it is attributed to the displeasure of the deceased, who is supposed to make known in this manner that he has been charmed by him. In the same manner, if the small quill used as a needle fails to penetrate the flesh easily, the slightest movement, caused by pressing the blunt point into the flesh, is supposed to be spontaneous motion on the part of the corpse, and to indicate that the sewer had caused the death. The Wailwun make great wailing over the dead. They sometimes keep up the nightly lamentation for a year or longer. As a sign of mourning both sexes plaster their heads over with mud or pipe-clay, and then gash themselves with hatchets. At the funeral they dress themselves in different styles, some wearing head-dresses. When a fat man dies they place his body in a forked tree, and anoint themselves with the grease which drops from him. They suppose that this makes them partakers of his health, strength, and virtue. They eat the heart and liver of the dead for the same reason. This tribe buries its dead usually in round or oblong graves. The Kamilaroi cut figures on the trees which grow round the graves, as marks of respect to the dead. Among the Dieyerie tribe cannibal practices of a disgusting description are common as parts of funeral rites. The reason assigned is that the nearest relatives may soon forget the departed, and not be continually crying. It is to be observed that these people do not eat their enemies, but their friends, and that they do this according to a prescribed rule. This is the order in which they partake of their relatives. The mother eats of her children, the children of their mother. Brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law eat of each other. Uncles, nephews, aunts, nieces, grandparents, and grandchildren do the same. But the father does not eat of his offspring, nor the offspring of their father. In Wide Bay the bodies to be eaten are first skinned, and the skin is wrapped round a bundle of spears This relic is carried about with the tribe. In the native wars, in some parts of the country, the men who are killed are eaten by their friends. If they die from wounds during the night they are eaten in the morning. A large hole is dug, and the body is cooked therein in one piece. The inside is not eaten, but buried. The bones are either buried or placed in a hollow tree. Children, too, are eaten when they die.

This strange race is fast disappearing. It may be that the child is even now born who shall hear the last aborigine chant,

> "Shield of Burree, spear and club,
> Throwing stick of Berar bring;
> The broad boomerang of Waroll,
> Waist-belts and pendants, apron of Boodon.
> Jump! jump! use your eyes,
> With the straight emu spear."

C. N. BARHAM.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF FOULON AND BERTHIER.

IN these days of street orators, mass meetings, Socialist tracts, and what not, we may take for granted that our readers know well enough who Foulon and Berthier were. "The magistrate who said that the people might eat grass, and whose severed head, with the mouth stuffed with grass, the people bore on a pike through Paris:"—we have met him in the correspondence of provincial newspapers, nay, even in a sermon preached by a young clergyman in an English cathedral. Foulon's head, with the grass-blades sticking out from between the teeth, and that of Berthier, with the eye knocked out—see the rude woodcut reproduced by M. d'Héricault—are, so to speak, again brought forth, to be paraded as a warning to this generation of tyrants, as to those of France a hundred years ago. Nor is it easy to make reply. We cannot, as with many victims—the baker François, and the poor *Invalide* who had saved the powder magazine—urge that these at least were innocent, that they bore the blame rightly due to those in higher places. No. "They were the unjustest judges, but the sentence upon them was the unjustest that has been passed these two hundred years," must be our only apology for Foulon and Berthier. But that this apology can be made, and has been made by every decent Revolutionist of the time, we trust to be able to show. And we trust, too, to show that the carrying out of that sentence presents details so revolting, so opposed to every tradition of Englishmen, that even a Socialist may think twice before holding it up for imitation on this side of the Channel.

J. R. C. Foulon, or Foullon, successive Intendant of the army, the navy, and the finances, aged seventy-four in 1789, had been for twenty years the man of all others hated by the Parisians. Wherefore? The causes are far to seek. "He possessed," writes one of the incendiaries of the *Révolutions de Paris*, "riches ***unheard-of inconceivable, amazing.***" "That is not a hanging matter," retorts Montjoie, in

the rival journal *Ami du Roi*, which, moreover, combats the statement. And indeed the manuscript note given by Foulon's family to the historian Louis Blanc avers that Foulon's capital, at death, was actually less than would have been, at compound interest, the fortune inherited from his father. He had not been a servile courtier. In past years he had been exiled to his estate for opposing the policy of Calonne, Marie-Antoinette's beloved Minister. Among the general charges of avarice, harshness, and peculation, we find the special ones of having dishonoured France by his cruel counsels during the Seven Years' War, of being enriched by monopoly and by the Famine Pact, and of having advised national bankruptcy. But Louis Blanc himself has to admit none of these accusations have been proved, and that even the too celebrated saying, "Let the people eat grass," is disavowed by Montjoie, and is given only as an *on dit* by the most savage of pamphleteers. However these things may be, Foulon was popularly surnamed *Cœur de bronze*, and each change of Ministry renewed the dread of seeing him among the newly appointed. "Never fear," said a young Englishman at the Café de Foi, during one of these periodic panics, "it is not M. Foulon's turn."

"How so?" asked his eager neighbours.

"Because French finance is like the ague, there is a good and a bad fit by turns, and now it is time there should be a good one."

Calculations were made, the Englishman was declared to be in the right; and, in laughing at the notion of a financial ague, the fear vanished for a while. But it revived again, and with tenfold force, during the agitations of the first months of the States-General. Foulon had been named as the adjunct of Broglie, Commander-in-chief of the troops which were supposed to be threatening Paris. He had, indeed, declined the appointment, pleading his age; but he was believed still to be aiming at a place in the Ministry, and to be secretly counselling anti-popular measures. Two memoirs, of very different purport, were presented by him to the King. The one suggested that Louis should himself lead the Revolution, outvieing the Duke of Orleans, and winning the people's hearts by his concessions to the National Assembly; the other, that he should nip it in the bud, arrest the leading Democrats, and proclaim martial law until order was re-established. Had the people got wind of this? We shall never know. But Marie-Antoinette confided, in alarm, to her lady-in-waiting, that Madame Adelaide had the imprudence to have these memoirs read aloud before an audience which was supposed to be trusty; that among these was her illegitimate brother, the

Count of Narbonne, known to be on intimate terms with Mme. de Staël, and, through him, the secret may easily have worked round to the Necker household.

Fiacre-Nicolas Berthier de Sauvigny, son-in-law of Foulon, owed his place as Intendant of Paris to the favour, not of his father-in-law, but of his own father, the late Intendant, and President of the Paris Parliament. Berthier senior had been a good-natured simple man, who made no enemies, and who was only laughed at for his nickname of President *The Same*, because, unskilled in pronouncing judgments, he bade his secretary whisper to him the right thing to say; and once, when the same judgment was to be pronounced on two cases, the secretary whispered "The same," and "good M. Berthier" repeated naïvely, "The same."

Berthier *fils* did not get off so well. Bitter complaints were made of his harshness towards poor suitors, of his remissness in attending to them, of his haughtiness even towards his equals. It is his apologist Montjoie who tells, professedly from an eye-witness, the story of the old peasant, poorly but decently dressed, who in the early months of 1789 entered Berthier's cabinet to ask a favour.

"Grant this, monseigneur, and it will be the joy of my old age. Restore me my son, who has been drawn for the militia."

Berthier replied dryly, "That cannot be."

"Monseigneur, I bring you his ransom," drawing out some crown-pieces.

"That cannot be," reiterated Berthier, with a forbidding gesture.

"It is very little, I know; but, on my honour, it is all I can spare."

"That cannot be."

"Monseigneur, I have seven children; fate has been very hard on me, it has struck the best and strongest, the stay of his family; restore him to us, I pray you."

"I cannot."

Then (but this part of the story has a suspicious look of being made after date) the old man drew himself up, and with an accent of suppressed fury, pronounced, "Well! my son must go; but you, ruthless man, heart of steel, soul of bronze, you, a father yourself, receive the curse of a father. God's hand is on you, your end shall be terrible, you shall die in the Place de Grève, and that at no distant season."

Thus, all minds were ready to take alarm at the news that Berthier was named Intendant of the "Counter-revolutionary" army; and every wild tale against him received a ready credence. He had

given orders, it was said, to mow down the green corn for forage fo the cavalry, he had drawn up secret lists of proscription against th "friends of the People," he had distributed powder and shot to th camp at Saint-Denis. It seemed confirmation of these suspicion that, at the very moment before opening fire on the Bastille, a courie was captured with despatches for Berthier, and with one also for th governor of the Bastille, De Launay. The latter was opened it counselled resistance. The besiegers judged that Berthier's letter would be to the same effect; in their eyes, the men were all in on plot, and deserved to die together.

At seven o'clock that same evening—the very time that De Launay's head was being carried through the streets on a pike—Berthier cheerfully entered the King's apartment. "Well, M. Berthier," said the King, with his usual *insouciance*, "what news? Wha is doing at Paris? how about the troubles?"

Berthier, either really blind, or with that "ostrich-policy" which was to be the bane of all parties in turn, replied, "Why, Sire, all goes fairly well; some slight movements have been promptly repressed, and nothing has come of them." Others, however, were more far-seeing. The daughters of the two doomed men had long been urging their respective fathers to quit the Court. On the night of the 15th, Berthier found it convenient to be summoned on urgent business to Mantes. And the next day bells were rung and mass was sung for Foulon, and a funeral was conducted with all the splendour befitting an Intendant. "We have frightened him to death," wrote exultantly Camille Desmoulins to his father; and the people, at the Palais-Royal, blessed its enemy for having for once shown tact, and removed himself from the world so conveniently. But had they had among them the wise kinsman of Glenara to "dream of the shroud," they would have known that "empty that shroud and that coffin did seem." Or, at least, that the contents were a log, or, according to another version, the body of a valet of Foulon's, who had died very opportunely, and who, so said the newspapers when the trick was discovered, would have marvelled much to see the pomp of his burial.

Meanwhile, the living Foulon lay hidden at the château of his friend M. de Sartines at Viry, near Fontainebleau; while Berthier, still nominally busied on State affairs, went on to Meaux, then to the house of his married daughter at Soissons, and finally, on the morning of Saturday, July 18, to Compiègne. As his cabriolet entered the town, he was recognised by two masons at work on a house-front. Descending from their scaffolding, they arrested him then and there.

And Berthier submitted at once, without even demanding their warrant. Fatal docility! lamented his friends; but probably the event would have been the same in any case. In a moment the tocsin was ringing, the guard had turned out, the Municipality had taken its seats at the Hôtel de Ville, and Berthier was brought before it. He was put under ward, with twenty-four men in his chamber, while the Municipal Council despatched a letter "not to the Court or the Parliament, which would have condemned this irregularity," but to a body in itself irregular, the Assembly of the Electors of Paris sitting at the Hôtel de Ville, informing them that the inhabitants of Compiègne had arrested Berthier, "*sur le bruit que la capitale le faisoit chercher*," and asking for further orders.

The Parisian Electors, much perplexed, probably each man thinking, with the Mayor Bailly, that "there was danger for Berthier in bringing him to Paris, danger for us in releasing him," listened in fear to the report of the irritation at Compiègne, recapitulated the grounds of complaint, and finally decreed to send a troop of four horsemen from each district "to place the prisoner in safety." Two Electors, André de la Presle and Étienne de la Rivière—the latter stigmatised by Montjoie as "an obscure lawyer, overwhelmed with debts," and (this certainly unjustly) "with the bearing and the soul of a police agent"—accompanied the band to give a show of legality, while three others went to Berthier's hotel in Paris, to place seals on his papers. The troop, 240 in all—too large, as men afterwards recognised, to get the prisoner away quietly, too small really to protect him—"marched as if to victory." At every stage there was the same question, "Whither go you?"—"To fetch the ex-Intendant."—"We will come with you," and soon the number of the volunteers equalled, nay, overpowered, the original force. The commandant, d'Ermigny, judged it wise to make his troop halt some three leagues short of Compiègne, but he could not get rid of the volunteers; and it was at the head of these men, all incensed against Berthier, that the Electors, at two in the morning, entered the Hôtel de Ville at Compiègne, and were introduced to the room where the wretched Berthier was lying awake on his bed, in the midst of dice-playing, smoking, drinking, and all the riot of a guard-chamber. He rose and dressed, and got into d'Ermigny's cabriolet, the Compiègne guard accompanying them for the first stage; and the troop retraced its march, the volunteers flowing in as before.

Almost simultaneously, a like scene was being enacted at Viry. That same day, July 21, M. de Sartines' valet ran to Grappe, the village syndic, displaying triumphantly a letter which had just been

handed in to the address of M. Foulon. Grappe straightway sounded the tocsin, and having gathered together some National Guards, he entered M. de Sartines' park, and found there an elderly gentleman taking an evening walk.

"What do you here?" demanded Grappe.

"I am taking the air."

"Your name?"

"I am named Foulon."

"You are indeed he whom we seek." Straightway the old man was seized, struck at, spat upon, his hands were bound, and he was fastened to the tail of a cart. A garland of nettles was flung round his neck, with a truss of hay behind and a bunch of thistles before, while his captors, laughing, thrust grass-blades into his mouth, bidding him taste and see how he liked it. "How he sweats!" they cried, as the heat of the July night told on him; and they rubbed his face with nettles. In this wise they dragged him on foot all the long five leagues to Paris, and at four in the morning of July 22 deposited him at the house of the Elector Acloque, in the Faubourg Saint-Marcel. His faithful servant had followed him all the way, and had received some of the blows that were meant for his master.

About the same hour, Lally-Tollendal, at Versailles, was startled from sleep by the sound of sobs and wailing. He opened his curtains, and beheld a young man, death-pale, who, throwing himself on the bed, faltered through his tears, "Ah, Monsieur, you have spent fifteen years in defending the memory of your father. Save the life of mine!" It was Berthier's son. Lally's filial heart was touched; and as soon as possible he presented the youth to the Duke of Liancourt, President of the National Assembly. But unluckily that day there was no *séance*. Application was then made to the King, who dictated a letter of indemnity for Berthier. "Vain intervention! Louis XVI. had already ceased to be king."

The Parisian Electors, already embarrassed, and dreading the arrival of Berthier, were doubly perturbed at having Foulon thrust on their hands before five in the morning. They procrastinated, deferred matters to the sitting of the General Assembly at nine; and when that hour came, they hurriedly decreed to send all political prisoners to the Abbaye Saint-Germain to await trial. The Mayor Bailly was for transferring Foulon thither at once, but others, unwisely, advised waiting for the shades of night. Foulon was therefore detained, first in the public hall of the Hôtel de Ville, and was afterwards—on account of a woman's coming in and uttering threats and curses against him—secretly removed to a private chamber, and placed

under guard of four sentries. His servant remained with him, and likewise his son, who had hastened thither on hearing of his arrival. Meanwhile Lafayette and Bailly, more than ever alarmed for Berthier, sent orders to his conductors to halt for the night at Bourget, and to make their entry into Paris in the calm of the morning.

At noonday Bailly was called from his committee-room by the voice of the people crying for Foulon. Standing on the terrace-steps, at the head of all the priests among the electors, he delivered a harangue in favour of moderation, of respecting the law, the safeguard of innocence ; he expressed certainty that Foulon would be proved guilty, but said that until that was so, neither he, the Mayor, nor they, the people, had the right to be his executioners. This seemed to appease those within hearing, but from the distance there still came the cry, "He is judged! Hang him! Hang him!" Lafayette had already been sent for. But he was going his rounds, and could not be found immediately. Meanwhile, a fresh deputation went down, and returned in terror. "We shall all be massacred! They think we have let M. Foulon escape! Where is he? We must show him to the people."

The Electors rushed to the hall where they had last seen Foulon. He was not there. "Where is he?" they cried, and, like men distraught, they ran here and there, opened this door and that, and at last found the room where he had been consigned with his son and servant. Young Foulon, thinking the end was come, burst out crying and weeping, while the servant, his long-sustained courage all at once forsaking him, fell on his knees, and with clasped hands faltered, "For God's sake, gentlemen, spare a poor serving-man! I am innocent, I swear I am innocent. For mercy, get me out of this, remove me from my master." Then, emptying his pockets, "Here, gentlemen, there are four louis, a crown-piece, and my gold watch. If I must die, I pray that these may be conveyed to my wife."

The trembling servant was got away, and Foulon was forced to show himself at the window overlooking the Place. A cry of savage joy arose, and next moment the barriers were forced, the sentries were repelled, and a furious multitude filled court, stairs, and hall, each man crying "Give us M. Foulon!" An Elector, La Poize, made himself heard: "Gentlemen, every criminal ought to be judged and condemned by justice. I trust I see here no executioner."

"Yes! let him be judged on the spot, and hanged!"

Another Elector, Osselin, sprang on the bureau: "Gentlemen, no one can be judged without judges. Let us send M. Foulon before the tribunals."

"No, no! Judged—judged on the spot, and hanged!"

"Then you must name judges."

"We have no right to do so. Do you name the judges."

"It was a piteous spectacle," wrote Bailly afterwards, "ourselves catching at every pretext to gain time, and this overwhelming multitude doing all it could to hasten matters." Two unwilling priests heard their names called out. "But those are not enough," said Osselin; "there should be at least seven judges." Five more names were added. "Now you want a recorder." "That shall be you!" "And an attorney to pronounce the accusation." "M. Duveyrier!"

The Elector Duveyrier rose obediently, and asked, in due form, of what crime they accused M. Foulon.

"He has oppressed the people, he has said it might eat grass, he has tried to make a bankruptcy, he is in the Court plot, he has bought up wheat!"

Still another delay was attempted. The two priests first named demurred, pleading their office. "They are right," cried some voices. "No, no!" cried others, "they dally with us! The prisoner is escaping, we must see him!" And they rushed forward, brandishing their bare arms, shaking their fists, making the gesture of cutting a throat, and thundering at the door of Foulon's chamber.

"For mercy, gentlemen, a word, only one word!" cried an Elector. "Name four men among yourselves to guard M. Foulon, and make them swear they will do him no harm."

Everyone volunteered. The four nearest the bureau were accepted. The door was opened, and they rushed into Foulon's chamber. The rest kept up the cry, "Well! why do you delay? pronounce your judgment!" and the Electors, fearing for their lives, awaiting Lafayette "as a becalmed ship awaits the wind," gained a minute or two by proposing to choose two more judges in the place of the defaulting curés.

"MM. Bailly and de Lafayette!"

Bailly blessed himself ever afterwards that he was absent. A substitute was found for him: the Electors refused to accept any for Lafayette—the only man who might possibly curb this fury. The cries redoubled—"Bring forth M. Foulon!"

"But you will maltreat him!"

"No, no; you shall see we will not!" And the ringleaders, intertwining their arms, cleared a space. Foulon, with his son by his side and his guards around him, walked forth with firm step, and climbed to the low chair that had been set for him on the bureau.

"You seem very calm, monsieur?" remarked an Elector. "Calm!" replied Foulon. "Guilt alone, monsieur, can trouble the countenance." In the midst of cries, "Hang him! Hang him!" of offers, unheeded, from sundry Electors, to stand as hostage, the welcome sound was heard, "Room for Lafayette!" At the sight of the great man, the storm sank as by a spell. Lafayette was able to speak for half an hour, in words that have been commended or censured as conciliatory or the contrary. "I have never respected this man, I consider him as a great scoundrel. But he has accomplices: he must reveal them. I am about to send him to the Abbaye, there to undergo judgment, and condemnation to the infamous death which he has merited."[1]

Thunders of applause followed. "M. de Lafayette speaks well!" cried two of Foulon's self-chosen guards, leaping on the bureau. "To prison with him!" Foulon, thinking himself saved, joined, according to one version, in the applause; others say he himself tried to speak and move the people. Whatever it was, it had a contrary effect to what he intended. "They understand each other!" so rose the murmur. "There is treachery!" A well-dressed man advanced to the bureau—"What need is there to judge a man who has been judged these thirty years?" Then, with a new cry, "Here comes the Palais-Royal! the Faubourg Saint-Antoine!" a new crowd rushed in, sweeping before it the old crowd, the Electors, and everything, upsetting Foulon's chair and dragging him away, just as Lafayette gave the unheeded order, "Take him to prison."

What followed, historians have shrunk from telling. The old man was forced to the lamp-iron at the corner of the Place de Grève, there made to kneel and beg pardon of God and the King, to kiss the hand of one of his captors; and then, while mud and stones rained upon him, a noose was slipped over his neck. An unskilled executioner, fumbling with the cord, kept him swinging some minutes before he could even get his feet off the ground. At last it was effected. The cord broke, and Foulon fell on his knees. Remaining thus, he raised his tear-stained eyes, and uttered his last appeal for life—"I have but a few years to live: let me spend them in a dungeon." No use; the cord was hastily spliced, and the victim was hauled up again. Again the splicing gave way—"Ah! it is too much!" cried an assistant, drawing his sabre. "Put him out of his misery."

"No, no; we must fetch a new cord." This was done, and the

[1] This is the substance of the harangue as reported in the newspapers. A softer version was published by the Electors a year later, but was suspected of being a "cooked' production.

victim was kept alive for another quarter of an hour of outrage and mockery. This third effort was successful; and the corpse was cut down, to be instantly seized upon, stripped, mangled in the most revolting manner, the head was lopped off with a sabre, and the teeth forced asunder for a mouthful of grass to be thrust in, while the body was dragged by a cord in the gutter. The Electors first learned what had happened by a man coming in with Foulon's gold snuff-box and silver-buckled shoe, and demanding a receipt for them. Others, with that ostentation of honesty which the Revolutionists affected, followed with hat, gloves, handkerchief, two watches, scent-bottles, an empty purse (this looked a little suspicious), and another containing eleven louis, two six-sou pieces, and a silver medal.

This was the first news to greet Bailly when he came out of his committee-room at five in the evening. Bad enough, but there was more to follow. The Elector La Presle, one of those charged to conduct Berthier, came in fear and trembling to announce that it had been quite impossible to obey the order to sleep at Bourget. The volunteer guards had usurped the command; and Berthier, escorted by an overwhelming crowd, was on his way, and might be expected at the Hôtel de Ville in a few hours.

That journey had been a long slow agony for all concerned in it. All the way the road was lined with peasants, men, women, and children, crying "Hang him!" Fists were shaken, sticks brandished, and loaves of black bread were thrown into the carriage, with cries, "There, wretch, see what thou makest us eat!" Weary as men and horses were, no halt was practicable before arriving at Louvres, about two in the afternoon. And scarce had Berthier been conveyed to a private chamber, when he was dragged down again by a furious mob, crying "Quick, to Paris! Let us get there by daylight!" He was forced into the cabriolet, from which the hood had been broken. D'Ermigny mounted, and "let himself be led," while La Rivière, "devoting himself on one altar with the victim," took his seat in the carriage beside the prisoner. The cries and the insults continued, and in the midst of it all, Bailly's letter arrived, with the order to halt at Bourget. La Rivière read it aloud to the prisoner, who took some comfort from it, and begged him to thank M. Bailly and the Electors for the pains they took for his safety.

A ruffian, with "eyes starting from his head, hair standing on end," pressed through the throng, and crying, "Let me drink his blood!" aimed a sabre cut at the prisoner. La Rivière threw himself before him. "Down! get down, Elector!" cried the crowd, and several muskets were levelled at the cabriolet. Berthier joined his

voice to those of his enemies. "Why should there be two murders? Save yourself, monsieur; let me perish alone." "I think," he added later on, "they are irritated to see me without a cockade. Pray lend me yours." The Elector did so, but as Berthier fixed it to his hat, it was torn from him and trampled under foot. Another was handed to La Rivière, with orders not to part with it. "Then let us take our hats off," said Berthier; and they remained bareheaded in a drizzling rain. By six o'clock they reached Bourget, and the postilion was turning into the inn yard, but the escort forced him to keep the straight road, and pointed bayonets at him when he tried to dismount. "No, no; time presses, thou must go to Paris!" Hereabouts, it seems, an attempt was made in the prisoner's favour. A man in the Arquebusiers' uniform, with a fairly numerous following, tried to break through the crowd; but he was recognised as an enemy and was driven back.

At La Villette, Berthier was dragged from the carriage by two of the original escort, and flung backwards and forwards between them like a shuttlecock, while others cut and broke the roof of the carriage till little remained but the seat. The prisoner was then allowed to get back. The rain increased. "Hat on!" cried the people to La Rivière, but he obeyed them not—Berthier's life was safe so long as he could not be distinguished from his companion. As they drew near Paris, the cries changed. "Here he comes, the wretch, the aristocrat, the *accapareur*, the flour-merchant! Hang the scoundrel! *A la lanterne!*" "I swear to you," said Berthier, putting on his most touching air, "that I have never bought or sold a grain of wheat." "Oh! the wretch!" cried his adversaries; "look at him, he can still smile!"

At the Barrière Saint-Martin was, perhaps, the worst humiliation of all. The gateway was blocked by a cart loaded with staves rudely inscribed: "HE HAS ROBBED FRANCE AND THE KING." "HE HAS DEVOURED THE SUBSTANCE OF THE PEOPLE." "HE HAS BEEN THE SLAVE OF THE RICH AND THE TYRANT OF THE POOR." "HE HAS DRUNK THE BLOOD OF THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN." "HE HAS CHEATED THE KING." HE HAS BETRAYED HIS COUNTRY." The people yelled for Berthier to get in. The Elector pleaded for his own sake: he was bound to remain by the prisoner, "and truly, I should not care to be seen entering Paris in that vile cart." The assistants therefore contented themselves with carrying the staves alongside of the carriage, and keeping two bayonets pointed at the prisoner's breast. When the barrier was opened, there came forth a procession. First, a troop of women,

singing and dancing to military music; then men in civilian dress, crowned with laurel and bearing torches; soldiers, five hundred in number, from all regiments. "Music, drums, flags, naught is lacking to the cortège; it appears a triumph. Doors, windows, balconies are filled; all rejoice at the sight of a hated enemy."[1] The party which was carrying Foulon's head tried to present it to his son-in-law, but could not come at him for the press. La Rivière saw them, and tried to divert his companion's attention. The movement had a contrary effect. "What is," asked Berthier, "that frightful mass of bloody flesh I see in the distance?"

"It is the head of De Launay," replied the Elector, considerately.

Berthier believed him, but from that moment his countenance changed, and as they passed a church, he said to his companion, "I should think these outrages without parallel, save that Jesus Christ has suffered worse. He was a God; I am but a man."

The courier whom Lafayette had sent with an order to convey Berthier at once to the Abbaye, could not even make his voice heard, nor would the escort have heeded it. It was now a quarter to nine, and for an hour the Mayor and Assembly at the Hôtel de Ville had heard the cries, "Berthier is coming!" La Rivière, at the prisoner's request, procured him a glass of lemonade, and then deposited him in the chamber where Foulon had been, and where Foulon's son was waiting in fear till he could venture to creep home under cover of darkness.

Lafayette had filled the hall and the terrace with National Guards armed with bayonets. Berthier, escorted by a selection of these, was brought before the Assembly. He entered with the step and the countenance of a man wearied out, but with studied unconcern, his right hand in his breast, and his left in his waistcoat pocket. The Mayor addressed to him a few questions for form's sake.

"Have you aught to say in your defence?"

"I have not yet heard of what I am accused."

"Where have you been since the 12th instant?"

Berthier recapitulated his movements.

"What has become of your papers?"

"I have only a kind of address on me," and he drew it from his pocket. "The papers relative to my administration ought to be in my bureaux; my portfolio is in my servant's hands, and I know not where he may be. But may I observe that I have passed three or

[1] Newspaper *Révolutions de Paris* (hostile to Berthier), which gives a picture of the procession.

four nights without sleep, having a guard day and night in my room? I beg you to allow me to take some rest."

Bailly dared not let him out of his sight. A few more minutes were taken up with the reading of the procès-verbal of the municipality of Compiègne. But then came the same cries as those of the morning, "The Faubourg Saint-Antoine! the Palais-Royal!" The same crowd burst in, forcing the guard, pressing every one towards the bureau. Bailly saw the prisoner turn pale. For himself, he faltered, "Messieurs—the result—our deliberations of the morning—We must transfer him to the Abbaye."

"Yes, yes!" cried the Electors.

Bailly gave the order, adding, "The guard is answerable for his safety to the nation and to the town of Paris." Berthier walked unmolested towards the door. On the threshold he turned to La Rivière: "I am going to prison, and I have no money." The Elector handed some louis to him—with a sigh, for too well he foresaw that the doomed victim would never more need money. And perhaps by this time Berthier knew it too. At the sight of the sea of furious faces he recoiled. "*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" he said, "this people is strange (*bizarre*) with its cries!"

As he spoke, he was seized and dragged to the lantern. Wrenching a musket from one of his guards, he struck wildly right and left with the butt end. It was in vain: he was disarmed, thrown, trampled on, the cord was passed round his neck. The bystanders heard his last appeal for life, for a legal trial. "Save me, my friends; I promise you a million." Soldiers of the Royal-cravate regiment held him down by the head, arms and legs, while one of them, with his cutlass, slashed the struggling body asunder, and then, with the aid of a comrade, hacked off the head. A man in civilian dress, thrusting his arm into the open wound, tore forth the still-beating heart, and throwing it to another man wearing a dragoon's helmet, who in the scuffle had fallen across the body, said to him: "Dragoon, justice is done. Carry them this heart." The helmet-wearer set off at full speed and, followed by a hundred accomplices, burst into the hall where the Electors were still assembled, and held out to them his ghastly trophy. "Behold the heart of Berthier!" At the sight, one Elector fainted; others, sickening, averted their heads, or remained as if paralysed. "Deliver me," cried Lafayette, "from a charge where I am forced to be the witness of such horrors!"

Such is the history of the "Justice of the People," as recorded by the most calm and moderate of writers. We have left out twenty atrocities, as insufficiently authenticated, though they come to us less

from the party which shuddered at the deed than from that which gloried in it. One abomination, however, is attested on the authority of thirty witnesses—that the ruffian who carried Berthier's heart, ran with his prize from the Hôtel de Ville to the Café de Foy, where he squeezed it into a tumbler of brandy, tossed off the infernal mixture, and then, with gory lips, trolled out the popular air, "Non, il n'y a pas de bonne fête où le cœur n'entre pas!"

Chateaubriand has recorded, in his florid style, the revulsion of feeling produced in him—an enthusiastic youth, hitherto ardent for the new ideas—by the sight of the two pale heads borne on pikes. Berthier's body was dragged in the street by the light of torches, to the cry, "Here comes M. Berthier! Here comes the ex-Intendant!" and it was thus seen, and his decease solemnly certified, by a commissioner summoned for the purpose by a creditor of Berthier's. Next morning, when the deed was made known in the National Assembly, there was one thrill of horror, real or affected. Lally-Tollendal renewed and obtained his proposal for a solemn Address from the Assembly to all good citizens, inviting them to peace and order, and to the insuring of a legal trial to all accused persons. Mirabeau despatched his celebrated "Nineteenth Letter to his Constituents," deploring the excesses, and urging that steps should be taken to restrain them, but at the same time advancing the dangerous plea that there had been a "Court plot," and that, if it had triumphed, greater slaughter would have been made than had now been made in repressing it. "Is the blood which has been shed so very pure?" asked the eager young Protestant, Barnave, from Grenoble—words which gained him the surname of "Tiger Barnave" for the rest of his life, and many a taunt and bitter allusion which may puzzle readers who know him only from Lamartine, where he appears as playmate to the little Dauphin on the return from Varennes. Lafayette duly sent in his resignation of "a command in which I am powerless to enforce obedience." But, since he confided to Bailly—and Bailly has naïvely recorded it—that he had not the least expectation of being taken at his word, there seems some ground for Montjoie's sarcasms about the "solemn farce," the circular letter sent to the districts as a hint to them to reply with petitions, the President of the Electors privately called out of the hall to rush back and horrify his colleagues with the dreadful news that their protector was going to leave them, and then the kneeling at the Commandant's feet, the tears, the embraces, the promises from the districts to behave better in future, and the final yielding of the eulogised Commandant to "gentle violence." — "Well played," comments the bitter narrator, "but what

good will it do to two bereaved families ?" In truth, little was done for them. The suggestion of some newspaper, that the nation should adopt Berthier's eight children, seems to have passed unheeded. While pamphlets swarmed, each more vile than another—"The Truss of Hay, or the Tragic Death of a new-made Minister;" "The Last Will and Testament of Judas-Ravaillac-Cartouche de Foulon;" "The Torn Papers" (an allusion to some documents which Foulon was alleged to have torn up with his teeth when arrested); "Procession, Requiem, and Burial of the High and Mighty Seigneurs Foulon and Berthier, suddenly dead in the Place de Grève;" "The Tyrants Destroyed," an appeal to the example of Samuel and Agag; "Les Enragés aux Enfers," a dialogue, Lucan-fashion, of Foulon and Berthier with the victims of the taking of the Bastille—while the tree in the Palais-Royal, already placarded with "The Crimes of Foulon and Berthier," now displayed the "new and impromptu" epitaph:

> Ci-gît Foulon, ci-gît Berthier,
> Ils sont morts sans bénitier—

while in the print-shops the "Patriot Calculator," in National Guard's uniform, contemplated with pleasure five severed heads ranged on his desk, and calmly noted down, "From 20 take 5; there remain 15"[1]—while Revolutionist journals bade all accomplices of Foulon and Berthier "find legs to escape the lantern," and Camille Desmoulins portrayed the "Traitor Marquis" ferried to hell, to meet on the brink Desrues, the noted poisoner, with the rope round his neck, and Foulon, Berthier, and others, carrying their heads on pikes, Saint Denis fashion—while the milliners' shops bloomed with ribands *couleur sang de Foulon*—a few sober historians, Rabaut Saint-Étienne, Moleville, and the "Two Friends of Liberty," deplored "a deed worthy of South Sea Islanders," and urged, in phrases borrowed from Mirabeau, that "*society will be dissolved* if mob-law is allowed to continue," for "in the midst of anarchy even the despot appears as a saviour." Respectability, when it is allied with ruffianism, must prove that it is respectability by lifting up its eyes and its hands in horror, but it dares not effectively rebuke or restrain its ally, and it rarely cares to put itself to expense beyond the aforesaid hand and eye-lifting, which comes cheap.

In one pamphlet, gravely satirical, the "Executeur des Hautes-Œuvres" solemnly resigns his function in favour of five hundred amateurs, and rejoices that the illiberal prejudices against his trade are giving way, and that an "Act of Liberty," or of the Lantern, will

[1] The libels of the past month had devoted twenty heads to the popular vengeance.

hitherto be as honourably esteemed as an *auto-da-fé* in Spain. And in truth, these, the first executions made in cold blood, first awakened the love for executions. A workman asked how the day had gone would reply, "Indifferent well; the Lantern has never stirred." Passers through the Place de Grève became used to the sight of a man astride the lamp-iron, calling to a half-shocked, half-amused audience, "For God's sake! bring me an aristocrat. I'm in a hanging mood!" Bailly has recorded his disgust at meeting a band of street boys carrying on spits the heads of two cats, which, he judged, had not died a natural death; and it was perhaps under his influence that the *Chronique de Paris* inserted the tale of the little girl who, seeing such a troop enter the courtyard, ran screaming to Papa, lest they should attack her Minet. Every possible excuse was made for the People. Garran-Coulon, of the Electoral Assembly, did his best to demonstrate that there had been a plot, and to find proof of it in the formal demands and receipts for powder and ball that composed the bulk of the ex-Intendant's correspondence; and a suggestion was put forward—to be much combated by the Royalist journals—that the agitation against the two victims was really got up by their aristocratic accomplices, dreading the revelations which might be made in the event of a legal trial. Especial horror was felt for the "cannibal dragoon," and, to palliate his conduct, it was averred that he had his father to avenge, slain by Berthier (When? and how? asks the journal *Impartial*). His comrades, it was added, eager to wash the stain from their regiment, drew lots to challenge and fight him in turn, and they slew him the same night. But all this is mythical. The man was captured six months later, and turned out to be no dragoon at all, but a professional cook, whose skill in carving had brought him into request at popular executions, and who had picked up a helmet dropped by one of the Prince of Lambesc's dragoons in the Tuileries gardens. When arrested, he expressed much surprise. "Why, gentlemen," he said, "I am a very good citizen; it was I who cut off De Launay's head, and who carried Berthier's heart on a sabre," and he added that he had written to several National Deputies requesting a medal for his services in ridding the world of a monster. Interrogated, he said nothing about the blood-drinking, but owned that he had carried Berthier's heart through the streets, that he had remarked "that this action was not universally approved," and that, finally, after supping with his comrades at a restaurant, with the heart on the table before them, he had thrown it from the window to the populace, who were calling for it. The man who actually struck the death-blow was never identified.

Jourdan Coupe-tête claimed the honour, and, in his turn, demanded a medal ; but he was not one who would scruple to accept a laurel or two more than were rightly due to him.

In considering this, as almost every other crime of the Revolution, we are divided between wonder at the fury of the lawless side, and at the utter weakness and inefficiency of the law-abiding. It is the same story as that of the September massacres ; while unarmed prisoners are being slaughtered in the streets, a batch of Municipals solemnly walk out to remonstrate with the slaughterers, and in a minute or two as solemnly retire, "having found their own lives in danger." Bailly, almost before he has time to be shocked at the "terrible news" of Foulon's murder, feels his heart leap at the thought, "Anyhow *I* was not there" (*Je m'applaudis de ne m'y être pas trouvé*), and, even while taking such steps as he can with safety for the protection of Berthier, his attitude is that of a Pilate, anxious above all to wash the stain of blood from his own hands. "All that human power could do was done to save Foulon and Berthier," writes some memoirist, as if human power ever could avail aught against superhuman frenzy. Superhuman devotion in man or woman—it is more usual in woman—may prevail, and effect the rescue of an Abbé Sicard, or of the father of a Mlle. Cazotte or a Mlle. de Sombreuil ; and, at the least, it wins the admiration even of the slayers, and possibly softens their hearts for another occasion. Had the philanthropic and learned Bailly shown half the vigour of his brother-Mayor of Versailles, who, on the day of the massacres, ran out and guarded with his body the cart that carried the prisoners ; had one Elector of all that assembly but said plainly that he would not see a vile deed done, that for love, not of those who deserved legal punishment, but of the law which was violated in punishing them illegally, and of the people which dishonoured itself by violating the law, he would defend with his life the cause of justice, then, possibly, the tide of fury might have been turned, and two oppressors might have gone to their graves with the execration they merited, and would not have been transformed into almost martyrs, victims of an inexcusable frenzy. And the defenders of the law would have reaped the benefit in the end. Bailly, Osselin, and doubtless many another in that Assembly, if we had the patience to search out their names in the records of the Revolutionary Tribunal, fell victims in their turn to "the vengeance of the people." As for "Tiger [illegible]" he wept when Foulon's son sought him out and showed [illegible] him o[illegible] —the conciliatory one—of the memoirs offered by his [illegible] for the guidance of the King. But remorse came

too late. The time was drawing near when Barnave was himself to be condemned as an aristocrat. As the cart conveyed him to the scaffold, two middle-aged, respectably-dressed men barred its passage. "Barnave," said they, in low distinct tones that were heard through all the shouts of the crowd, "is the blood that will be shed to-day so very pure?"

E. PERRONET THOMPSON.

THE GRINDSTONE THEORY OF THE MILKY WAY.

THE original conception of the "grindstone" or "disc theory" of the Milky Way, although usually attributed to Sir William Herschel, is certainly due to Thomas Wright of Durham, who first published the theory in the year 1750 in a work entitled "An Original Theory or New Hypothesis of the Universe, founded upon the Laws of Nature, and solving by Mathematical Principles the General Phænomena of the Visible Creation ; and particularly The Via Lactea. Compris'd in Nine Familiar Letters from the Author to his Friend." This work is very rare. Even the great library of the Poulkova Observatory, Russia, does not possess a copy, and t appears from the writings of Kant, Struve, and Arago that neither of them had seen an original copy of Wright's work. On the title page of the copy belonging to the Library of the Royal Astronomical Society (from which the extracts in the following pages are quoted) there is a manuscript note by Professor De Morgan (author of "The Budget of Paradoxes"), in which he says that he had only seen three copies of the work, one of which "had an ingenious attempt to alter MDCCL into MDCCC, which could only be detected by looking through the back of the page"—an attempt probably made by some unscrupulous person to try and prove that Wright's views were not published till 1800, or a date subsequent to the appearance of Sir W. Herschel's earlier papers.

Thomas Wright was born on September 22, 1711, at Byer's Green, near Durham, and died at the same place on February 25, 1786. He seems to have been an observer especially of comets, and a computer of their orbits. He published some other works, and acquired such a reputation by his writings on navigation that in 1742 he was offered the professorship of navigation in the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg.

In the seventh letter of the work referred to Wright says: "Let us imagine a vast infinite Gulph, or Medium, every Way extended like

a Plane, and inclosed between two Surfaces, nearly even on both Sides, but of such a Depth or Thickness as to occupy a Space equal to the double Radius, or Diameter of the visible Creation, that is to take in one of the smallest Stars each way, from the middle Station, perpendicular to the Plane's Direction, and, as near as possible, according to our Idea of their true Distance;" and again, "If your Opticks fail you before you arrive at these external Regions, only imagine how infinitely greater the Number of Stars would be in these remote Parts, arising thus from their continual crowding behind one another, as all other Objects do towards the Horizon Point of their Perspective, which ends but with Infinity. Thus, all their Rays at least so near uniting, must meeting in the eye appear, as almost, in Contact, and form a perfect Zone of Light; this I take to be the real Case, and the true Nature of our *Milky Way.*" Here we have the "disc theory" clearly propounded.

Herschel was, however, the first to put this theory to the test of observation. Let us consider the principle on which his observations were based. If we suppose the stars to be uniformly scattered through a space extending to the same distance in all directions, with the observer's eye placed nearly in the centre, it is evident that the number of stars visible in the field of the telescope directed to different portions of the stellar vault would be nearly the same for every position of the telescope. But let us suppose that the stars are equally distributed, not in a sphere, but in the form of a cylindrical disc—like a grindstone—of a small thickness in comparison with its diameter. In this case—if the stars near the borders of the disc are within the range of our telescope—there will be seen in the direction of the diameter of the disc a very large number of stars, and in that of the thickness, or axis of the disc, a comparatively small number. In other directions the number visible will be proportional to the length of the visual ray. It follows, therefore, that an enumeration of the stars visible in various directions would enable us to determine the exact form of the stellar stratum, and also the position of the observer in the interior of the disc. For, as the volumes of spheres vary as the cubes of their radii, the number of stars visible in any two directions would be proportional to the cubes of the distances to which the stratum extended in the two directions. For example, if in the field of view of the observing telescope ten stars are counted in one direction and eighty in another, the length of the visual rays will be as one to two (or as the cube roots of one to eight). From the observed numbers, and a comparison between the area of the field of the observing telescope and the total area of the star sphere,

the length of the visual ray, compared with the mean distance of stars of the first magnitude, may also be computed.

In pursuance of this method Sir W. Herschel undertook a series of "gauges," or counts of stars, visible in different portions of the sky with a reflecting telescope of 18·8 inches aperture. The magnifying power used was 157, and the diameter of "the field of view" about fifteen minutes four seconds of arc, or about half the moon's apparent diameter. It may be shown that the area of this field of view is equal to that of the whole celestial sphere divided by 833,000. It would, therefore, be necessary to count this immense number of fields in order to "gauge" the whole visible heavens. Herschel's gauges number about 3,400, so that in reality he examined only a small fraction of the celestial vault. The number of stars visible in these gauges range from 0 to 588. This latter number, large as it is for so small a field of view, would give for the whole heavens—if equally rich—a total of 489,804,000 stars, a number which, although absolutely large, must be considered as comparatively small if we consider space as infinite in extent.

Herschel's gauges were made along a great circle of the celestial sphere at right angles to the course of the Milky Way. This section was inclined at an angle of 35 degrees to the celestial Equator. It intersects the Milky Way at right angles, and passes close to the Galactic poles. On one side of the star sphere it cuts the Milky Way in the two branches in Aquila, and at the opposite side in the southern portion of Monoceros near Canis Major. Herschel found the greatest diameter of his stellar stratum to have an extension of 850 times the mean distance of stars of the first magnitude; the thickness at right angles to the diameter of the disc—or in the direction of the poles of the Milky Way—being 155 of the same units. In this hypothetical disc the sun is not quite centrally placed either in the direction of the thickness, or in that of the diameter of the disc. In the direction of the thickness he found an extension of 75 units towards Coma Berenices, or Northern Galactic pole, and 80 units towards Cetus, or the Southern pole. In the direction of the diameter the maximum extension is in the direction of Aquila, where we have distances of 497 and 420 units. Between these two branches lies a void gulf, of which the nearest point to the sun is at a distance of 220 units. In the opposite direction the extreme distance of the borders of the disc is at 352 of the same units, in that portion of the Milky Way above Canis Major.

Herschel estimates the average distance of stars of the sixth magnitude—about the limit of ordinary eyesight—to be twelve times

the average distance of stars of the first magnitude. Now, with a "light ratio" of 2·512, I find that the average distance of stars of the eighth magnitude will be 30·14 units of the adopted scale, the distance of ninth magnitude stars 47·76, and of tenth magnitude stars 75·72 of the same units. From this it follows that a telescope which shows stars to the tenth magnitude only should suffice to pierce through the thickness of the stellar disc in the direction of the North Galactic pole. As this is probably *not* the case, it would seem that Herschel's assumed dimensions are too small. Assuming his figures, however, let us consider how the "disc theory" agrees with observation. As the late Mr. Proctor has shown, the stars visible to the naked eye alone show a marked tendency to aggregation on the Galactic stream. My own investigations on the subject confirm the correctness of this conclusion. Now, as the average naked eye can only penetrate to a small distance in any direction of the disc, we should find the number of naked eye stars nearly the same in all directions, with of course a nebulous background. There seems, therefore, no reason why the naked eye stars should be more numerous in the direction of the Milky Way than in any other direction. It may, however, be objected to this argument that the tendency of the lucid stars to crowd on the Milky Way is not sufficiently well marked to warrant us in drawing any decided conclusion from their apparent distribution over the celestial vault. Let us, therefore, consider the observed distribution of stars to the eight and ninth magnitudes, of which the limit in distances fall well within the thickness of the hypothetical disc. Struve found that for the hours VI. and I. of Right Ascension the ratio of stellar density is about 3 to 1 for stars to the ninth magnitude, included in a zone from 15° North Declination to 15° South Declination. Argelander's maps show that for a distance of 30° on each side of the centre line of the Galactic zone the stars to the eighth magnitude inside these limits are more numerous than those outside in the ratio of about 2 to 1. For stars of the ninth magnitude this ratio is nearly 2½ to 1.

Adopting Struve's method of counting the stars in a zone from +15° to −15° of Declination, I have made a careful enumeration of the stars to the eighth magnitude inclusive, as shown in Harding's charts, which are fairly complete for stars of that magnitude, at least in the selected zone. The results I have found show that the maximum number of stars occurs in the hour XVIII. to XIX. (Milky Way), where the number contained in the zone is 611, and the minimum in hour I. to II., where the number is 275. This gives a ratio of 2·22 to 1. Another maximum occurs in hour VI. to VII. (Milky Way),

where the number is 601. The average for the whole zone is about 436 stars per hour of Right Ascension; the average for the hours V. to VIII. being 543, and for the hours XVIII. to XXI., 581. We see, therefore, that the stars down to only the eighth magnitude show a strongly marked tendency to aggregation on the Milky Way stream.

These results are quite inconsistent with the "disc," or "grindstone" theory of the Milky Way. As the stars are, by this hypothesis, supposed to be uniformly distributed throughout every part of the disc, and as the limiting distances for stars of the eighth and ninth magnitudes fall well within the boundaries of the disc, there is clearly no reason why stars of these magnitudes should not be quite as numerous in the direction of the Galactic poles as in that of the Milky Way itself. We see, therefore, that the disc theory fails to represent the observed facts, and that Struve and Proctor were fully justified in their opinion that the theory is wholly untenable and should be abandoned. These views are of course strengthened by the fact that the disc theory was abandoned by Herschel himself in his later writings. In his paper of 1802 he says: "For though our sun, and all the stars we see, may truly be said to be in the plane of the Milky Way, yet I am now convinced by a long inspection and continued examination of it, that the Milky Way itself consists of stars very differently scattered from those which are immediately about us." And in his paper of 1811 he says: "An equal scattering of the stars may be admitted in certain calculations; but when we examine the Milky Way, or the closely compressed clusters of stars of which my catalogues have recorded so many instances, this supposed equality of scattering must be given up." In his paper of 1817 Herschel expresses his opinion that although a large number of stars visible in the field of view of the gauging telescope would generally indicate a great extension of stars in the line of sight, these "gauges" in reality point more directly to the relative condensation of the stars in space, and show the varying richness of star distribution in different regions of the heavens. Here we have the fundamental assumption of the theory abandoned by the author himself.

The "disc theory" of the Milky Way has—like many other errors—persistently held its ground in astronomical text books, and it certainly does seem strange that the opinions held by Herschel when, as Proctor says, "his labours were but beginning, should be adopted by f[illegible]tronomers in preference to those which were the fruits of his [illegible]ence."

J. ELLARD GORE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, NATURALIST.

IT is one of the properties, so general as to be almost worth calling a *differentia*, of the Anglo-Saxon race to take kindly to what is loosely styled "natural history." What manner of history that may be which is "unnatural," or "not of Nature," in one or other of her thousand aspects, no mortal has yet discovered or shall discover. In our popular phraseology, meanwhile, we are pleased, without much show of either reason or consistency, to narrow down the term within limits which, in truth, are wide enough, but yet fall far short of the whole significance of the words themselves. Greek and Latin writers were fond of the grammatical figure whereby the part is substituted for the whole; we in these days seem to prefer the converse method, and wastefully employ, in many instances, "the whole for the part." It is in this spirit of limitation that by "mathematics" we are accustomed to indicate only one small branch of the Tree of Knowledge; by "music," only one of the arts with which the Sacred Nine were identified. With us to-day the lawyer is the only recognised "solicitor," the funeral-furnisher the sole authorised "undertaker"; none other is suffered to usurp these titles, solicit he never so wisely, undertake he never so much or so expensively. So it is also with our "natural history," which, as we understand it, signifies the inquiry into the characteristics and economy of the animal world, as represented by fowl of the air and beast of the field, by thing creeping and thing swimming, by whatever, in short, has a conscious life, man himself alone being excepted. This of all histories it is that commands a never-failing quota of students, the only one, indeed, upon which we as a nation seem to enter with a congenital enthusiasm. We do not necessarily make a labour or a parade of it, wearying ourselves and our neighbours with minute subdivisions and scientific classifications; that must ever be the privilege of the few. But we, most of us, are aware of an instinctive leaning to at any rate a rough-and-ready acquaintance with the subject. It is but seldom that an English boy does not evince, in one direction or another, a

decided taste for historical studies of this character. And we carry it with us blithely, often as the sole remnant of our blitheness, into the dreary region of middle life, where it helps mercifully to beguile the dead level of that particular mill-round to which destiny or desperation has chained us. There is, too, a special vitality attaching to the literature of natural history. Humes and Gibbons have their little day and give place to others, but we never grow tired of such books as "White's Selborne" (of which last year was the *centenary*), or "The Gamekeeper at Home."

Little apology, then, is needed for drawing attention to the Shakespearean treatment of so favourite a study. Such attention has already in some measure been drawn by the publication of Mr. Harting's work on "The Ornithology of Shakespeare," which renders it unnecessary in these pages to devote any specific consideration to feathers. But fur, scales, and other integuments remain to us. Accustomed though we be to think and boast of our great dramatist's encyclopædic genius, we cannot without close survey adequately realise the meaning of our own words. To "tell a hawk from a heronshaw" were perhaps no great feat even for an amateur naturalist in Elizabethan days; but to have something to say about almost all the British birds at that time identified is a little remarkable in one whose allusions to ornithology were meant to be merely parenthetical. That the same lay mind should also have been able to introduce shrewd comments on the great majority of quadrupeds then known to exist in this and other countries, together with frequent notes on the fishes, insects, reptiles, and crustaceans, is enough to stagger all save the most loyal believer in the unity of Shakespearean authorship.

That all our so-called domestic animals should be mentioned *passim* is only what we might reasonably expect. The faithful enumeration, however, of all, or nearly all, the *varieties* is worth noticing. Under the head of cattle, for instance, we find not merely the *bull*, *cow*, *ox*, and *calf*, with the metaphorical *mooncalf* ("Tempest," ii. 1, and iii. 2), but also *kine*, *steer*, *heifer*, and *neat* (still current in Suffolk and perhaps in other counties). "Neat's tongue" is more than once employed as a term of abuse, as, *e.g.* by Falstaff in "Henry IV.," Part I. ii. 4; and the same word is turned to account in one of Shakespeare's many freaks of paronomasia. Leontes says ("Winter's Tale," i. 2):

> Come, captain,
> We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
> And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
> Are all call'd neat.

"Neat's leather," again, is twice used in a quasi-proverbial sense, first by Stephano ("Tempest," ii. 2), who describes Caliban as "a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather," and secondly by a cobbler in the opening scene of "Julius Cæsar," where, in essaying to satisfy the angry Tribune Marullus on the score of his character and means of decent livelihood, he protests: "As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handywork." It was, no doubt, a common idiom in Shakespeare's day. "Sheep" (sometimes also "sheeps") as a generic term occurs frequently; and we need not be very close students to mark here and there the more particular "wether," "ewe," and "ram," as well as, of course, "lamb" and "lambkin." "Bell-wether," in a tropical sense, we may read in one of Falstaff's extravaganzas ("Merry Wives of Windsor," iii. 5).

When first, and why, the eminently sagacious ass was selected as a type of doltishness it were doubtless no easy matter now to determine; but the choice was a singularly bad one. Of patient endurance, its really distinguishing characteristic, it would have furnished a far happier illustration, for, depend upon it, maugre the seeming paradox, the ass is no fool. The popular prejudice, however, three centuries ago, decided otherwise, or perhaps was inherited from yet more remote generations, and has been faithfully handed down without change to our own times. *Pons asinorum* is probably the most widely known shred of Anglo-Latin that British scholarship, if indeed it be of our own devising, has yet accomplished—and the most inane. The only ass spoken handsomely of or to in Shakespeare's plays is Bully Bottom in that guise; while, on the other hand, the opprobrious application of the name meets us at every turn. "What an ass art thou!" heartily ejaculates Speed to Launce ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," ii. 5): "Preposterous ass!" cries Lucentio, seeking to drown Hortensio's music; even Caliban thus reproaches himself ("Tempest," v. 1):

> What a thrice-double ass
> Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
> And worship this dull fool!

Antipholus of Ephesus says blandly to Dromio, "I think thou art an ass," which provokes the retort ("Comedy of Errors," iii. 1):

> Marry, so it doth appear,
> the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
> ald kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass,
> eep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

often, some eight times in all. In

"Henry VI." (Part II. iv. 1) Suffolk objects that "the honourable blood of Lancaster" should be shed by one who had kissed his hand, held his stirrup, and "bareheaded plodded by my foot-cloth mule." Shylock, again, argues that the Jew's pound of flesh is as much his own as the "asses, dogs, and mules" which Christians buy and count their own property. But it has never been a prevalent beast of burden in these realms. *En revanche*, the horse is abundantly recognised. Everyone remembers Richard's despairing cry, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" ("Richard III.," v. 4), but a fine simile in "Measure for Measure," i. 2, is possibly not quite so familiar. Claudio, lamenting the severity of "the new deputy now for the Duke," wonders whether the strictness of the new *régime* be due to

> the fault and glimpse of newness,
> Or whether that the body public be
> A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
> Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
> He can command, straight lets it feel the spur.

We read, too, of "unback'd colts" ("Tempest," iv. 1), of the "malt-horse," a term applied contemptuously to a dullard ("Comedy of Errors," iii. 1), of "hobby-horses" ("Much Ado About Nothing," iii. 2), "hackneys" ("Love's Labour Lost," iii. 1), and the Duke says of Touchstone, "He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit." We may even trace a few of the expressions which we still use to distinguish the colour of the animal. A groom in "Richard II.," v. 5, speaks of the day "when Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary," and Edgar, in "King Lear," iii. 4, complains of the foul fiend, who made him "proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges."

But of all animals employed in the service of man none is noticed more frequently than the dog. The mere enumeration of the various species is remarkable from its fulness. There are two passages, one in "Macbeth," iii. 1, the other in "King Lear," iii. 6, in which a catalogue of breeds is given. The two together probably exhaust, or nearly so, the list of dwellers in Elizabethan kennels:

> (1) As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
> Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
> All by the name of dogs.
>
> (2) Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,
> Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym,
> Or bob-tail tike, or trundle-tail.

Some few of these are still extant, notably the mongrel and the cur, and the names of others, now obsolete or otherwise designated,

explain themselves. *Brach* Professor Skeat defines to be "a kin hunting-dog," which no doubt is true, as far as it goes—though t after all, is no great distance. The word occurs again in "The T ing of the Shrew," i. 1, where we have "brach Merriman," and huntsman is charged to "couple Clowder with the deep-mou brach"; and also in "Henry IV.," Part I. iii. 1, where Hot would rather hear "Lady, my brach, howl in Irish," than the lady in Welsh. "Lady, the brach," is to be found, too, in "King Le i. 4, on which passage Mr. Aldis Wright has a note to the effect "a brach was a bitch hound"—but how does this agree with br Merri*man*?—"Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) '*Braque*, a kind of short-ta setting-dog; ordinarily spotted, or partie-coloured.'" The pre identity is a matter for "the fancy" to determine. A *lym* *lyam*) was a bloodhound, said to have been so called from the "le or leash with which he was held; but the derivation sounds a l feeble, for at that rate all dogs held in leash would be "lyı and the bloodhound is certainly mentioned in his own name, a "Henry IV.," Part II. v. 4. The *spaniel*, or Spanish dog, and cringing ways were evidently well known. "I am your spaniel," s Helena ("Midsummer Night's Dream," ii. 1),

> and, Demetrius,
> The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
> Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
> Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
> Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

"Where's my spaniel Troilus?" cries Petruchio ("Taming of Shrew," iv. 1), while Proteus, speaking of Silvia ("Two Gentler of Verona," iv. 2), declares that

> notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
> The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
> Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
> The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

Falconry has long ceased to be reckoned among our pop pastimes; though not actually extinct it has become so limited exceptional that perhaps not one sportsman in a thousand has (seen it in operation. But coursing survives, and in some favoı districts is practised as ardently as ever it was. The many allus in Shakespeare to the *greyhound* prove conclusively that in his the sport of hare-and-hounds was well patronised. "I see stand," says the king ("Henry V.," iii. 1), "like greyhounds in slips, Straining upon the start." Edward and Richard are like ("Henry VI.," Part III. ii. 5) to "a brace of greyhounds Having fearful flying hare in sight." Even in "Coriolanus" (i. 6) the sir

of "a fawning greyhound in the leash" is introduced, and the "two brace of greyhounds" sent to Timon of Athens (i. 2), though a remarkable present in the circumstances, may be noted as another instance of British sports transferred by a stroke of the dramatist's pen to classical soil, for coursing, as we understand it, can scarcely have been known to either Greek or Roman. "How does your fallow greyhound, sir?" asks Slender ("Merry Wives of Windsor," i. 1); "I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall;" and Benedick declares that Margaret's wit is "as quick as the greyhound's mouth—it catches" ("Much Ado About Nothing," v. 2). We may further observe that literary fox-hunters seldom describe what they elegantly style "a real good thing" without (perhaps unwittingly) drawing upon Shakespeare for one of their commonest phrases. "The music of my hounds," and "the musical confusion Of hounds and echo in conjunction" are both from "Midsummer Night's Dream," iv. 1. Even the humble beagle finds a place in the list. Sir Toby Belch, in his cups, it is true, pays Maria the compliment of comparing her to "a beagle, true-bred."

Launce's "Crab, my dog," though he be, as his master thought, "the sourest-natured dog that lives," a grievous disappointment to him who had "brought him up of a puppy," having "saved him from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it," will never be forgotten. His pedigree is not given, but perhaps we shall be doing him no great injustice if we range him among the "curs," or "curtals" ("Comedy of Errors," iii. 1). We may hope, too, that Launce himself was never called upon to undergo either of the trials suggested in the lines (*Id.* v. 1):

> The venom clamours of a jealous woman
> Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

Finally, let us note the figurative value of the animal in the three canine metaphors, "let slip the dogs of war" ("Julius Cæsar," iii. 1), "dog-weary" ("Taming of the Shrew," iv. 2), and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek's "I am dog at a catch" ("Twelfth Night," ii. 3). When all is said and sung we shall probably not quarrel with Pistol's dictum that "Hold-fast is the only dog" ("Henry V.," ii. 3) worth owning.

From the dog the transition is natural and easy to the "harmless, necessary cat" ("Merchant of Venice," iv. 1), to which there are several allusions of a more or less compromising character. It is well known that "Care killed a cat" ("Much Ado About Nothing," v. 1); but even that unhappy end sounds preferable to the method intimated by Benedick, who, when Don Pedro predicts that he will one day abandon his celibate principles, incontinently cries, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me" (*Id.* i. 1). There is an

uncomfortable ring, too, in Bottom's declaration that he "could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split" ("Midsummer Night's Dream," i. 1). What exactly was the predicament in which "the poor cat i' the adage" found herself we can but conjecture. But the saying, "as vigilant as a cat to steal cream" ("Henry IV.," Part I. iii. 1), possibly affords some clue to the various straits in which feline existence has constantly been exhibited. "As a cat laps milk" ("Tempest," ii. 1) is another Shakespearean idiom to indicate extreme facility. On the whole, we may fairly assume that "the ramping cat" ("Henry IV.," Part I. iii. 1), whether "graymalkin" ("Macbeth," i. 1), or "gib" ("Hamlet," iii. 4) has ever had—in this country, at least—a troublous career, and even the *post-mortem* honours accorded to the race have never been on a par with those voted to deceased tabbies by the ancient Egyptians.

With the goat and the pig the catalogue of domestic animals—of domestic quadrupeds, at any rate—comes to an end. Falstaff denounces Evans as a "Welsh goat" ("Merry Wives of Windsor," v. 5); "I will fetch up your goats, Audrey," says Touchstone ("As You Like It," iii. 3); and "gall of goat" is one of the ingredients of the witches' cauldron ("Macbeth," iv. 1). The line "Some men there are love not a gaping pig" ("Merchant of Venice," iv. 1) comes with special force from Shylock's lips, and contains one of the three references to the beast under that title. The alternative synonyms, however, are to be met with pretty often. Queen Margaret, in the course of a curiously withering diatribe, applies to Gloster the not too flattering sobriquet of "thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog," and the expression "a hog in sloth" occurs in "King Lear," iii. 4. Again, "how like a swine he lies!" is said, with much truth, of the intoxicated tailor, Christopher Sly ("Taming of the Shrew," Induction), while "pearl enough for a swine," may be read in "Love's Labour Lost," iv. 2.

It must be admitted, then, that Shakespeare has dealt on the whole very handsomely by the tenants of stall, stable, kennel, and sty. Not only are they all mentioned by name, but of several of them the salient features are noticed in a manner which marks the careful observer. We have now to examine his attitude with regard to animals *feræ naturæ*. Here, too, shall we discover a breadth of view and a shrewdness of perception which cannot but arouse our respectful astonishment and admiration. We can point to scarcely one British quadruped—those species, of course, being excepted which have been distinguished and classified since his era—of which he has not something to say and something worth saying. Nor is his range

limited by either "British" or "quadruped." The entire animal world, as known in his time, is his "oyster."

To begin, however, with our indigenous varieties, and taking them in the order adopted by Professor Bell in his standard work on the subject, we come first to the cheiropterous bat. The most superficial reader of Shakespeare must needs be familiar with Ariel's song, and the line, "On the bat's back I do fly." The same play mentions "bats" among the "charms of Sycorax" (i. 2), and also furnishes us with an allusion to the still extant sport of "bat-fowling" (ii. 1). The witches in "Macbeth" included "wool of bat" in their pharmacopœia, among other more or less nauseous ingredients. For a picturesque image of the night-watch we have, "Ere the bat hath flown His cloistered flight" (*Id.* iii. 3), and the old English nomenclature is preserved in Titania's words, "Some war with reremice for their leathern wings, To make my small elves coats." "Reremouse" is said to survive to this day in some of the western counties. The "thorny hedgehog," with his synonyms of "hedgepig" and "urchin," was evidently no favourite at the time when these plays were written. Lady Anne uses the word as a term of abuse in her violent altercation with Gloster ("Richard III.," i. 2); Caliban complains of being "frighted with urchin shows," and of the spirits which, in all manner of shapes, never leave pursuing him, sometimes in the guise of apes, sometimes ("Tempest," ii. 1)

> like hedgehogs, which
> Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
> Their pricks at my footfall.

Few even of professed naturalists have ever heard the voice of this little animal; but it did not escape the ear of the all-observing playwright, who in the sentence "and thrice the hedge-pig whin'd" ("Macbeth," iv. 1), is held by competent judges to have expressed as nearly as may be the mixture of grunt and squeak which constitutes the phenomenon. His notes on the mole, or mold-warp ("Henry IV.," Part I. iii. 1), are equally suggestive of careful observation. No one who has lived at the distance of half a dozen miles from Charing Cross can have failed to notice that "the blind mole casts copp'd hills towards heaven" ("Pericles," i. 1), but the pen of none but a naturalist could have written, "Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall" ("Tempest," iv. 1), for its remarkable hearing powers are to this day unknown to the vulgar. Hamlet's "Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the earth so fast? a worthy pioneer," may also be fairly cited as the words of one who had evidently seen with his own eyes something of that marvellous

swiftness which here furnishes so apt a simile. To object that he habitually speaks of the creature as "blind" is only to say that he lived before the days of scientific zoology, and that he took for granted what, even in this epoch of enlightenment, probably nineteen out of every score of English folk are likewise content to accept without question. Both otter-hunting and badger-baiting must have been practised in Shakespeare's time, but not more than a single reference to either beast is to be extracted from his dramas. Sir Toby Belch employs the old title of the latter in a vituperative vein, "Marry, hang thee, brock" ("Twelfth Night," ii. 5), while the former is decried by Falstaff as being "neither fish nor flesh" ("Henry IV.," Part I. iii. 3). The weasel, on the other hand, whose name is the next on our list, is honoured with several "mentions," none of them, however, strictly "honourable." "A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen as you are toss'd with," says Lady Percy to her husband in "Henry IV.," Part I. ii. 3. "As a weasel sucks eggs," is the phrase in which Jaques expresses his own adroitness in sucking "melancholy out of a song"; "as quarrelous as the weasel" is a comparison used by Pisanio in "Cymbeline," iii. 4, and, again, in "Henry V.," i. 2, we read :

> For once the eagle, England, being in prey,
> To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
> Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
> Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
> To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Another member of the *Musteladæ* family, the fitchew, more commonly known as the polecat, is mentioned by one or other of those names some five times. "Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure!" says Mrs. Quickly, and "you polecat!" in an objurgatory sense appears in the next scene of the same comedy ("Merry Wives of Windsor," iv. 2). The word does not occur in any other play. "Fitchew," however, we find in "Troilus and Cressida," v. 1, and in "King Lear," iv. 6; from the lips of Cassio, too, proceed the words, "'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one!" which reminds us of a third name—that of foumart—in which this animal rejoices. The wild cat was certainly much commoner three centuries ago in this country than it is now. It is the only species of the *Felidæ* indigenous to Britain, and is on the high-road to extinction. In the dense woods of Warwickshire, however, Shakespeare may well have seen it. The expression "your cat o' mountain looks" seems to argue that he was no stranger to its physiognomy. This is to be read in "Merry Wives of Windsor," ii. 2, and Shylock's remark, "he sleeps

by day more than the wild cat," also betrays some knowledge of its habits. Katherine the Shrew is compared to a wild cat (i. 2), and the curious phrase "more pinch-spotted than pard or cat o' mountain" is put into the mouth of Prospero ("Tempest," iv. 1), to be explained perhaps no one precisely knows by what ingenious hypothesis.

Those who are curious in such matters can no doubt discover the date of the first fox-hunt, as that sport is now understood, in this country. We read in Shakespeare of falconry, coursing, and the chase of the stag, but the brave tod-hunter was as yet uncreated, or his exploits were not glorious enough to lend the poet so much as a metaphor. The fox is mentioned, it is true, many times, but never as an object of pursuit. Helena says of Hermia ("Midsummer Night's Dream," iii. 2) that "she was a vixen when she went to school," and the epithet is still occasionally applied to womankind. The usurer's gown was "furred with fox and lamb skins" ("Measure for Measure," iii. 2). Most of the allusions, however, bear reference to vulpine craft and cunning. Thus Gloster says ("Henry VI.," Part III. iv. 7):

> But when the fox hath once got in his nose
> He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Wolsey is described as "this holy fox" ("Henry VIII.," i. 1); the expression "fox in stealth" is used in "King Lear," iii. 4; and Gremio warns his hearers that "an old Italian fox is not so kind" ("Taming of the Shrew," ii. 1). These are only a sample of many such figurative applications of Reynard's widely recognised idiosyncrasies.

Queen Mab's chariot was "an empty hazel nut, made by the joiner squirrel," and "the squirrel's hoard" was offered by Titania to Bottom, who, in his then condition, had a preference for "a bottle of new hay" or "a handful or two of dried peas." We find the name of the shadow-tail's little cousin, the dormouse, only once in the whole Shakespearean range, and then not in a literal sense. "To awake your dormouse valour" ("Twelfth Night," iii. 2) is, nevertheless, an idiom which clearly proves that the writer was well aware of the natural history of *Myoxus avellanarius*.

To "mice and rats and such small deer" there is no lack of reference. "Not a mouse stirring," is the soldier's reply to his officer's inquiry whether he has had a "quiet guard" ("Hamlet," i. 1). "I never killed a mouse nor hurt a fly," declares Marina in "Pericles," iv. 1, and a few scenes above are the lines—

> The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
> Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole.

"The very rats instinctively have quit it," is said of a rotten vessel like to sink ("Tempest," i. 2). A time-honoured, though utterly cruel, method of getting rid of superfluous rodents of this species is referred to in "Measure for Measure," i. 2, where we read—

> Our natures do pursue,
> Like rats, that ravin down their proper bane,
> A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

"There be land-rats and water-rats," argues Shylock ("Merchant of Venice," i. 3); "Take these rats thither to gnaw their garners" ("Coriolanus," i. 1), says Marcius; "I have seen the time," boasts Shallow, "with my long sword I would have made yon four tall fellows skip like rats" ("Merry Wives of Windsor," ii. 1). The hare as a symbol of timidity is mentioned more than once, the coursing propensities of the age making it no doubt one of the best known of the British fauna. Other peculiarities are noted by Portia, who says, "Such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple" ("Merchant of Venice," i. 2), and by Edgar ("King Lear," iii. 4), who attributes to "the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet" the power of making, among other mischief, "the hare-lip." The rabbit comes in for some little notice, and chiefly under his alternative title of cony. "Cony-catching" is spoken of as a kind of last resource for the destitute, much as we in these days speak of "sweeping a crossing." "I must cony-catch, I must shift," says Falstaff at a time of special impecuniosity. "Cony-catching rascals," too, is a phrase which even now may be heard in some counties, where the time of the rural Bench is mainly occupied in awarding condign penalties to those who have rashly trespassed in pursuit of poor Bunny. He was evidently considered a worthy denizen of the larder, for Moth speaks of "a rabbit on a spit" as a familiar spectacle ("Love's Labour Lost," iii. 1), and in "Taming of the Shrew," iv. 4, we read of one to whom a strange experience befel "as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit."

The three species of the genus *Cervus* which occur within these realms are all represented in this wonderful encyclopædia. We may take it that the red deer was in Shakespeare's mind's eye when he wrote the Tyrtæan lines uttered by Talbot ("Henry VI.," Part I. iv. 2):

> If we be English deer, be then in blood:
> Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
> But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
> Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
> And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.

On the other hand, the "poor sequester'd stag," which so moved the heart of Jaques, the "sobbing deer" to which we owe one of the

most pathetic pictures in all poetry, clearly belonged to a herd of fallow deer, described in the same passage as "poor *dappled* fools." "Pricket," the technical term for a two-year-old buck of this species, is found in "Love's Labour Lost," iv. 2, where also (v. 2) we read, "Whip to our tents, as roes run over land." This third and least species is referred to once again in the phrase "fleeter than the roe" ("Taming of the Shrew," i. 2). It is scarcely necessary to add that the terms *buck*, *doe*, *hart*, *hind*, are found too often to need any special mention of chapter and verse.

When we turn from native to exotic zoology the same catholicity awaits us. Wild-beast shows were no doubt to be seen in England from time to time in the reign of Queen Bess, and Shakespeare must have studied them with extraordinary diligence, or his many happy descriptions and criticisms would never have occurred to him. *Quadrumana* he deals with by name of ape, monkey, and baboon, the first title being by far the most frequent. "Apes that mow and chatter at me and after bite me," says Caliban, and again ("Tempest," iv. 1), "apes with foreheads villanous low." In "Merry Wives" we have both "John ape" (iii. 1) and "Jack-an-apes" (iv. 4), and in "Cymbeline," ii. 2, the well-known "O sleep, thou ape of death." An excellent simile, too, is Falstaff's "Or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons." A curious converse of the Darwinian theory is suggested by Apemantus; "the strain of man's bred out," he says, "into baboon and monkey." Proceeding in alphabetical order we are next met by the bear. Bruin is one of Shakespeare's favourites—for literary purposes, at any rate—and appears in various situations, though almost always with a bad character. The frequent "baiting" to which he was subjected is brought to our notice in many passages, in none, perhaps, more forcibly than "Henry VI.," Part II. v. 1:

> Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
> That with the very shaking of their chains
> They may astonish these fell lurking curs.

Noteworthy and suggestive idioms are also the "cub-drawn bear," the "head-lugg'd bear" ("King Lear," iii. 1 and iv. 2), "as ugly as a bear" ("Midsummer Night's Dream," ii. 2). "Bear-herd" and "bear-ward" pleasantly remind us that in one respect at least we are less bearish than our fore-bears; "the rugged Russian bear" ("Macbeth," iii. 4) is likewise of some interest to us in this age. Nor must we take our leave of Bruin without referring to the obscure lines in "Julius Cæsar," ii. 1, where, *inter alia mirabilia*, we are told that bears "may be betrayed with glasses." There is reason

to believe that this hints darkly at the horrible practice of blinding the animals reserved for subsequent "baitings." The boar is another favourite. Petruchio, describing a stormy sea, says that he saw it "rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat" ("Taming of the Shrew," i. 2); in "Cymbeline," ii. 5, Iachimo is compared to "a full-acorn'd boar, a German one"; while in "Antony and Cleopatra," ii. 2, we read of "eight wild boars roasted whole at breakfast." Of the civet we can trace scarcely any direct mention from the zoological point of view; but its use is sufficiently indicated in "As You Like It," iii. 2, "The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet," and Touchstone enters into some particulars as to the source whence the perfume is derived. Hence another designation of the animal, viz. "musk-cat" ("All's Well That Ends Well," v. 2). "Thou owest the cat no perfume," says Lear (iii. 4), and again (iv. 6), "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination." From the civet to the camel is a far cry, but not too far for Shakespeare, who could not have expressed the *raison d'être* of the Ship of the Desert more adequately or more succinctly than he does in the words, "a drayman, a porter, a very camel" ("Troilus and Cressida," i. 2), or have paraphrased the Bible text more neatly than in "Richard II.," v. 5:

> As thus,—"Come, little ones;" and then again,—
> "It is as hard to come, as for a camel
> To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."

A modern writer has described the elephant as "a square animal with a leg at each corner and a tail at both ends"; a shrewder, and at the same time truer, remark is that of Ulysses ("Troilus and Cressida," ii. 3), "The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure." He is also, as we are informed in "Julius Cæsar," ii. 1, sometimes "betray'd with holes," a phrase which the commentators explain by referring to a passage in Pliny which deals with the method of capture adopted in Africa. "The Elephant," as the sign of an inn, occurs in "Twelfth Night," iii. 3.

The ferret is mentioned in "Julius Cæsar," i. 2, in the course of a not too complimentary allusion to the greatest of Roman orators:

> And Cicero
> Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
> As we have seen him in the Capitol,
> Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

And another animal, whose temper is commonly supposed to be

none of the sweetest, despite his affectation of mirth, serves Rosalind as a pleasant simile in one of her flirtations with Orlando. "I will laugh," she says, "like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep."

It would have been a sad blot on Shakespeare's scutcheon had he treated our patron beast with scant ceremony. Happily the allusions to the "King of Beasts" ("Richard II.," v. 1) are plentiful and eulogistic enough to satisfy the cravings of the most ardent Jingoism. What can be more gratifying than Bottom's dictum, "for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living"? Again, "this grisly beast, which lion hight by name," is held forth to us as one which, even when weakened by our common enemy, is by no manner of means to be trifled with ("Henry VI.," Part II. v. 3):

> Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
> That winter lion, who in rage forgets
> Aged contusions, and all brush of time,
> And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
> Repairs him with occasion.

too, in "Richard II.," v. 1:

> The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
> And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
> To be o'erpower'd.

Speed, observing a change in his master's demeanour, rallies him with many smart quips, reminding him how he was wont, when he walked, "to walk like one of the lions" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," ii. 1), no doubt shaking as he went "the dewdrop from his mane" ("Troilus and Cressida," iii. 3), *à la* Kenealy. Let us notice also such phrases as "the kingly lion," "as valiant as the lion," and sundry other sentiments flattering to leonine pride, while we mark the fate of him who "once did sell the lion's skin, while the beast liv'd" ("Henry V.," iv. 3). The leopard, with its *aliases* of pard and panther, was evidently no stranger, menagerie-wise, in Britain, but Shakespeare is drawing the long bow when he represents it, as he does in "Titus Andronicus," ii. 2, as haunting the neighbourhood of the Tiber; Marcus was certainly exaggerating the capabilities of his hunt when he said, "I have dogs, my lord, will rouse the proudest panther in the chase." "Bearded like the pard" is familiar to those who have never read a line of any drama, for, like so much of Shakespeare, it has passed into the idioms of the language. "Wert thou a leopard," says Timon to the churlish philosopher, "thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life."

The "meddling monkey" has an American cousin which may fairly be called the "nimble marmoset," but when Caliban offers ("Tempest," ii. 2) to give instruction in the art of capturing that animal, he, or his creator, was probably thinking of the modest "marmot," for American "notions" had not yet begun to that extent to invade Europe. Oberon, on the other hand, is well within his rights in mentioning the "ounce," which had long been known to the naturalist world, if, as has been suggested, it be Pliny's *panthera*. This, however, is perhaps the first recorded mention of it under that title; Milton has it in "Paradise Lost," iv. 344.

The "fretful porpentine" of "Hamlet," i. 5, is paralleled in "Henry VI.," Part II. iii. 1, a passage not quite so hackneyed, where Jack Cade is mentioned as having

> fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
> Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine.

And Ajax uses the word in an opprobrious sense in addressing the vile Thersites ("Troilus and Cressida," ii. 1). The "arm'd rhinoceros" we find noticed but once, and then in the same line with the "Hyrcan tiger" ("Macbeth," iii. 4). This, however, is only one of many references to the tiger, for which a good word is never spoken. His implacable nature is frequently cast in his teeth. None save Orpheus, with his "golden touch," could "make tigers tame" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," iii. 2), and Troilus, when he wishes to express an impossible thing, says, "When we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers" ("Troilus and Cressida," iii. 2). York upbraids Queen Margaret with "O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide"; Henry, addressing his friends before Harfleur, invites them to assume for the nonce the characteristics of the brute whose sole title to our admiration seems to lie in his skin ("Henry V.," iii. 1):

> In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
> As modest stillness and humility;
> But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
> Then imitate the action of the tiger, &c.

Lastly, there is the equally disreputable wolf, of whom, too, many hard things are said. He is accused (especially the Irish variety, "As You Like It," v. 2) of "behowling the moon"; we are warned to give him a wide berth even when we catch him asleep ("Henry IV.," Part II. i. 2); he is greedy ("King Lear," iii. 4); treacherous ("Henry VI.," Part I. i. 3); and, in short, the tiger and he, ***Arcades ambo***, may fitly be regarded as the Ishmaels of the animal world.

Verily an imposing array of four-footed beasts have we here!

Noah's Ark itself can scarcely have presented a better or fuller record. Nor do birds and quadrupeds alone represent the museum of Shakespearean natural history. We must explore the regions of herpetology and entomology, and enumerate the denizens of brook and river, before we can be fairly said to have exhausted the bill of fare which is spread before us. All our British reptiles, for example, are faithfully passed in review. Our one poisonous snake is mentioned nearly a score of times by one or other of its well-known names. "Sometime," says Caliban ("Tempest," ii. 2), "am I all wound with adders, who with cloven tongues do hiss me into madness"; Timon of Athens speaks of "the black toad and adder blue"; "It is the bright day," Brutus tells us ("Julius Cæsar," ii. 1), "that brings forth the adder, and that craves wary walking"; "I am no viper," runs the riddle in "Pericles," i. 1, alluding to an ancient superstition, "yet I feed on mother's flesh which did me breed." The witches use "toe of frog" in their vile concoction, and "the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, and the wall-newt" all played a part in "poor Tom's" daily *menu*. To the glow-worm there are at least four highly poetical references. Titania commands her fairies to steal the honey-bags of the humble-bees for tapers "and light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes." "Fare thee well at once," says the Ghost in "Hamlet" (i. 5):

> The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Here, however, there are two slight errors, according to the views of more modern naturalists; it is only the *female* that exhibits the light, and Gilbert White observes that "these little creatures put out their lamps between eleven and twelve, and shine no more for the rest of the night." In "Pericles," ii. 3, we read, "like a glow-worm in the night, The which hath fire in darkness, none in light." We cannot wonder that Shakespeare is guilty of entertaining a superstition still current in most country districts; the "eye-less venom'd worm" mentioned in "Timon of Athens," iv. 3, and the "blindworm's sting" ("Macbeth," iv. 1), are, of course, libels on an utterly harmless reptile. Equally libellous is the expression "lizard's dreadful stings" ("Henry VI." Part III. ii. 2), as applied to any member of the *Lacertadæ* family that can have come under his notice. The phrase "gilded newt" ("Timon of Athens," iv. 3), betrays an observant eye, for the animal thus designated is no favourite with the vulgar, and by the majority of those who are aware of its existence is probably regarded with downright aversion. In all the many passages in which mention is made of the toad this

hardly-used creature is invariably spoken of in terms of undisguised loathing. His very name is frequently used by Shakespeare's characters as a term of abuse. "Thou toad, thou toad!" cries the Duchess of York ("Richard III.," iv. 4), addressing the fratricide, who is in another place also appropriately styled "this poisonous hunch-back'd toad" (i. 3). In fact, the only words not contumelious that are uttered concerning him are those in which he is credited with, despite his ugliness and venom, the ownership of "a precious jewel in his head" ("As You Like It," ii. 1). Mr. Wright, in his note on this line, gives, as far as it is known, the history of the so-called toad-stone (*batrachites*), and the curious confusion of ideas which for many centuries identified it with a supposed substance in the animal's brain, whereas it owes its name merely to a similarity in shape or colour. The Scandinavian equivalent of toad, anglicised as the diminutive "paddock," is found in "Macbeth," i. 1, and "Hamlet," iii. 4.

If we except Cleopatra's "aspic" ("Antony and Cleopatra," v. 2), there is no mention of any other particular species of *Ophidia* than the adder or viper, already noted. But there are many happy memoranda on snakes and serpents in general. Especially may we cite the three fine lines in "Henry VI.," Part II. iii. 1:

> Or as the snake, rolled in a flowering bank,
> With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
> That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

The lines immediately preceding these are interesting as preserving for us an ancient myth: they tell of the "mournful crocodile," who "with sorrow snares relenting passengers." It is again alluded to in "Othello," iv. 1, where the Moor protests that "if the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile." It is a little remarkable that "an alligator stuff'd" formed part of the stock-in-trade of the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," v. 1. It is possible that Shakespeare may have seen one in the same condition, but we know that the first *living* specimen brought to this country was exhibited in the year 1751. So, at least, says the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that date, but whether referring to the American or to the Old World variety we cannot now determine. The name "alligator" (Spanish, *el lagarto*, *the* lizard *par excellence*) cannot in the Elizabethan age have been long given to the cayman by American voyagers.

The eccentricities, real and supposed, of the chameleon are duly recorded. "Ay, but hearken, sir," says Speed ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," ii. 1), "though the chameleon Love can feed on air, I am

one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat." And in the same play (ii. 4), in answer to Silvia's question, "Do you change colour?" Valentine breaks in with "Give him leave, madam, he is a kind of chameleon." It is a boast of Gloster's ("Henry VI.," Part III. iii. 3) that he "can add colours to the chameleon," and the Prince of Denmark replies to the King's "kind inquiries" that he fares "excellent, i' faith of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed" ("Hamlet," iii. 2).

Of fresh-water fishes we find the pike, also called luce ("Merry Wives of Windsor," i. 1); minnow ("this Triton of the minnows," "Coriolanus," iii. 1); trout ("the trout that must be caught with tickling," "Twelfth Night," ii. 5); tench ("Henry IV.," Part I. ii. 1); loach (*Ibid.*); dace ("If the young dace be a bait for the old pike," *Id.* Part II. iii. 2); carp ("All's Well That Ends Well," v. 2); and gudgeon ("Merchant of Venice," i. 1, "fool-gudgeon"). We notice also the cod and salmon ("to change the cod's head for the salmon's tail," "Othello," ii. 1); mackerel ("Henry IV.," Part I. ii. 4); dolphin ("Midsummer Night's Dream," ii. 1); dogfish ("Henry VI.," Part I. i. 4); stockfish ("Measure for Measure," iii. 2); eel ("Pericles," iv. 2); herring ("King Lear," iii. 5); whale ("What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor?" "Merry Wives of Windsor," ii. 1), and pilchard ("Twelfth Night," iii. 1). Nor is it necessary to read far without coming upon the oyster, shrimp, prawn, mussel, cockle, or crab. All, indeed, is fish that comes to his net. Not even the humble barnacle is overlooked. "We shall lose our time," says Caliban ("Tempest," iv. 1), "and all be turn'd to barnacles."

Entomology is a very modern science, and we cannot expect Shakespeare to show acquaintance save with broad genera. These, however, he faithfully enumerates, and sometimes gives us a species to boot. Apiculture may probably have been practised in some of the Warwickshire villages; at any rate, his bee-similes are as precise as they are poetical. Two passages of this nature are specially notable, in "Henry IV.," Part II. iv. 4, and "Henry V.," i. 2:

(1) When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

(2) For so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom:

> They have a king, and officers of sorts;
> Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
> Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
> Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
> Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
> Which pillage they with merry march bring home
> To the tent royal of their emperor:
> Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
> The singing masons building roofs of gold,
> The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
> The poor mechanic porters crowding in
> Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
> The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
> Delivering o'er to executors pale
> The lazy yawning drone.

The "red-hipped humble-bee" also comes in for a fair share of attention, as in "Troilus and Cressida," v. 5, "full merrily the humble-bee doth sing." The economy of the ant has been left for Sir John Lubbock to elucidate, and Shakespeare knew about this little prodigy only what he had learnt by his own observation and Solomon's. "We'll set thee to school to an ant," says the Fool ("King Lear," ii. 4), "to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter." Caterpillars and their voracious propensities are several times mentioned, and certain royal favourites are even styled figuratively "the caterpillars of the commonwealth" ("Richard II.," ii. 3). A few centuries ago there were probably more varieties of British butterflies than we can claim in these days, and perhaps boys treated them no more kindly then than now. Some incident must have suggested the behaviour of that cruel little boy, the son of Coriolanus, of whom Valeria says, "I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; it catched again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mammocked it!" Of moths mention is made in the metaphorical "moth of peace" in "Othello," i. 3, and the "old mothy saddle," in "Taming of the Shrew," iii. 2, and thrice or four times beside. The crickets, moreover, which "sing at the oven's mouth" ("Pericles," iii. 1), are often pressed into dramatic service; so are "injurious" wasps, "weaving" spiders, "shard-borne" beetles, and many other members of the insect kingdom, including the "small grey-coated gnat," and, once or twice, the scorpion and locust.

Finally, if this long array of genuine animals and animalculæ be yet not long enough, we may, with a little patience, produce a respectable list of quotations in which divers mythical monsters are

named. We may point, for instance, to "the death-darting eye of *cockatrice*" ("Romeo and Juliet," iii. 2); "they grew like *hydras'* heads" ("Henry IV.," Part I. v. 4); "a clip-wing'd *griffin*" (*Id.* iii. 1); "huge *leviathans*" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," iii. 2); "come not between the *dragon* and his wrath" ("King Lear," i. 1); "now I will believe that there are *unicorns*" ("Tempest," iii. 3).

All great poets or Makers have been, and must ever be, naturalists, in the sense that they draw from Nature's inexhaustible and perennial fount their truest similes, metaphors, and imagery of every kind. And naturalists, in the narrower sense that we have here sought to illustrate, they have also, for the most part, ever been—witness Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Wordsworth. But for number of species quoted and shrewd adaptation of their several characters Shakespeare stands *facile princeps* among his kind. Shakespeare the philosopher, the moralist, the historian, the antiquary, the wit—we know him in all these *rôles*, and excellent he is in each one of them, yet in none more catholic, wiser, or more true than when he plays the many-sided part of Shakespeare the Naturalist.

ARTHUR GAYE.

JEROME CARDAN.

FOR some reason or other, Jerome Cardan's name has never gained the notoriety which, for good or evil, has been granted to Raymond Lully or Nostradamus, to Paracelsus or Cornelius Agrippa, and to other dealers in what we rate as uncanny learning. Many readers know Paracelsus and Agrippa, at least by report, but not one in ten has ever heard of the great Milanese doctor and mathematician, in a certain way the most interesting figure in the world of learning before the true dawn of science. It is possible that the whim of the romancer has much to answer for in this. In youth we have most of us been fascinated by some tales of wonder in which Paracelsus, with his elixir of life, and Agrippa, with his magic mirror, have worked their spells; but no story-teller has ever chosen Cardan as his theme, and yet there is no lack of romantic interest either in the annals of his life or in the character of his work. In his day astronomy was closely interwoven with astrology, and chemistry with alchemy, so his striving after true science was very naturally marred—a romancer might say adorned—by the fanciful incrustations of the false; but with all this, his writings show less of the rank luxuriance of expression which was the fashion of the age, than those of the masters above named. Certain of the beliefs he held were as foolish as those favoured by contemporary theosophists, and many of his prescriptions as a physician are as marvellous as any to be found in Pliny or "The Anatomy of Melancholy"; nevertheless, one has always the sense, in considering his work, that one is in the company of a man who was feeling his way toward the goal and the clear heaven of positive science, baffled though he was by mists and false lights which have no terror for the more fortunate investigators of our own time. Cardan was born in 1501, and, like several other distinguished men of his age, was of illegitimate birth. His mother, the mistress of one Fazio Cardano, a jurist of Milan, fled from that city, then ravaged by the plague, to Pavia, and there her child was born. His father, who was then nearly sixty years of age, recognised his son at once, and, as soon as he was old enough, employed him to carry his books and papers about the city. Sicknesses much graver than

the maladies of childhood tormented him all through his early years, and once he fell from a high ladder and almost cracked his skull. Fazio, though he seems to have been a selfish old profligate, did not neglect the boy's teaching. He grounded him thoroughly in arithmetic and geometry, and the eagerness with which the pupil threw himself into his work showed that the master had specialised in the right direction. Before he was eighteen Jerome wrote a treatise on calculating the distances of the stars one from another, a forerunner of the great work which his mature brain afterwards produced, and which has handed down his name to the practical mathematicians of our own time.

In his restless youth, while chafing under the shame of his birth, and the feeling that he was treated as the servant rather than as the son of Fazio, Jerome unhappily turned his mathematical talents to other uses than the compilation of astronomical treatises. He sought the gaming table, and calculated to a nicety the chances of the cards and dice. His fate was the usual one of those who play by a system, and the taste for gambling, thus fostered, proved a bane to him through life. At home the temper of Fazio, never of the best, had become almost insupportable through the weight of age and infirmities, and quarrels, frequent and violent, arose between him and Clara, the boy's mother. The house became a hell to the sensitive and discontented youth ; and at last, largely from the persuasion of Agostino Lanizario, a friend who had spoken in high terms of Jerome's youthful treatise, Fazio consented that the boy should go as a student to Pavia. Under his father's tuition, Jerome's time had been so fully occupied with mathematics that his Latin studies had gone to the wall, and it was only after he had been some time at Pavia that he was able to write the learned language with facility. There is nothing to show that he ever thought of following mathematics as a profession, in spite of his great proficiency. At the end of his first year at Pavia he determined to take up medicine, and the next year he went to Padua, where he studied under Cartius, the most famous physician of the time, gaining his doctor's degree in his twenty-fifth year. This honour was not conferred upon him without opposition, advanced partly on account of his illegitimate birth and partly from his gambling habits and contentious temper. His life at Padua was wild and dissolute, but the affection and self-denial of his mother—Fazio died in 1524 —kept him supplied with funds. After he had gained his doctor's degree he settled as a practising physician at Sacco, a small country town, and for five years he managed to subsist on the miserable

fees he gained there, having plenty of time on his hands for studies outside his profession. During his residence at Sacco he met and married Lucia Bandarini, the daughter of an officer in the service of Venice.

It is a hard matter nowadays to realise what were the general conditions of life in Cardan's time. The changes in every grade of society have been immeasurable, and in every walk of science and learning, but nowhere greater than in medicine, and in the status and character of its professors. It is now a science which grows year by year with an increased vigour, having its roots settled in truths fairly well ascertained. Then it was an art, fanciful and experimental. The qualified physicians, as a rule, treated their patients according to some imperfect theory, derived from the writings of the ancients or of the Spanish Moors. It was essentially the age of the empiric, and the clever quack was often a safer man than the orthodox practitioner. The former depended solely upon his experience, which might, and often did, lead him to correct diagnosis, whereas his qualified rivals, despising the new light which, even prior to the rise of the great Bolognese anatomists, had here and there been cast upon their art, and relying on the maxims and nostrums of generations of men as blind as themselves, dosed their unhappy patients with remedies the description of which tends to make works of ancient medicine very diverting reading. Into the sleepy world of mediæval medicine Cardan entered with all the zeal of an innovator. His reputation had preceded him to Sacco, and he found many patients, though the fees were very scanty. With these, and with the money with which his mother continued to supply him, he gambled and feasted, *more suo*, whenever he was not writing or engaged in his profession. In 1529 he made an attempt to gain admission to the Milanese College of Physicians, and, having been rejected, chiefly on account of his illegitimate birth, he returned to Sacco, where he continued to live the same careless, not unhappy, life until the increased charges incident on his marriage drove him again to attempt the inhospitable gates of the Milanese College. He was again rejected. There was nothing to be done but to seek a pittance by practising in some country town, so he betook himself, with his wife, to Gallarate, a town twenty-five miles from Milan, to make a further trial of penury. At length the last coin was spent. Starvation was before him, so again he retreated to Milan, this time to seek admission to the paupers' hospital. But this crowning misery and humiliation was spared him. A certain nobleman of literary taste, Archinto by name, had taken up

astronomy as a pastime, and Cardan had already done some jackal's work for him. Archinto now came to the rescue. There happened just then to be vacant in Milan a lectureship in geometry and astronomy, and to this Cardan, by his patron's influence, was appointed.

Though the stipend attached to this post was a very meagre one, the wolf was at least driven from the door, and Cardan was enabled to throw himself into his work with a will. Since the college would not give him a licence, he determined to brave it, and practise medicine without one. He seems to have worked some notable cures, a fact in itself sufficient to give fresh offence to the privileged faculty; but the interloper was not content with first defying and then worsting his enemies on their own ground, for he next set to work to write a treatise in which he showed that the existing practice of physic was entirely wrong and noxious. The book sold rapidly. It naturally kindled against him a hatred amongst the orthodox practitioners more bitter than ever, but by way of recompense it brought his name as a physician prominently before the public notice. In these troublesome days he employed his leisure time in writing his treatise on "Consolation," the only one of his works which has ever been translated into English; and in the course of his irregular practice in medicine he came under the notice of Francesco Sfondrato, a noble of Cremona, and a man of parts and influence. Sfondrato's son had been in a piteous state of mind and body ever since his birth, and had grown worse rather than better under the treatment of two of the recognised Milanese doctors. The report of Cardan's skill came to the father's ears, and he insisted that this man, in spite of his unauthorised position in the medical world of Milan, should be called in. The physicians protested, but the father was firm. Cardan came, followed his own course, cured the child, and secured Sfondrato's friendship and protection from that hour. Very soon afterwards, by his patron's influence, he was duly admitted to the college. His practice as a physician grew rapidly and he seemed at last on the road to assured fame and fortune.

For the next five years Cardan, though his patients came in flocks, neglected the study of medicine for that of mathematics, and often, it is to be feared, for his pet vice of gambling. But he worked hard, and in 1545 he published the book upon which his modern reputation rests, "The Book of the Great Art," a treatise on algebra which at once placed him at the head of contemporary mathematicians. The main interest of the book lies in the fact that in it he

expounds the rule for the solving of cubic equations. The rule itself was not his own discovery; it was first formulated at the beginning of the century by Scipio Ferreo, and Niccolo Tartaglia, a mathematician and a contemporary of Cardan, in a tournament of problems with one Antonio Fior, a pupil of Ferreo, likewise fathomed it. The report of this new light thrown upon his favourite science soon came to Cardan's ears, and he at once set to work to apprehend it; but it evaded his efforts. By a correspondence with Tartaglia, and by the embassy of his friend Antonio, he endeavoured to worm the secret out of his rival, but Tartaglia was reluctant to part with it for any reward which Cardan could offer. At last, in 1539, while Tartaglia was staying in Cardan's own house in Milan, he consented to disclose his secret, his host having sworn on the Gospels that he would religiously keep it. But Jerome Cardan was not the man to let the burden of a promise lie heavy upon him when he saw the chance of profit in getting rid of it. He unblushingly made Tartaglia's secret the basis of his book, the publication of which gave rise to one of the prettiest literary quarrels of an age peculiarly rich in such phenomena.

According to the utterances of certain of his contemporaries—as well as of Naudeus, the first recognised critic of his work—this was not the first nor the only time that Cardan was guilty of oblique dealing. Before he had been called in to prescribe for young Sfondrato he had laid claim to several marvellous cures of consumption—a disease then, as now, particularly rife in North Italy. His enemies declared that amongst the sick who had come to him there were many who were suffering merely from some trifling affection of the chest, and that it was only with such as these, whom he must have known to be only slightly afflicted, that his treatment had any permanent result; but we must remember that professional jealousy is not an exclusively modern weakness, and that diagnosis in those days was no easy matter. In some instances Cardan may have begun his treatment under false impressions; he admits indeed that he was buoyed up by fallacious symptoms of amendment in certain of the cases which came to a fatal end—no marvel, considering the deceptive character of pulmonary disease—and, with regard to one or two, traces the patient's subsequent death to reckless imprudence.

In 1546, when Cardan was raised to assured fame, he lost his wife, with whom he had lived with great happiness. He was left with three young children to care for, and though passionately attached to them, he seems to have used little more discretion in

their management and education than Fazio had used with regard to his own. His repute was now spread abroad, far beyond the limits of Milan, or even of Italy. At Sfondrato's suggestion Pope Paul III. invited him to settle in Rome, and, shortly after, Christian III., King of Denmark, wrote offering him the post of court physician, but both these proposals he declined. He was hard at work on his great book "De Subtilitate," which, taken with his "De Varietate," may be regarded as a complete compendium of contemporary knowledge. It is indeed a sort of sixteenth-century "Enquire Within." Speculations on the Cosmos and the management of washerwomen both fall within its survey. It tells how to cure smoky chimneys, how to raise sunken vessels, and how to make writing ink. He gives a complete history of palmistry, and explains how it is that flints give out sparks when struck, why the earth is higher than the sea, and how it is that mountains are formed. In the obscurer paths of knowledge he tells how the eye of a black dog, held in a man's hand, will keep all the other dogs of the neighbourhood from barking, and gives charms for the cure of headache, and directions for exorcising all sorts of demons. He relates also how a certain presbyter, Restitutus by name, was able to become as one dead whenever he liked. Whether he could project his body along an "astral current" is not stated. Cardan also claims for himself the power of passing beyond sense into ecstasy at will, of seeing what he wished to see with his eyes, and of knowing the future from his dreams and from the marks on his finger nails. In one chapter he breaks out into praise of the wool and sheep of England, and tells his readers that the sheep in England drink only of the dews of heaven, because other water is hurtful to them. In many parts of England shepherds are still of Cardan's opinion, and keep their flocks upon the waterless uplands all the summer, maintaining that sheep thrive best with no other moisture than the dew and the juices of the grass. Another statement of his, that the moist grass of the English pastures is full of worms, and therefore unhealthy, may point to some early epidemic of liver fluke, like that which has wrought such havoc during the last decade. The air, he adds, is full of crows which feed upon the worms, and there are no serpents on account of the bitter cold.

Cardan was destined to see in his lifetime this land of snakeless, wormy pastures, and rigorous sky. In 1551 a letter came to him from Cassananti, the Italian body physician of Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, requesting him to travel as far as Lyons, where the Archbishop would meet him and consult him as to his failing health.

Cardan at once set out, but on reaching Lyons at the time appointed found no Archbishop. He found, however, crowds of patients and reaped a golden harvest of fees. At last Cassananti himself appeared, bearing many apologies and explanations from his patron, who, from the cares of State and weak health, had found himself unequal to so long a journey. Cassananti begged the illustrious physician to return with him to Scotland, but Cardan, in spite of the magnificent fee offered, hesitated to undertake this voyage "in ultimos Britannos." At last he consented and set out with Cassananti for Paris.

Arrived there he was cordially welcomed by the leading literati of the day, and requested by King Henry II. to remain as court physician; but service of this kind was not to his taste, and he pressed on to Scotland, where he remained some ten weeks in charge of Hamilton's case, and so well did his regimen succeed that he worked a complete cure. Such details of treatment as moderate diet, freedom from worry, fresh air, plenty of sleep and exercise, and cold baths, no doubt helped the patient on towards recovery; but it may be doubted whether he could have been much relieved by such remedies as "an ointment to be applied over the shaven crown, composed of Greek pitch, ship's tar, white mustard, euphorbium, and honey of anathardus; to be sharpened, if need be, by blister fly." But one way or another Cardan cured his patient; to small purpose, as it turned out, since he was afterwards hanged in full canonicals at Stirling, for alleged participation in the Regent Murray's murder.

On his homeward journey Cardan tarried several weeks in London, and was called in to prescribe for the young king, Edward VI., whose weak frame had just been sorely tried by an attack of small-pox; but the courtiers seem to have been more anxious to hear what Cardan the astrologer had to say about the probable duration of the boy-king's reign, and the future course of politics, than what Cardan the physician could do to heal the royal invalid. Sir John Cheke, the most learned Englishman of the age, was Cardan's host, and the relations of the two scholars seem to have been most gracious and pleasant. Cardan speaks of the king as a marvellous boy, the master of seven languages, and well skilled in dialectics and graceful accomplishments. The royal horoscope which he drew was not a conspicuous success, as the following extract will show: "At the age of twenty-three years nine months and twenty-two days languor of mind and body will afflict him. At the age of thirty-four years five months and twenty days he will suffer from skin disease and a slight fever. After the age of fifty-five years three months and seventeen days various diseases will fall to his lot." Perhaps Cardan, in fore-

shadowing such length of days to the young king, may have borne in mind the untoward fates of the soothsayers who predicted speedy death to Diocletian and Galeazzo Sforza, and determined not to shorten his own term by the character of his vaticinations.

It was scarcely likely that an observer, as acute and industrious as Cardan, should enter and leave a strange country, even then regarded with a certain horror-stricken curiosity by the polished Italians, without forming and recording his impressions of the land and its inhabitants. He writes: "The English are much like Italians in face and build. They are large-chested, but paler in colour than we are. Some are of great height. They are polite and hospitable to foreigners; but they are to be dreaded in their anger, which is very easily aroused. They are good fighters, but too rash in battle ; greedy also in the matter of food and drink, but still, far less greedy than the Germans. They are prone rather than prompt to lust, and there are many great intellects amongst them, as Duns Scotus and Suiseth. In their manner of dress they imitate the Italians, and they boast that they are more nearly allied to us than to any other foreign nation, though in their aspect they rather resemble the Germans, the French, or the Spaniards. Certain it is that all the barbarians of Europe love the Italians more than any race amongst themselves. We were all nearly killed in Belgium because I had with me a youth who looked like a Spaniard. But these strangers perhaps do not know our wickedness. The English are faithful, liberal, and ambitious. But as for fortitude, the things done by the Highland Scots are the most wonderful. They, when they are led to execution, take a piper with them, and he, who is often himself one of the condemned, plays them up dancing to their death. I wondered much, especially when I was in England, and rode about on horseback in the neighbourhood of London, for I seemed to be in Italy. When I looked among the groups of English sitting together I completely thought myself to be amongst Italians. They were like, as I said, in figure, manners, dress, gesture, but when they opened their mouths I could not understand so much as a word, and wondered at them as if they had been my countrymen gone mad and raving. For they inflect the tongue upon the palate, twist words in the mouth, and maintain a sort of gnashing with the teeth."

Before Cardan crossed the Alps on his homeward journey another offer came to him from the King of France, and Charles V., who was then engaged in the disastrous siege of Metz, also courted his services ; but, swayed perhaps by a love of independence, perhaps urged on by home-sickness, he steadily refused all overtures and set

his face southward. On his return to Milan in 1553 he found himself at the summit of his fame, the recognised head of his profession, the man who could afford to decline the patronage of all the crowned heads of Europe. His income was large, and he gave full rein to his love of pleasure and surrounded himself with all the objects of luxury that money could buy; but he lived as busy a life as ever. He still kept adding to the literature of his craft; he maintained an active correspondence with men of science in all parts; and he usually had two or more pupils under his care. A safe and honourable future seemed to be in store for him; but his worst stroke of evil fortune was yet to fall.

The calamity which blighted and ruined the residue of his days took its origin from his own neglected hearth. The home life of men who give themselves up entirely to the outer world, or to the pursuit of literary or scientific fame, is often unsatisfactory. Cardan, as soon as he put aside his books, sought his relaxation away from home, and threw himself into feverish pleasures, of which gambling perhaps was the least reprehensible, giving but little heed to his children's training. After his wife's death the household seems to have gone its own way, and Gianbattista, the eldest boy, though studious and of good parts, fell into bad courses, and ultimately married a woman of infamous character. By way of atoning for his *laches* in the matter of personal care, Cardan wrote a long string of maxims for his children's guidance, persuading himself that these would serve as well as that parental sympathy and wholesome correction which he found no time to give. He was terribly shocked when the ill effect of his neglect was brought home to him in Gianbattista's marriage, and cut off all intercourse with him. The match turned out worse even than Cardan's worst fears had reached. After a year or two of misery the wretched Gianbattista determined to get rid of his wife by poison, and he did his work so clumsily that suspicion at once fell upon him and his brother Aldo. They were brought to trial and convicted. Aldo was pardoned, but Gianbattista died a felon's death in prison.

Cardan, in spite of his bizarre character, was capable of deep affection, and he seems to have been warmly attached to his unworthy son. Grief for the loss of his child, and shame for his crime, dealt him a blow from which he never recovered. He was at this time again a professor at Pavia. His foes, who had been abashed by his brilliant success, had ceased their assaults, but now that calamity and disgrace had fallen upon him they returned to the attack. Old scandals were raked up, and charges of an infamous nature were

made against his present life. So bitter and persistent was their animosity that his position at Pavia became intolerable, and he applied to Cardinal Borromeo to use his influence to procure him a chair at the University of Bologna. But his enemies would not even allow him to depart in peace, and they intrigued so successfully that the Cardinal's influence, powerful as it was, was for a time unavailing. At last, in 1562, the affair was settled, and Cardan escaped from the living torture of his life at Pavia.

At Bologna, under the protection of such men as Borromeo, Morone, and Alciat, Cardinals and cultured *littérateurs*, the load of Cardan's misfortune was lightened, but the memory of disgrace still clung to him. His life was marred by continual wranglings with his brother professors, wranglings probably caused by his own contentious disposition, now aggravated tenfold by the bitterness of his lot. Aldo, the son who had escaped the gallows, was a perpetual trouble to him through ill conduct. In 1570 another stroke of evil fortune befell him. He was suddenly arrested and cast into prison on some unknown charge, and, after some months' detention, was released only on condition that he would publish no more books and resign his chair.

There is some obscurity as to the cause of this imprisonment. Pius V., the last of the canonised popes, was then ruling. He was a man of austere character, and had given strict orders that no physician should attend a patient who had not confessed to a priest. Cardan probably, willingly or unwillingly, had disregarded this command, and, in consequence, was made to feel the correcting hand of the Church. There was also a story that he had offended piety by casting the horoscope of Jesus Christ. Pius, though a severe disciplinarian in discharging what he deemed to be the bounden duty of the Head of the Church, was by no means merciless when the offender had made due submission. He gave a sufficient pension to the old man, now beggared, broken in health, and almost maddened by misfortune and petty annoyances, and the last five years of Cardan's life as the pensioner of the Pope in Rome were at least free from outward troubles. He occupied them chiefly in writing his autobiography, "De Vita Propria," a work which is surpassed only by the incomparable self-picture of Cellini, and died in 1576, aged 75 years. His body lies buried in the church of San Marco at Milan.

In the whole course of literary history there have been few writers so prolific as Cardan. In his last years he burnt no fewer than a hundred and seventy manuscripts, leaving even then at his

death a hundred and eleven, besides a hundred and thirty-one printed books, behind him. So versatile and so industrious a brain was only possible in such an age and environment as the one he lived in. In the present day, when specialism is rampant, and all investigation contracted into the narrowest of channels, it is scarcely likely that we shall ever see, combined in one personality, the greatest mathematician and the greatest physician of the age : to say nothing of the possessor of such vast stores of knowledge as we find collected in the "De Varietate" and the "De Subtilitate." Viewed with the eye of utilitarianism, Cardan is simply the author of a lot of obsolete works of a pseudo-scientific character—a description which may perhaps in the future be applied to certain of our *illuminati* of to-day ; but to the historian of learning he must always be as interesting a figure as the early Sienese masters are to the historian of art. In the confused jumble of "De Varietate" and "De Subtilitate" one may detect the working of a powerful mind stretching after, and at times almost reaching, a conception of those scientific principles the formulation of which, in our own time, has conferred world-wide fame on the men whose names are associated therewith. His writings are full of strange guesses about the sympathy between the heavenly bodies and the physical frame of man, not only general, but distributive. The sun, according to his contention, was in harmony with the heart, the moon with the animal juices, and the whole mass ruled by the properties of numbers. But he gets on firmer ground when he lays down that all creation is in a state of progressive development, and that all animals were originally worms. That he believed in astrology, and wrote treatises on it, is no proof of weakness or superstition. He cast numerous horoscopes, and held that men might read the future in dreams ; and Kepler and Melanchthon kept him company in this respect. Religion probably had little hold over him ; but there was in his nature a strong craving after the supernatural. All through his long life evidences of it appear. As a child his nights were full of waking dreams. He tells how strange shapes, knights in armour, ladies on horseback, careered round his bed, and of a red cock which crowed at him with a human voice. Mysterious rappings and knockings disturbed him while he was a student at Pavia, and he subsequently learned that, at the same hour, his friend Galeazzo Rosso died. A portent of the same kind heralded the death of his mother in 1537. Once he dreamt that he was in Paradise, the companion of a lovely girl, and a few days afterwards he saw her standing at her father's door at Sacco. It was the same Lucia Bandarini who afterwards became his wife. Another

omen that he records is one which marked the baptism of his ill-fated son. At the very moment when the name "Gianbattista" was given to the infant a huge wasp flew into the room and, after buzzing about with a great noise for a few seconds, disappeared mysteriously in the curtains—a warning, as all present agreed, that the boy's life would be short, and cut off by violence. At the very same hour in which Gianbattista was strangled in prison, a red mark, which had shortly before appeared on the father's finger, glowed with blood and fire and then vanished. Perhaps the strangest of all his supernatural beliefs was that he was attended by a familiar spirit, like the Demon of Socrates. It was not till after Gianbattista's death that he became thoroughly possessed by this infatuation ; so perhaps it may be attributed in some measure to the overthrow of his mental balance in the shame and sorrow of those terrible days. No doubt this chimera had its origin in a similar belief which his father Fazio professed to hold. In "De Subtilitate," Book XIX., Cardan gives an account of the raising by his father of seven demons in Greek attire, who gave him some interesting information as to the nature of spirits. They themselves were spirits of the air, and excelled men as much as men excelled horses, as they spoke of lives of six or seven hundred years' duration. At the time he wrote this Cardan evidently did not regard a familiar spirit as a belonging of much use, for he remarks that his father was no wiser or happier than men who went about the world without one.

Cheiromancy had as great a charm for him as it seems to have for certain contemporary seekers after new sensations. He held the hand to be the instrument of the body, as the tongue is that of the mind, and in "De Varietate" he gives a long description of its parts and of their significance. He shows by the terms he employs how closely, in form at least, the old mythology was mixed up with the pseudo science of the time. The thumb is given to Mars, and in its lines we read of battles, fires, and amatory desires. The index is given to Jove, and tells of priesthood and honour. The middle finger to Saturn, and on it is written the record of pain, disease, toil and captivity. The ring finger is the Sun's, and Venus rules over the fifth, and marks upon it the soft pleasant things which suit her god-head. The hypothenar, the part between the little finger and the wrist, is ruled by the moon and refers to perils by water, and the thenar, at the base of the forefinger, to those by fire. The line running beside the stethos or ball of the thumb is the line of life, and those across the middle are the lines of the brain and of Venus. Another running from the base of the middle finger towards the

wrist, is the "soror vitæ," and they who have this line strongly marked are fated to all sorts of ill.

Looking at this curious outcrop of wasted effort, in connection with such monumental works as the "Book of the Great Art," it seems more reasonable to admire the industry and versatility of the author, than to ridicule his tendency towards what we now rate as superstition. It is only by considering his work as a whole that we shall be able to understand the cause of his great and wide popularity as a writer. The "Book of the Great Art" appealed to high mathematicians alone; but his strange *olla podrida* of scientific and familiar truths, his dreams and visions, his signs and tokens, set forth in a style which is certainly attractive when compared with that of his contemporaries, made him popular with many who had no claim to be classed among the lettered. He was, in fact, not too far over the heads of his public, and they read with eagerness and sympathy the writings of a man who was the first physician of the age, and at the same time a believer in those fascinating mysteries of heaven and earth—the occult sciences, as we call them—to which they themselves gave full credence. Any estimate of his character drawn from his works must be largely conjectural. The chief characteristic of "De Vita Propria" is its extreme sincerity; but the writer, as pictured by his own pen, is such a very chameleon that one is puzzled to say under which semblance the real man is to be found. At the end of the book are the usual obituary paragraphs in praise of the author—including one from his great antagonist Julius Cæsar Scaliger—written in terms which the biographer should no more trust than the aspersions of his foes while living.

The sinister influences which ruled his birth, and the unseemly domestic conditions under which his life was passed, might well have produced effects even more oblique and whimsical than any which appear in his life and character. It is certain that he was capable of strong and deep affection. In spite of the hard usage he got from Fazio, it is difficult to find a harsh word in any of his writings against his father. At the end of his time at Pavia and during his life at Bologna he is constantly chiding at the wicked men and the cruel fate which robbed him of his sweetest son. That he was "immoderate incontinens" in any vice there is nothing to show. He was a gambler all his life, and loved good wine and the company of his fellows; but in the record of his choicest pleasures there is inevitably a jarring note of cynicism, the cry of a man for whom the world held nothing worth having, one who had turned aside curiously to test this or that so-called delight, and detect and demonstrate its

worthlessness. It is fortunate that he lived in an age when men thought more of the legacy of work which a writer left to posterity than of his likes and dislikes, his foibles and fancies, and did not set themselves, as they do in modern times, to fashion motives of their own for every recorded action and to blacken or whitewash his name according to the brief they may hold; otherwise the monument of controversial biography which would have been piled around his ashes would possibly have exceeded in bulk that which has been, and is being, poured forth in respect to poets and historians whose memory might very well be preserved to us in their undying work.

W. G. WATERS

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

I.—A SKETCH.

By John Watson, F.L.S.

AUTOCRAT of the tiles and lord of the thatch, the sparrow, in his long intercourse with man, has developed the largest brain in bird-dom. For reckless audacity and presumptive impudence, the British sparrow has only a single compeer—the British boy. Thoroughly cosmopolitan, the sparrow is a democrat among birds. He follows man and his attendant weeds to the uttermost parts of the earth; and at any given portion of the habitable globe, within ten minutes of the unfurling of the British flag, perches authoritatively on the flagstaff. For hard-headed shrewdness, practically illustrated and successful, commend us to the sparrow. His keen perception into men and things—his scientific diagnosis of the *genus homo*—are among his ruling *traits*. Multiplying inordinately, the sparrow is as hardy as prolific. Essentially a creature of circumstance, he is at once ubiquitous and pertinacious. Playing, as some say, a questionable part in the economy of nature, he plays a very certain part in the economy of our spouts. Rearing his callow brood he is actively insectivorous, and confers incalculable benefit upon the agriculturist; but, as harvest wanes, he becomes recklessly gramnivorous, and anon, by a sudden transition, as omnivorous as mankind itself. With digestive organs the capacity of which may well be envied, the sparrow gulps down pieces of food amounting to a twentieth part of its own weight, and deems white lead a palatable luxury. The smell of gunpowder in the air, without the accompaniment of shot, is deemed more alarming than dangerous, and periodical explosions are but the means of transferring its affections from an empty stook in one part of the field to a full one in another. The moral of "Damn that boy, he's asleep again," has long been a pointless joke among sparrows, and the only sound his rattle conveys is an unpleasant association of the coming of the reaper. With an ever-active brain,

and surviving as the fittest, no cunning engine has yet been devised which was greatly destructive to sparrows, and the various machinations of these, as handed down by inherited instinct, are probably better known to the orthodox sparrow than to man himself. The pitiable personation of Hobbs, intended to act as a scarecrow, is only recognised by the sparrow as affording a happy hunting-ground for insects; and having served this end is ripped up and disembowelled, its internal economy being torn out to make way for a brood of young sparrows, thereby adding insult to injury in the basest and most fraudulent fashion. The sparrow is in short, to paraphrase Bacon, "a wise thing for itself, but a shrewd thing for everybody else." Bold, active, and vivacious, its distribution is as wide as that of the Englishman. Patronising art, science, and law, the sparrow breeds and broods in the temples dedicated to their shrines, and in one European capital has unwittingly attempted to destroy the balance of justice by constructing her nest in one of the pans held by the blind emblem of that inestimable virtue. In other instances, the sparrow has shut out the sight of an emperor, built her nest in the outstretched palm of a great warrior, and, radical as the bird is, chirrups beneath and occupies the thatch of the lowliest peasant husbandman.

II.—FOR THE PROSECUTION.

By CHARLES WHITEHEAD, F.L.S., F.G.S.

DARWIN, in his "Animals and Plants Under Domestication," has this passage: "From a remote period, in all parts of the world, man has subjected many animals and plants to domestication and culture. Man has no power of altering the absolute conditions of life, he cannot change the climate of any country, he adds no new element to the soil; but he can remove an animal or plant from one climate or soil to another, and give it food on which it did not subsist in its natural state." Man has consciously and intentionally improved many species of animals, with enormous advantage to himself. Unconsciously, and without intention, he has, by action or inaction, increased the numbers of certain species, and diminished the amount of others. For example, the wholesale slaughter of hawks, owls, jays, magpies, stoats, and weasels has tended to produce alarming quantities of rats and mice, the balance of nature having been deranged by the volition of gamekeepers. Rabbits were introduced into Australasian countries whose climatic

and other conditions are expressly suitable for their propagation, and natural checks against this in the shape of carnivorous enemies are wholly absent. The consequences to the owners of sheep-runs and cattle-ranges are simply disastrous; the rabbits defy all efforts to keep them down.

By means of international trade and commerce great changes have been brought about, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom. Thus the native New Zealand rat has been completely extirpated by the large brown rat brought to this island in European vessels. Dr. Wallace mentions in his work, entitled "Darwinism," that the original New Zealand rat was introduced by the Maoris from their home in the Pacific. He also remarks that in New Zealand a native fly is being supplanted by the European house-fly, and that in Australia the imported hive-bee is exterminating the small stingless native bee.

In the vegetable kingdom, two or three species of thistles well-known in Europe, notably the "Canada thistle," have been naturalised in the United States and Canada, and have become so general and troublesome that laws against this and other weeds have been promulgated in many of the states and provinces. Hundreds of square miles of the plain of La Plato, Dr. Wallace says, are "now covered with two or three species of European thistle, often to the exclusion of almost every new plant, but in the native countries of these thistles they occupy, except in cultivated or waste ground, a very subordinate part of the vegetation. The common sow-thistle has spread over New Zealand in a remarkably short time, having been introduced with English farm seeds."

Various other weeds have been brought from Europe to America and Australasian lands, such as the common bird-weed.

The wholesale spreading abroad of weeds has been caused by the unconscious act of man, and without his special interference. In the same way many injurious insects have been distributed throughout the world, to the great inconvenience and loss of the cultivators of the soil. But with regard to the introduction of rabbits into Australasian colonies, this was done consciously and with open eyes. In the same way the sparrow was introduced into America and the Australasian countries, though the fatal consequences of this colonisation were not in any degree expected by those who thought it would be very pleasant to hear the familiar chirp of the lively bird in the homes of the United States and Australasia.

In Great Britain the action of man, both conscious and unconscious, has occasioned an undue development of sparrows in these

late years, to the great injury of farm and garden produce. Our forefathers were wiser in their generation, and kept sparrows down by means of parochial bye-laws, whose carrying out was charged impartially to the accounts of parish rates, and in many cases to the church rates. In old churchwardens' books at the beginning of this century entries of this kind are commonly found: "To Joe Willett for 4 Dozen & 4 Sparrows, 1*s.* 1*d.*" Both taking the eggs and killing the young of sparrows were religiously enjoined upon the youths of former days, and these birds were kept well under. Churchwardens no longer have rates to spend, and bird-nesting does not occupy the minds and hands of boys in these regenerate or degenerate days of School Boards. After the compulsory payment of church rates was abolished, sparrow clubs were formed in the principal corn-growing parishes; but most of these have fallen into desuetude, and sparrows now increase without let or hindrance. The consequence of this is that they are so abundant as to be sources of infinite injury to cultivators of all kinds. In the last two or three seasons sparrows have visited corn-fields in some districts from the end of July to December in flocks of thousands, as they always congregate for a period at the end of a breeding season, and have cleared the ears of grain. Sparrows propagate in an exceedingly rapid ratio, so that checks of some kind are absolutely necessary in order to keep them in proper bounds, and to obviate the injury to corn crops of all kinds, which becomes more serious year by year. While collecting information, lately, concerning the Hessian fly and its action upon corn crops, we were in many cases met with the following response: "Yes, there are some pupæ of the Hessian fly to be found, but the harm done by this insect is far less than that caused by those confounded sparrows." As a good deal of corn was much laid this season by the heavy rains, the sparrows were able to get the grain easily, although, as is well known by observers, they have a way of getting it out from the ears of upstanding crops. A corn farmer, living near a large town, stated lately that they seem to come out from the towns for the summer. "I see them in flocks of many thousands just when the corn is filling, and they keep at it as long as there is any left in the fields." I have seen fields of wheat, barley, and oats, with scarcely a corn left in the ear for twenty yards round the field. Two or three small farmers this year have had men tending the fields. True, the cost of men and gunpowder is nearly as much as the damage, as they had to fire off every ten minutes, and the sparrows get so used to it that they quietly go into the middle of the fields. One man, who had thirty acres of corn, put the

damage done by the sparrows at £20. Another said they had eaten at least eight bushels per acre in an eight-acre field. Farmers in many cases declare that they must make a raid upon the sparrows in self-defence, and talk ominously of poison in the coming winter.

Sparrows also injure farmers by eating the seed of *Trifolium incarnatum*, which is sown before the plundering sparrow gangs are broken up, and is generally put in broadcast and merely rolled in, so that much of the seed is exposed. And no one can estimate the enormous amount of injury caused by sparrows in picking out the buds of fruit trees during winter, not only in gardens and orchards, but also in fruit plantations away from houses and buildings. They are particularly fond of the buds of gooseberries and red-currant bushes, and of cherry and pear trees. Peach trees also suffer from their depredations. As an excuse for this mischief, it is alleged that it is done to get at insects in the buds. Sparrows have been closely watched at this work, with the result of proof that there were no insects present; the damage having been done, as it appeared in some cases, for mere wanton destruction, and in others for the sake of the green sweet buds as pleasant food. In hard winters, when other food is scarce, fruit trees and other trees suffer exceedingly from the attacks of sparrows. When peach blossoms are unfolding, sparrows may often be noticed picking off the flowers and buds, apparently for amusement. This is frequently attributed to the action of frosts. Just as the buds of black-currant bushes are unfolding, sparrows frequently attack them and pull the blossoms to pieces, although there are no signs of insects within. It appears to be mere mischief. In the United States the destruction of buds and blossoms of fruit and other trees is recognised as most serious, and admitted without argument even by the sparrows' friends. There are still a few who believe that the bird, in destroying buds, is only seeking insects within.

Fruit is also damaged by sparrows. Ripening figs and plums seem especially grateful to their tastes. Apples, too, suffer from their repeated pecks. Peaches also, and pears on walls, are often noticed to have holes in them, which are set down to mice or insects. If they are watched it will be frequently found that sparrows cause the harm.

Vegetable gardeners know to their cost what terrible mischief sparrows occasion to peas throughout the season, from the time when the first leaves appear to the last picking of pods. Young lettuces and early cabbages are ravaged, the slugs being often falsely accused. Beetroot leaves in early stages are nipped off. Spinach is devoured when the leaves are young and tender. In short, unless the habits

and destructive ways of these birds are carefully noted, no one can have a conception of the losses they cause in kitchen and market gardens, as well as in flower gardens, in taking seeds and in picking off the first leaves of young plants. For example, it is difficult to get mignonette where sparrows abound. Many other flowers are attacked in their early stage by these ubiquitous and almost omnivorous depredators. The almost unmixed evil wrought by house-sparrows has been clearly brought before cultivators by the late Colonel Russel of Romford, by Mr. Champion Russel, and ofttimes and in characteristically vigorous terms by Miss E. Ormerod, who in her thirteenth report on Injurious Insects, says: "The observations of the sparrow nuisance, as it is well described, continue to show the same points which are observed year by year, namely, loss from depredations of this bird on fruit trees, buds, &c., to fruit farmers; on young crops or vegetables, as peas, &c., in gardens; and deplorable losses where the birds flock to the corn in autumn."

All the offences of the house-sparrow cited above are fully and completely recognised by American, Canadian, and Australasian cultivators. The United States ornithologist, Dr. Merriman, in a long and elaborate report to the Minister of Agriculture, 1888, formulates a fearful indictment against the "English sparrow," as it is styled, which was first settled in the country in 1853. At this time it has spread over thirty-seven states and six territories, having first invaded the larger cities, then the smaller cities and towns, then the villages and hamlets, and finally the populous farming districts. As the towns and villages become filled to repletion the overflow moves off into the country, and the sparrow's range is thus gradually extended. Occasionally, however, it is suddenly transported to considerable distances by going to roost in empty box-cars and travelling hundreds of miles. When let out again it is quite as much at home as in its native town. In this way it reached St. John, New Brunswick, in 1883, on board the railway trains from the west. In like manner another colony arrived March 1, 1884, in grain cars from Montreal. Similarly it has arrived at a number of towns in the United States. It is calculated that in fifteen years from 1870 the new territory in the United States invaded by the English sparrow amounted to 516,500 square miles, and that the total area now occupied there is much over 885,000 square miles.

In Canada it occupies considerably over 160,000 square miles. Its rapid spread and increase create consternation in agricultural and horticultural circles. At the annual meeting of the Entomological Society of Ontario, the well-known president, Mr. J. Fletcher,

remarked that "a subject demanding immediate attention at the hands of economic entomologists, as one of the influences which materially affect the amount of insect presence, is the great and rapid increase in the numbers of the sparrows. Introduced into Canada but a few years ago, it has already increased in some places to such an extent as to be a troublesome pest, and steps should be taken at once to exterminate the audacious little miscreant." Professor Saunders, late president of the Ontario Entomological Society, said at the same meeting that "the extermination of the English sparrow would be a great boon to Canada," and the Minister of Agriculture for Ontario stated that "this destructive bird was no longer under the protection of the Act of Parliament respecting insectivorous birds, and that every one was at liberty to aid in reducing its numbers."

Australasian cultivators are much alarmed at the increase of the house-sparrow. Agricultural and horticultural societies are taking strong action against it, while entomologists equally denounce it. In a paper read before a congress of Agricultural Bureaux, Mr. F. S. Crawford, a skilful entomologist, divided the various pests of cultivators of the soil into two classes, the free and parasitic; and placed among "free animal pests" rabbits, sparrows, locusts, some beetles, certain grubs of beetles, and a few caterpillars. Prizes are offered by many societies in Australia for the largest number of heads of sparrows and of sparrows' eggs.

Besides the direct injuries of house-sparrows, they entail indirect harmful consequences by driving away useful insectivorous birds. They are pugnacious and numerous, so that other birds cannot exist near them. They have been aptly termed "ruffians in feather." Swallows and martins are routed from their accustomed haunts and nesting-places. Many a householder will remember that a few years ago swallows' nests were regularly made in corners of their houses, whereas lately it has been quite exceptional to see a nest. It is not alleged that the diminution in the number of swallows is due altogether to sparrows; but it is certain that they have prevented swallows from nesting as of old upon buildings, and probably in many cases have prevented them from building at all. Swallows are admittedly the most valuable friends of the cultivator. Their food is altogether of insects, including midges and the Hessian fly, *cecidomyidæ* of all kinds and other aphides, turnip flee beetles, and such like devastators of crops. Their large decrease is a national calamity. Colonel Russel suggests that the greater prevalence of the wheat midge, *Cecidomyia tritici*, is due to this cause, and it is not by any means unlikely that the frequent occurrence of hop blights from

aphides in the last ten years is attributable to the comparative scarcity of swallows, as aphides migrate in the winged form from trees of the *prunus* tribe, especially damsons, to the hop plants, and from the hop plants again to the damsons. There are two distinct migrations of winged aphides through the air, to accomplish this giving great opportunities to swallows. With regard to other birds useful to cultivators, such as fly-catchers, water-wagtails, and others, they are all driven away by sparrows, which do not tolerate other birds near their homes.

And with respect to aphides, it may be said here in looking on the blackest side of sparrows, that they are exceedingly fond of the larvæ of the Coccinellidæ, which are the great devourers of aphides in all stages. The same complaint is made of the sparrow in the United States and Canada—that it drives away insectivorous insects, and disdains to eat them itself. No less than seventy kinds of birds are said to be molested by the sparrow in the United States, the majority of which are species which nest about houses, farms, and gardens, and are decidedly beneficial to the farmers and gardeners.

Now, looking upon the other side of the picture, in what way do sparrows profit anything or anybody? Do they benefit those who cultivate the land by reducing the number of insects injurious to crops? They undoubtedly take some insects to their young ones; it is believed that this is because other suitable food for the brood is not forthcoming. Several who have watched these birds hold that small caterpillars and larvæ are given, among many other things, to the young birds in their early stages. Small beetles, red spiders, and small flies are also found in the maws of young sparrows. It has been noticed that the caterpillars are always smooth; hairy caterpillars are not eaten by sparrows at any time. Colonel Russel states that he once examined in Essex the stomachs of forty-seven nestling sparrows, and only found the remains of six small insects in the entire lot, the crops in most cases being filled with green peas and greens. That sparrows have no appreciable effect upon aphides is proved over and over again, by the fact that these insects have swarmed upon plum, damson, and other trees close to where hundreds of sparrows have been born and bred. Aphides upon roses in gardens near the nesting-places of many sparrows are never touched by these birds; and in the recent visitations of caterpillars upon fruit trees of various kinds, the attack has been as virulent in gardens, orchards, and fruit plantations hard by the breeding and roosting-places of hundreds of sparrows as in localities far from their usual haunts. Sparrows may be seen in large flocks in corn-fields after the harvest, and close to turnips infested with aphides, but they utterly disregard this kind of

food. It is well known that they will not look at pea or bean aphides, nor at the weevils which sometimes swarm upon pea and bean haulm, though directly peas are formed they attack the pods. Miss Ormerod says, in her seventh yearly "Report of Observations of Injurious Insects:" "I have not received from any quarter a single trustworthy observation of sparrows feeding regularly upon insects. Nobody doubts, however, that they can and do sometimes take them in special circumstances."

Professor Riley, the entomologist of the Department of Agriculture in the United States, made a most exhaustive report upon the insectivorous habits of the sparrow, after long and careful investigation, and his conclusion is that we are justified in concluding that the bird will exceptionally feed upon any insects; but I am strongly inclined to believe that the deductions made from my own observations will hold very generally true, and that in cases where injurious insects have been fed upon it is not by virtue of any insectivorous habits or preference, but by mere accident. Dr. Lintner, the entomologist of the New York State, has arrived at practically the same conclusion as to the naturally gramnivorous or vegetarian characteristics of the sparrow, and of its uselessness as an insect destroyer. The verdict of another able economic entomologist, Mr. Fletcher, of Ontario, is that although during the breeding season they do destroy many soft-bodied insects as food for their young, this good office is by far outweighed by the harm they do in driving away truly insectivorous birds, and by their direct ravages upon grain crops.

There is a more weighty argument against the usefulness of the sparrow, and directly demonstrating its destructiveness, in the fact that most of the laws of the various states of America, framed to protect sparrows, have been repealed, and regulations of cities to the same effect have practically become dead letters. Bounties have been offered by some towns and counties in the United States. In Michigan State one halfpenny per head is paid for "English sparrows." If there were any good in these birds it is quite certain that such practical people as the Americans would not set their faces so steadily against them, and take such active steps by means of poison, trapping, netting, and shooting to decrease their numbers.

Canadians have also ceased to protect sparrows, and now are compassing their destruction in every possible way. Australian and New Zealand farmers and gardeners are offering rewards and prizes to those who kill the largest number of sparrows, and produce the greatest quantity of their eggs, as fatal experience has taught them that they are unmitigated evils.

They have been compelled, moreover, to poison them by wholesale. "Their most successful method is that of placing poisoned wheat in a bag with chaff, and allowing it to leak over a tail of a cart along the road." The sparrows are destroyed by the bushel.

British cultivators have waged war in a half-hearted way against these enemies for a long while. They say now that the time has arrived when prompt and drastic measures must be taken to reduce the number of sparrows, and that they intend to avail themselves of all legal means to accomplish this. Seeing there is such a consensus of opinion on the part of the agriculturists and horticulturists of at least half the inhabited world with regard to the mischievous and destructive nature of sparrows, the feeble voices of bird-lovers and humanitarians, who urge that they should be allowed to increase and multiply at their will and pleasure, will hardly be listened to.

III.—FOR THE DEFENCE.

By Rev. THEODORE WOOD.

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Our Insect Allies," &c. &c.

IF among the feathered inhabitants of our islands there be a bird with a bad character, that bird is most undoubtedly the common house-sparrow. From all quarters there rises up a chorus of execration against it. Farmers and gardeners unite in abusing it. They accuse it of numberless crimes. They regard it as a monster of iniquity. They freely advocate its partial or even complete extermination. And by organised as well as by individual efforts that policy has been largely carried into effect. We hear of "Sparrow Clubs" which pay so much per head for the birds themselves, and so much per dozen for their eggs. We read of farmers who scatter poisoned grain in severe weather—a sort of refinement of cruelty—with the result of destroying not sparrows alone, but numbers of other small birds with them. We all know the fruit-grower who cannot believe that his garden or his orchard is in safety unless it is incessantly promenaded by a man with a gun. And still the cry is for further slaughter. Is this slaughter necessary?

In order to answer that question, we must glance for a moment at the various counts upon which the sparrow is arraigned.

1. It is accused of stealing corn, alike from the field, the rick, and the poultry-yard; and a well-known Cheshire agriculturist—Mr.

Bell—has lately estimated the annual loss of wheat due to the attacks of sparrows in England alone at £2,089,353.

2. It is further accused of shelling-out growing peas from their pods, and in many cases even of destroying the plants themselves almost immediately upon their appearance above the ground.

3. It is also said to damage crocuses, primroses, and other garden plants, by plucking the blossoms or tearing them to pieces, apparently out of wanton mischief.

4. It is charged with driving martins from their nests, and so expelling strictly insectivorous birds from districts in which their services are especially valuable.

Besides these, there are one or two minor counts of no practical importance.

This indictment appears sufficiently formidable. But the case for the defence must be set against it, and this consists of three contentions.

1. That some of the above accusations are greatly exaggerated.

2. That others are totally untrue.

3. That the undeniable mischief, large as it is, of which the sparrow is at times the cause, is more than counterbalanced by the services rendered by the bird in other ways.

Let us examine these three contentions in turn.

Taking the average price of wheat at 30*s.* per quarter, Mr. Bell's estimate requires us to believe that 1,392,904 quarters of this grain alone, or 313,404 tons, are annually swallowed by English sparrows. In other words, these birds dispose of nearly one-sixth of all the wheat grown in England. Prodigious! The statement is absurd on the face of it. Probably Mr. Bell, like many farmers before him, has based his calculations upon the amount of damage wrought in one particular field—a damage which is often very great, and also most deceptive. For sparrows are by no means equally distributed over all parts of our corn-growing districts. They congregate near trees or houses, or in such other spots as may be convenient for nesting and shelter, and never travel far afield in search of food; so that their mischief is concentrated upon a comparatively small area of ground. Thus certain fields in the neighbourhood of trees or buildings may be systematically robbed of a large proportion of their produce, while others, at a little distance, as invariably escape. Clearly, then, it is misleading and unfair to take a particular field as a sample, and to build up a startling array of figures upon the exceptional basis which it affords.

Much of the evidence against the sparrow on this particular

count, again, has been furnished by the examination of the crops of slaughtered specimens. This evidence, at first sight, may seem unexceptionable; but it is weak and deficient in this respect, that although it may establish the fact that sparrows feed largely upon corn, it altogether fails to show where that corn comes from. Now, a sparrow may frequently obtain a hearty meal of corn without robbing the farmer or the poultry-keeper at all. At harvest time, for instance, and during the gleaning season which succeeds it, a large quantity of grain lies scattered upon the ground, perfectly useless to the farmer, quite beyond the power even of the gleaners to gather up. In devouring this grain the bird is performing not a mischievous but a positively beneficial act, since if allowed to remain it would shortly sprout, and tend to exhaust the land. Yet, if a sparrow, having feasted upon such grain, be shot and opened, the contents of his crop are brought forward as undeniable evidence that he has been robbing the farmer!

Sparrows extract a considerable amount of grain, too, from horse-droppings; and they also devour no small quantity which has been brought out from the ricks, *not* by the birds themselves, but by rats. So that even though sparrow after sparrow may be examined, and found to contain grain, it by no means follows that that grain has been stolen from the farmer.

On the count of destroying garden flowers, the sparrow must plead guilty. It is a crime of comparatively modern development, and seems to have originated in the desire to obtain certain small insects which tenant the flowers in question.

The accusation of stealing peas and destroying the plants may be met by a flat denial.

Farmers and gardeners commonly attribute the chipped leaves of young bean and pea plants to the beak of the sparrow. In reality, however, the injury is due, not to the bird at all, but to the small *Sitones* weevils, which are so terribly destructive to many leguminous plants. This may readily be proved by experiment. On a warm spring evening, let the investigator examine a few rows of young peas or beans by the aid of a bull's-eye lantern. He will find the edges of the leaves thronged by these little beetles, all busily feeding upon them. Now let him remove the insects from a leaf or two, and he will see that the margins are chipped away, even down to the midrib, in exactly the manner attributed to the beak of the sparrow.

But it will be objected that sparrows visit pea and bean fields in multitudes. No doubt they do; but they go for the sake, not of the plants themselves, but of the weevils which are attacking and

destroying them. So that their errand, in reality, far from being of a mischievous character, is a highly beneficial one.

Some five years since I had a remarkable illustration of this fact. In my own garden, near Broadstairs, were several long rows of "telephone" peas. Of all the garden owners of the neighbourhood, I alone took no pains to prevent the visits of sparrows, which were allowed free and undisturbed access to every part of the garden, and took the fullest advantage of their opportunities. On visiting the rows, indeed, I frequently disturbed a flock of twenty or thirty sparrows from among them. Yet I lost neither a plant nor a pod, while none of my neighbours succeeded in growing a crop of even average yield. The fact was that the *Sitones* weevils were unusually abundant in that season, and that the sparrows had removed them from my rows, while in those of my neighbours, from which the birds were excluded, the insects were able to carry on their mischievous operations unchecked.

In order to put this matter quite beyond dispute, I killed half a dozen of the birds and opened them. In five out of the six the crop contained a number of the dead weevils, while in the gizzard were vestiges of others. In none of these was there anything of a vegetable character. In the crop of the sixth, which had apparently but just arrived, was a single grain of corn, probably extracted—the month being May—from some horse-droppings in the neighbourhood.

Against the great amount of mischief which is undoubtedly committed by the sparrow, must be set the very great services which it renders by the destruction of mischievous insects.

This is notably the case during the breeding season, which extends over a period of some ten weeks. The young sparrows are quite unable to digest a vegetable diet, and are fed entirely upon insects. Actual experiment has shown that these—consisting for the most part of highly injurious grubs—are brought to the nest at the rate of 40 per hour. Assuming that the sparrow works for only twelve hours in the day—an estimate far below the mark—we still have a total of 480 insects per day, 3,360 per week, and 33,600 in the course of the breeding season destroyed by each pair of birds! And this calculation does not take into account those which are devoured by the parent birds themselves. Of the value of the sparrow as a grub destroyer I have again had practical experience. There is a large kitchen and fruit garden in North Kent in which sparrows are not only tolerated, but encouraged. The walls of the house and stabling are covered with ivy and creepers, in which they nest in hundreds. The garden, however, is bordered on two sides by an extensive

orchard, devoted partly to apple trees and partly to gooseberries and currants, which are also grown largely in the kitchen-garden. And throughout the spring and summer that orchard is patrolled by gunners, with instructions to shoot every sparrow that they see.

Now on the doctrine accepted by farmers, the orchard ought to bear plentifully, while the kitchen-garden should be stripped of its produce. But, as a matter of fact, the exact opposite is regularly the case. The gooseberry and currant bushes are stripped of their foliage by saw fly and currant moth grubs and caterpillars, while the apple trees are similarly damaged by the larvæ of the lackey moth, and the fruit return is hardly ever sufficient to cover working expenses.

But in the kitchen-garden matters are very different. The gooseberry and currant bushes are literally laden with fruit. More than half a ton of jam is annually made from the produce of the latter alone, puddings, &c., for a school of thirty boys are manufactured three or four times a week, a large quantity of fruit is given away, and yet at the end of the season a considerable amount invariably remains ungathered. So, too, with the gooseberries, while the lackey caterpillar is almost unknown upon the apples. Surely this may be regarded as a practical commentary upon the value of the sparrow as an insect destroyer. I may further refer to the fact that in Maine and Auxerre, some five-and-thirty years since, sparrows were wholly exterminated in accordance with Government edict. In the following season even the foliage of the trees was almost wholly destroyed by caterpillars. Perhaps, too, I may be permitted to quote the following, which appeared two years since in the Kentish newspapers, and carries with it great weight owing to the source from which the main statement emanates. I looked for some weeks for a contradiction, which, however, never appeared:

"An almost unprecedented attack of maggot has taken place in the Kentish fruit plantations, and nut and apple crops have been in many instances grievously damaged if not destroyed. Planters are making vigorous efforts to fight the pest; but the grubs are so numerous that hitherto they have defeated all attempts to get rid of them. The increase of insects is said *by the farmers* to be due to the scarcity of sparrows, owing to the wholesale slaughter of the birds which has been carried on in the district."

The terrible havoc wrought by sparrows in Australia and North America, often brought forward as an argument for the extermination of the bird, has no bearing upon the "Sparrow question" in Great Britain. The bird in those countries has been introduced by man, and change of climate implies a corresponding change of food. The

sparrow as a British bird, on every principle of justice, must be judged by its doings in Great Britain alone. And weighing its services as a whole against its mischief, similarly considered, the unprejudiced observer can hardly deny that the former largely predominate.

IV.—IN AMERICA.

By G. W. MURDOCH, *Late Editor of "The Farmer."*

EXACTLY forty years ago what is properly termed the "English sparrow" (*Passer domesticus*) was introduced into the United States of America as an ornithological experiment. From the Pacific to the Atlantic the great problem *now* is how to exterminate the bird. Under what circumstances and through the agency of what courses has such a revolution in public opinion taken place with regard to the habits of one of the most familiar birds in existence? We use the word familiar advisedly, for wherever man congregates in families, tribes, or communities, there will be found the sparrow living and thriving, impudently audacious and quite familiar to an almost irritating degree. The sparrow has never been a much valued bird. It is not of handsome plumage. He has no compensating attractions as a musician, and there is not much in him as a bird for the pie-dish. In Scriptural days of old it was asked, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" thereby implying that the bird was of trifling money value. It is true that we find the Psalmist saying, "I watch and am as a sparrow that sitteth alone upon the housetop," but the bird to which the repentant king compared himself was not our familiar *Passer domesticus*, but a thrush or *Passer solitarius*, a very different kind of bird. But even before 1850, when the first common sparrow was transported or rather carried to America, the character of the bird as a friend or foe of the farmer and the gardener was in question. The verdict against him was of the Scotch judicial order, "not proven," and a good many are still of opinion that the verdict should remain standing, while a few regard the bird as a pest, and on the other hand not a few as a blessing.

Let us glance for a moment at the experience of the United States during the forty years the birds have bred and extended themselves. The story has been admirably told in a report just issued from the Ornithological Section of the Agricultural Department at Washington. It consists of over four hundred closely-printed pages, and relates to an enormous mass of direct evidence as to the habits

of the birds, and is therefore an invaluable, and, as far as it goes, valuable basis for inductive generalisation. In the first place we notice the remarkable adaptability of the sparrow to all conditions or human life. Wherever man migrated and settled, there went the sparrow and thrived. The bird is at home in the scorching southern states, and he can make himself quite comfortable in the extreme north-west.

"The marvellous rapidity," says Mr. Merriman, the eminent American ornithologist, "of the sparrow's multiplication, the surprising swiftness of its extension, and the prodigious size of the area it overspreads, are without parallel in the history of any bird." The facts in support of this statement are overwhelming, and need not be recapitulated. Just a few words here about the phenomenal fecundity of the sparrow. "It is not unusual," adds Mr. Merriman, "for a single pair in the latitude of New York, or further south, to rear between twenty and thirty young in the course of a year." Assuming the annual produce of a pair to be twenty-four young, of which half are females and half males, and assuming further for the sake of compilation that all live together with their offspring, it will be seen that in ten years the progeny of a single pair would be 275,716,983,698. But for practical purposes if we allow three years as the maximum of a sparrow's life, and allowing twenty as a maximum of annual births for each pair, the fecundity is enormous. Now it has been stoutly argued by the "friends of sparrows" that *at least* during breeding time they feed their young on insects, in most cases on injurious insects, and as a consequence they do incalculably more good in that way than evil by the destruction of ripening or ripe grain. Of course there are useful and in fact beneficent insects, and the aforesaid friends of the sparrow have not at all times differentiated between the two classes in their inductions. Important evidence on the subject was taken by the Wild Birds Protection Committee of the British House of Commons in 1873. Some of the facts therein, even in detail, are certainly of a most important character as bearing on the good character of the sparrow.

For instance, Mr. Henry Myers, one of the largest market gardeners in the neighbourhood of London, was examined with the following result:

"I believe you were led at one time of your life to reconsider your opinions about birds?—I suppose I have been in my time one of the greatest of sparrow destroyers. You have the blood of a great many sparrows on your head?—I had a sparrow club at one time; I thought they were injurious birds. We killed them until scarcely

one could be found on the premises. Did you derive valuable results from that course?—No; on the contrary, we were eaten up with blight. Will you be kind enough to tell the committee what was your experience after so destroying the sparrows?—After the sparrows became almost extinct we found blight of various kinds very much increase upon us, and it has done so ever since. I am glad to say sparrows are becoming more common with us now; this year our trees are comparatively free from blight. The committee will draw their own inference, but those were the facts. As the birds have increased you have suffered much less from insects, you say?—Yes, especially this year. Are you in the way of noticing the habits of the sparrows when they are in your garden?—To say that the sparrows do no damage would be wrong, but there is no doubt that they do a larger proportion of good than they do harm."

Mr. James Bell, gardener to the Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire, gave most important evidence of a similar character, his observations extending to the habits of sparrows, wrens, robins, &c. The following is part of his evidence:

"Does the sparrow give you any trouble?—The only thing that I know against the sparrow is that after the peas come in about this season they are very destructive to the green peas; they peck the pods and destroy the peas. Now I will put the same question to you that I put to another witness. If you were a market gardener, depending for your livelihood on the growth of the fruit, should you protect the birds or not?—I certainly would, because I would rather lose some fruit than have the whole of the crops destroyed by insects and caterpillars. You think the greatest danger is on the side of the insect than the bird?—Yes, undoubtedly. They come in shoals; you may manage the insects in a very small garden, but you cannot manage them in an acre or two of fruit trees. It is within your experience that where birds are encouraged insects are kept down?—I always find that we never have insects to an extent to damage the crops seriously where there are plenty of birds."

Mr. Merriman, in his report, has not scrupled to quote largely from the above, his sole object being to get at "the bottom facts" relating to the habits of sparrows. Summing up the vast amount of evidence taken all over the United States, the following are the general conclusions. With regard to injury to buds, blossoms, &c., 584 reports were sent in; of these 265 alleged positive damage of varying kind and degree, 12 were indeterminate, and the remaining 307 were favourable to the bird. The compiler, however, points out that the greater part of the favourable reports (294) have little

weight, being brief monosyllabic negatives written in reply to the schedule questions, without anything to indicate the extent or closeness of the writers' observation. Almost all reports agree that considerable injury is done by the filthy habits of sparrows about houses, and where there are ornamental trees. Grapes are grown extensively in the open in America, and the evidence is clear that sparrows are beginning to find out the value of this fruit, and consume it greedily. It is also credited with much damage to apples and other kinds of fruit, the young seeds of many kinds of green vegetables, plants, &c. The most valuable portion of the report, however, refers to the elaborate facts to be found in the tables of food as shown by dissections of stomachs. In all and from every part of the country, and at all seasons of the year, 636 stomachs of sparrows were examined minutely, many of them within an hour and a half after death. The net result was that wheat was found in 22 stomachs; oats in 327; corn (maize) in 71; fruit seeds in 57; grass seeds in 102; weed seeds in 85; undetermined vegetable matter in 219; bread, rice, &c., 19; noxious insects, 47; beneficial insects, 50; insects of no economic importance in 51. Having these hard facts before us, the general verdict against the sparrow must be rather decisive, and that too without taking into account its impudent and most disastrous interference with the breeding of other and undoubtedly beneficent birds, such as martins, &c

THE BALLAD OF THE HULK.

BY the flat bank, dim in the waning light,
  On land-locked waters, by a stagnant shore
Lies the huge hulk : no longer winged for flight,
  But bare, dismasted, ne'er to travel more.

The sad red evening glares on the dull stream,
  While one star quivers palely in the blue ;
And, deathful as a sleep without a dream,
  Fold the wild wings that once so strongly flew.

Thin mists are rising on the river's face,
  And slowly grows the shadow of the night ;
Darkness glooms round the melancholy place ;
  The great dim wreck begins to fade from sight.

Oh, what a change ! tho' now forlorn, supine,
  A nobler craft hath never ruled the sea ;
She lived long years upon the surging brine,
  And moved in beauty—noble, strong, and free.

A ship's existence is a fight with death :
  She swims on a vast widespread watery grave ;
The dangers round her, stirred by tempests' breath,
  Might sometimes half appall e'en seamen brave.

What dark depths fathomless beneath her keel !
  Ocean's great plain hides awful secrets drear :
Fair women and brave men alike may feel
  Their bark surrounded by a haunting fear.

From the wild wave shall rise—how many dead !
  Who perished whelmed beneath the mighty mai
No tombs can mark where ocean's acres spread,
  And yet the sea her dead shall yield again.

Her graves too vast for any stone to mark,
  Too shifting for record of any tomb :
Her dead drop deeply into shadows dark,
  And disappear into unfathomed gloom.

Through day and night, 'neath tropic stars and suns,
  Through many a year, through many a fearful gale,
A precious freight of twice a thousand tons
  The great ship carried 'neath her towering sail.

Bravely for years and years, through strife sublime,
  The conquering bark pursued her wild career;
But e'en her strong frame must succumb to time,
  And its last vestiges must disappear.

Dæmonic strength, transcending human force,
  Resides in mountain billow and mad wind,
Which leap and rush upon their reckless course,
  And pity not—insensate, ruthless, blind.

Among the noblest shows on all the earth
  A fairer sight, indeed, there scarce could be
Than, fleetly sailing in her stately mirth,
  That royal vessel on the tossing sea.

In splendour her proud flags triumphant fly,
  Flutt'ring and streaming in the joyous breeze;
Or one in sadness drooping half-mast-high,
  To tell that death can strike upon the seas.

Day after day, week after week, they roam,
  The wanderers o'er that changeful ocean plain;
The far wide fields of furrow and of foam
  Spread ceaselessly upon the lonely main.

Her tall trucks reel against the sky of noon,
  When bright the sun or fresh the lively breeze;
Or sway beneath great stars and wading moon,
  When tempests vex the fierce unfeeling seas.

In tropic calms the high black gleaming side
  Rests on its shadow on the water's gleam,
Rocks gently on the softly heaving tide,
  Till ship and ocean blend into a dream.

Then, tall sails stretching to her topmost spires,
  While argent moonshine blanches each sail white,
Round the dark hull flash phosphorescent fires,
  Till night is peace, and loveliness, and light.

High on the swaying yards the sailors swing,
  When the broad swelling sails are reefed or furled,
As growing winds begin to hiss and sing,
  And rising billows with wild rage are curled.

The warrior ship awakens for the strife ;
While plunging seas remorseless strike her bow,
Her quivering frame becomes instinct with life,
And scatters the wild waves that beat her prow.

The proud bark welters on the lifting swell,
And plunges madly through each watery crest ;
E'en the worst gale that e'er on ocean fell
Shall find the lofty vessel at her best.

The roaring hurricane fills all the night,
While the mad sea leaps upward to low clouds ;
Green rushing waters on lined decks alight,
And hoarse winds whistle thro' the reeling shrouds.

And human drama plays its living part
Beneath the soaring of the triple mast ;
Love shall begin in many a gentle heart—
Love born at sea, and long on land to last.

Pale cheek and wistful eye are wanly there,
Sad sickness seeking from the seas relief.
The ship bears love, and hope, and joy, and care ;
And the high bulwarks hold both mirth and grief.

Strange constellations gleam in stranger skies,
The ocean pathway ever leads to change ;
Far lands grow nearer to expectant eyes,
Taught by the sea to look for all things strange.

Land ho ! and faintly, a low bar of purple cloud,
They see the shore at which they fain would be.
Welcome is land unto that weary crowd,
Pent for so long upon the climbing sea.

Wave-wearied passengers, with gladsome breast,
Will change the narrow deck for ampler space ;
They upon Australasian shores will find their rest
But she must soon her trackless way retrace.

She has retraced it—and for the last time ;
Her ocean labours all at length are past :
Closed is for ever her career sublime ;
To this pathetic end she comes at last.

Her life of strife, of joy and pride, is o'er,
Never again shall she float fair and free ;
Rotting beside the muddy river shore,
Never again the ocean shall she see.

Her timbers strained, her worn sides wan and dim,
  But showing yet the beauty of her lines.
Never did statelier ship on ocean swim,
  And still her record bright in memory shines.

Her glory and her dangers both are past,
  And only silence sounds her parting knell.
Of many fancies full, we look our last:
  Pathetic is our sad, our proud—farewell!

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THE month would be somewhat uneventful were it not for the one great event of the advent of the Daly Company. A very poor piece of work by a man who has done much good work—Mr. Wills—"A Royal Divorce," at the Olympic, might be forgiven for its infidelity to history: it could not be forgiven for its tediousness. At Drury Lane, Sir Augustus Harris inaugurated his knighthood with an exciting naval melodrama, "A Sailor's Knot," by Mr. Pettitt, set in the stirring times of the struggle with Napoleon. At the Avenue a rival, and by no means a dangerous rival, to "L'Enfant Prodigue" was brought forward in a new pantomime called "Yvette," which was much too long and rather dull. "Arrah-na-Pogue" has been revived at the Princess's; and Miss Minnie Palmer shakes her short skirts through "My Sweetheart" at the Vaudeville.

But the great event of the month has been the reappearance in London of the Daly Company. It is now seven years since this company first came to London and played for a season at Toole's Theatre. They did not then create the attention they deserved. Some of those who saw them appreciated their excellence; the majority of critics did not recognise the importance of the event; I did not happen to see them at all. This was in 1884. Two years later they came again, in 1886, this time to the Strand Theatre; and this time I saw them once, when they were playing the piece with which they opened this season at the Lyceum, "A Night Off." I was immensely amused, so was all London. This time the company were beginning to be better understood—to be more appreciated. Again they went away; again they returned, two years later, in 1888. This time they played at the Gaiety, beginning with that delightful piece, "the dear, the for-ever remembered" play, "The Railroad of Love." The performance was a revelation. It showed me that in Miss Ada Rehan the stage boasted an actress with a variety of emotional expression that was almost unequalled—that was certainly unsurpassed. The light-hearted trifling of the witty, pretty widow, Valentine Osprey, was interpreted by Miss Rehan with a comedy

that can only be called exquisite. But suddenly, in the midst of the dainty mirth, the bright, delicate humour, there came a love scene—the now famous door scene—which was played with an appealing tenderness, with a living poetry that made it one of the most beautiful things I had ever seen on the stage. And when this scene was followed by another, in which an episode of farce was endowed with a passion and fire and pathos that elevated it to the dignity of the highest art, I recognised at once that in Miss Rehan I was beholding one of the great actresses of our age.

What "The Railroad of Love" revealed and suggested "The Taming of the Shrew" confirmed. The play is not a wholly pleasing one; it does not stand high on the list of the Shakespearean plays; it is generally looked upon and generally played as if it were a mere whirling farce. But Miss Ada Rehan's Katherine was a great creation—it might almost be called a great tragic creation. Who that saw it will forget her first appearance in the comedy, that fierce rush upon the stage, that splendid pause of baited fury? Everything about her, the flame-coloured hair, the flame-coloured garments, suggested passion; here at this moment the passion of a wrath that was almost animal in its ferocity, and yet a passion capable of heroic expression, capable of being developed into the noble passion of love. The spectator sees from the first moment that the metamorphosis of Kate is no grotesque impossibility, no result of barbarous subjugation. That splendid flame-coloured creature, who might have come from the most brilliant canvas of the brilliant Veronese, had something in her of the divine Italian Juliet—something of the imperial Egyptian Cleopatra. I saw it again and again, learning with every fresh occasion some new lesson in the power and beauty and magic of dramatic art interpreted by a true artist: it was a lesson of the highest kind, it was an artistic pleasure not to be surpassed.

"The Taming of the Shrew" was Miss Rehan's triumph of that season; two years later, in 1890, she returned again to London for a further triumph in "As You Like It." I had seen quite a number of Rosalinds, but here I saw the nearest approach to my ideal of the Witch of Arden Wood. In that book of Théophile Gautier's which Mr. Swinburne has called "the golden book of spirit and sense, the holy writ of beauty," there is an exquisite description of an ideal performance of "As You Like It." The play seems to have enchanted Gautier, and he wrote about it with all the impassioned enthusiasm which he gave to everything that appealed to his Grecian sense of beauty. The performance which the poet had described Miss Rehan helped me to realise. This radiant daughter of a

banished duke who is all as witty and twice as gracious as Beatrice, who wanders in the woodland like a returned Dryad, who loves and makes love with such sweet serene audacity, lived and moved in Miss Rehan's creation. It would be rash to say that it was a finer performance than her Katherine ; but it was as fine, worthy to stand by its side, the second picture in a splendid gallery of Shakespeare's womanhood. Might not that Rosalind, one asks again, play Juliet? Could not that magnificent Katherine make a no less magnificent Cleopatra?

There is one part which Miss Rehan has played which, amongst all her wide ranges of creations, I may perhaps be permitted to feel some special regret at not having seen. It is only a small part, but it is a part that I can well imagine her playing to perfection—the part of Xantippe in a version of Théodore de Banville's gracious little one-act comedy, "La Femme de Socrate," which I was privileged to write. It was produced at Daly's Theatre in New York in the October of 1888, and it was not possible for me to be in New York at the time and so I have never seen it. But where imagination might fail to present to me a picture of Miss Rehan as Xantippe, assistance comes in the description of her acting given by the accomplished New York critic, Mr. William Winter. In a very rare and beautiful book, "A Daughter of Comedy," of which only a hundred and thirteen copies are in existence, a book privately printed, in which Mr. William Winter has traced the brief and brilliant record of Miss Rehan's artistic career, I find the following pages, which I must permit myself the pleasure of quoting:

"Miss Rehan wore a robe of golden silk, and her noble and spirited head was crowned with an aureole of red hair. Xantippe, resentful of the scornful composure of Socrates, scolds and storms till, in the tempest of her passion, she is suddenly thrown into a syncope, whereupon she is thought to be dead. But while she is recovering from this swoon she hears the sorrowful, affectionate protestations of love that are uttered by her husband, and, perceiving then his sincerity, devotion, and sweetness, and her own unwomanlike violence and acrimony of temper, she changes from a shrew to a meek and loving woman. Miss Rehan acted this part in a strain of passionate impetuosity and at times with fine sarcasm. Her elocution was uncommonly sweet. Her action was marked by incessant and piquant variety. She flashed from one mood to another and placed many phases of the feminine nature in vivid contrast. The embodiment was one of sumptuous personal beauty, and, after the storm of shrewish rage and turbulent jealousy had

spent its force, this portrayal closed with the suggestion of a lovely ideal of nobility and gentleness. When there is a close correspondence between the temperament of the actor and the temperament of the part that is represented a greater freedom of expression is naturally reached. That correspondence existed in the culminating passage of this play between Miss Rehan and the conquered Xantippe, and her success was triumphant. In dealing with the shrewish action of the part she obeyed the same subtle impulse that she has wisely followed in her treatment of Shakespeare's Katherine. The dress was made to harmonise with the spirit of its wearer: her shrew is red-haired, high coloured, and like a scorching flame."

But if Miss Rehan is the chief attraction of the Daly Company, she is admirably supported. In Mrs. Gilbert the stage possesses one of the most charming old ladies who have ever trod the boards. In all the whimsical parts she plays she shows such a subtle blend of humour and of tenderness as is not surpassed by any other actress. And what Mrs. Gilbert is amongst old ladies, Mr. James Lewis is amongst old men. I am speaking, of course, of both of them in the parts they play, which are always old parts: personally they are both perennially young. For a grotesque humour, which while farcical is always human, Mr. Lewis is not to be surpassed. As for Mr. John Drew, he is one of the best of living young actors. He is to the American stage what Noblet is to the French stage; but he can do things that, as far as I know, Noblet cannot do. For, while John Drew can play the dashing young gentleman of farcical comedy to perfection, he can also perform such parts as Orlando and Petruchio with great power and vitality. Ada Rehan and John Drew, Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis, these indeed form a quadrilateral of which any manager might be proud, even that greatest of all managers who founded the Théâtre Illustre and who wrote "Tartuffe." London has learned to love this quadrilateral as fondly as New York loves them, and welcomes them every year with, if possible, a warmer than the last welcome.

What must be regarded as an important dramatic event is the publication of the first volume of the plays of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. England has long been reproached for the decadence of her dramatic literature. Authors who have striven to improve the literature of the drama have been reproached for not giving their productions to a wider public than the play-going public, to the reading-public. The answer has always come pat. While an English dramatic author is popular, he naturally looks to the United States for a share of his reward. That share he could only obtain, until lately, so long as he

kept his play in manuscript, or at least kept it unpublished. But with the recent alteration in the law of American copyright, certain of our English dramatists have shown themselves eager to invite the study and the criticism of the reading as well as of the play-going public, and Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. Pinero, two of our most conspicuous dramatists, have proceeded to publish their plays. Mr. Jones has led off with the publication of "Saints and Sinners." [1]

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones takes himself very seriously, and he is quite right as a conscientious dramatist to take himself and his art as seriously as possible; but it may be questioned whether he does not take the new American copyright Act too seriously, and does not prophesy too remarkable results from its existence. Mr. Jones considers that it is the duty of all self-respecting dramatists at once to publish their plays in book form, as the majority of French dramatists do, and have done for many a long year. It remains to be seen whether he and Mr. Pinero, and the other dramatists who may follow their example and rush into print, will not find reasons—merely mercantile reasons—for regretting their action. America is a large country, swarmed over by travelling companies too numerous and too fleeting to be affected by any copyright law. An author, or his agents, will perhaps only learn of an unauthorised performance of his play in some distant part of the country days after it has taken place. Meanwhile the players have gone elsewhere, to play and disappear again before the law could be enforced. And this will be taking place all over the country—at least such is the opinion expressed to me of a great authority on American theatrical affairs. But however that may be, and however sorry I shall feel for either Mr. Jones or Mr. Pinero if they find their printed texts lightly pirated, I cannot but rejoice that they have come to the determination to print their plays.

For, after all, it is only by a study of its text that a play can be finally judged. A piece of dramatic work may, for many reasons—an individual actor's skill, lavish mounting, spectacular effect—take the taste of the town and prove a great commercial success, although the artistic worth of the work may be poor indeed. On the other hand, a play may be excellent literature and yet fail—for want of the right actor, for want of spectacular effect, for many reasons—to take the taste of the town. The only way to pronounce critically upon a play, upon a dramatic author's work, is to read it. But this has been impossible in the case of the contemporary stage in England. In France anyone who likes can make himself familiar with the plays

[1] London: Macmillan & Co.

of Dumas *fils*, with the majority of the plays of Sardou, with the plays of Lemaître, of Becque, of Bergerat, of all the dramatic writers, successful or unsuccessful. In Denmark everyone can buy the plays of Ibsen, of Jonas Lie, of Björnson, of Heiberg, and the rest. Spanish plays are sold in Spain; Italian plays in Italy; every European country publishes its new plays, except England.

It would almost appear as if there were something in the modern English mind hostile to the reading of plays; for it does not quite do to say that most of our acting plays are not good enough to print. If there existed a public eager to read plays, as such a public exists in Paris, in Berlin, in Madrid, in Rome, plays would soon be written that were worth their reading. Plays are published in Paris almost as largely as novels, and the effect of this great publicity has been to make the French drama a very skilful drama. It has to run the gauntlet of so much criticism that it must, perforce, be careful—must needs do its best. But in England few people care to read plays; few people, except professional or amateur actors, buy Lacy's theatrical library; even Shakespeare and Sheridan are not so intimate a part of popular reading as Molière and Corneille are in France. It may be that this will change. Perhaps Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is the pioneer of a new movement which will multiply the production of playbooks. Personally I hope so; there are few pleasures more delightful to my mind than the reading of playbooks. Here again our debt to Ibsen must be recognised. The increase of public interest in the drama during the last year or two has largely been aroused by the controversy over Ibsen and Ibsen's method.

Since I wrote these lines a new play has been added to the English repertory of the Daly Company. This new play is "The Last Word," one of those bright, humane, living adaptations from the German of which Mr. Daly possesses the secret—adaptations which have all the freshness and all the charm of brilliant original comedies. "The Last Word" is a comedy of the school of "The Railroad of Love," that is to say, it is a comedy which, while it sparkles with humour, has at the same time a serious note and touches graver chords than the mere string of mirth. Like "The Railroad of Love," which I consider one of the most charming comedies I have ever seen, "The Last Word" affords to Miss Rehan opportunities for displaying the extraordinarily wide and varied power of her genius. Cousin Val of "The Railroad of Love" was one of those enchanting creations, like Diana Vernon and Bathsheba Boldwood in fiction, whom the appreciative observer must, whether he will or no, fall helplessly in love with, and the Baroness Vera in "The

Last Word" is the heart's sister of Valentine Osprey. I declare that I cannot say which I like the best. Memory, carrying me back to the two triumphant scenes in "The Railroad of Love," calls upon me to declare for Cousin Val, but the immediate moment, with its living, thrilling picture of the beautiful Russian woman, so noble, so courageous, so divinely playful, so humanly passionate, makes me ready to swear like a new Quixote that the Baroness Vera is the peerless among womankind. Then I remember that the Baroness Vera and Valentine Osprey are the same, and that both are of one blood with Rosalind and Katherine, and all other feelings are absorbed in the one sense of warm gratitude to the genius that has made all these enchanting women live and move for me.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE publication of "The Journal of Sir Walter Scott, 1825–32,"[1] draws fresh attention to a figure always pleasant to contemplate. That Scott's comments, outspoken though never unamiable, upon his acquaintance or neighbours should have delayed the appearance of these revelations until those with whom they dealt had passed beyond the reach of censure is of course natural. It is a matter upon which the present generation is to be congratulated. While, moreover, another work of the same class, the revelations of Talleyrand, to which the world has looked forward with eager anticipation, has produced little except disappointment, Scott's Journal, which stole into existence with no preliminary fanfare, has been greeted with general delight. Curious proof how keen interest is aroused is supplied in the fact, for such it is, that the "Life of Scott," by Lockhart, in ten volumes uniform with the favourite edition of the Waverley novels, though previously one of the commonest of books, has sprung into demand and is now not easily obtainable. As is natural, the perusal of these delightful experiences and comments has given the reader a taste for more pabulum of the same class. Not easily does one tire of such a record as is supplied of a life of generous self-abnegation and heroic self-sacrifice.

Scott as seen in his Journal.

MANY men have sought to give their fellows or their successors an insight into their lives, to paint themselves for posterity as, in their own conceit, they should be seen. Jean-Jacques was of course the first to determine upon showing himself to the world in his true colours, with all his faults, infirmities, and crimes upon his head. How much vanity, self-esteem, and desire for approbation underlies Rousseau's exposure of meanness and baseness I will leave others to decide. Rousseau's successors went beyond him, and some sufficiently nauseating exhibitions of moral disease saw the light in the eighteenth century. A world, the taste of which is healthy in the main, quits these unpleasant revelations, and prefers an analysis of something less revolting. Pepys is confidential enough, and opens out some queer corners of his personality. Everybody pardons, however, if he does not love, the confiding gentleman whose

[1] Edinburgh: David Douglas.

cypher has yielded up its mystery, and who would be greatly astonished if, from the shades he inhabits, he could contemplate the interest he inspires. In letters, a nature so sweet as that of Dorothy Osborne or so cynical as that of Walpole attracts or amuses. Scott's Journal, however, stands alone in conveying to us the picture of a man as we would have him, with the qualities that inspire and the infirmities that endear. Healthy, virile, strong under defeat, modest in triumph, as far removed from cant as he is from libertinism, he supplies us with that robust virtue which, as opposed to valetudinarian virtue, is, as Macaulay says, what the world wants. Scott is the most many-sided man since Shakespeare, and may challenge comparison with Goethe. Few will read his confessions and revelations without the desire to lead a nobler life.

Scott's Last Words.

NOT at all the sort of dying speech which the world loves to hear is that of Scott. In these days, indeed, one hesitates to hold it up before a world little disposed to reverence. Declining to allow his daughters, who had watched long and were fatigued, to be aroused, Scott, when dying, said to his son-in-law—"Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." "Pietistic cant," says the reader, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Not so," I answer. I could find more than one "ancient Roman" who would accept and approve such teaching.

Eccentricities of Holiday-making.

NOW that what has been called the shrinking of the world is in progress, and a ride across a continent may be accomplished on a bicycle, people make resolute efforts to give a character to holiday pursuits. One pleasantly novel experience is chronicled in "Two Girls on a Barge," by V. Cecil Cotes.[1] This is the record of a slow, meditative holiday tour from London to Birmingham by two young girls who had fitted up a barge for residential purposes. With short trips of the kind I am familiar, having several times, on a specially chartered barge, descended the Thames or ascended the Medway. A quiet indolent progress through the locks of a canal and by primitive villages is an unknown (and hitherto, I suppose, unrecorded) experience. With its innumerable and clever designs and its pleasant style of narrative, this record of domestic, but not wholly unadventurous, travel is to be commended as delightful reading.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

[1] Chatto & Windus.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1891.

A SPIRITUAL FAILURE.

BY T. SPARROW.

CHAPTER I.

LADY LISLA DRUMMOND was an enigma.

She was young, good-looking, and had plenty of money; therefore she was courted and worshipped as a goddess by mammon. The worship she accepted indifferently, the courtship she coldly repelled. She did not eschew society, she was always mindful of its claims; yet many wondered why she went so assiduously to balls, concerts, and theatres, when the only effect they had on her was to deepen the look of proud languor that marred the classic stillness of her face.

She was by no means a blue-stocking, and took but a vague interest in politics. Art she tolerated in her boudoir, in the shape of undraped deities of either sex, smiling at her from panel pictures or gracefully posed on antique pedestal. To the muse of poetry she occasionally succumbed, and light literature she skimmed in the ordinary orthodox way; but that which she added to her store of knowledge may have benefited herself, it certainly did not benefit anyone else. Conversation she had little, originality she had none. If she had been a "nobody" she would have been voted "commonplace" in spite of her Grecian head and perfect hands. As she was a "somebody," she was called an "anomaly," which is a very useful sort of word. It may mean so much, and it may mean nothing at all.

But the living statue woke into life at last, and in this wise. Lady Lisla was present one afternoon at a literary "At Home," where a fair Socialist, to prove her Democratic principles, collected

round her all the aristocrats she knew, or could get her friends to bring. These, with a shabby journalist or two, and a couple of shy girls who were proudly introduced as "contributors to magazines" (one had written a poem in the *Family Herald*, the other was writing one) were the company which figured in the ladies' papers later as "the brilliant literary assemblage."

Lady Lisla had come because it was so much easier to say "yes" than "no" to the pressing solicitations of pretty Blanche Desmond; but having come, she thought her duty ended with her presence, and lay back on a terra-cotta lounge perfectly passive. Her attention was arrested by a voice and a very peculiar voice.

Now we have all our little idiosyncrasies, however we may pride ourselves to the contrary. Some go wild after painting, some are fascinated by lovely eyes, some by a winning manner, and some by a fetching dress. Lady Lisla was susceptible on one point, and that was voice. Every voice affected her pleasantly or unpleasantly—mostly the latter. Some people she could like when they were silent; the generality she only endured from the moment they began to speak. She had a very nervous organisation, though, being perfectly healthy, she was not aware of it; and this highly-strung sensitiveness culminated in an extreme sensibility of the aural organs. This nerve-affection is not very common, thank heaven, for it is the cause of much suffering, and the remedy has yet to be found.

The owner of the voice which had roused Lady Lisla from her apathy was a man of about fifty, with a commanding presence and a well developed brow. His tones were singularly calm and resonant, as if he were accustomed to hold an audience in attentive thrall. The self-restraint in them, also the quiet force, appealed irresistibly to Lady Lisla, and motioning to her hostess she asked to be introduced to him.

Poor Mrs. Desmond looked horribly perplexed.

"The truth is," she began in a hesitating sort of way, "he is not one of us—he is a Roman Catholic priest."

"Does that matter?" asked Lady Lisla indifferently.

Mrs. Desmond's brow cleared when she saw how the awful news was received.

"Not but that he is a very clever man," she rattled on nervously. "Quite a gentleman, and so polished. He was at Cambridge, and then went abroad, and while at Rome got captured I believe. His family move in very high circles, or you may be sure I would not have asked him here."

This was rather strong from an advanced Socialist, but perhaps

politeness with them as with others condones little variations from truth.

"Do you really wish to know him? He will be flattered, I am sure."

Lady Lisla merely bowed her head, and Mrs. Desmond fluttered off to execute her guest's wish. In a few moments she returned with the gentleman, whom she introduced as Father St. Aubyn. If the worthy cleric were flattered there was nothing in his manner to show it, as with perfect ease he uttered the ordinary nothings in anything but an ordinary way.

Lady Lisla was attracted. Her cool languor gave way to interest. She liked to hear the clear, incisive voice, the trenchant, crisp little sentences, the meaning of which went further than the ear, and seemed to pierce the mind with a pleasant sting. Father St. Aubyn was a clever man, and not only was he clever himself, but he had the rare gift of making his listener feel that he was clever also. This is the highest kind of cleverness, and was the cause of Father St. Aubyn's popularity. Lady Lisla felt she had never lived till now. He understood her, and took for granted that she could understand.

When he said at parting, "I hope that we shall meet again some day," it was not the smile which accompanied the words that made her blush like a very schoolgirl, it was not the keen steadfast look he bent upon her from the depth of his clear dark eyes, it was the consciousness in her own heart that she wanted to see this man again as she had never wanted to see man before.

From the moment they played at amateur Socialism in a London drawing-room, life became a different thing for Lady Lisla. Her mental inactivity was at an end. She was capable of thinking, he had implied it; so she dared to reason, dared to read.

A great deal of women's intellectual torpor arises from a want of trust in their own powers; they are timid from heredity, from circumstances, from fear of ridicule.

Hitherto Lady Lisla had dragged through life a smiling automaton, nothing more. Now all her pulses were quickened into being, and the mental intoxication which resulted was almost delirium at times.

She met him constantly in society, and intuitively yielded more and more to his subtle influence. Though he never attempted to dictate, and never addressed more than a few sentences specially to her, it was the chance word here and there that guided her awakening intellect, that told her what books to read, what views to adopt, what side to take on a social question. And when, later, he would quietly

appeal to her opinion before a number of people, and she would first nervously, and then with more confidence announce her ideas, she was often rewarded by an instantaneous flash from those inscrutable eyes which made her tingle all over with the joy of being understood.

In time the silent cold woman became a brilliant speaker, a concise writer, and a woman who interested clever men by the originality of her thoughts and the gentle intense way she had of expressing them. The great blue eyes would sparkle, the tremulous colour come and go, her beautiful hands clasp and unclasp, as her low earnest voice thrilled through the coldest member of her audience.

And he, the cause of it all, smiled to himself, well pleased. At last society began to talk, as society always will. Why would Lady Lisla never marry? And why did she always outshine herself when that good-looking cleric was present?

In due time Lady Lisla heard, as the victim always does hear, remarks which are pointed but not pleasant. The result was not what it would have been a year ago. Then, she would have listened in scornful apathy, hardly grasping the significance of the rumour. Now, a vivid crimson mantled her delicate cheeks, though she only tightened her lips expressively. But she thought and thought to some purpose.

He was *only* her intellectual friend: there was *only* between them a *camaraderie* of spirit which flushed her brain with vigour and stimulated her reasoning faculties. She was grateful, only grateful, and was she going to shun him because of a wicked whisper?

No; and the graceful head was thrown back, and the graceful form sprang to its feet, quivering in every nerve—with gratitude.

He had never been to visit her; she lived alone with a companion, and had met him so frequently at friends' houses, that to ask him to call had not entered her head.

But society drives many people to desperation, and is the remote cause of many a crime.

Lady Lisla drove to where Father St. Aubyn lived, and after ten minutes' interview with him, during which he was cool and conventional as usual, and she was curiously flushed and excited, she drove home and wrote notes of invitation to a large dinner she was going to give. Acceptances poured in, and as Lady Lisla read the perfumed billets, her eyes sparkled mischievously, almost as if she were a girl.

. . . .

The night came, and with it the guests.

The hostess received them, looking the personification of loveliness, in the palest of pale pink silk, and a strange lustre in the feverishly bright eyes. Father St. Aubyn took her in to dinner, and, as in duty bound, was by her side most of the evening.

Her delicate witchery was at its height. The statue that men had been accustomed to admire and ignore was a thrilling, throbbing Venus now. And they hung around it spell-bound.

It was a triumph from first to last, but like every other triumph had to be paid for dearly.

They had all gone; the last smile had been smiled, the last hand-clasp had been given, and Lady Lisla was alone, amongst that blaze of lights and that wealth of flowers.

She was pale now, pale to the very lips. The soft sad eyes gazed straight before her, looking at truth steadily, and with self-scorn.

Presently, she crouched down on the ground in front of the fire, and shaking her hair over her like a veil, buried her face in her hands. Long-drawn sobs came from that prostrate form: at times the tiny hands were clenched and raised, at times they beat helplessly against the floor. Her anguish was voiceless save for one bitter cry:

"My God, I thought I knew everything, and I did not even know myself."

. . . .

And the same night, at the same hour, Leslie St. Aubyn was holding bitter commune with himself. His strong smooth face was troubled, and the usually calm eyes had a puzzled expression in them, half pain, half bewilderment.

He stood at his open window, and let the sharp night-wind play on his brow. Stars, like brilliants shaken from God's finger, glittered in the broad blue sky, and the gentle rustle of the trees in the Square soothed the watcher's perturbed thoughts. His stern serenity gradually returned, and the fathomless eyes lost that wavering expression so unusual in them.

"God, I can do it," was his unspoken thought, as he gently closed the window; "for a moment only was my heart afraid. My strength is stayed on Thee."

Chapter II.

Lady Lisla was going to be married "at last."

We all know which sex added the two final words; but when a

pretty woman gets to be thirty and remains unwedded, she must expect remarks to be critical if not kind.

"It was the result of that dinner party," said a dowager sagely. "Anyone could see, she laid herself out to captivate that night."

"Yes, it was the result of that dinner-party," repeated Lady Lisla, when the pithy judgment was echoed back to her; and then she clasped her hands together on her knees and gazed straight before her, as she had a habit of doing now.

Her *fiancé* was Sir Everard Everleigh, a heavy brutish sort of man, not young, not good-looking, and more plentifully endowed with money than with wit.

"What made you choose him?" asked outspoken Floss Rivers, adjusting her pince-nez to survey the slim incarnation of cream lace and blue ribbons reclining before her in an attitude of extreme languor.

"He does as well as anyone else," was the listless reply. "After all, a husband is only an adjunct nowadays to a woman's life, and an adjunct which need not interfere much with the ordinary tenor of it."

Jolly Floss Rivers was vulgar enough to whistle.

Lady Lisla had evidently developed, and developed to some purpose. But Floss was wise enough not to enter into an argument. She herself was burdened with a partner who had marred her life's happiness at every step. Only her animal spirits, and only her animal love for her children, preserved her within the pale of respectability. She was a woman who could hate and laugh, who could appreciate humour while her heart was breaking, and who would say carelessly and wickedly, as she trimmed her cigarette with a penknife, "There is one quality which theologians have forgotten to attribute to the Almighty, and that is sarcasm. He is terribly sarcastic; once grasp that, and you get the clue to much that has hitherto been put down to his Satanic Majesty." She saw now that there were hidden depths in her friend's character, depths never meant to be fathomed by the world at large; she saw, and held her tongue.

To no one did Lady Lisla reveal her second visit to Father St. Aubyn—this time at night, and this time on foot.

Is it not Madame de Sévigné who says, "It is a terribly *lonely* thing to have a soul."

Lady Lisla was awaking to the consciousness that she was not only an animate thing, she was an intelligent being—she could think, and because she could think, the whole range of thought was open to her. The magnificence and loneliness of this idea appalled her. Its potentialities were so immense. And it was this sharpened power

of reasoning which made the question of marriage so complex to her. Its possibilities were enormous; they made her colour and shiver from head to foot, yet she must not shrink if the general welfare required it of her.

When Sir Everard proposed, her perplexities increased. What had been merely an intricate problem viewed at a distance, suddenly became of palpitating immediate interest.

In her trouble she thought of Father St. Aubyn ; surely he would advise, he would know what was strong and sensible and direct. The very sound of his wonderful voice, in her over-wrought state, would be soothing ; and Lady Lisla, acting on the impulse which attracted her magnetically towards the man of brilliant intellect and impassive heart, crept from her own house like a guilty thing, glided through the back streets and was ushered into his presence trembling at her boldness.

To give birth to a human being is an awful responsibility, but to give birth to a soul is more solemn still, unless one can foster it with parental care, and guide it from adolescence into maturity.

Father St. Aubyn had deliberately quickened Lady Lisla's intellect into being ; but to guide her further would be to break his vows, unless she believed as he believed. Elation at their spiritual conquests is the one laudable pleasure of a celibate clergy, but Father St. Aubyn had wider views than most of his brethren. He never urged or argued or coerced apparently. Could he help those eyes which were so penetrating because so passionless? Could he help those low trenchant tones which, without the words sometimes, carried conviction to the most incredulous? Where personal influence and spiritual supremacy merge into one harmonious whole is a point that can never be defined.

Father St. Aubyn pitied—almost pitied—the beautiful, tremulous creature who stood before him under the one gas-burner in that bare, unfurnished room, telling with quivering lips and tearful eyes her doubts, her fears, her love-trouble, ending plaintively, with quite a tragic gesture :

" Father, tell me what I ought to do."

Was this the calm Lady Lisla who spoke so eloquently on questions political and social? After all, he thought critically, she was but a woman in embryo ; in mind she had begun to live, in heart she was yet a child.

Strung up as she was to the very height of nervous tension, his first few cold words were like ice to her fevered heart.

"I'm honoured, deeply honoured, Lady Lisla, that you have

sought my advice, but, really, this is a subject entirely beyond me. Marriage" (with a slight smile) "is an affair of the heart, is it not? Have you no lady-friend who would counsel you in this matter?"

She bowed her head, and the big tears slowly dropped on to her ungloved hands. It was so disappointing to expect a friend, and to find a stone.

"I thought," she gasped nervously, "that Catholic priests always helped about such things."

"Catholic priests help Catholics," he corrected gently, "but outsiders—that is a very different thing."

The slight emphasis on the word *outsiders* was meant to draw. He felt he won or lost her to his faith that night.

But Lady Lisla had only developed in parts: she had grown rationally, but not spiritually; she felt in no need of a creed, she wanted a human friend. She stood silent; there was disappointment in her heart, there was disappointment also in his.

"I should think," he said at length, in even, measured tones, "all you have to do is to question your own heart. If you love him, take him; if you don't, leave him alone."

And that was the end of all her fine theories about transcendentalism, the improvement of the human species, the survival of the fittest, the widening of women's sphere—all to end in the mere vulgar solution of love.

Her edifice crumbled about her ears, and mental stupor was the immediate result. She felt powerless to speak. All the pointed sentences she had so carefully rehearsed, the neat refutations to what she imagined would be his line of argument (for she had a vague idea that men of whatever sect advocated matrimony generally), all completely vanished from her mind. She had nothing to say, and she did not know what to do. She was weary, body and mind, and was only conscious of a wild desire for someone to take her future in their own hands, and do with it what they would.

Her disconsolate attitude perhaps touched him, for his voice had a kinder tone in it as he said:

"I am afraid I have been of no help, Lady Lisla. Tell me, what do you want me to do?"

Her tears flowed faster from sheer disappointment. She felt like a silly schoolgirl.

"I want you to decide for me," she said in a low voice.

Almost a look of contempt passed over the strong, masterful face as he quietly asked:

"Is the gentleman suitable in age, position, and birth?"

"Yes."

"He is rich?"

"Yes."

"A good reputation?"

The full red lips curled.

"As good as his fellows."

The questioner hesitated a moment.

"You care for him?"

A mutinous quiver of the lips—that was all.

He hesitated again.

"You care for no one else?"

Two soft shy eyes were raised to his, then the eyelids hid their beauty. There was silence deep as the grave, broken by Father St. Aubyn at length.

"As you have asked me," he began abstractedly, "I should say marry, by all means. You will probably be happier, and feel life more full. After all, employment is what we each require, whether rich or poor: the thing is to find employment of a congenial kind. Yes, marry," his manner getting more authoritative; "it is the best thing for you."

"I will," came from her lips almost as a vow, and then she took her leave.

"She is lost to us," was Father St. Aubyn's comment as he courteously put her into a hansom, "but at least I did my duty. What weak fools most women are; it is not creed they want, it is gush," and with a satirical smile he went indoors.

So there was a grand wedding: and the society papers were full of the beauty of the bride and the wealth of the bridegroom. Father St. Aubyn was invited to the breakfast, but was unexpectedly called out of town.

A prolonged honeymoon was succeeded by a round of visits, and then the newly-married pair settled down in Eaton Square.

Dinner succeeded dinner, fête followed fête, people shook their heads, and said "Such extravagance could not last. Had Lady Lisla lost her head?"

She spoke no more at public meetings, she headed no longer public charities, she read no more rational books; her character seemed changed wholly and entirely. She lived only for present enjoyment, and cared not what she did so long as she drowned thought. Father St. Aubyn she sometimes saw, but her set was not his set now. Her husband she openly scorned, and treated with undisguised contempt.

At last the crisis came. A covert sneer, an open quarrel, dignity forgotten, hatred uppermost, words said that should never have been thought, and the insulted wife left her intoxicated husband, vowing she would never see him more. In broad daylight she crossed the threshold of her home, a stranger, and worse than a stranger. She called a hansom, and told the driver to go where he liked. Instinctively, across her whirl of passion and fury came the memory of the man with the imperturbable face and adamantine manner. Surely, he would be kind to her now. Was not her marriage his doing, was he not responsible for its unholy issue? So she drove to his dwelling, and was face to face with him once more; not a blushing timid creature this time, but a bitter outraged wife. There were no tears, no stammering now. She told him plainly and hardly how things had happened, then held herself erect, waiting for him to speak.

"I am much distressed," he said; "how can I help you? Why have you come to me?"

Her passionate eyes flashed. Her heart was throbbing with mad insensate misery, and her whole being was craving for one word of sympathy.

"I thought," she replied distantly, "you might be able to tell me where I could go. I will never go back to him."

"Never is a long day," he said quietly, so quietly; "the whole of time does not contain it. When you are calm, your own reason will tell you that it is to your home and to your husband you must return."

"Never," she repeated hotly, clenching her little white fist.

"We will see," he said softly but firmly, and never relaxing from his cold reasoning tone, he showed her how she owed it to morality, to society, and to her own self-respect to endure the inevitable, and to endure it bravely.

And she who was hungering for some one to respect, some one to believe in, drank in every word, and promised to obey.

"I may come and see you again?" she asked humbly, as she rose to go.

"I leave England to-morrow for many years," he replied, with no inflection of regret in his voice; he had schooled himself too well.

Well-trained in obedience to his Church was Father St. Aubyn; but in his heart was an unacknowledged wish that he had not to relinquish the work which now lay passive in his hands.

"Go home now," he said, with a shade more feeling, "and believe me you will never regret having done so."

Her eyes were dry, but her heart was heavy, as she once more ascended the staircase of her home. She was met by frightened servants, who told her Sir Everard had died in a fit of apoplexy soon after she had left the house.

"He told me to endure, to bravely endure," was the one thought vividly present to her mind during the trying days which followed and the early period of her widowhood; and it was the same thought which made her force herself to take up again literature, philanthropy, and the fine arts, till she was spoken of everywhere as one of *the* women of the period, till she was run after by the best and the greatest, and was honoured by the public with a distinction seldom conferred on her sex—a memorial statue while living. Yet, would he who was the immediate cause of setting that splendid brain to work, would he have been satisfied with the result? I fancy not; because she was a spiritual failure, if a social success.

THE JOURNAL OF RICHARD BERE.[1]

IN the course of a search amongst the Sloane MSS. at the British Museum for a document of an entirely different character recently, I chanced upon a manuscript which so far as I have been able to discover has never yet been described in print or received the attention it appears to deserve. It is a long narrow book like an account-book, in the Sloane binding, containing two hundred and forty-four pages of closely-cramped and crowded little writing in faded ink on rough paper, recording the daily—almost hourly—movements of a man for eleven years, from the 1st of January, 1692–3, to the middle of April, 1704. It is written in Spanish, Englishman's Spanish, full of solecisms and English idioms, but fair and fluent Castilian for all that, and the diarist, thinking no doubt his secrets were safe in a language so little known at the time, has set down for his own satisfaction alone, and often in words that no amount of editing would render fit for publication, the daily life of one of the dissolute men about town, who roistered and ruffled in the coffee houses and taverns of London at the end of the seventeenth century. Few men could hope to possess the keen observation and diverting style of Samuel Pepys, or the sober judgment and foresight of stately John Evelyn, and this last contemporary diarist of theirs certainly cannot lay claim to any such qualities. He rarely records an impression or an opinion, and as a rule confines himself to a bald statement of his own movements and the people he meets day by day; but still, even such as it is, the diary is full of quaint and curious suggestions of the intimate life of a London widely different from ours. The familiar names of the streets, nay the very signs of the taverns, are the same now as then, but in every line of the fading brown ink may be gathered hints of the vast chasm that separates the busy crowded life of to-day from the loitering deliberation with which these beaux in swords and high-piled periwigs sauntered

[1] Sloane MS., 2727, Brit. Mus.

through their tavern-haunting existence. It strikes the imagination, too, to think that the man who thus sets down so coarsely and frankly the acts of his life must have listened, with however little appreciation, to the luminous talk of wondrous John Dryden at Will's coffee house, most certainly knew the rising Mr. Addison, and probably met Matthew Prior at his old home at the "Rummer" tavern, which the diarist frequented.

There is nothing in the manuscript directly to identify the writer, and probably the indirect clues furnished by references to his relatives have never before been followed up to prove exactly who the author was. The task has not been an easy one, and has started me on more than one false scent ending in a check, but at last I stumbled on evidence that not only absolutely identified the diarist, but also explained many obscure passages in the manuscript.

From the first page to the last the writer refers to Danes Court, near Deal, as the home of his brother, and he himself passes the intervals of his dissolute life in London in visits to his Kentish kinsman. Now Danes Court had been for centuries in the possession of the ancient family of Fogge, and I at once concluded that the writer of my diary was a younger member of the house. Indeed, encouraged therein by Hasted, the great authority on Kentish history, I went so far as to establish to my own entire satisfaction that the diarist was a certain Captain Christopher Fogge, R.N., who died in 1708, and was buried in Rochester Cathedral, and I was confirmed in this belief by the fact that the wind and weather of each day is carefully recorded as in a sailor's log-book. But somehow it did not fit in. Constant reference is made to a brother Francis, and no amount of patient investigation in county genealogies and baptismal certificates could unearth anyone named Francis Fogge. So I had to hark back and try another clue. Brother Francis was evidently a clergyman and a graduate of King's College, Cambridge, and towards the end of the diary the author visits him at the village of Prescot, near Liverpool.

Sure enough the rich living of Prescot was in the gift of King's College, Cambridge, and further inquiry soon showed that a certain Francis Bere, M.A., was rector from 1700 until his death in 1722. This, of itself, was not much, but it led to further clues, which proved the monumental Hasted ("History of Kent") to be hopelessly wrong about the Fogge pedigree and the ownership of Danes Court, and the whole question was settled more completely than I could have hoped by the discovery, in the "Transactions of the Kent Archæological Society for 1863," of a copy of the copious

memoranda in the old family Bible, written by the stout cavalier, Richard Fogge, and his son John, with the notes attached thereto by Warren, the Kentish antiquary in 1711, in which the family history is made clear. This was good as far as it went, and proved the surname and parentage of the author of the diary, but did not identify him personally. Certain references in the manuscript, however, sent me searching amongst the Treasury papers in the Record Office, and there I found a set of papers written in the same cramped finnicking hand as the diary, which set my mind at rest, and proved beyond doubt or question who was the methodical rake that indiscreetly confided the secret of his "goings on" to the incomplete oblivion of the Spanish tongue. The writer of the diary was one Richard Bere, whose father was rector of Ickenham, near Uxbridge, and who was born at Cowley, near there, on the 28th of August, 1653. His sister Elizabeth had married, in 1679, John Fogge, who subsequently succeeded to the Danes Court estate, and on the fly leaf of the Fogge family Bible referred to, John Fogge, who was evidently proud of the connection, sets forth that his wife's grandfather had been "Receiver General of ye Low Countries; her uncles, one of them was in a noble imploy in ye C Clarke's office, ye other being one of ye clarkes of ye signet to King Charles II., a man acquainted with all Xtian languages. Ye other now alive is rector of Bendropp in Gloucestershire, who has an Estate. Her mother was one of ye family of Bland, of London, eminent merchants at Home and Abroad." Richard Bere was born only a year after his sister, so that the statement as to her relatives will hold good for him also. He had been collector of customs at Carlisle, but apparently had allowed his Jacobite leanings to be too evident, and had been dismissed from his office a short time before he began the diary, leaving his accounts at Carlisle still unbalanced and in arrear. How he learnt Spanish I do not know, but he had evidently been in Spain before his appointment to Carlisle, probably in the navy, or in some way connected with shipping, as in addition to the careful noting of the wind and weather all through the diary, he shows great interest in the naval events of his time. His uncle's remarkable proficiency in "all Xtian tongues" may also perhaps partly explain his own knowledge of the Spanish language. His family in old times had been a wealthy and powerful one, seated at Gravesend, Dartford, and Greenhithe in Kent, but had lost its county importance long before the date of the diary. The widow of one of his uncles, however, still lived at Gravesend at the time he wrote, and one of his father's sisters, who had married a man named Childs, also lived

in the neighbourhood, and on her husband's death went to live with her niece at Danes Court.

The diary commences on the 1st of January, 1692–3, when Bere was living at Mr. Downe's in London; but the detailed entries begin on the 9th of the month, when he went by tilboat from Billingsgate to Gravesend. Here, after visiting his aunt Bere and his kinsman Childs at Northfleet, he slept at the inn, and started the next morning in a coach to Canterbury. The next day he continued his journey to Danes Court on a hired mare, and then after a few days' rest, "without seeing anybody," begins a round of visits and carouses with the neighbouring gentry. All the squires and their families for miles round march through the pages of the diary. Mr. Paramour, of Stratenborough, Mr. Boys, of Betshanger, "my uncle Boys," who was probably Christopher Boys, of Updowne, uncle by marriage to John Fogge, "my uncle Pewry," who was rector of Knowlton, but whose relationship with the diarist is not clearly discoverable, Mr. Burville, rector of the Fogge church of Tilmanston, and a host of other neighbours come and go, dine and drink, often staying the night, and in a day or two entertain John Fogge and his brother-in-law in return. The latter records the fact, but unfortunately does no more, and little is gathered of the manner of their lives at this period of the diary, except that they did a prodigious deal of visiting and dining at each others' houses. One of the most constant visitors to Danes Court is the aged Lady Monins, of Waldershare Park, the widow of the last baronet of the name; and Richard Bere appears to be as often her guest at Waldershare. The round of dining and visiting is broken in upon by a visit on horseback with brother John Fogge to the assizes at Maidstone, where the latter has a lawsuit which he loses, and Richard returns to Danes Court alone, leaving his defeated brother at Canterbury. On the 12th of April the diarist records that he first saw the swallows; and on the 20th, as instancing the uneventful life in this remote part of the country, it is considered worth while to register the fact that "whilst I was digging in the garden with Carlton a man passed on horseback." A few days afterwards neighbour Carlton's daughter is married, and then "my nephew Richard was first sent to school at Sandwich, Timothy Thomas being master." Richard, the heir of Danes Court, was about twelve years old at the time, and, as we shall see later on, turned out badly and completed the ruin of the fine old family, of which he was the last male representative in the direct line. Timothy Thomas, who was a distinguished scholar and M.A. of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge,

was head master of the Sandwich Free School and brother to the rector of St. Paul and St. Mary, Sandwich. He seems to have been always ready for a carouse at the hostelry of the "Three Kings" at Sandwich or elsewhere, with the father or uncle of his pupil.

On the 28th of April "the fleet entered the Downs, the wind blowing a gale at the time. A ship called the *Windsor* was lost. I to Deal to see the ships, and saw five ensigns." Small details of ablutions—rare enough they seem nowadays—bed-warming and quaint remedies for trifling ailments sound queerly enough to us coming faintly across the gloom of two centuries, but in the midst of the chronicle of this small beer of visits paid and received, of the stomach-ache and so on, brother John receives a writ, and we feel that we are witnesses of the process by which all this feasting and revelry is completing the ruin of the grand old family that once owned broad lands and fat manors all over Kent, which founded hospitals and colleges and was closely allied to the regal Plantagenets, but whose possessions had even now shrunken to one poor mansion house of Danes Court and the few farms around it. John Fogge's father Richard, whose pompous Latin epitaph is still in Tilmanston Church, written by his eldest son Edward, and scoffed at in the family Bible by the degenerate John, had been true to the King's side during the civil war. His near neighbour, Sir John Boys of Betshanger, had hunted and harried the cavalier and sacked his house after the mad Kentish rising of 1648, and had frightened his favourite child to death; and for the whole of the Commonwealth period poor Richard had been plundered and well-nigh ruined. His sons Edward and John had been captured at sea by the Dutch, and Christopher had been taken prisoner by the Turks, and all three had had to be bought off with ransom. Stout old Richard Fogge therefore had left Danes Court sadly embarrassed at his death in 1680. His eldest son Edward died soon after, and John Fogge, the brother-in-law of our diarist, was rapidly continuing the ruin at the date of the diary. By the 30th of May Richard Bere had had enough of Danes Court, and started to Canterbury "with my brother's horse and servant, and so to Northfleet, where I visited my kinsman Childs." He mounted his horse at five o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Northfleet at five in the evening, staying on the way only a short time at Canterbury to rest and drink with friend Best, at whose house he always alights when he passes through the ancient city. The distance by road is a good fifty-five miles, so Richard no doubt thought he had earned his night's rest at uncle Childs' before starting, as he did next day, by tilboat to London. The first

thing he did when he arrived was to "drink with Higgs," and send for Benson to meet him at Phillips' mug-house. Benson appears to have been a humble friend or foster-brother, as Bere calls Benson's father "my father Benson," who went on all his errands, pawned his valuables, and faced his creditors. When Benson came they started out together and took a room, where they both slept, "at the sign of the 'Crown,' an inn in Holborne," and the record thereafter for some time consists mainly of such entries as "Dined with Sindry at the 'Crown,' and drank with him all the afternoon and evening at Phillips'. Slept at Mrs. Ward's." "Dined with Dr. Stockton, Haddock, and Simpson at the 'Pindar of Wakefield.'" "Dined at the sign of the 'Castle,' a tavern in Wood Street, with many friends from the North; drank there all the afternoon, and all night drinking with usual friends at Phillips'," only that these daily entries usually wind up with the record of a debauch which need not be described, but which Richard does not hesitate to set down in such cold blood as his orgie has left him.

He appears to have had as a friend one Westmacott, who was a prison official, and a standing amusement was apparently to go and see the prisoners, who sometimes fall foul of Westmacott and his friend and abuse them. Richard also has a quaint way of drawing a miniature gallows in the margin of his manuscript on the days that he records the execution of malefactors. On the 15th of June, for instance, after giving his usual list of friends and taverns, he writes: "Seven men hanged to-day; fine and warm. Drinking at Philipps' at night; Westmacott there again." A day or two afterwards the bailiffs walk in during his dinner at the tavern and hale his boon companion, Pearce, off to jail; but Richard thinks little of it, for he goes off to drink straightway with Colonel Legge, and then passes a merry evening with Dr. Stockton and Mr. Rolfe at the sign of the "Ship," near Charing Cross.

On the 29th of June, "a new sword-belt, some woollen hose, and a rosette for my hat," were bought; and soon after he leaves his lodgings at Mrs. Ward's, and thenceforward seems to sleep in taverns or inns for some time, very often winding up the entries in the diary by confessing that he was "drunk," or "very drunk."

On the 18th of July he visits "the house of the Princess of Denmark with Mr. Wooton," and thence goes to see a fashionable friend of his called Captain Orfeur, who had a fine house at Spring Gardens, where he meets his brother, and they all make a night of it at the "Ship." By the beginning of August it is not surprising that he is ill, and decides to visit his brother Francis in the country. On the

3rd he takes horse to Biggleswade and thence to Oundle, "where I met my brother and Mr. Rosewell" (he was a Fellow of "King's," and apparently a great friend of Francis Bere's). "Dined at Caldwell's, and slept at the sign of the 'Dog.'"

He stays at the "Dog" at Oundle for some days, still ill, and visits Northampton, where he is struck with the curious church, town hall, prison, and courts of justice, and slept at the "George." From there he rides to the "Angel" at Wellingboro', and so home to London by Dunstable, where he stays at the "Saracen's Head," Watford, Rickmansworth, and Uxbridge, where he puts up at the "Swan." Being now well again, he recommences the old round of the "Horns," the "Red Cow," the "Mermaid," the "Crown," and so on, usually winding up with a roaring carouse at Philipps', and occasionally relieved by trips to Islington-wells to walk in the fields with friend Stourton, who lives near there, and who later on becomes his inseparable companion. To illustrate the methodical character of this roistering blade, it is curious to note that as he could not well carry his cumbrous diary with him on his journey to Oundle, he has made his daily entries on a small loose leaf, and has afterwards carefully transcribed them in the book, the loose leaf, however, being also bound up with the rest. On the reverse side, in English, Richard has copied the following couplet of Lord Thomond's, which seems to have struck him :—

> Whatever Traveller doth wicked ways intend,
> The Devill entertaines him at his journey's end ;

and to this he adds several little remedies which some travelling companion seems to have told him on the road. He scrupulously records the fact that the day is his birthday on each succeeding 28th of August, and the occasion appears to be an excuse for a burst of deeper drinking than ever; but on this first birthday mentioned in the diary, 1693, he is evidently getting hard up. He lodges with a man named Nelson, who ceaselessly duns him for his rent, and we soon learn that the faithful Benson has pawned his two rings for eighteen shillings. On the 27th September his friend Dr. Stockton tells him "that Mr. Addison told him that I lost my place because I was against the Government, and was foolish enough to talk about it, which," says indignant Richard, "is a lie."

It sounds curious nowadays to read that he and his friends, Westmacott and others, sometimes walk out in the fields to shoot with bows and arrows, and usually return thence to the "Hole-in-the-Wall" to pass the evening.

As a specimen of the entries at this period, I transcribe that for the 30th of September, 1693, at least so much of it as can well be published. "With Metham and Stourton to the City, and dined at the 'Ship' in Birchin Lane. Vickers there, and we went together to the Exchange and met Mr. Howard; with him to the 'Fountain,' Mr. Coxum there. At five o'clock went to Sir James Edwards', and drank there two flasks of wine. Then to the 'King's Head,' where I left them and went to Mr. Pearce's house, and received ten pounds. Found Stourton very drunk. Went and paid Jackson and Squires. Slept at Pearce's—drunk myself."

With the ten pounds received from Mr. Pearce Richard seems to have set about renewing his wardrobe, and duly records the days upon which his various new garments are worn. On the 26th of October "Aspin, the tailor, brought my new white breeches in the morning, and we went out to drink at the 'Bull's Head' in Mart Lane." On the 2nd of November he recites the names of six taverns at which he drank during the day, namely the "Bull's Head," the "Red Cow," the "Ship," the "Horns," the "Cheshire Cheese," and the "Crown," and on the 7th of the same month a dreadful thing happens to him. The constables walk off his dulcinea, Miss Nichols, to jail, and Richard is left to seek such consolation as he can find at the "Chequers," the "Three Cranes," and the "Sugar Loaf." The next day he seeks out his friend Westmacott at the "King's Head," and is taken to the prison to see the incarcerated fair one. Whilst there, he "meets the man who has done the mischief." But he winds up at the "Sugar Loaf," in Whitefriars, and Phillips' mug-house, and is carried home thence in a coach too much overcome by his grief and potations to walk. On the 14th, after several more visits to the prison, he bewails that he can do nothing for Nichols, and on visiting a Mrs. Hill, that kind matron tells him that his great friend, Dr. Stockton, had told her that "I had squandered all I had over a worthless wench, and thought now to live at the expense of my friends;" but the entry, unfortunately, winds up with the words: "Borrowed two pounds of Simons on my watch." After this, Richard thinks that quiet Danes Court might suit him for a time, and starts the next day, the 15th of November, as before to Gravesend by the tilboat, and after a duty visit to his relatives, stays two nights at the sign of the "Flushing," and dines there merrily with "a clergyman named Sell and another good fellow from the North." The same companions and others go with him in the coach to Canterbury, where he stays at the "Fleece," gets gloriously drunk, and is cheated out of half-a-crown; and lies in bed until mid-day next morning, his piece, Jane Fogge, who lived with the Bests at Canterbury, coming

to visit him before he was up. In the afternoon he continues his road more soberly to Danes Court on a hired horse, and the old round of visiting and feasting begins afresh. On the 1st of December he meets parson Burville, of Tilmanston, and drinks Canary wine till he is drunk. On the 12th Captain Christopher Fogge meets his brother John at a friend's house, and they quarrel; uncle Childs dies, the cat is drowned in the well, three East-Indiamen captains dine at Danes Court, Ruggles' wife is confined, and the daily small events of a remote village happen and are recorded much as they might happen to-day. Uncle Boys had a kinsman, presumably a brother, Captain Boys, R.N., who was Constable of Walmer Castle, where he lived, and Richard and his friends often go there to dine and visit the ships in the Downs. On the 26th of February, 1694, they all go to dinner on board the *Cornwall*, and "they gave us a salute of seven guns." They all went back to the castle to sleep, and John Fogge made a bargain with his weak-witted younger brother William about Danes Court, presumably with regard to his reversionary interest or charge upon the property. But whatever it was, it did not matter much, for William Fogge died soon after. On the 25th of March, after going to Betshanger church and to the rectory to see Thomas Boys, "Ruggles threw a poor boy out of the cart and seriously injured him," and on the next day a curt entry says: "The poor lad died at nine o'clock this morning, and was buried in the evening," but not a word about any inquiry or the punishment of the offending Ruggles.

But after five months Richard sighs again for the taverns of Fleet Street, and on the 4th of April, 1694, returns to London by the usual road by Canterbury and Gravesend, and again haunts the taverns and night-houses of the metropolis. He tries hard to borrow money from his friends, and is evidently getting anxious about his customs accounts left in arrear at Carlisle. He is a pretty constant visitor to Whitehall about a certain petition of his, which petition, although he often mentions it in his diary, he of course does not describe or explain in a document written for his own eye alone. I have, however, been fortunate enough to find the actual document itself in the Treasury papers at the Record Office, with all the voluminous reports and consultations founded upon it during the seven years it lingered in the Government offices. It appears that in August, 1689, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Secretary of State, had addressed a letter (the original of which is attached to Richard Beres' petition) to the Mayor or Collector of Customs of Carlisle, directing them to provide for the maintenance of certain "papist Irish soldier prisoners" who were to be kept in the castle there. The mayor refused to find the

money, and Richard Bere, as Collector of Customs, had to do so, expecting to be reimbursed out of the secret service fund as provided by the Secretary of State. The prisoners were kept at Carlisle until December, 1690, and Richard spent £74 4*s.* on their maintenance. He was soon after suddenly dismissed from his post, and was unable to balance his accounts for want of this money, and shortly before beginning the diary had presented his petition to the Lords of the Treasury for the reimbursement of the sum, or at least that it should be handed to the Receiver-General of Customs on his account. But whilst the petition was lying in the pigeon-holes in one office, another office was only conscious that Richard was behindhand in his accounts, and on the 11th of May, 1694, there is an entry as follows in the diary: "Alone to dine at the 'Spotted Bull.' Then to Phillips', where one Petitt told me about the tolls of Carlisle, and said that the bailiffs from Appleby had a warrant to arrest me." Richard did not wait long for the bailiffs, and in less than a week had signed and sealed a bond, apparently for borrowed money to settle his toll accounts, bought a horse and a Bible, had gone to Westminster Hall "about his brother's affairs," and started off for Carlisle. He rode through Oundle, where the Rev. Francis Bere appeared to be living, and so by Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Doncaster, Ferrybridge, and Appleby to Carlisle. Two days before he arrived at the city some choice spirits came out to meet him, and a host of friends received him with open arms after his ten days' ride. He dines fourteen times with Dick Jackson, drinks often and deeply with the Mayor of Carlisle, collects money owing to him, buys a fine new periwig of Ned Haines, and a new sword, settles up his accounts of tolls, and begs a holiday for the schoolboys, whom he treats all round, and winds up in a burst of jubilation by receiving a present of two kegs of brandy from his friend Bell, which had not paid much to the king probably, and of which, no doubt, the late collector and his jovial companions gave a very good account. And then, after a six weeks' stay at Carlisle, he wends his way back to London again by the same road, his horse falling lame at Stamford, and the rider having to post from Grantham to Ware, and thence to London by coach. He alights at the "Bell," in Bishopsgate Street, where Benson soon seeks him with fresh clothes and a sedan chair, and takes him to his old quarter of London again.

But poor Richard's prosperity is of short duration. The borrowed money soon comes to an end, with the able and constant assistance of a certain Catherine Wilson, who has now supplanted the vanished Nichols, and by the beginning of September (1694) Benson is taking one article after the other to the pawnshop, and

bringing back sums which Richard regards as very unsatisfactory in amount. On the 6th of that month he attends what must have been rather a curious marriage at the church of St. George's, Bloomsbury, where one of Catherine Wilson's companions named Early was married "to a young man named James Carlile, between nine and ten in the morning." The whole of the party adjourn to the fields, and at one o'clock return to drink at the "Feathers" in Holborn, "but the knavish constables disturbed us and we went to Whitefriars; at two I went to seek Benson, but he could only bring me 5*s.* on my pistols." With this sum Richard finds his way back to Whitefriars, where he remained drinking till evening with the "newly married pair, Catherine Wilson, a gentleman and his wife, and a marine." He then attends a coffee-house, and winds up with a carouse at the "Rising Sun." The unfortunate bridegroom soon disappears from the diary, but the "bride" takes part in the drinking bouts for some time to come. By the middle of October Richard has apparently come to the end of his tether, and, after borrowing a half-crown on his knives, quarrels and separates for a time from Catherine Wilson; but brother Francis and sister Fogge are appealed to for money, and when it arrives Catherine is to the fore again. A great scheme is hatched about this time with a Captain Sales and Mr. Butler, apparently relating to the tobacco duties, and the Commissioners of Customs and other officials are being constantly petitioned and visited. Sometimes the tobacco business is considered hopeful, and sometimes the contrary, but on the 7th of January, 1695, it looks very bright when the Lords of the Treasury and the Commissioners of Customs sitting together at Whitehall receive Richard and his two friends, who lay the case before them, but "Mr. Culliford spoke against us," and nothing was decided; so the trio and others who joined them go to the "Rummer" tavern at Charing Cross, and drink confusion to Mr. Culliford. A day or two days after this "a knave came to betray me to the bailiffs," and poor Richard and his friend Sales seek the shady retreat of a tavern in Fulwood's Rents. For the next few days he dodges the bailiffs from tavern to tavern, and sleeps at Bell Court, Whitefriars, and elsewhere. The "knavish bailiffs" even follow friend Sales in the hope of tracking Richard. On the 14th of January the faithful Benson brings his clothes to the new lodging in Whitefriars, and Richard ventures out "to the 'Anchor' in Coleman Street, about the business of Andrew Lloyd and the widow. Then the 'St. John the Baptist's Head' in Milk Street, where I found Butler meeting the citizens about the tobacco business." A few days after,

the business of "Andrew Lloyd and the widow" is settled somehow at the "Mermaid" in Ram Alley, and on the 26th Benson pawns all Richard's silver for £5 7*s*., and Richard slips out of Whitefriars at night, sleeps at the "Star," and escapes to the quiet of Danes Court, where the bailiffs cease from troubling and the spendthrift is at rest.

On the 2nd of February, 1695, scapegrace little nephew Dick Fogge comes home with a story that the small-pox had appeared at the school at Sandwich, "but it is all a lie," and the youngster is led back ignominiously the next day by his father and Tim Thomas the schoolmaster, and when John Fogge returns to Danes Court he brings news that the French are capturing English boats in the Channel. Richard is still uneasy in his mind, for on the 15th of February he dreams that the bailiffs have caught him at last, and soon afterwards begins seriously to put his Customs accounts in order. Then early in April he starts for London again, but as soon as he was on board the tilboat at Gravesend he caught sight of a bailiff ashore seeking him. It takes four hours to reach London, and the city is in a turmoil, for during the night "the mob knocked down a house in Holborn." He takes a room at the "Green Dragon" for a day or two, and the next night the mob burn down two houses in the Coal Yard, Drury Lane. A false friend named Fowler accompanies him in his search for lodgings, which he eventually takes at the house of a cheesemonger named Tilley in Fetter Lane, and also goes with him to the Custom House "about my accounts," and then on the 13th of April, after carousing with him half the day, "the hound betrayed me to the bailiffs," and poor Richard is caught at last. He is at once haled off to a spunging-house, called the "King's Head," in Wood Street, and the first thing the prisoner does is, of course, to send for Benson, who comes with Sales and other friends, and they have a jovial dinner of veal with the keeper. The next day Benson brings some money, and Richard holds a perfect *levée* of friends. Some of them go off to soften the creditors, in which they fail, and others to apply for a writ of *habeas corpus*. A good deal of dining goes on at the spunging-house, but on the 16th the carouse is cut short by the removal of Richard to the Fleet. He has a good deal of liberty, however, for he still occasionally haunts the taverns in Fleet Street, probably under the ward of a keeper. Brother Francis is appealed to daily by letter, and pending his reply all the old boon companions come in and out of the prison, dine there, drink there, and get drunk in the vaults, Benson and Catherine Wilson coming every day with clothes, books, and comfort. At the end of the month of May the parson brother, Francis, arrives, and after a month of negotiation

at the Custom House and the law courts, and much drinking and dining as usual, a bond is signed and sealed at the "Three Tuns" tavern, "Sales standing my friend," and Richard Bere is free again.

But imprudent Richard, after a sharp fit of the gout, soon falls into his old habits again, and on the 6th of September confesses that he got into a row at the "Dog" tavern in Drury Lane "about drinking the Prince of Wales' health," an indiscreet thing enough considering that his Custom House accounts were still unsettled, and his own petition to the Treasury unanswered. On the 1st of July, whilst he and his friend Sales are dining at the "Crown," the constables walk Sales off to prison, "and then go to the 'Globe' tavern and arrest his landlady, and Andrew Lloyd the author." And so the diary goes on; his accounts still unpaid, but Richard full of the tobacco business, with petitions to the king and interviews with Treasury officials. Then there is some great Irish wool scheme, which necessitates much dancing attendance on the Duke of Ormond, but does not seem to result in much. His boon companions evidently do not think much of his chance of recovering anything from the Treasury, for "they made me promise B. Skynner a new wig if ever I received my £74 4*s.* on the king's order."

However much Richard may drink, he is frugal enough in his eating, for from this period to the end of the diary he constantly records that for days together he has eaten nothing but a little bread and cheese, and the "one poor halfpennyworth of bread to all this intolerable amount of sack," is as applicable to Richard Bere as it was to the fat knight. And he needs to be sparing in his expenditure, for he is poor enough just now, notwithstanding his drinkings with the Duke of Richmond's steward, with Stourton at the "Rose" in Pall Mall, and his visits to Lord James Howard in Oxenden Street, for he is reduced to pawning his new lace ruffles for six shillings, and Benson could borrow nothing on his new wig, for which he had just paid (or not paid) 35*s.* to Rolfe, the barber. But Benson pawns his linen for 10*s.*, and brother Francis sends funds, so after borrowing nine shillings and sixpence on "my Bezoar stone," and going to the Temple to receive "my pension," Richard starts on the 1st of September, 1696, by hoy for Sandwich. The voyage is long and tedious, the weather being bad, but after a day and a night at sea they drop anchor, and Richard solaces himself with punch and good fellowship at the "Three Kings" at Sandwich.

On his arrival at Danes Court "John gives me a bad account of my nephew Richard, who went back to school to-day." But John certainly does not set his son a good example, for he soon breaks out himself,

and on the 21st of October, "after dining with my aunt," threatens to cut his wife's throat. For months after this the diary constantly records that "John came home raving drunk;" "John from Sandwich to-day, very violent;" "John mad drunk all day;" "To Tilmanston church twice, John there raving drunk," and so on. On Christmas Day, 1696, Richard, who as befits a parson's son, is all through an indefatigable church-goer, takes the sacrament at Tilmanston church, as he generally does on special days, John through all the Christmastide remaining drunk as usual. On the 18th of January, 1697, he gives his wife a black eye, and the next day it is Richard's turn, and he goes on a great drinking bout with Captain Whiston, and "got drunk and lost my white mare," whereupon the immaculate "John is very angry with me." On the 10th of February nephew Richard runs away from school again, and gets soundly whipped by his father, who remains drunk all the month. On the 15th of March tidings comes to Danes Court that the master has been lodged in Dover jail, and his wife and her brother start off next morning to find him. He has escaped somehow, and gets back to Danes Court mad drunk just as his household are returning from afternoon service at Tilmanston church. This goes on all March, and on the 26th John borrows money from an attorney, named Lynch, and seals a bond at Danes Court conveying all his goods to the lender as security, "being rabid drunk at the time." A few days afterwards "the bailiffs nearly took John, but he escaped by the quickness of his mare." Echoes of more important events occasionally reach Danes Court. On the 6th of April, 1692, news comes that the French have taken Jamaica, and that they have captured a merchant fleet and convoys off Bilbao. Soon after we hear of "French pirates infesting the Downs, and they had taken two of our ships," but the domestic troubles of the old Kentish manor house occupy most of the diary at this period: incorrigible young Richard runs away from school again and cannot be found for days; with some difficulty drunken John's accounts with Hill and Dilnot, of Sandwich, are arranged, but on the 24th of April he is lodged in jail at Canterbury on another suit, and is only released by more borrowing from Lynch, and at once goes back to his drunken career again. An entry on the 29th of April, 1697, gives another inkling of Richard's Jacobite leanings. "Walking to Eythorne I met Petitt the parson and Captain March. We drank together and went to Walker's, where a Mr. Kelly defended the bad opinion that it was lawful for people to rise against the king if he violated his coronation oath."

All through May John continued drunk, and one day falling foul

of his brother-in-law, calls him a scurvy knave, and threatens to kick him out of his house. So Richard, having worn out his welcome at Danes Court, starts for town again, taking with him nephew Dick, who has just run away from school once more for the last time.

He lodges henceforward at Stokes' in Short's Gardens, and pays ten shillings a month for his room. Every morning two or three taverns are visited with Stourton, Churchill, and others, where unfortunately they are sometimes imprudent enough to drink deep to the health of King James. Metheglin and mum are occasional drinks, but brandy the most usual, and black puddings seem a favourite dish for dinner. On the 19th of October, 1697, peace is proclaimed with France, and on the 16th of the following month the king enters the city in state, and on the 2nd of December the peace rejoicings were crowned by a great display of fireworks, and a banquet given by the Earl of Romney to the king. Richard's petition after five years' waiting is favourably reported upon by the Commissioners of Customs, and during all the winter he haunts Whitehall and the ante-room of Lord Coningsby to get the recommendation carried out by the Treasury. But one obstacle after the other is raised, the papers are sent backwards and forwards, and it is fully two years longer before Richard at last receives his money. On the 2nd of December, 1697, he records the consecration of St. Paul's, and on the 15th of February, 1698, he attends his first service in the Cathedral, "from thence to the Temple Church, and so to the 'Trumpet, where I supped on black puddings and cheese. Home at eight, when my landlady besought me to pay the rent." On the 18th of April he sees Prince George, and on the 16th of May visits the ship *Providence* from New England, and thence to the "Dolphin" tavern until three in the morning. On the 9th of June, apparently fired by the example of some of the wits he meets in the coffee houses of Covent Garden, or in his favourite promenade at Gray's Inn Gardens, he records the fact that he wrote some satirical verses. The next day a fine new suit of clothes comes home, and he dons them with great pride. But alas! a sad thing happens. Drinking at the "Sun" with his friends, some of the latter "threw some beer over my fine garments," much to Richard's disgust. The quaint little gallowses on the margin are pretty frequent now, and the names of the wretches who are hanged are often given. On the 29th of June, 1698, Richard visits the Duke of Norfolk at St. James's House with his friends Stourton and Orfeur. "Thence to St. James's Park, to see a race between two youths, where I met Churchill."

Richard becomes certainly more respectable as he gets older, and beyond a slight flirtation with his landlady, Mrs. Stokes, of Short's Gardens, we hear little of his gallantries henceforward. He is certainly more prosperous, too, in some mysterious way, owing to a voyage he makes, apparently in an official capacity, from Gosport to Flanders, for which a sum of ninety-five guineas is handed to him. He says nothing of his adventures in Flanders, where, however, he only lands at Ostend for a few days from his ship the *Good Hope*. The voyage, however, is evidently an important one for him, as he has spoken of it on and off for many months, and takes a special journey to Cambridge to see brother Francis before setting out. On the 19th of October, 1698, he anchors in Dover Roads on his return, and goes thence to Danes Court, where he stays over Christmas, and returns to London in January, 1699. His friend Churchill has now taken the Treasury matter in hand, and after many months of hope deferred Richard Bere gets his £74 4*s*. at last in October. But Churchill wanted paying, and on the morrow of the payment "Churchill came to me drunk, and quarrelled with me because I would not give him the money he wanted." I suspect the money was all spent long ago, for Richard has often enough gone into the city to borrow five or ten pounds "on the king's order." He is very methodical about money matters, too, for all his apparent improvidence. He has a boon companion named Henry Johnson, who during the autumn and winter of 1699 drank mainly at his expense. Every penny thus spent is noted against the date in the diary, and a neat account of the whole, headed "Expenditure on account of Henry Johnson," is bound up with the diary. From this it appears that Johnson consumed over seven pounds worth of brandy at various taverns with Richard in about five months. On the 27th of January, 1700, Richard visits the Duke of Norfolk; but it is rather a falling off to be told that he goes straight from the Duke's to eat black puddings at Smith's. In July of the same year he goes to see a witch called Anna Wilkes, a prisoner in the Marshalsea, and the same day he learns in the Tilt Yard that his boon companion Stourton is made Deputy Governor of Windsor. On the 30th of July the young Duke of Gloucester dies, and one day next week Richard, after drinking punch with Mr. Van Dyk, tries to see the body of the young prince at the lying in state, but fails. His brother Francis is in town about the first fruits and fees of his new fat living, and Richard is his surety for £48 1*s*. 8*d*. to the king, and when Francis has got comfortably settled in his new rectory in July, 1701, Richard takes the ship *Providence* for Liverpool to visit him. They

take a fortnight to get there, and when he arrives a gentleman comes on board and announces that brother Francis has married his (the gentleman's) sister, whereupon Richard is much surprised, and promptly borrows some money from his new connection. There are great high jinks at Preston, and Richard is in his element. He dines and carouses with everybody, from his brother's glebe-tenants to the Earl of Derby at Knowsley, gets drunk constantly, breaks his nose, loses his horse and money, quarrels in his cups with a good many of his friends, toasts King James III., and enjoys himself greatly. It is to be noted that his brother's curate generally shaved him during his stay. On the [illegible] of June [illegible] King William's death is recorded, and soon after the diarist returns to London by road, taking up his quarters at Stokes's, [illegible] Gardens, again. In the autumn he goes to Danes Court, where John Fogge is still usually drunk; and in October of that year a most important thing happens to Richard Bere. In the [illegible] of that month he visits the aged Lady Monins at Waldershare, the next mansion to Danes Court. His sister, Mrs. Fogge, is with him; and staying with Lady Monins is a certain Lucy Boys, presumably a daughter of Captain Boys, the constable of Walmer Castle. After dinner, Richard, who was then 49 years of age, whispered soft words of love to this young lady, and the next day he records the fact that he sent her a tender love letter. The maiden, nothing loath, sends him an answer next day, and a few days afterwards comes herself to visit Mrs. Fogge at Danes Court. Of course, Richard improves the occasion, and, as he says, "makes love again." For the next week a lively interchange of notes takes place between Danes Court and Waldershare; and on the 8th of November Lucy Boys thinks it time to go home to Walmer Castle. It is not quite in the direct road, but she called to say good-bye to Mrs. Fogge at Danes Court, and, of course, Mr. Richard Bere thought well to go in the coach with her to Walmer. "We pledged," he says, "to marry each other, and solemnly promised to marry no one else." On the [illegible] of December he again goes to Waldershare, and they again renew their pledge, and Lady Monins promised all her influence with her grandson-in-law, the great Earl Poulet, to forward Richard's fortunes. Early in January, 1703, Richard speeds to London with a letter from Lucy Boys to Lord Poulet in his pocket. The peer welcomes him warmly, promises him great things at the Treasury and elsewhere, and loving letters still speed backward and forward between London and Walmer. Richard is constant at Lord Poulet's *levées*, and at last, on the 25th of March, 1703, Richard is introduced to the all-powerful

Lord Godolphin, who promises him a good office, upon the strength of which he "borrows another £5 of Gawler." But Richard complains of lameness on the very day that he saw Godolphin, and the next entry in the diary is carefully traced with a trembling hand at the bottom of the page nearly three months afterwards. Richard had fallen ill of gout, fever, and rheumatism, and had not left the room for ten weeks, "attended by Mr. Sheppery of Drury Lane, my surgeon Mr. Williams, and my housekeeper Mrs. Cockman." In July he was well enough to go to Danes Court, and on the 11th of August visited Waldershare with his sister. There, walking in the grotto, he again pledged his troth to Lucy Boys. On the 2nd of September Lucy Boys came to dine at Danes Court, and the vows were repeated. On this occasion Miss Boys showed her sincerity by handing to Richard "95 guineas, one pistole, and six shillings in silver," presumably for investment or expenditure on fitting up a home. Soon afterwards Lord Poulet came and took his wife's grandmother away on a visit to Hinton, where she died in six weeks. Richard Bere returns to London a happy man, but in a few weeks his lady love herself comes on a visit to Lord Poulet, and then, on the 20th of November, a great change comes over the tone of the entries. "The strumpet Boys came to London. I saw her at Lord Poulet's, and gave her five guineas, besides five guineas I gave her on the 26th to go to the Exchange, five guineas more I paid on her account at Mr. Stow's, and another ten pounds on account of the slut." Another entry on the 30th is still more disheartening. "I went to see the slut Boys at Lord Poulet's, and the baggage denied ever having promised to marry me at all, and now she has gone and married a stuttering parson called Woodward." Then Lord Poulet said he had never promised to do anything for him, and "treated me vilely," and the whole romance was ended.

At this time there are two entries in English as follows: "November 27, 1703. From 12 a clock in ye morning till 7 was ye most violent storm of wind y^t ever was known in England, and ye damage done at land and sea not to be estimated."

"On ye 15th, 16th, and 17th of January, 1703-4, was a very violent storm, which forced back ye fleet bound to Lisbon wth ye Archduke Charles, under Rooke, separating them, and did a great deale of damage."

In March, 1704, Richard is evidently making great preparations for another sea voyage. He often visits Bear Quay, and is much in the city. Trunks and new clothes seem to be bought now without much difficulty, and Benson's services are not apparently so needful

for raising the wind. Richard's friend, old Mrs. Feltham, who keeps a shop in the Exchange, invites him to come and see her and drink mum, in order to ask him about making her son purser. Richard seems also to have quite a friendly correspondence with the "stuttering parson Woodward," and one is tempted to believe that Lord Poulet may after all have done something for the jilted lover. Richard's circumstances must be a good deal changed, for he can afford to leave twenty guineas with T. Bell to keep for him when he departs for Danes Court, after a merry dinner at the "Blue Posts" in the Haymarket (which he quaintly translates as "los Postes ceruleos en la Feria de feno") with Churchill and others. On the 23rd of March, 1704, he starts for Danes Court, and there the usual life of visiting and feasting is recommenced. On the 11th of April, 1704, there is an entry to the effect that he went to visit Lady Barret, and wrote to Mr. Woodward, and then the curtain drops and all is darkness, which swallows up Richard Bere and all his friends for ever. Where he went and what became of him I have been unable to discover, and the transient gleam thrown across his trivial history by his own folly, in writing down his most secret actions in a language known to many, will in all probability be the only light ever thrown upon his life. John Fogge died soon after, but his widow, Richard Bere's sister, lived at Danes Court in straitened circumstances for many years after. Warren, the antiquary, writing in 1711 (Fausett MS. Kent Archæological Society), deplores that the once fine estate was reduced even then to about fifty pounds a year only, and says that it was uncertain whether any male heir was living—thus soon had scapegrace nephew Dick drifted away from his friends. Warren says that he had been last heard of at Lisbon some years before, but on his mother's death he turned up a common sailor, sold Danes Court to the Harveys in 1724, married a certain Elizabeth Rickasie, a sister of St. Bartholomew's Hospital at Sandwich, and died on board the fleet at Gibraltar in 1740, leaving, says Hasted, an only daughter, married to a poor shepherd named Cock, and living in a lowly hovel near the manor-house of which her ancestors had for centuries been masters.

MARTIN A. S. HUME.

THE THEOLOGY OF MR. SWINBURNE'S POEMS.

IT may be safely said that at the present time Mr. Swinburne is one of the very foremost figures in the world of English letters. There is one great poet who has a place apart on our national Helicon ; but if his splendid achievements and the dignity of years have made the name of Tennyson too august for comparison or rivalry, it is certain that there is no other living master of the lyre who can be matched against Mr. Swinburne. In some respects, indeed, he not only overtops all his contemporaries, but stands without a parallel in the whole range of our literature.

In the mere matter of quantity it would be hard to name any one who has outdone this last of our great living singers. His first important book was published in 1865, and since then he has produced a dozen or so volumes of prose, and more than twenty of verse. And this wonderful profuseness never has (at least as regards the poetry) to serve as excuse for any artistic shortcoming. In all the mighty mass of Mr. Swinburne's verse there is hardly a feeble or halting line ; and not even his most prejudiced or his boldest detractors can deny that he is a perfect and consummate master of the technique of his art.

And though in our time there are many who have doubled the parts of poet and critic, yet of all these labourers in two fields there is not one—not even Matthew Arnold—who has discharged the humbler of his functions to such good effect as Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne's prose essays, in spite of some occasional extravagance, are inspired throughout with the choicest and most subtle insight, and the best of them are masterpieces of constructive or interpretative criticism.

It must be admitted that Mr. Swinburne has up to the present gained no very large share of public favour. For those who delight in Mr. Lewis Morris or Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Swinburne is little more than a name. The test of numbers is emphatically against

him, and the few editions of "Atalanta in Calydon," or "Poems and Ballads," make a very poor show against the imposing figures of "The Epic of Hades" or "The Light of Asia." And we may discern sufficient signs of this plentiful lack of popularity, or signs at least of imperfect acquaintance with the poet's many gifts, in the criticism which gives such a disproportionate attention to certain aspects of his earlier work. Mr. Swinburne has been the most profuse and prolific of poets; volume has followed volume faster than criticism or even gratitude could say its word of greeting; and still, in spite of everything he has written since, he is to the great mass of the reading public known chiefly as the author of the first series of "Poems and Ballads," as the poet of "Dolores" and "Anactoria." Yet, except by their rhythmical beauty, these early poems are not very distinctly representative of Mr. Swinburne. They illustrate certainly the poet's daring and his fiery impatience of the proprieties; they are wonderful and beautiful poems; but that they should have condemned their author for so long to the eminence of leadership in some supposed "Fleshly School of Poetry," can only be made intelligible by supposing that the poet's nobler and manlier strains have failed to catch the public ear to anything like the same extent. This way of looking at his work does great injustice to Mr. Swinburne. In spite of the too fervid efflorescence of "Poems and Ballads," Mr. Swinburne is at the heart of him "a sage and serious poet," very much in earnest about the doctrine he has to deliver. Against the erotic extravagance of "Poems and Ballads" we may set some lines from "Marino Faliero," which are in truer accord with the poet's real feeling:—

> Life is brief—

the duke says—

> brief and void
> Where laughing lusts fulfil its length of days,
> And naught save pleasure born seems worth desire;
> But long and full of fruit in all men's sight,
> Whereon the wild worm feeds not, nor the sun
> Strikes, nor the wind makes war, nor frost lays hold,
> Is the ageless life of honour, won and worn
> With heart and hand most equal, and to time
> Given as a pledge that something born of time
> Is mightier found than death, and wears of right
> God's name of everlasting.

Even in "Poems and Ballads" the dominant note is really exactly what is sounded in the opening lines of this fine passage. Beneath all the passion of these poems there lies the conviction that the

dubious paths of desire lead to no good issue, the sad consciousness that "the end of all these things is death."

> Sweet was life to hear and sweet to smell,
> But now with lights reverse the old hours retire
> And the last hour is shod with fire from hell.
> This is the end of every man's desire.

Indeed, Mr. Swinburne's poetry is so far from being over sensuous that the restricted nature of his popularity is largely due to the abstract character of his themes. He is too philosophical—one might say metaphysical—a poet to suit the public taste. In very much of what he has written there is a want of concrete human interest. The subjects

> that touch him are unmating things,
> Oceans and clouds and night and day,
> Lorn autumns and triumphant springs.

He is at times a poet of Nature, but of elemental Nature; his landscapes, as in "A Forsaken Garden," or "In the Salt Marshes," are pictures of the simple forces of the earth, of sea, and sun and rain, and wind and wave. And behind all there loom in gigantic outline the great Eternal ideas, the monadic conceptions, Time and Change, Life, Death, Fate, and Man and God.

What Mr. Swinburne has written of Shelley may most fitly and fully be transferred to a great deal of his own work. Referring to the lines written among the Eugenæan hills, he says—

"It is a rhapsody of thought and feeling coloured by contact with Nature, but not born of the contact. . . . A soul as great as the world lays hold on the things of the world; on all life of plants, and beasts, and men; on all likeness of time and death and good things and evil. His aim is rather to render the effect of a thing than a thing itself; the soul and spirit of life rather than the living form, the growth rather than the thing grown. And herein he, too, is unapproachable."

In taking even a brief glance at the religious or theological conceptions which have inspired a great deal of Mr. Swinburne, it is not difficult to see that there is considerable difference between the earlier and the later work. There has not been sudden conversion, or any slow conversion, any choosing of fresh flags or new faiths; the change shows itself rather in an altered emphasis and a shifting of the point of view. That there is a change of feeling, if not of position, will be evident to anyone who will compare "Ilicet" or

"The Garden of Proserpine" with "On the Verge" or "A Dialogue."

One may, in fact, distinguish three distinct stages in the development of Mr. Swinburne's theological ideas. The first is represented by "Atalanta in Calydon" and the first series of "Poems and Ballads."

This is the period of pessimism and gloom and despondency. "Poems and Ballads" is a very beautiful, but not at all a cheerful book. The erotic poems are like all the rest, steeped in the prevailing gloom. In all their sweet music there is hardly a happy note. Where they are not concerned with monstrous perversities of passion, they are lyrics, not so much of love, as of "love's sad satiety," of the weary parting of those who once were glad to meet.

> Love grown faint and fretful,
> With lips but half regretful,
> Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
> Weeps that no loves endure.

In "Atalanta in Calydon," Venus Anadyomene is hymned by the chorus in strains of very dubious praise—

> Bitter thou wast from thy birth,
> Aphrodite, a mother of strife.

Love is regarded as in itself evil, and the last addition to the sum of human miseries.

And, in general, in so far as these early poems are concerned with a philosophy of life, they paint it in very dark colours. The poet looks out on all creation and proclaims that it is not good but evil. It is not merely that he is dissatisfied with the existing conditions of things, with "all the oppression that is done under the sun;" his bitterness springs from a deeper source; it is the very constitution of the Universe that he condemns. Not "man's inhumanity to man," but "the mystery of the cruelty of things" fills him with aversion and a passionate sense of injustice. Man is unhappy, not through any fault or feebleness of his own, but because the gods are evil and have willed that it should be so. It is because the Supreme Powers are malevolent that the lot of man is hopeless.

> For none shall move the most high gods
> Who are most sad, being cruel; none
> Shall break or take away the rods
> Wherewith they scourge us, not as one
> That smites a son.

This feeling finds its grandest and loftiest expression in that magnificent chorus in "Atalanta in Calydon," which for majesty of

ımical movement and fiery vehemence would have sufficed alone ve its author a place in the front rank of poets. This splendid ıge—I mean of course the chorus which begins, "Who hath ı man speech?"—sets us thinking of Milton and the rebellious ıtence of his apostate angel, or of the great speech with which ıound and tortured Prometheus calls earth and sea and sky to ɛss what he suffers at the hands of the gods. The same sense ıpeless struggle against Almighty power is common to all; the Archangel and Aeschylus's Titan are more colossal figures, but Swinburne's chorus seems to me to express a sadder and more ɛtic hopelessness. Its despairing impiety is certainly inappro- ɛ to any Greek chorus, and is in striking contrast to the spirit verence and unshaken faith which inspired the great Greek dians. But any sense of inappropriateness is lost as soon as we nder ourselves to the majestic march of these tremendous s. There is no question of ancient or modern, Pagan or ɜtian; it is the voice of universal humanity we hear, of unre- ɾate humanity, hopelessly at war with the awful Powers who ɛ its destiny. And this great note has never been struck with a r more wonderful. The chorus is a long one, but the march of ver flags or falters. Through all its glowing verses the passion ɛns till we reach the final outburst,

> Yea, with thine hate, O God, thou hast covered us.

so the great impeachment waxes and grows—

> Thou hast sent us sleep, and stricken sleep with dreams,
> Saying, Joy is not, but love of joy shall be;
> Thou hast made sweet springs for all the pleasant streams;
> In the end thou hast made them bitter with the sea—

: last the climax is reached—

> Lo, with hearts rent and knees made tremulous,
> Lo, with ephemeral lips and casual breath,
> At least we witness of thee ere we die
> That these things are not otherwise, but thus;
> That each man in his heart sigheth, and saith
> That all men, even as I,
> All we are against thee, against thee, O God most high.

ʻonjoined with these despairing views of life is the poet's firm ; in the finality of Death. This is asserted and reasserted with an ɜt theological dogmatism. Life is so dreary that men may well lad to have done with the foolish business and be at rest. h is the one consoler, the one refuge from all ills. These are

the views which in "Poems and Ballads" find such a passionate and powerful expression as is shown in verses like these :—

> From too much love of living,
> From hope and fear set free,
> We thank with brief thanksgiving
> Whatever gods may be.
> That no life lasts for ever,
> That dead men rise up never.
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

In what I call the second period of Mr. Swinburne's poetry we come with some suddenness upon a remarkable change of spirit. "Songs before Sunrise" was published in 1871, only five years after "Poems and Ballads," but the contrast between the two books in everything but in the fervour and faultlessness of the verse is enormous. Instead of the "soft Lydian measures" of the earlier volumes, Mr. Swinburne gives us in "Songs before Sunrise" bold and Tyrtæan strains. In the "Prelude" to this wonderful book Mr. Swinburne announces the change that has come over his singing—

> We too, have twisted in our hair
> Such tendrils as the wild Loves wear—

for the future he is the laureate of Liberty.

In "Mater Triumphalis" some glowing and sonorous verses announce his new position—

> I am thine harp between thine hands, O mother,
> All my strong cords are strained with love of thee.
> We grapple in love and wrestle, as each with other
> Wrestle the wind and the unreluctant sea.
>
> I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers
> At sign to sharpen and to slacken strings,
> I keep no time of song with gold-perched singers
> And chirp of linnets on the wrists of kings.
>
> I am thy storm-thrush of the days that darken,
> Thy petrel in the foam that bears thy bark
> To port through night and tempest ; if thou hearken,
> My voice is in thy heaven before the lark.

The religious ideas imbedded in this period of Mr. Swinburne's poetry commence with the flat negation of all recognised deities. The poet proclaims his emphatic denial of all theological system in general, and of Christianity in particular. In his attitude towards the prevailing religion Mr. Swinburne differs in some respect very widely from most of the poets of the time. There is plenty of scepticism among those whose business it is to make verses, but it is

:nerally scepticism of the reluctant and sorrowful order. We have)undant lamentation for expiring faith or over-faith already dead, ut not yet decently buried and done with.

> We are souls bereaved
> Of all the creatures under heaven's high cope;
> We are most hopeless who had once most hope,
> And most beliefless who had once believed.

ɔ Clough wrote in his "Easter Day," and the melancholy strain is :hoed and re-echoed in contemporary poetry. But Mr. Swinburne ever strikes this lugubrious chord. He has no hesitation, no back-ard glances, no retrospective regrets. He seems to have been born ı unbeliever rather than to have become so. The thought of the)ming Twilight of the Gods arouses only a cry of exultation.

His hostility to Christianity is emotional rather than intellectual. : has nothing to do with the rise of the critical school of theology. ı Browning and Matthew Arnold, in Clough and many a minor)et, we can see the influence of Baur and Strauss and Zeller, but ıe cannot tell whether Mr. Swinburne has ever read the "Leben :su" or concerned himself with the date of the Fourth Gospel.

And so it is that his attitude is an extreme one. He keeps right ı the hard, flat, high road of total and entire disbelief, and never rays into any of the by-paths of compromise. Mr. Swinburne)es not share the national fondness for middle courses, for mediat-g between opposing principles and adjusting their claims to some ·actical issue. He has himself spoken with some tinge of contempt ˙the "semi-Christianity" of "In Memoriam," and the "demi-semi hristianity of Dipsychus"; but one cannot fail to notice how much ore the hesitating and moderate tone of these poems is in harmony ith the habits of English thought than the rigid unbending *non ssumus* of "Before a Crucifix."

Mr. Swinburne, indeed, in his attitude towards religious matters ems to be more French than English, or at least continental rather an insular. This is evident, not only in his hatred of crompromise ıd in his carelessness about practical issues, but in other ways too. ith him, as with most foreign Radicals, religion and politics are ınnected by a close mental bond—are regarded, we may say, as fferent aspects of one subject. Englishmen for the most part put wide gulf of division between these two themes and apply very fferent principles to the working out of each. We have sturdy in-ıvators in politics who are in religion the staunchest of conserva-'es, men who are ready at a moment's notice to break up the empire reconstruct the constitution, who are yet rigid zealots for the

strictest letter of the law or the traditions of the elders, republican bibliolaters, and sabbatarian anarchists.

Another foreign note may be detected in Mr. Swinburne's apparent indifference to those forms of faith which prevail in his own country. He hardly seems to notice any of them; Christianity is for him represented almost exclusively by the Roman Catholic Church. It would be too much to say that he has never realised English Protestantism at all; perhaps it is in disdain that he has passed by its many diversities and its general spirit of opportunism, and aimed his hardest blows at the Church which has hardly yet learnt to trim its sails to the varying winds of the modern spirit.

But in this second period of Mr. Swinburne's poetry there is something more than the passionate assertion of unbelief. In such poems as "Hertha," "The Litany of Nations," "Hymn of Man," and "The Last Oracle," we have two positive principles set forth in the most splendid and most sonorous verse. These two incipient creeds may be named as Pantheism and the "Worship of Humanity."

In "Hertha," the island-dwelling, Teutonic deity whom Tacitus understood to be Mother Earth, is identified with Nature in the widest sense, with the general constitution of things, now no longer regarded as evil. The poem opens with the most unmistakable Pantheism, and the barrenness and bleakness of this conception of deity is quite lost sight of in the extraordinary rush and lyric power of Mr. Swinburne's verse. "Hertha" is really a most wonderful poem —metaphysics are transmuted into poetry by the sheer force and fervency of the poet's genius. Few subjects, for example, could seem more unpromising for poetic treatment than the identity of subject and object in the All. Yet this is what Mr. Swinburne makes of it:—

> Beside and above me
> Naught is there to go;
> Love or unlove me,
> Unknow me or know,
> I am that which unloves me and loves; I am stricken and I am the blow.
>
> I the mark that is missed
> And the arrows that miss,
> I the mouth that is kissed
> And the breath in the kiss,
> The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul, and the body that is.

But this Pantheistic conception of God is elsewhere identified with Humanity. This doctrine is set forth with much clearness in the "Hymn of Man"—

> 'God, if a God there be, is the substance of men which is man'—

where the conditional clause strikes one as very curious. This definition of Deity is expanded a little further on in the same poem.

> Not each man of all men is God, but God is the fruit of the whole;
> Indivisible spirit and blood, indiscernible body from soul.
> Not men's but man's is the glory of godhead, the kingdom of time,
> The mountainous ages made hoary with snows for the spirit to climb.
> A God with the world inwound whose clay to his footsole clings;
> A manifold God fast-bound, as with iron of adverse things.

In "The Last Oracle" we have a different aspect of the same idea. This splendid poem is a Hymn to Apollo, who is here considered as the embodiment of man's intellect, of the light and life that is incarnate in humanity. And so Apollo is celebrated as the first and the oldest of gods—

> Shining son of God, the son of Time they called thee,
> Who wast older, O our Father, than they knew.

The growth and decay of religions are but the varying records of the mind of humanity—

> Divers births of many Godheads find one death appointed.
> As the soul whence each was born makes room for each,
> God by god goes out, discrowned and disanointed,
> But the soul stands fast which gave them birth and speech.

It needs hardly be pointed out that that way of looking at things is not, on the prosaic level at least, exactly consistent with the Pantheism of "Hertha."

We distinguish sharply between Nature and Man—"Unfühlend ist die Natur," says Goethe in one of his noblest poems—where the hardness and indifference of outside things is contrasted with the tenderness and justice which are perceptible only in man. And sometimes Mr. Swinburne takes this view and shows us his earth-born Deity struggling with Nature.

> Men are the heart-beats of men, the plumes that feather his wings,
> Storm-worn, since being began, with the wind and thunder of things.
> Things are cruel and blind; their strength detains and deforms,
> And the wearying wings of the mind still beat up the stream of their storms.

But there are other passages, *e.g.* the last verse of "Hertha," where Man and Nature are identified in the poetic cultus.

Mr. Swinburne's "Worship of Humanity" is certainly widely different from Comte's. The divinity of the French philosopher is a sort of *Deus ex machinâ*, brought in to help on the tragedy of human history to some happy ending. But Mr. Swinburne has no utilitarian aims, and there seems nothing unreal or artificial in his

worship. It is indeed astonishing to see what fervid adoration this enemy of all the gods of tradition brings to his own shadowy divinities. As a worshipper he is no less vehement than as an iconoclast; there are passages in the "Hymn of Man" and other poems which equal the intensity and energy of even his fiercest denunciations. Still, in a general view of Mr. Swinburne's work of this period, one might perhaps be disposed to say that the source and fount of these anti-theological strains is political rather than religious; that it is

> The phantom of a Christless cross
> Shadowing the sheltered heads of kings,

rather than with any particular quarrel with Christianity itself that has stirred up such a vast amount of poetic wrath.

However that may be, I cannot help digressing here for a moment to remark that Mr. Swinburne in politics as in religion shows a remarkable aloofness from the ordinary current of thought in this country. He is not an English politician, but a revolutionary of the pure Continental type. He is quite unpractical in his views; he has nothing to say to our numerous and many "questions" and "causes." He belongs to the high orthodox school of abstract republicanism, and these things do not concern him.

Perhaps the real result of all his political poetry is a little vague. Indignation against kings never made finer or more musical verses, but one can hardly help asking what it is that the poet expects his republics to accomplish. Shelley seems to have believed that the overthrow of dynasties and the downfall of religions would transform the earth to a terrestrial paradise; but this child-like faith is beyond the utmost compass of anyone at the present day, and Mr. Swinburne hardly seems to expect much from the possible future decapitation or deposition of kings.

He has perhaps come nearest to the modern democratic spirit in that magnificent outburst which closes "The Litany of Nations."

In Mr. Swinburne's more recent poetry we find a notable change in the setting forth of his religious ideas. We have no more denying and defying of the gods; the iconoclastic fury seems to have spent itself,[1] the storm of the poet's indignation has subsided, and a calm and courageous tranquillity has taken the place of the restless passion of "Songs before Sunrise." Poems like "The Recall," "A Dialogue," breathe a calmer spirit; there is no change of flags; there is still the same enemy, but the hostility is not so bitter. At times

[1] It appears with full force in the poems on the "Armada"; but this, it seems to me, is a reversion to an earlier type.

it almost seems as if one might make peace, as if one could wish for an end of the conflict, could be content to

Rest, forget, be reconciled.

Some lines which belong to "In the Salt Marshes" may be taken to show this softened mood. The sight of the grey church towers rising above the flat level of a dreary landscape suggests thoughts which are very different from those which some years before had been called forth by a roadside crucifix.

> Far, and far between, in divers orders,
>   Clear grey steeples cleave the low grey sky;
> Fast and firm as time-unshaken warders,
>   Hearts made sure by faith, by hope made high.
> These alone in all the wild sea-borders
>   Fear no blast of days and nights that die.
>
> All the land is like as one man's face is,
>   Pale and troubled still with charge of cares,
> Doubt and death pervade her clouded spaces:
>   Strength and length of life and peace are theirs;
> Theirs alone amid these weary places,
>   Seeing not how the wild world frets and fares.

These verses, which are a splendid expansion of Wordsworth's famous line, would have seemed strange if they had come from Mr. Swinburne thirty years ago.

The question of a Future Life is perhaps the chief topic dwelt on in the religious poetry of this third period. Mr. Swinburne's attitude had now become one of calm and solemn surprise; there is no passionate "yearning after immortality," but neither is there the consoling assurance of annihilation which was so strongly marked in the early poetry.

Pre-eminent in this division of his poetry stands that noble and majestic poem which is entitled "On the Verge." It would be difficult to praise this splendid production too highly. For loftiness of tone and grave, austere beauty I do not know what poem of equal length we could match against it. The poet's eye gazing over the waste of waters passes at once in rapt contemplation to "the line of of life and time's evasive strand," to the *ultima linea rerum*, and nowhere is the eternal question of man's destiny proposed with a grander or more sublime vehemence, nowhere is the blank no-answer set forth with a more impressive spendour.

> Friend, who knows if death indeed have life, or life have death for goal?
> Day nor night can tell us, nor may seas declare, nor skies unroll
> What has been from everlasting, or if aught shall alway be.
> Silence answering only strikes response reverberate on the soul
> From the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea.

I have spoken of the French accent discernible in much of Mr. Swinburne's poetry and of his extreme position, but on both points a certain reservation must be made. Nothing that he has given us shows the slightest sympathy with that absolute nihilism that is sometimes heard from the Gallic lyre. A book like (for example) M. Jean Richepin's "Les Blasphèmes" is utterly and entirely alien to the enthusiasm and lofty tone of our English poet, who could never, under any conceivable circumstances, have polluted his pen with anything like that sonnet entitled "Tes Père et Mère." The two men differ by the whole firmament; M. Richepin ostentatiously seeks by his ruthless analysis to violate all imaginable sanctities; Mr. Swinburne fights under a flag and has a faith and worship of his own.

And in this, too, he may be contrasted with those one or two poets in his own country who have travelled yet further along the dubious paths of disbelief and doubt. James Thomson is the one whose name rises first, and though, of course, this most unhappy of our singers is very far from reaching the poetic stature of Mr. Swinburne, yet he was a poet of genuine inspiration, and his chief work will have a place of its own in our literature. "The City of Dreadful Night" is perhaps the most melancholy poem in our language; one dreary atmosphere of gloom enshrouds it all; no ray of light or hope breaks the monotory of its despair. Nothing can be in more forcible contrast to the firm and unshaken courage of Mr. Swinburne's maturer mood. The greater poet, too, when under the influence of Baudelaire had his period of gloom, but it was not the appalling blackness which hangs over the "City of Dreadful Night," and the pessimistic mood did not last long. Mr. Swinburne was too great a poet to dwell long in the tents of Kedar. The sheer force of genius saved him from a despairing nihilism. He is an audacious unbeliever in existing creeds, but he does not love to look on the mean side of things; there is a limit which his poetical instinct forbids him to pass, a point where

> Imagination resolutely stays
> The tide of ill.

And it is just this heroic gratitude of soul which is the most precious quality of Mr. Swinburne's poetry, considered in its inner or spiritual side. Certainly in its external and purely artistic aspects no praise can be too high for it. The perfect and varied beauty of Mr. Swinburne's verse must be a source of pure delight to all those who have any feeling for the charm of rhythmical movement.

Here there is room for no difference of opinion, but there will be some who can carry their admiration of the poet no further. For them not all the beauty or the lyric fervours of his verse can in any way compensate for the bleak hardness of the doctrine expounded. And there will be others who will feel that, in these days of mournful subjectiveness and sorrowing scepticism, the largest debt of deepest gratitude is due to those poets who strengthen the feeble knees and help men to some share of happy confidence in the ultimate constitution of things. For those poets who "are very sure of God" are the true messengers of comfort, the divine singers

> Whose music is the gladness of the earth.

But even if Mr. Swinburne can claim no seat among this sacred choir, he has still his own high and peculiar praise. He has handled his lofty themes with the most splendid strength and the most courageous sincerity of soul. In his poetry we discern the energy of a fiery and indomitable spirit, grappling unaided with the problem of man's destiny, gazing undismayed into the mystery which walls about our life. And through all his heart is still high and his courage undaunted. Amid all the lamentations over the routed legions and captured standards of Faith he has not despaired of the republic of man, nor listened to the devil's advocate preaching the unprofitable doctrine of darkness.

ROBERT SHINDLER.

AMONG THE ALGERIAN HILLS.

ONE can hardly realise the keen delight of rambling in and about and over the hills which rise in imposing undulations from the Algerian table-land. Summer was late the season I was there. The winter was the coldest and longest that had been known for years. This was all in my favour. Flowers bloomed and birds sung a month later than usual. Some of the hills rise in solemn, stately, almost pyramidal, fashion. You can see at a glance they are of a different geological structure from the adjacent stony billows, and have no genetic affinity with them. They possess a different mountain architecture. Is it that they have been sculptured in another manner, or with a different set of tools? No; there is only one set of denuding agencies—that of solar energy operating through the atmosphere; perhaps operating in spite of it. The secret of the contrasted shapes of this crowd of hills—as well as of the wonderful resemblances of the two groups to each other—is that they are composed of different kinds of rock-forming materials.

The most prominent of the solitary pyramidal mountains near Souk Ahras are Djebel Tarja and Djebel Degma. The latter is the more imposing. It is cut in halves completely, as by that magic wand which "cleft Eildon Hills in three." You ramble over the hot, bald, stony outcrops—the latter often as regular as stone stairs. The heat is that of a furnace, for you get it directly from the sun, and also reflected from the white limestones. The eyes blink, the forehead wrinkles into a neuralgic headache, the lurking rheumatism of years past is unloosed, and plays pandemonium in the muscles of your arms.

All on a sudden there is a fresh gust, as if the gates of Paradise were opened! Nobody has exactly described, from personal experience, what the effect of opening the aforesaid gates is like; but I am safe in using the idea as a figure of speech for the sudden and joyous relief produced by the cool inburst of fresh and moving air. We had reached the great gorge that cleft Djebel Degma in twain. The cool currents of air came from the valley of the Mejerda, a

thousand feet below us. We shelter beneath a solitary wild fig-tree, in its shade—a shadow as black as ink when contrasted with the vivid sunlight reflected from the white rocks. Beneath us is a precipice. Before us, at a distance of not more than a mile as the crow flies, is the grand vertical section of Kef Degma. The limestone beds composing it stand almost on end—plainly speaking of the mighty forces which have upheaved these rocks since their comparatively recent formation. Allowing the eye to run along that clean-cut escarpment, it looks like a geological diagram—as indeed it is. In the very middle of the section you plainly see a dislocation or break in the continuity of the strata. They are cracked right through, from top to bottom. On one side the beds lean at a clearly-defined angle, on the other at quite a different one.

We put on a pipe and discuss the situation—anything to prolong the cooling rest; for this mighty ravine has to be descended and ascended, and there are several miles of hot travelling besides before we can partake of *déjeuner*—the first meal of the day. Hitherto, all has been done on the cup of black coffee and munch of dry sour bread we got at four in the morning. Hunger gives way to thirst in its ideal pleasures. You imagine clear, cool, crystal fountains, and how nice a deep, deep draught of the water would be with a dash of rough wine in it! But the pipe is the grand solace. We are joined by two or three Arab youths who are keeping their mountain sheep and goats. One wonders why they are required to keep them, until a series of black shadows traverse the light in the valley. They are those of a couple of hungry eagles hovering about for a bit of lamb for lunch. Half a score of smaller shadows represent the ravens on the same tack.

The soft-eyed youths linger at a respectful distance, and listen with intent ears to the conversation of the pith-helmeted Frankish strangers.

Here and there amid the aridity of these hills, at their bases, we see patches of dark-green sward, perhaps marked additionally by a clump of trees. These are natural springs of water—the *sources* of the French colonists, the *ains* of the Arabs. Many Arab names of places begin with *Ain*, to denote the presence of natural waters. We make for one of these. It is an ideal spot for a lunch or a picnic. There are four or five flourishing trees, now in the meridian of their early summer foliage. It is just the place for a mid-day rest, and we camp here, light a fire, and cook our victuals. The clear, cool water is delicious. Not less so is the green shade. Four of the trees are wild pears, over which a wild vine has climbed and

thrown its abounding leafage outside theirs. Never was there found a more delightful spot whereon to break a hungry man's fast—never a fast that was more enjoyably broken. The overflow waters of the spring form a miniature pool in the deep grass a few yards away, where huge frogs are barking like dogs.

On another occasion we found a convenient cave in which to breakfast. The coolness and gloom were deliciously comforting, and the sight of the fine river Mejerda, flowing sinuously amid rosy thickets of flowering oleanders and through the green plains on its way to Tunis, was one of the most impressive scenes of its kind I ever beheld. The cave bore unmistakable evidences of being visited by jackals, although I was told that these animals are not so numerous as formerly. There are panthers and wild boar still abounding in the neighbouring forests. Formerly, in the memory of living colonists, lions paid occasional visits to this district, and one of my companions (an Alsatian settler) had killed one hereabouts some years ago.

The shadow of a great rock in a weary land is a blessing, whether you have the wherewithal to breakfast or not. You must creep somewhere out of the hot, blazing sunshine, and keep there till long after the meridian. Work and walking are both impossible between eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon. One day we were admitted by the kindly Arabs at Djebel Tarja to the marabout's house. The prophet was absent, but his carpet was on the mud floor, and this was all the furniture in the place. Even the walls were merely mud-dried. There were no windows or window-places. We cooked our victuals outside, so as not to defile the place -for they were sausages! That cool, gloomy hut was a real resting-place, and the doorway served as a framework to the glowing, almost dazzling, landscape of billowy corn-fields outside.

In the earliest part of one lovely morning we passed through an Arab cemetery. It is a touching sight to witness an Arab funeral. The body is borne, swathed in its burnous, by the nearest relations. The mourners are all male, and they follow it up the hill in irregular but silent habit. On their return, however, they rend the air with their cries and lamentations. Death is always a solemn thing; but it never appears more solemn than when we meet it on sunny, flower-clad hills, and with the joyous blue sky looking on. We individually come and go and replace each other, like the circulating atoms in some vast and long-lived organism—the Organism of Humanity!

These Arab cemeteries are of the simplest and rudest. A few stones piled one above another mark the resting-places of the

common dead. A few coloured rags in addition indicate where a sheikh or a marabout lies buried. Some of the latter die in the odour of much sanctity. For generations tradition keeps up the memory of their piety. They are canonised in the hearts of the men who renew the orange-coloured strips which mark their rank year after year. These marabouts' tombs are generally on the tops of the hills, and sometimes the pile of stones is large enough to form a landmark.

Passing through one of the Arab hill-side cemeteries, I saw an open grave. It was about four feet deep, and cut rudely after the outlines of a human body, just as if a man had lain down and somebody had chalked out his shape on the ground. The grave had evidently been dug some time, and perhaps the digger had enjoyed selecting his own final resting-place, and was now waiting in some adjacent camp until Allah saw fit to close it.

Not far away, on the same hill-side, we blundered into a series of pits, some of them six feet deep. These are the Arab silos, where their corn is stored. The same silo-pits had been used for centuries, for the practice is not the new thing some modern agriculturists imagine. Perhaps King Pharoah's corn warehouses during the seven years of plenty were of this character.

The hill Arabs must be more industrious than the town Arabs—or rather, their cast-off wives must be. Corn follows us up nearly to the crest of the highest hills, about 4,000 feet above the sea. It is as clean as any well-kept English wheat-field—better than most. The other day I rambled among splendid wheat-fields, where the wheat was rapidly ripening unto harvest. Nothing but wheat and oats were visible along the lengthened, undulating mountain slopes, where the wind rippled them into rhythmic undulations of greyish-green waves. I looked for mildew, smut, and rust; but only found a few smutted ears near the path, where the young plants had been trodden upon and weakened early in life. I did not see a score of smutted ears all the time I was out, and not a trace of rust or mildew.

And yet this country has been sown with the same crops continuously, year after year—wheat and oats (oats for horses and wheat for men)—for generations untold! The Arab memory is a good and safe one for traditions. The Arabs have been in the country for nearly a thousand years. During the whole of that time these hill-sides have been cultivated for wheat and oats—wheat and oats every year, without cessation. Further back still, in the dim perspective of ancient history, this country was not only the

"granary of Rome," but of its rival, Carthage. Further back yet, the more ancient Phœnicians got their corn hereabouts.

The entire country through which I moved is thronged with ancient Arab, older Roman, and still older Punic monuments—statues, altars, inscriptions. Far beyond the period of either written or traditional history—beyond that of either Aryan or Celtic invasion—the Neolithic men were here! I visited their dolmens and charmed stone circles at a spot which also commanded, within range of unassisted vision, relics of Roman encampments and of ancient, but more recent, Arab settlements.

Taking all these things into consideration (as I did, on the actual spot, where imagination assists the judgment, and judgment the imagination), I concluded it would not be assuming too much to declare that these Algerian corn-growing lands have been more or less continuously cultivated for two thousand years at least. Few things have surprised modern agriculturists more than the fact that Sir John Lawes has been growing the same crops in the same soils at Rothamstead for about a quarter of a century. Compare this with the historic examples just mentioned. Remember also the wonderful absence of smut and other well-known cereal parasitic diseases. And if you could only see this last and latest crop growing in the thin soils which supported and fed two thousand ancestral crops—how strong in haulm, and note the particular bluish-green colour which denotes vigour—bearing ears of wheat from seventy to eighty grains per head, you could not help wondering at the fact, and marvelling still more at the cause.

Is it surprising, therefore, that a poor intellectual spectator like myself should be burdened with an extra-scientific conundrum? One could not help feeling that a correct explanation of the facts observed would be of scientific and therefore of agricultural value. How was an individual, crippled for time and opportunity, to get at it? I give my own experiments and conclusions for what they are worth, and shall be very glad to exchange them for better.

The Algerian wheat-cultivating soils are not like those of Midland England or of the Eastern counties—the results of the surface weathering, of rich sub-soils such as the boulder clays or drift beds, where we find commixed mineral ingredients, derived from all kinds of rocks. On the contrary, the Algerian soils are only a few inches in thickness. The plough which furrows them is really only a soil-scratching machine. You see the Arabs carrying the slim wooden ploughs on their shoulders, or across the saddles of the horses they are riding, and which horses will shortly be pulling the soil-scratchers

about. The latter is merely a wooden shoe tipped with iron. Ransome's patent ploughshares are really a very old and geographically widespread idea modernly expressed.

Whence have the above soils been derived? From the wash and weathering of the upper parts of the hills and mountains. There they rise, in bald, precipitous crests, hardly supporting a wild plant on their terribly hot upper surfaces. The sun's heat falls upon them and expands the surface particles from their cohesive attraction. The latter fall down as dust, the rains wash them to the lower slopes, and thus add new fertility to the old soils. Year after year this has gone on, and must go on until these picturesque and rugged mountain crests are entirely reduced to powder, the powder converted into soil, the soil into the substance of wheat, the wheat-food into men's actions and thoughts. Thus, from the mineralogical and inorganic conditions of Nature, we find transitions to the organic, intellectual, and even spiritual development of mankind !

> In Nature's chain whichever link you strike,
> Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

All this is feasible, and even partly scientific—but it is not enough. We chemically analyse this wonderful soil (which perhaps of old was deemed possessed of mystic properties, as indeed it is). That test is sufficient—the soil contains from 3 to 4 per cent. of natural phosphate of lime ! Here is the secret of the strong crops of growing wheat and oats, and of the consequent absence of cereal epidemic diseases, such as smut and mildew. The plants are healthy and well fed. But whence came the phosphates, and how were the same soils capable, year after year, of growing the same bountiful crops? Again the geologist and chemist find the "Open sesame." The upper part of the hills (limestone especially, but also sandstone) contain extensive and rich beds of phosphate of lime. It has been from the continuous weathering and degradation of these rocks that the corn-growing soils lower down have been replenished and fertilised year after year, for perhaps more than twenty centuries.

J. E. TAYLOR.

THE GREAT TALKERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE bloody drama of the French Revolution will not soon fade from the minds of men. Even in our own day a lively interest is felt in its surprising incidents, its romantic episodes, its terrible catastrophes, and both the novelist and the dramatist have recognised the profound human sentiment which it involves. Every fresh work which throws light on its causes or effects, or brings more conspicuously forward the principal characters which figured in its tragic scenes, is eagerly welcomed. I think it may be asserted with truth that English students feel a deeper curiosity about Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Danton than even about their contemporaries of our own race, Burke, and Fox and Pitt. Hitherto, however, the writers attracted by this great subject have devoted their efforts in the main to studies of its startling events, its historic consequences, the nature and extent of its influence, its moral and political aspects, or they have dwelt upon the character and career of its statesmen and soldiers, its leaders of parties, its victims and its martyrs; and very little has been said upon its literary relations, upon its poets and journalists, and more particularly those on the anti-revolution side. Yet literature was greatly concerned in its inception and development. It was born among epigrams; it grew up among jests and satires, repartees and *boutades*. Even when the guillotine was busiest, the wits could not be silenced. A strange spectacle! this intellectual effervescence and efflorescence at a time when the pillars of the social edifice were crumbling about men's ears! Lemercier gave up writing tragedies, it is true, because tragedy, he said, had taken to the streets; but he did not give up writing in the newspapers, and when the philosophers abandoned their metaphysics they compiled "Almanachs."

These "Almanachs" were a power in the land. As a recent writer remarks, they furnished a means of propaganda, a machinery

of war for or against the new *régime.* Those on the royalist side—on the side of the counter-revolution—were very superior to their adversaries in wit, humour, and literary form, and no doubt helped very largely to foster and sustain a revulsion of feeling against the sanguinary despotism of the Terror. But some of the Revolutionary *brochures* were not wanting in force and a certain brutal strength. Among the former the most widely popular seem to have been the "Almanach des Grands Hommes," the "Almanach de Coblentz," the "Almanach des Gens de Bien," and the "Almanach Royaliste;" chief among the latter were the "Almanach des Honnêtes Gens," by Sylvain Maréchal, and the "Almanach du Père Gérard," by Collot d'Herbois. The last of these pamphlets (for such they really were) was the "Almanach du XIXe Siècle."

The Revolution, as it flourished in the *salons* and clubs of Paris, has recently been portrayed by M. du Bled in his charming and gracefully-written volume, "Les Causeurs de la Révolution," which has had the honour of being crowned by the Académie Française. M. Victor du Bled is well known by his articles in the *Revue du Monde*, and by his interesting and valuable "Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet," as a lively and elegant as well as an exact writer, and his latest contribution to the literature of the Revolution will not fail to support his reputation. It presents a picture at once curious and useful of the intellectual conditions of French society during that memorable epoch; while the variety of the names, the contrasts and opposition of the characters, engage from first to last the attention of the reader. M. du Bled's sympathies are entirely with the opponents of the Revolution, however, and he has nothing to say of the "*causeurs*" on the opposite side—of Tallien, Madame Roland, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and others; but he probably argues that they were too vehement in their methods, too irregular, and too much in earnest to be "*causeurs*" in the true sense of the word. Let us take his book as he has written it, and let us be thankful for it, as a fascinating memorial of a social phase which has passed away for ever, but must always, as I have said, retain its attraction for the student.

Foremost among the Great Talkers of the Revolution we must place Count Anthony de Rivarol. He died in 1801, before he was fifty, but he contrived to live a life of extraordinary fulness. He wrote a learned "Discourse on the Universality of the French Language"; he translated the "Inferno,"[1] he had some brief ex-

[1] The translation is not a success. Dante does not accommodate himself easily to the French dress.

perience as a soldier; he filled the "Journal Politique National" with brilliant criticisms, which, from their profound sagacity and the terse precision of their style, induced Burke to compare him to Tacitus; he was alternately philosopher, polemist, and pamphleteer; he defended the Monarchy with all his intellectual resources, though no one saw more keenly the corruption of the Court and the uselessness of the aristocracy on which it leaned; he was at one time the principal *causeur* in the *salons*, and by his epigrammatic utterances did much to inspire French poetry with a new spirit, and to deliver it from the rhetorical fetters under which it had almost perished; and he died at Berlin in 1801 as the representative of Louis XVIII. During the last years of the eighteenth century he shared the realm of conversation with Madame de Staël. To some extent we must include him among those whom Shelley has happily termed the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown;" he could have done so much more than he had the time or the inclination to do; of his real and various intellectual gifts he has left us little more than the tradition.

Chênedollé, who knew Rivarol thoroughly, thus describes his conversational powers. He plunged at once, he says, into one of his truly prodigious monologues, taking for his thesis this, that the poet is but a savage, full of genius and animation, to whom all ideas are present in images. The savage and the poet go round the circle, both speak only in hieroglyphs, with this difference, that the poet revolves in an orbit of much more extended ideas. And he proceeded to expand this text with an abundance of thoughts, a wealth of views so subtle and so profound, a luxury of metaphors so brilliant and so picturesque, that one listened to him wondering. He passed on to another thesis, that "Art ought always to furnish itself with an object, an aim, should recede incessantly, and put the infinite between the artist and his model." This new idea was developed with elocutionary spells of a still more astonishing character; they were truly the words of *féerie* . . "I was all ear," says Chênedollé, "to listen to those magical phrases which fell in sparkling flashes, like showers of precious stones, and were uttered, moreover, with all the charm of a most melodious and penetrating voice, an organ of the greatest variety, singularly subtle and enchanting."

Speaking of Delille, Rivarol depicted him as a nightingale, whose brain was in his throat. Of Buffon, he said that his style had pomp and amplitude, but was diffuse and "pasty"—you could always see the folds of Apollo's robe floating in it, but often the god himself was not there. Of the younger Buffon, that he was the poorest

chapter of his father's natural history. The head of Mirabeau, he said, was but a great sponge, always swollen with the ideas of others. His reputation was due to the fact that he had invariably written upon subjects palpitating with the interest of the moment. His brochures he described as fire-ships launched into the middle of a fleet; they set it on fire, but did not consume it. Rivarol hated Mirabeau. The great orator having imitated in the tribune the famous gesture of the statue of Chatham, and introduced the pleasantry of a child into one of his speeches, Rivarol exclaimed, "What are we to think of the eloquence of a man who steals his gestures from the dead and his *bons mots* from childhood?" At the close of a literary discussion between the two, Mirabeau said with a sneer, "You are a droll kind of authority, and ought to remember the difference there is between your reputation and mine." "Ah, Monsieur le Comte," replied Rivarol softly, "I should never have ventured to say that to you!" Mirabeau, he said, was capable of everything for money, *even of a good action.*

Once at table Rivarol made a blunder, which every person present exclaimed against. "How is it," he said, "that I never utter a foolish thing but that some one cries 'Stop thief!'"

In the presence of an Abbé, nicknamed Abbé Roulé, because he had made a vow to keep his hair rolled up until the counter-revolution, Rivarol was censuring a certain measure and its authors—"If they had had a little sense," said he, "they would have avoided this fault." "Sense! Sense!" cried the Abbé. "It is sense—it is *l'esprit*—which has ruined us." "Then, Monsieur," retorted Rivarol, "why have you not saved us?"

Rivarol was a frequent contributor to that extraordinary work, "Les Actes des Apôtres." Eleven volumes, each of between six and seven hundred pages, teeming with invectives, personal attacks, calumnies in verse and prose, with portraits bordering on caricatures, with pleasantries which amount to insults, with smiles which change into grimaces; original always and often diverting; sometimes eloquent and profound, but too frequently just as frivolous, cynical, and even obscene; adapted to the appetite of the crowd rather than to the taste of the few. "A debauch of satires, an orgie of personalities"; comedies and tragi-comedies; dialogues, farces, burlesques, allegories, apologues, impromptus, sonnets, distichs, vaudevilles, parodies; all freely relieved by puns and jests—such were the "Actes des Apôtres," which Rivarol and his colleagues continued for two years in daring disregard of the police and the populace—replying with open defiances to revolutionary brutalities;

opposing pens to pikes, and imagining that with their penny thunderbolts (*foudres à deux sous*) they could withstand the advance of an irresistible movement. The "Actes des Apôtres" is the typical journal of the reaction, just as the "Vieux Cordelier" of Camille Desmoulins is the most characteristic voice of the popular Revolution. It is the protest of Aristocracy against Democracy.

According to contemporary authorities, the Apostles (there were twelve chief contributors) celebrated once a week (like the gentlemen on the staff of Mr. Punch), a *Dîner Evangélique*, at the restaurateur Map's, in the Palais Royal. They talked and talked; then wrote down their talk at the end of the table. The number, thus improvised, was conveyed to a secret press, and afterwards sold by the publisher Gattey.

Here are some of the *mots* and maxims of Rivarol, thrown into that aphoristic form the French delight in :—

"The female devotee believes in the devotees; the sceptic in the philosophers; both are equally credulous."

"The poets have more deeply interested us by investing the gods with human weaknesses than if they had invested them with the perfections of the gods."

"Man is the only animal which kindles fire; it is this which has given him the empire of the world."

"Nothing astonishes when everything astonishes; that is the condition of infants."

"When one is right twenty-four hours before one's fellows, one is accused for twenty-four hours of having no common sense."

"A man's greatness is like his reputation; it lives and breathes on the lips of others."

"Why men of the world are as a rule mediocre-minded and crafty is because they occupy themselves much with men and little with things."

"There are people who get nothing out of their wealth but the fear of losing it."

"Out of ten persons who speak of us, nine disparage us, and often the only one who says anything in one's favour says it badly."

"The passions have a reasoning and interest, a logic which philosophy does not sufficiently mistrust."

"When we cannot make men afraid we must make them ashamed."

"Man passes his life in reflecting upon the past, in complaining of the present, and in trembling for the future."

"The people, in the services which one renders to them, will not suffer prudence, and do not pardon repentance.'

"Favour the people who sacrifice their rhetoric to their patriotism, and, having the talent of speaking, have the humanity to hold their tongues."

"Contempt ought to be the most mysterious of our sentiments."

I pass on to the Abbé Maury (1746—1817). At the age of nineteen, richer in hope and ambition than in worldly goods, the future Abbé set out from Avallon to seek his fortune in Paris. On the way he fell in with two young men bound on the same errand. They soon exchanged with each other their youthful confidences. Portal, the physician, wanted to become a fellow of the *Académie des Sciences* ; Treilhard aspired to the dignity of the magistracy ; and the Abbé saw himself already his majesty's chaplain. When in the neighbourhood of the great city they heard the deep peal of the cathedral bell, and immediately their imaginations were all aflame. "Do you hear that bell?" says Treilhard to Maury; "it says that you will be archbishop of Paris." "Probably," replied Maury, "when you shall be in the cabinet." "And what am I to be?" asked Portal. "Oh, you? you," they rejoined, "will be chief physician to the king." Fortune took them at their word, and obligingly fulfilled their ambitious anticipations.

In Paris the intellectual energy of Maury soon made itself felt. At the age of twenty-six, for his *Éloge* on Fénelon, he was rewarded with the appointment of vicar-general to the Bishop of Lemberg; after enjoying various other preferments he became preacher to the Court. Once when preaching before Louis XVI. he surveyed the administration, the financial condition of the country, and the chief political questions, so widely and so well that the king smilingly observed, "It is a pity! If the Abbé had but said a little about religion he would have touched upon everything!" On another occasion, following in the steps of Bourdaloue, he dwelt so severely on the vices of the nobles and the faults of royalty itself that his auditors were visibly displeased, observing which, he adroitly added, "Thus speaks St. Chrysostom." This put matters right; his hearers were willing to admire in a father of the Church that which they had considered impertinent in a petty abbé.

When the States-General were assembled in 1789, Maury was sent up as a clerical deputy from the circle of Péronne, and defended the cause of the Crown, which was also that of the Church, with unfailing vivacity and courage. He displayed an equal courage, and even greater mental alertness, as a member of the National Assembly;

but there was little of the priest in his speeches or his actions, and at times he would seem to have been hampered by his sacerdotal robes. As an orator he was almost the equal of Mirabeau; and in debate few have exceeded him in readiness of repartee, in coolness, in the immediate detection of the weak points of an adversary's attack. To Mirabeau, who boasted that he would hurl his arguments back upon himself and shut him up in a "vicious circle," he replied, "What! are you going to embrace me?" A more famous proof of his readiness is his retort on the brutal Parisian mob which hunted him through the streets of Paris with the shout, "*A la lanterne!*" "And when you have hung me *à la lanterne* will you see any better?" A retort which saved his life. On one occasion a wretch armed with a cleaver pursued him, but without recognising him, saying, "Where is that Abbé Maury? I will send him to say mass in hell!" The Abbé stopped, and, seizing his pistols, said, "Yes, but you shall come and serve me there; see, here are my cruets" (the two vessels for the water and the wine). The populace applauded heartily; and he walked off triumphant. Some of those terrible market women, the *dames de la halle*, were "cheeking" him good-humouredly: "You speak like an angel, Monsieur l'Abbé, but spite of it all you are a fool." "Quite right, mesdames; but one does not die for that!"

In the tribune he exhibited the most undaunted composure, in spite of the vehement interruptions of his adversaries, the yells and cries of those whom popularity-hunters designate "our masters." "Obtain me a hearing," he shouted to Mirabeau, across the tempestuous sea of heads, "if you believe you can really triumph over my principles, for in the midst of this tumult you triumph only over my lungs." Mirabeau, shaking his fist at him, vociferated, "There is the greatest rogue I know!" "Oh, Monsieur de Mirabeau," rejoined Maury, "you forget yourself."

On the dissolution of the National Assembly, he left France and retired to Rome, where the Pope loaded this brave and eloquent defender of the privileges of the Crown and the Church with well-merited honours. He was made Archbishop of Nicæa, and in 1796 received a Cardinal's hat. But the atmosphere of Rome did not suit him, and when Napoleon was reconciled to the Holy See, Maury made his submission, returned to France, and in 1811 was preferred to the archbishopric of Paris. It was an inevitable result that on the restoration of the Bourbons he should fall into disgrace. He fled again to Rome, where he was imprisoned, and deprived of his cardinalate, and where he died in 1817. His "Essais sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire" is a work of great ability, and contains much just and felici-

tous criticism on the great French preachers, Fléchier, Bridaine, Bossuet, and Bourdaloue.

Maury seems to have had a strong attraction for Sainte-Beuve, who has taken him as a subject of his rare critical powers in his "Causeries du Lundi," and his "Nouveaux Lundis," as well as in his "Portraits." The reader should also consult Poujoulat's "L'Abbé Maury, sa Vie et ses Œuvres."

Of the Abbé Delille (1738–1813), the translator of Virgil, we read that when the Revolution first broke out he remained in Paris, but eventually lost patience, and for this reason, says a *raconteur*: He met in the Rue du Roi a representative of the people, named Canelon, who began to lament his misfortune in being unable to get a week's holiday. "The Convention has but three orators," he said, "and I am one of them." "It is impossible to live any longer in such a country," cried Delille, and fled from Paris, crossed the Channel, and took refuge in England, where he remained until the fall of the Directory.

This is a good story, but, like many other good stories, it is not true. When the revolutionary hurricane broke over France, and tumbled down all the institutions in which the poet delighted, he was haled before one of the revolutionary tribunals, but his life was spared at the instigation of a journeyman mason, who ingeniously suggested that as poets would be needed to celebrate the victories of the Republic, it was advisable to keep one alive. In 1793, when the Convention had rehabilitated the Supreme Being, and decreed a fête in His honour, Delille was ordered to write a congratulatory ode. He obeyed, but when reading it to Robespierre he was peremptorily cut short, his verses sounding like sarcasm in the Dictator's sensitive ears. The poet then retired to St. Dié, and translated the "Æneid"; afterwards to Basel, and *mis*-translated Milton. He produced also some original poems, which were worse even than his translations. Napoleon at a later period invited him to his Court, but the septuagenarian poet shrank from its glare and glitter: "I have ceased to live," he pleaded; "I am but a spectator of life."

In his later years his *ménage* was superintended by a woman whom he at first called his niece, afterwards his wife. She watched over his interests with as much avidity as if they had been her own. The Paris booksellers, more prodigal than their *confrères* in London, paid for bad poetry, and this affectionate housewife locked Delille up in his chamber every day until he had turned out thirty lines, at six francs per line, plus thirty sous for the "niece." One day, when some members of the poetic fraternity were with him, she heard him

reciting verses. Immediately she turned them out, protesting that they had come to steal his couplets and sell them to the publishers. On another occasion when, I suppose, he had neglected his daily task, she threw at his head a ponderous quarto. The Abbé picked it up and said, mildly, "Madame, cannot you be content with an octavo?"

Delille was a better talker than poet, and his repartees are much subtler than his verses. He was walking with some ladies in the Champs Elysées on the day of that fantastic revolutionary "function," the Champ de Mars Fédération (July 14, 1790). It was suffocatingly hot, and one of the ladies exclaimed, "Oh, if some good *fée* would send us refreshments!" "Madame," said the Abbé, "address yourself to the *fée des rations*" (fédération).

Charles Brifaut, calling upon him with two fair English admirers, said, "Here is a deputation from France and England come to salute Virgil and adore Milton." "Ah," replied he, "you are as charming as the first, and as blind as the second." He was reciting a passage from his poem on "Imagination." A person present interrupted him at a certain line, with the remark, "That is Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's." "What matters?" rejoined Delille, with vivacity. "That which has been said only in prose has not been said at all."

In reference to the boastful, swaggering revolutionary leaders, he told the following story:

"You remind me of an anecdote of a very simple Sicilian, who was informed that the Viceroy had just died. 'Good heavens!' said he, 'the Viceroy dead! What a misfortune! What will become of us?' The next day another piece of bad news was brought to him. 'What, the archbishop dead!' He fell into despair, looked upon himself as lost, and saw no hope of safety for unhappy Sicily. Then on the third day came tidings of the death of the Pope. He turned pale, his arms dropped by his sides, he could not utter a word. Closing his shutters and drawing his curtains, he went to bed, and expected the world's end. Twenty-four hours passed, and he heard the sound of a vermicelli mill. 'What!' he cried, 'the viceroy dead, the archbishop dead, the Pope dead, and they are making vermicelli! It cannot be possible!' To satisfy himself, he drew aside his curtains, opened the shutters, and looked out into the streets. The carts and carriages were going to and fro, and purchasers were streaming into his neighbour's shop as usual. Then he reflected, and eventually observed, 'Well, it seems as if, after all, those personages who have just died were not indispensable.'"

To Naigeon, the author of the "Dictionary of Atheists," he

administered a sharp reproof. Naigeon had quoted a couple of lines from Delille's poem on the Colibri :

> Gai, vif, prompt, de la vie aimable et frêle esquisse,
> Et des dieux, *s'ils en ont*, le plus charmant caprice,

(And of the gods, if they have any, the most delightful fancy), altering the latter so as to read—

> Et des dieux, *s'il en est*, le plus charmant caprice,

(And of the gods, if there be one, &c.) And along with a copy of his Dictionary he sent to the Abbé a formal *brevet d'Athée.* The Abbé replied : "My dear *confrère*, if you see in my verses what is not there, and do not see in heaven *what is*, the fault is not mine."

Simon Nicolas Henri Linguet (1736–1794) obtained at the Parisian bar a brilliant reputation as an advocate, but raised about his head a swarm of hornets by the publication of his "Theory of the Civil Laws." He left Paris for awhile ; on his return he resumed work as a journalist, but "the irascible adust little man," as Carlyle calls him, placed himself in the power of his enemies by his bitter paradoxes and an irony almost as savage as that of Swift. For writing that "bread was a dangerous and pernicious invention" he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, was condemned to death, and guillotined on the 27th of June, 1794.

He had a fine and biting wit, and scores of epigrams could be selected from his writings and conversations.

"Liberty," he said, "for three-fourths of mankind is only the right to die of hunger."

"It is never with folios that men have broken up into sects and committed massacres. Let them write, but prevent them from speaking, and States will always be at peace."

"The 'right of war' demands the gratitude of those who might be killed or robbed with impunity, when it is exercised in moderation. This reminds me of the story of the good priest who, passing through a street in Paris, was deluged with boiling water from a window. Having wiped and dried himself as best he could, he tottered home. At the sad sight of his swollen and half-flayed face, his mother and his housekeeper cried out, 'Good heavens! what did you do to the wretches?' 'I thanked them.' 'Thanked them? And for what?' 'Because they had not thrown the saucepan ; or, instead of scalding my head they would have broken it.'"

"We are told of two birds, one of which fishes for his prey, and preserves it in a big pouch which Nature has given to him, the other which has only a pointed bill as his resource, harasses the opulent

fisher, and pecks at him incessantly until he is forced to open his pouch and throw out a portion of the booty. Here you have an exact picture of the English ministry and what is called the Opposition."

A specimen of his repartees: A Madame de Bethune brought an action against the Maréchal de Broglie, and, inspired by Linguet, pleaded her cause with great *éclat* and success. Meeting the advocate on the following day, in an antechamber, "Monsieur Linguet," said the Marshal, in a significant tone, "allow Madame de Bethune to speak to-day as she usually speaks and not as Monsieur Linguet makes her speak, or you will have to reckon with me; do you understand, Monsieur Linguet?" "Monseigneur," replied Linguet, "you have long since taught the Frenchman not to fear his enemy." Could there be a happier instance of the soft answer that turneth away wrath?

"If you drive the bishops from their palaces, they will take refuge in the huts of the poor whom they have nourished. If you deprive them of their crosier, their cross of gold, they will take a cross of wood. It is a cross of wood which has saved the world."

These words—among the finest, says Du Bled, ever addressed to a political assembly—are engraved on the tombstone of the Comte de Montlosier (1755–1838) at Randanne. Montlosier was one of the great talkers of the Revolution—one of its most vehement and determined adversaries—a man of enthusiastic and fiery temper, who fought for his ideas like a tigress for her young—"in whom fermented the Gallican leaven, a Jansensist, and an aristocrat," always loyal to the traditions of the Church and the Crown, though favourable to the ideal of constitutional liberty. His intellectual gifts were many, and so were his acquirements. He was conversant with theology, public law, geology, agriculture, mesmerism; but if he knew a good deal, he knew nothing profoundly, having spread his efforts over too wide a field, and failed to master the all-important science of giving to one's ideas the cohesion and the logical method which alone renders them effective.

Driven from Paris by the excesses of the Revolution, he entered into Germany, and afterwards into England, where he resided for seven years, and was received on the friendliest terms by Burke, Fox, and Pitt. He associated there with the royalists—Malouet, the Chevalier du Panat, Lally, Cazalès, and Rivarol, the last of whom, writing to one of his friends, says: "You are not acquainted with Montlosier; he loves wisdom foolishly, and moderation immoderately." He founded the *Courrier de Londres*, to which his brilliant writing

soon gave importance. By the way, being admitted to an audience of the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) the latter, before all his guests, exclaimed : " Well, Monsieur de Montlosier, how about your journal? It has sometimes a good many foolishnesses." The reply was unexpected : "I hear them so often that it is very possible one escapes me now and then."

Montlosier's political views, which I may briefly sum up as those of an aristocratic constitutionalist and a liberal churchman, were no more popular under the Bourbons than they had been under the Republic or the Empire. A man of unquestionable piety, he was strongly opposed to the claims of the sacerdotal party, which he denounced at all times with unsparing vigour. As early as 1826, or fully ten years before his disgrace, he had expressed his views on the subject to the historian M. de Barante: "The priests look upon themselves as God . . . is it fitting that such pretensions should be raised in these times? They will perish, and will make the king perish with them. I desire that this people should give themselves to God, but I would rather they should give themselves to the Devil than to the priests . . . The French may undergo every kind of slavery but this, which they will never undergo ; it will render the reigning family odious, and bring down upon it the curse of the Stuarts."

Louis Philippe made him a peer of France ; and he lived in tranquil retirement at Randanne until his death in December, 1838. On his deathbed he maintained the same independent attitude towards the ecclesiastical authority which had distinguished him during life. The last offices of the Church were denied to him unless he signed a written retractation of his opinions. He would not consent. "God is just," he said, "and I can dispense with prayers refused to me under such conditions. Let my body be carried to the little mortuary mansion which is now ready at Randanne ; let a cross be planted there to show that I wished to die in the Catholic faith. The poor women as they pass by will perform their reverences, and their prayers will suffice me."

Louis XIV. asked Cardinal de Sanson where he had obtained his knowledge of politics. " Sire," replied the diplomatic prelate, "when I was Bishop of Digue, and running to and fro with a dark lantern to find a Maire for the town of Aix." "And, in effect," says M. Victor du Bled, "politics are composed of successive apprenticeships, in which the knowledge of small affairs leads to the comprehension of the great; and undoubtedly the miniature revolutions of that republic of Geneva which Voltaire pre-

tended to dust all over with white powder when he shook his peruke, helped the great Royalist publicist, Mallet du Pan (1749–1800), to understand the moral, the means, and the aim of the French Revolution." "It is a noble spectacle," says an authority, "and well fitted to elevate the sentiment of human dignity—that of this Genevan republican—a royalist in France, a minister *in partibus* of the moribund monarchy, caring for absolutely nothing but his conscience, and truth, and logic; who, whether he writes in his *Mercure Britannique*, whether he corresponds with his friends or with the European cabinets, whether he addresses himself in his pamphlets to the people, the kings, or the *émigrés*, dissects men and events with the skill of a consummate political surgeon; diagnoses the disease, and indicates the remedy; who, by the firmness of his intellect, his proud independence, and his unblemished probity commands universal respect. Consulted, if not listened to, by the princes, he shows himself in the full force of the word the historian *à la journée*, a pioneer historian, anticipating very often the judgment of posterity. Dying in want, poor and worn out, his soul blighted by so many failures, but always faithful to its ideal—combatting in the breach to the last sigh!"

Mallet du Pan was about thirty years of age when he betook himself to London, and for some time assisted Linguet (of whom I have already spoken) in the publication of *Les Annales Politiques*. But the two men were ill-adapted to work in collaboration, and Mallet du Pan, going back to his native Geneva, began an active literary career as editor of the *Mémoires Politiques*. Drawn to Paris as the centre of the intellectual movement which was then stirring the hearts and minds of men, he continued his journal under the title of the *Journal Historique*; and by his incisive and steady eloquence and his firm proclamation of opinions, by his political sagacity and his insight into the hearts of men, soon made himself a power. He espoused the cause of the king and of constitional monarchy with equal courage and loyalty, and Louis XVI. confided to him an important mission to the courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg. But events rushed onwards with such fatal haste that his diplomacy was doomed to failure, and he himself was impelled to seek refuge in Switzerland, while all his property in Paris was confiscated. Eventually he was driven for security to London, where he started the *Mercure Britannique*, and died in May 1800, of disease and disappointment—which was the cause, perhaps, of the disease.

I turn to M. Malouet, a man of singular moderation and

integrity, who met with the ill-fate that generally attends such men in restless and disturbed times—all parties disowned him. The *émigrés* hated him as a Jacobin. The Jacobins mistrusted him as the accomplice or dupe of the Court; and at a later time Napoleon censured him as an ideologist, because he refused to abandon his long-cherished ideal of a constitutional monarchy. Meanwhile, all respected his incorruptibility, his administrative talents (displayed in several important offices), his heroic firmness, and inflexible moderation. In the Constituent Assembly he defended with the noblest fidelity the King, the Crown, and the public liberty. As Burke said of him, he was the last who watched by the bedside of the expiring monarchy—which might have been saved if he could have breathed into the monarch his own constancy of soul and tenacity of purpose.

He took refuge in England until the storms of the Terror had spent themselves, and Napoleon had restored to France the gifts of law and order. As commissary-general of the navy he did good service to the Emperor; and, as councillor of state, better service by the frank honesty of his criticisms; until, for too openly and strongly protesting against the Russian Expedition, he was disgraced and banished. He was appointed Minister of the Marine on the restoration of Louis XVIII., but held office only a few months, dying on the 6th of September, 1814.

Jean Joseph Mounier was another of those sparkling "ideologists" who hoped to raise on the crumbling foundations of the old despotism a constitutional monarchy like that of England, with two legislative chambers and a responsible executive. At the outset of his career he had sought to enter the army; but finding himself baffled by the obstacles which the prejudices of the aristocracy threw in the way, he turned to the legal profession, in which his rise was extraordinarily rapid. He was scarcely twenty-five when he was appointed *juge royal* at Grenoble; and in the six years that he held office only one of his judgments was appealed against. In 1788, prior to the momentous convention of the States-General at Versailles (the initial stage of the Revolution), the States-General of Dauphiné met at Vizille; and there, under the impulse and guidance of Mounier, discussed some of those great political problems which had begun to agitate the public mind. By the power of his oratory and his philosophical grasp of principles, he carried with him in one common action the *noblesse*, the clergy, and the third estate. The path of legal resistance was distinctly traced out; the ministry were forewarned that the absolute pleasure of the sovereign would no

longer be accepted as a substitute for law ; that the people had their rights and were resolved to reclaim them ; and that representation must precede taxation ; but all this was accompanied with a scrupulous regard for the honour, and even the prerogatives, of the Crown. These constitutional ideas were rapidly accepted by the conscience of the nation, so that it was said, "Dauphiné rules France and Mounier rules Dauphiné."

On the convocation of the States-General in 1789, Mounier was unanimously elected a member. In that assembly he pursued the same path of equity, favouring liberty, but dreading revolution and the chaos which he foresaw would attend upon it. Of the National Assembly, which grew out of the States-General, through the persistency of the third estate, mainly led by Mounier, in refusing to the *noblesse* and the clergy the privilege of a separate veto, he was elected—this young provincial lawyer (he was only thirty or thirty-one years old)—president on the 28th of September ; and in this position was called upon to face the earliest outbreak of the revolutionary tempest. What followed the reader knows from the histories. Mounier showed energy, resource, coolness ; but the elements were unchained, and swept him off his feet. The monarchy fell ; and Mounier, with his dreams of constitutional government rudely shattered, retired to Grenoble in January 1790. He was not safe there, and crossed the Alps into Savoy. Thence he proceeded to England. In 1802 he returned to France, and was made a Councillor of State. In the opening days of 1806 he closed a career which had been marked by a brief period of extraordinary splendour. "He was an honest man," said Napoleon, when informed of his death. Not a bad epitaph as times go !

The next name brought before us by M. Victor du Bled is that of the novelist, poet, and man of letters—Jean François Marmontel—who was born in the summer of 1723, and died on the last day of 1799 ; so that he lived through three-fourths of that memorable eighteenth century, which will always have such an attraction for the historian and the philosopher. He was a young man of twenty-two, when, with fifty crowns in his pocket, he started from Clermont to proceed to Paris, his soul kindling with ambitious hopes. On the way he translated Pope's "Rape of the Lock"; and on his arrival in the capital sold the translation for a hundred crowns. This was his first publication (1746). Like many of the singing brotherhood he experienced at first the pangs of disappointment and privation ; but he found a powerful friend in Voltaire, who literally forced upon the public his poem in honour of Louis XIV. after the battle

of Fontenoy), and recommended him to write for the stage. Marmontel, however, had no dramatic genius; and the three tragedies which he perpetrated, and was lucky enough to get produced, are inconceivably dreary. In one his heroine is Cleopatra, and he turns the famous Queen of Egypt into a talkative Frenchwoman, for whom Mark Antony would never have lost a world! He was not much more successful with his operas; and as for his odes and heroic poems, his contemporaries would have none of them, and posterity has approved their decision. No French critic, so far as I am aware, has shown any desire to rummage among the shreds and tatters of dead literature in which they lie imbedded. It is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that the needy man of letters, in these untoward circumstances, accepted the patronage of Madame de Pompadour, one of whose frailties was the desire to pose as a kind of beneficent Muse towards bad poets, who repaid her alms with complimentary stanzas and fulsome dedications. Marmontel did not find a secure foothold in the literary demesne until he began his "Contes Moraux" (some of which sadly belie their title) in the *Mercure* in 1756. They were published complete in 1761, and at once established his reputation as an ingenious *raconteur*, with abundant fancy and humour, and as a writer of pure and elegant French. More; they secured him in 1763 one of the *fauteuils* of the Academy. His "Bélisaire," published in 1767, obtained immediate popularity, and in our English schools long rivalled in popularity as a class-book Fénelon's "Télémaque." But his most important, if not his most readable work, is "The Elements of Literature," which contains a good deal of sound and felicitous criticism.

Marmontel was a member of the National Assembly in 1789. His sympathies were necessarily with the old *régime*, but with a *soupçon* of liberality. He was not of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and retiring from Paris, concealed himself until the whirlwind of the Terror had raged away its fury.

If the "Elements of Literature" be his most important work, his most agreeable is his "Mémoires," in which he reflects himself—his enjoyment of life, his keen perception, his volatile wit, his intellectual Sybaritism—with charming vivacity. But he does more; he sketches the "Men I have known" with equal fidelity and grace. Statesmen, courtiers, men of letters, the women of the *salons*—Voltaire, Rousseau, the Abbé Maury, Vauvenargues, Necker, Calonne, Madame Geoffrin, Madame de Tencin—all flit through his animated pages in their habits as they lived—sometimes, perhaps, with a touch of caricature or a sally of bitterness—which is very improper, no doubt, but makes

his book all the pleasanter reading. Of course it is full of anecdotes, and no one tells an anecdote better than Marmontel. There are a couple about the poet Panard—a reckless worshipper of Bacchus as well as the Muses, who proved his confidence in his friends by allowing them to support him. Once when Marmontel was compiling the *Mercure* for the month, he bethought himself that he would like to brighten its pages with some pretty verses, and hastened to Panard to procure what he wanted. "Look," said his friend, "in that wig-box yonder." Marmontel did so, and found it crammed with dirty scraps of paper, on which the poet had scribbled his rhymes. Observing that nearly all of them were stained with wine, Marmontel commented on the accusing circumstance. "Take them, take them as they are," said Panard; "that is the seal and stamp of genius."

Meeting him soon after the death of his friend Galet, Marmontel expressed his sympathy with him in his affliction. "Ah, sir," he replied, "my sorrow is indeed very true and very deep at parting with a friend who had shared my life for thirty years! On the promenade—at the spectacle—in the *cabaret* we were always together, and now I have lost him! I shall sing with him and drink with him no more! I am alone in the world, and know not what will become of me." And while he spoke the tears ran down the good man's cheeks. After a moment he added, "You know that he died in the Temple? I have been there to weep and lament over his grave. But what a grave! Sir, would you believe it? They have buried him under a spout—him who, from the time he reached the years of discretion, never drank a drop of water!"

Marmontel was a gay and easy talker, and held his own in the most intellectual circles in Paris. As much may be said of the Abbé Morellet, who resembled him in the lighter elements of character as well as in literary taste, but was capable, as his "Cri des Familles" shows, of striking a deeper and more sympathetic note, and in his satire was more serious as well as more caustic. Such, indeed, was the sharpness of his irony and the severity of his sarcasm that Voltaire (whom he visited at Ferney in 1775), nicknamed him "Mords-les," or *Bite 'em.* His life was busied with much graver issues than any which Marmontel took up; he sought to modify the terrible penalties then inflicted for the lightest offences; he attacked the monopoly of the French East India Company; he rendered important services in those complicated negotiations between England, France, and the United States, which terminated the War of Independence. During the Revolution he wrote several political

pamphlets; but he was then an old man, and though he lived through the Napoleonic period and saw the restoration of the Bourbons, the latter years of his life were comparatively undistinguished. He died in January 1817, aged 92.

His "Mémoires" are more agreeable than those of Marmontel, and his "Gallery of Portraits" is fuller. It includes Madame de Boufflers, Madame Geoffrin, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, Buffon, Rousseau, the Trudaines, the d'Holbachs, La Harpe, Beccaria, Arnault, Brienne, the Abbé Raynal, Chamfort, Condorcet, Malesherbes, Garrick, and Franklin. These names are sufficient to assure the reader of the variety and richness of the *plats* the good Abbé has served up for him. Anecdotes are as plentiful as in the "Mémoires" of Marmontel. Here is one, which has appeared under several disguises: "A peasant's curious idea of pleasure was to listen to the doctors disputing in Latin at the University. When asked what amusement he could find in listening to a discussion in an unknown tongue, since the value of the arguments must necessarily escape him, 'Oh,' cried he, 'I don't go by what they say—I am not such a fool. I watch who first puts the other in a rage, and I know that he has the better of it.'"

Here is another and a less familiar one: "When the Deputies gave their votes for the punishment of Louis XVI., many of them said 'Death,' with some qualifying speech, or phrase of explanation, or recommendation to mercy; but on its coming to the turn of the Abbé Sieyès, he jerked out, '*La mort sans phrases*,' Death without phrases. Sieyès was afterwards sent to Berlin, as French ambassador, and the king pressed one of his ministers to show him some attention. 'No,' said the minister, '*et sans phrase*.'"

An English translation of Marmontel's "Mémoires" was published about 1831–32. A new edition of Morellet's appeared in 1821, in two volumes.

The three greatest figures which stand out on the blood-red canvas of the Revolution are those of Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Napoleon. With the two latter I have here no concern; and with Mirabeau, that man of colossal genius and tempestuous life, I have no space to deal. How many ordinary lives did he not contrive to press into his short span of two-and-forty years (1749–91)? What a crowded, restless, passionate, and kaleidoscopic career did he not contrive to work out between that stormy youth, with its dark shadow of parental tyranny, and that premature death, which sounded the tocsin of the French Monarchy! One needs a certain amount of audacity to embolden one to lay hold on so Titanic a character, and

[illegible]

[illegible] *One can say that, had Mirabeau lived, the History of France and of the world had been different. Further, that the man would have needed, as few men ever did, the whole compass of that same "Art of Daring,"* Art d'Oser, *which he so prized; and likewise that he, above all men then living, would have practised and manifested it. Finally, that some substantiality, and no empty simulacrum of a formula, would have been the result realised by him: a result you could have loved, a result you could have hated; by no likelihood, a result you could only have rejected with closed lips, and swept into quick forgetfulness forever. Had Mirabeau lived one other year!*

Most great men are remembered by their achievements. It is the singular fortune of Mirabeau to be remembered by the achievements expected of him.

He was a brilliant talker; terse, incisive, epigrammatic. He could sum up a man in a single phrase. He baptized La Fayette "Grandison-Cromwell." Necker was "a clock behind time." He defined the French as a "nation of apes, with the larynx of

[1] I beg the reader's pardon for quoting from so easily accessible a book as Carlyle's *French Revolution*, but it will save time and the trouble of reference.

paroquets." The deputies of the National Assembly were "wild asses, whom Nature had endowed with no other faculty than that of kicking and biting." He said of Barnave that "he was a fine tree which would one day become a ship's mast." Of Robespierre, "he will go far, for he believes all he says." Of Pastoret, "he has a fox's brain in a calf's head."

Some of his maxims are as pointed as arrows :

"The people are never called upon to be grateful, because one is never out of their debt."

"The *pot au feu* is one of the bases of empires."

"It is more important to impose upon men habits and manners than laws and tribunals."

"The silence of peoples is the lesson of kings."

He was no believer in the claptrap of equality. When the Assembly had prohibited the use of titles, his valet addressed him one day as "Monsieur"—and nothing more. "Rascal!" cried Mirabeau, "know that to thee I shall always be 'Monsieur le Comte.'"

The fret and fever of his existence wore him out while he was yet in the prime of manhood—only forty-one. But it is no light task to lay hands upon the revolutionary spirit, to curb it, and guide it in a given course; and labour of all kinds, incessantly prosecuted, exhausted him, body and soul. "Had I not lived with him," says Dumont, "I never should have known what a man could make out of a single day; how much might be accomplished in a period of twelve hours. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others. The mass of things which he kept going simultaneously was prodigious; from the conception to the execution not a moment was lost." "Monsieur le Comte," said his secretary, on one occasion, "what you demand is impossible." "Impossible!" he exclaimed, starting from his chair, "never name to me that beast of a word (*Ne me dites jamais cette bête de mot*)."

In his last hours he was still Mirabeau—the Titan Mirabeau—with all his intellect aflame, expressing himself in words which glowed with lava-heat. He was never more Mirabeau than on that strange death-bed over which France hung weeping and despairing, as over the ruin of her hopes. Hearing the report of a cannon, he suddenly burst out, "What! are those already the obsequies of Achilles?" Later he said, "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the monarchy; its remains will now be the spoil of the factions." Yet again, to a friend who was sustaining him, "Aye, support that head; would I could bequeath it to thee." And gazing forth on the young April

morning, with its sky full of the light of the risen sun, he sighed: "If that be not God yonder, it is at least his cousin german." By-and-by the disease mastered the faculty of speech; the dying giant, still unconquered, made signs for pen and paper, and scrawled an impassioned request for opium to end his agonies. The physician shook his head. "*Dormir!*" (To sleep) he wrote, and pointed with appealing finger to the terribly significant word. A few minutes, and the rest he sought came to him. Standing at the foot of his bed, the doctor murmured, "*Il ne souffre plus*" (He suffers no more). All was over—the suffering and the battle.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

(*To be concluded.*)

TWO PRIMITIVE RELICS OF LONDON HISTORY.

ALL London history is not centred in the City, nor does all its earliest stages cluster round London Stone. Very much has been written about this famous monument of the past, and quite lately Mr. Grant Allen has summed up what I and others have had to say about it. I think, perhaps, this particular stone may now be said to have been restored to its rightful place in London history, and if any new facts are at some future time forthcoming about it, they will most probably find a place in the story Mr. Grant Allen has so skilfully pieced together from fragments hitherto considered almost unreadable.

But there are at least two other stones connected with the history of London which deserve some little attention, and which, in their way, are as important to London as the famous palladium in Cannon Street. In these two cases, however, the investigation begins with the fact that the stones themselves no longer exist. That they did exist we shall see presently, but the hand of Time has dealt hardly with them and has swept them away from our midst.

The most interesting point about them is, perhaps, that they were not situated in the City. They belong, in fact, to the area lately transformed into the new county of London, and I think it will be found that they form a not unimportant element in the earliest history of this new county. I am one of those who believe in the practical value of old landmarks in the history of local institutions, and I think that the Londoners of the new county may be just as proud of the part their ancestors played in English history as the Londoners of the old and famous city. These other stones, then, whose history vies with that of London Stone, were respectively situate, the one in the Strand, just opposite Somerset House, the other at Westminster—not the stone brought from Scotland, and about which so much has been written and imagined, but a genuine London konigstone, king-stone, whose connection with the later history of the nation has quite obscured its earlier origin.

I take up the story of the Strand stone first, because it is short and to the point, and because it helps towards elucidating the more difficult story of the Westminster stone.

It commences with Stow's note about its condition in 1598. He mentions "one large middle row of houses," stretching west from Temple Bar "to a stone cross, now headless, by or against the Strand." Its sorry condition in the sixteenth century foreshadows its total disappearance later on, and so we turn from the monument itself to its associations.

First, as to its site. It is placed in such close proximity to the Church of St. Clement Danes, with its traditional connection with the Danish conquerors of London, that there seems but little needed to confirm it as one of the landmarks of the Danish settlement here. In Dublin, where there was a Danish settlement in the heart of the city; in Rochester, where there was a similar settlement near the castle, the influence of Danish institutions has imprinted a lasting mark on the history of the municipality, and in each case the centre of interest is at the ancient meeting-place of the community—the thing-moot, as it was called in Dublin until historical times.

This interesting fact suggests that we might search for some evidence as to the meeting-place of this Danish community in outer London. Everyone has heard of the Maypole in the Strand, and it is curious to observe that May Day and the Maypole are both connected with the yearly gathering of the free community among our Scandinavian ancestors. But there is something closer than this to connect this stone in the Strand with one of the ancient meeting-places, law-courts, or thing-moots of our ancestors. We find that rents were paid on this stone cross, and rents in early days were paid to manorial courts, rather than to individual landlords. Thus Walter le Brun, farrier, in the Strand, had a piece of ground in the Strand in the parish of St. Clement, and he rendered six horse-shoes for it. This rent was paid formally "at the stone cross," and examples occur in our early records both in the reign of Edward I. and Edward II. The point I am anxious to bring out here is that the property whose rent was paid "at the stone cross" was property situated always in the parish of St. Clements, and the legitimate inference is that this stone cross was the central meeting-place of the community where all public business was transacted.

Nor is this all. Stow assures us that he had read "that in the year 1294, and divers other times, the justices itinerants sate without London at the stone cross over against the Bishop of

Coventrie's house, which was hard by the Strand." Stow's reading was quite accurate. In the "Chronicles of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London," under the year 1274–5, is an entry that upon the octaves of St. Martyn (November 11) "the justiciars in Eyre sat at the cross of Saint Peter," an entry that is corrected in 1293 to "la croisse de Piere," the stone cross, and not the cross of St. Peter. Thus, from perfectly authentic records we learn that the stone cross in the Strand, opposite to the present Somerset House, was the central meeting-place for legal and semi-legal matters, and it is a thought worth bearing in mind that not a stone's-throw from this ancient spot are now situated the stately Law Courts of the Kingdom.

I want to dwell upon the fact that this primitive method of conducting things legal was prevalent in London during the reign of Edward I. and Edward II.; probably long afterwards. We are so accustomed to think of things in the past just as we observe them to be in the present, that it is sometimes difficult to quite understand that the people of the thirteenth century in outer London had not got out of their old-fashioned method of holding courts in the open air. In the country the practice was continued until almost within the memory of our grandfathers in innumerable places, and the subject makes a very interesting chapter in the history of early institutions. But in London, besides this general interest, it has a special interest; because it illustrates a very curious subject in our national history, and takes us to another stone, similarly used, and situated at Westminster.

This stone at Westminster has become obscured by the famous coronation stone which Edward I. brought from Scotland. There are two facts about this coronation stone which interest us in our quest for the other stone. The first is the assigned reason for its being brought to London, "as a sign," says the chronicler Hemingford, "that the kingdom had been conquered and resigned." Now my point is that the people understood this sign—this piece of legal folk-lore as we may perhaps be permitted to call it. That they did so is incidentally proved by the fact that when Edward II. concluded his treaty with the victorious Scots, he stipulated that the ancient coronation stone was to be given up, but, "the people of London would by no means whatever allow it to depart from themselves." So that it comes to this: Edward I. knew that his fetish symbol of conquest would be understanded ot the people, and they, faithful to their old traditional ideas, kept this symbol in their midst.

Did then the people of England, like the people of Scotland and of Ireland, elect their monarchs on a stone? We know of the Anglo-Saxon practice and of its whereabouts—at "Kingstone" in Surrey. But we know nothing of a stone at London prior to the Scottish coronation stone. And yet such a stone existed, and its history is more remarkable than that even of the famous coronation stone.

It is significant that we commence with the Danish occupation of London in our search for this stone. The election of kings in Denmark was commonly held in this solemn manner: the nobles agreed upon some convenient place in the fields, where, seating themselves in a circle upon so many great stones, they gave their vote. This done, they lifted their newly-elected monarch upon a stone higher than the rest, and saluted him king.

Now I am going to suggest that "a convenient place in the fields" near Danish London was in the isle of Thorney, at present, as we all know, the site of Westminster. Worsaae, the Danish scholar, who has examined all the evidence as to the Danish occupation of England, says that Canute had a castle at Thorney, and the name preserved in "Tothill"[1] Street is indicative of early Danish occupation.

Edward the Confessor we know was there, and built his palace; but in his third charter to the Abbey a bull of Pope Nicholas II. is inserted, which contains a clause alluding to the ancient seat of the kings at Westminster. "Sedes" is the Latin word used for seat, and it does not mean seat in our modern sense of a habitation, but literally a seat, a sitting place, the same word being used by the chroniclers in describing the stone seat of Scone upon which the kings were crowned. This then gives us the first hint of there being an old king's stone at Westminster before Edward I. brought the Scottish stone there. The details of the coronation ceremony supply with absolute certainty the evidence that this stone was in the great hall, which, indeed, was probably built on this site by the second Norman king, so as to cover the coronation seat of the sovereigns. Thus, at the coronation of all the later kings, from Richard III. back to Edward, the ceremony commenced at "the stone" in Westminster Hall by the king being lifted thereon!

[1] It is worth noting, perhaps, that this name was preserved for Londoners by the late Mr. W. J. Thoms. A few years ago it was proposed by the Metropolitan Board to abolish the name and substitute some other for it, but Mr. Thoms called upon the authorities at Spring Gardens, and never rested until he persuaded them not to obliterate so historical a London landmark.

This stone was twelve feet long and three feet broad, and from the peculiar dignity attached to it at the coronation it was called the "King's Bench." Like other king's stones some remarkable legal customs were performed there, including the swearing-in of officers; and there the Lord Chancellor "anciently sate," says Dugdale, "and held his court." Stow says, "that at the upper end of Westminster Hall was a long marble stone and a marble chair, where the kings of England formerly sat at their coronation dinners, and at other solemn times the Lord Chancellor."

It would be tedious to go through all the minute antiquarian points which I have collected to prove that in the "King's Bench" at Westminster—the stone from which the court of that name was called—we have in London a true konig's stone of our own, on which our kings were crowned, and on which they or their chancellor sat to administer justice. But perhaps the few notes here given will be sufficient for the purpose, especially when it is added that one chronicler records the fact that Edward I. did not dedicate the Scottish stone for the coronation of English sovereigns, but "directed it to be made the chair of the priest celebrant."

G. LAURENCE GOMME.

KINGFISHERS.

THE last winter wrought dire havoc among our feathered friends; and spring came and went, with the brooks and watercourses unenlivened by the darting presence of "the sea-blue bird." For, with the hands of the milliner and collector already heavy upon it, the kingfisher has been unable to withstand this additional blow of fortune, and is now actually a rare bird. That rarity in this case may not prove to be the precursor of extinction is devoutly to be wished. Should the kingfisher be lost to us, we should miss not only the most brilliant, but also one of the most interesting of our native birds, for its position in northern bird-life is a rather isolated one; the head-quarters of the family are in the eastern tropics, where the steaming forests bring forth food in abundance, lizards, frogs, and huge gorgeous butterflies, broad of wing as bats. And this is the diet favoured by a large section of this beautiful tribe of birds, though in more languages than one the name bestowed on them indicates proficiency in the "gentle craft;" and it is really applicable to many species, especially to the most familiar of all. Yet, as it is an unusual thing for a land-bird to get its living from the water, the primitive kingfisher doubtless preyed, as so many do now, on anything it could snap up; until, urged no doubt by necessity, some members of the family took to a fish regimen. And these had the best chance of surviving in the more northern regions of the world, where in winter insects and reptiles are conspicuous by their absence. Even as it is, with the ponds frozen, and the fish hiding away at the bottom of the streams, the poor kingfisher has a hard time of it, and often cold and hunger are too much for him, and he is found frozen stiff on his perch; for he has not the tireless wings of the gull and gannet, which enable those hardy birds to range over miles of water in search of food; and his little weak feet unfit him for "footing it" afield in search of what fare he might find on land. Thus he is reduced to sitting on a perch and watching for his prey, and in a hard winter the watch is apt to be a fatally long one. Not but that he occasionally takes his prey on the wing, hovering like a

miniature hawk over the water, into which he drops like a stone when he has marked his victim, which is borne ashore, knocked against a stone or branch, and swallowed whole. And his black and white relative, the Nile kingfisher, frequently fishes from the air at sea, swooping into the surf as boldly as any sea-fowl, and retiring to the rocky shore when tired. Our familiar bird, too, is not unfrequently to be seen by the sea-side, especially when hard weather locks up the inland waters; and the classical writers seem to look upon it as a shore-haunting bird. To them it was the halcyon, the sea-brooder, for whose sake the rough mid-winter sea was stilled for two weeks, the famous halcyon days, in the first seven of which the bird built its floating nest, hatching and rearing its brood in the remaining seven.

For the story went that Alcyone, seeing the drowned corpse of her beloved husband Ceÿx, who had gone to consult an oracle, cast up on the shore, threw herself into the sea in despair, and that the pair were changed into birds, who bore the name of the devoted wife, and evermore stilled for a season the waves, which had dealt by them so cruelly when in human form.

As a matter of fact, however, it must be confessed that the nesting of the kingfisher is sadly prosaic. A hole in a bank forms the halcyon's humble dwelling, and the nest is composed of fish-bones, which the birds eject after digesting the flesh. The eggs, however, are very beautiful, the yolk within giving an exquisite flush to the smooth white shell. But from them are hatched uncommonly ugly young birds, at first naked, but soon, owing to the sprouting quills which cover them, bearing a distinct resemblance to young hedgehogs. They are extremely voracious, and their abode is malodorous to a degree. However, when they leave it, which they do not till they are well-fledged, they are little inferior in beauty to their parents.

The nest is often made at some distance from water, though in its ordinary flights the kingfisher keeps pretty close to that element, even preferring to shoot under a bridge rather than over it, and too often encountering a net in the archway. Now and then, however, the bird may be seen flying overland, well above the trees, and no doubt in this way it discovers the out-of-the-way ponds at which it sometimes appears, greatly to the astonishment of some people, who seem to think that the bird has some mysterious power of its own to detect water. But mystery seems destined to hang about the kingfisher, and it is a familiar bird in other legends than those of Greece; witness the belief, to which Shakespeare and Marlowe allude, that a dead kingfisher, hung up in a room, will serve as a

weathercock, pointing with its bill in the direction of the wind; it is even added, that the dried body will continue to moult every year as though still alive.

Then there is the German story, that the kingfisher, then a plain grey bird, was let out by Noah from the ark, when the dove returned baffled from her weary search for land; and the tale goes on to tell how the bird, exulting in her liberty, flew so high that her back was dyed in heaven's own blue, and she thought to reach the sun; but, beaten back and scorched in the breast by the glare as she drew near, she turned her flight earthwards, and after refreshing herself by several dips, looked for the ark. But behold! she had been gone so long that meanwhile the waters had subsided, Noah and the beasts had gone out of the ark, and it had been broken up; and to this day, the homeless fisher, still wearing the blue and orange colours won on her adventure, seeks her old abode and master wherever the waters linger.

Then, too, what of the singing power which the old writers give to the halcyon? No one ever hears it sing nowadays; but more than one foreign species is said to sing, and possibly our bird once had a musical gift, which it has lost in the course of ages. If it still retains its powers, it must be less persecuted before there is a chance of proving them.

But one might fill a volume with the various stories, legends, and theories which attach to this little bird. Its relatives, though numbering over sixscore, have been rather neglected, as a rule. There is a story told, however, about the North American belted kingfisher—a larger bird than ours, grey and white, but of similar habits. This is to the effect that it received the white collar which now adorns it as a reward from one of the Indian gods, to whom it had rendered some service; but that the slight crest on its head was caused by a ruffling of the feathers consequent on an attempt of the spiteful deity to wring the bird's neck as he was thus rewarding it; an attempt from which it escaped with difficulty, and, we should think, was more careful in future after laying a celestial being under an obligation.

It is rather a difficult matter to draw a line between the various fishing kingfishers, such as those above mentioned, and the omnivorous section of the family (which are often called kinghunters), for some of these closely resemble the common kingfisher both in form and plumage, and some frequently catch fish, such as the New Zealand kingfisher. This bird, by the way, at one time got into sad disgrace for destroying the young of the common sparrow,

about the introduction of which some trouble had been taken. The colonists are not so anxious for the sparrow's company now, and the kingfisher can bolt as many fledgelings as it pleases, without fear of calling down public indignation on its head. Quite as omnivorous as this bird is the only member of the kinghunter faction which has attained to any distinction. This is the laughing jackass, who, though he has become known to the civilised world in too enlightened an age to be surrounded by a mythical atmosphere, is nevertheless a personage of repute. In appearance, though there is an evident family resemblance between the two, he presents somewhat of a contrast to his small relative of our islands. Nearly as big as a rook, he is clad in soft loose plumage of sober brown and white, the family blue only cropping up, faint and silvery, on his wings. His bill is shorter and stouter than the spear-like weapon of his congener, and he rejoices in a fine black-barred tail, which occasionally erects itself in a ridiculous way, as if it acted independently. His usual expression is one of preoccupied wisdom, as he sits motionless, with puffed-out feathers, on his perch; but let anything edible "turn up" below, and this feathered Micawber is down upon it with a promptitude which belies his usual air of philosophic abstraction. In taste he is not fastidious; lizards, frogs, "mice, rats, and such small deer," are all welcome, and his expertness in destroying snakes has naturally endeared him to serpent-hating humanity. Neither does he despise the humble earthworm, in procuring which his bill does good service as a pickaxe. His movements are not replete with the poetry of motion; he hops, as Buckland well expresses it, with a peculiar high action, like a London street sparrow, and his flight is as sober and heavy as our bird's is swift and flashing. He does not seem to care for water as a beverage, but rejoices, as so cynical a philospher should, in his tub, splashing in and out with an energy few land-birds can equal.

But of course the great eccentricity of this Australian wag is his peculiar voice, which really does resemble a loud coarse laugh; and with this music he is wont to salute the neighbourhood so regularly at daybreak, noon, and nightfall, that one of his local names is the "bushman's clock." He also, however, laughs at other times if the occasion seems to him to warrant an outburst of hilarity, and is reported to be immoderately amused whenever any travelling catastrophe happens in the bush. Now and then, his burst of merriment is heard from a chimney-pot in the suburbs of some Australian town, with, we should imagine, somewhat disconcerting effects to the unaccustomed listener. When one watches him, too, pinching and hammer-

ing his unlucky prey, chuckling softly the while, his humour appears of a decidedly practical kind. His heart, however, is far from being as hard as his beak: on a cold day at the Zoo the writer has seen the philosopher allowing a smaller companion of his prison to nestle in his thick plumage; and in his native wilds he has the reputation of being an excellent husband and father, defending his nest, in the hole of a tree, with a fury which renders it necessary to be careful in encroaching on his rights. Altogether, in spite of, or even because of, his uncouthness of voice and appearance, he is a very attractive bird, and it is pleasant to know that his fellow-countrymen appreciate him. It is to be hoped that his small kinsman will in future meet with better treatment at our hands, and that we are not destined to be robbed by wanton persecution of the only bird which lends a ray of tropical brightness to our cold northern isles.

FRANK FINN.

VICTOR HUGO'S LYRICS.

"C'EST toujours un bonheur quand les hommes qui ont le don de la muse reviennent à la poésie pure—aux vers." These words, with which Ste-Beuve prefaced his review of "Songs of Twilight," will doubtless meet with sympathy from a good many people, who are not ashamed to confess that they find something akin to relief in turning from splendid tragedy and stupendous fiction to softer strains.

The vague idea entertained of Victor Hugo—suggested by his robust personality, the strong fibre of his genius, his immense power of invention, his force of expression—is so at variance with the tender and delicate grace of his lyrics, that surprise is, perhaps, the next sensation we experience when the verses, published during his career as a dramatic author, are set side by side with *Hernani* and *Les Misérables;* and, although *force* is the word which fits him best, it is in these that we learn the real mould of his mind; it is here we have his habitual reflections on life and its deep mysteries—his romantic, even fantastic melancholy—his tendency as a moralist.

But the contrast is more superficial than real: he is always the same Hugo—the righter of wrong—the champion of the weak—the dreamer; and, as he says of his own work, "It is always the same thought with other cares, the same wave with other winds, the same life with another day."

No more than truth was said of him by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, that his equal had yet to be found in France, or on our own side of the Channel. The grand colossal form still stands alone, and the epoch that bred so many exceptional men can boast no nobler one.

Hugo was a true son of the Revolution, owing to his uncompromising will, his vigorous vitality, his advanced ideals. There was inspiration in *toutes ces folies trempées de sang*, and he remarked with a touch of vanity, which in these days of literary detraction is called characteristic, that the greatest poets have appeared after the greatest public calamities.

But in whatever age he might have been born, the man of whom it was told that he knew neither pretence nor littleness, and whose strongest feeling was a genuine love of mankind, could not be otherwise than notable. His was the leading voice in the *cénacle*, where the young and fervent apostles of the new school used to assemble during the summer evenings of 1827, in the pleasure-gardens of la mère Saquet, to discuss questions of contemporary art and literature. It was an ideal *réunion*, full of sound sense and charming illusions, where Dumas, De Vigny, Nodier, the sculptor David, Rabbe the historian, Théophile Gautier, De Musset, developed the doctrines which Voltaire had already sketched, when he turned his sarcasms against the minor arrangements of the classic stage, and there was no dissentient voice when "notre grand Victor," as they called him, summed up the question by saying that true artistic power could not any longer remain in subjection to abstract and arbitrary rules. It was a struggle for the very life and soul of poetry in which the Romanticists were engaged, and how the fight was fought and won is now a twice-told tale.

In the midst of shattered beliefs and broken idols Hugo's great characteristic, the master passion of mercy, came into play.

He wrote the *Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, a terrible picture of mental and physical agony, which effected in some degree a commutation in the criminal law of France. It appeared to him an anomaly that society should commit in cold blood the very same act which it condemned; he declared that the penalty of death was the especial and eternal mark of barbarism; and when John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, was condemned, he predicted that the "murder" would make a rent in the Union and finally split it asunder.

A few lines, written at the time of an execution in Jersey, give strong expression to these feelings:

> They came to me and said, "Two brigs went down
> Upon the rocks at Hangman's Hill last night."
> I shook my finger at that murderous height
> And answered them, "Your ghastly gibbets frown
> Above the deep, and you would have the sea
> Look upon human souls more pitifully.
> You set a bad example, sowing death
> Upon your hills, and in the self-same breath
> You marvel that the rocks, which man depraves,
> Should teach their savage secret to the waves."

The poet's exile at Jersey, which he has described as *une idylle en pleine mer*, became a fruitful source of inspiration. The savage rocks and caverns, the sea so full of storms, and, inland, the luxurious

egetation, the exquisite gardens—were scenes of perpetual enchant- ient, and for the work which was his life he had uninterrupted leisure.

It was here he wrote *Les Châtiments*, levelling his vengeful unders against the authors of the *coup d'état*.

The book was forbidden in France, but found its way there under ie most extraordinary disguises, sometimes hidden in a box of sar- ines, a hank of wool, in dresses, in boxes of jewelry—the more was hunted down the more thoroughly it was disseminated.

In the "divine fury" of his verse he draws a parallel between ie two Napoleons: the one in whose very fall there is the grandeur f a setting sun; the other lashed so furiously under his satire that carried terror even into the Tuileries. The denunciation was errible, and here is one of the transcendent effects, of which no other riter has shown himself capable.

The expiation of the first Napoleon is not found in the retreat rom Moscow, nor at Waterloo—but in the *coup d'état*, when he is upposed to be disturbed in his tomb by a voice, revealing that his iame is being used as a pretext by intriguers to dishonour France.

Les Châtiments procured for him a second exile. He was expelled rom Jersey, but in the sister island he was received with the utmost nthusiasm, and at Hauteville House he remained happily installed or many years.

In 1859 his name was not excluded from the general amnesty, but ie refused to owe anything to a Government he despised, and his eturn at last was melancholy rather than triumphant. Paris was esieged, and he was heard to exclaim on re-entering the city and assing by troops of wounded and harassed soldiers, whilst tears ran lown his cheeks: "Would to God I had never come back, if it is ut to see France dismembered and reduced to what she was under Louis Treize!"

But as soon as his arrival was made known an immense crowd ollected to welcome him: he had not been forgotten; and fifteen ears after, a still greater concourse gathered round his bier under he Arc de Triomphe, where his funeral obsequies took place with lmost royal magnificence.

Many of those who stood there must have been reminded of his wn pathetic stanzas when Napoleon's body was brought from St. Helena. The same sad lines may well apply to the poet himself:

> The clouds that dimmed your glory fleet away,
> Like mists before the fair awakening dawn;
> History gilds you with a lustrous ray
> And hues of morn;

Your name mounts upward—but you take no heed,
There is no light within your dwelling-place;
You only feel the grave-worm come to feed
Upon your face!

Hugo's first volume of poems, "Odes et Ballades," although producing some sensation, was speedily eclipsed by more important work. It was a new declaration of war against arbitrary rules, for he maintained that it was by no means the form of the ode itself which rendered it unfit for any but worn-out mythological subjects, but that the poets that employed it were in fault, since they elected to remain within the prescribed limits. Poetry was then, as now, not much in demand, and booksellers were disinclined for unremunerative ware. It was not till his name had become famous that he published "Les Orientales" and "Les Feuilles d'Automne," which contain some of his loveliest and best known lyrics, among them the "Prière pour tous."

These two volumes, with "Chants du Crépuscule" and "Contemplations," form a satisfying autobiography.

In the "Orientales" there is the glowing imagery of early youth; in "Les Feuilles d'Automne," a maturer life; in "Chants du Crépuscule," the twilight of the mind.

It was also the twilight of society—an intermediate state. Hugo was himself comparatively at rest.

He was no longer the favoured poet of the miscalled Restoration, and had not yet become the poet of democracy.

He was waiting, "neither among those who affirm or deny, but among those who hope." This hopefulness was one of his most distinguishing traits. Unlike many men of poetic temperament, no note of complaint or dissatisfaction with life was ever heard to escape him, and, politically speaking, it was his firm belief that crimes and follies were necessary phases through which mankind must pass to reach the light. He dreamed of a *siècle pur et pacifique*, and although the selfish aims of "givers of place, receivers of place, intrigue, coterie and lottery" met with his supreme contempt, and the revolt of the insurrectionist with fear, he lived in expectation of a bright future for France, and was often heard to repeat, "We shall one day have a Republic, and when it comes it will be good."

There was nothing of a dreamer (a word he often applied to himself) in this excessive optimism; it was identified with a strong determination to accept nothing less than perfect liberty. Twice he refused the proffered amnesty, and twice replied that he would never return during the existence of the Empire. If there remained only one to protest, he would be that one!

Had it not been for this decision it is very probable that many of Hugo's most exquisite lyrics would never have seen the light, for it is to his tranquillity at Hauteville House that we owe the vivid scenes of earth and sky which deepen our sense of life. He was an eyewitness of all the moods of the sea; the rocks, the plains, the streams—the song of birds are all at his command. His love of nature was a passion, and in the turmoil of social and political life he must have lost some of the richest sources of poetry. In "Choses du Soir" there is a series of pictures—word-painting in the highest sense of the term—one verse for each, framed in the wild refrain so characteristic of Breton ballads.

The grey mist on the moorland—the cattle that come to the drinking-place—the lonely cutters far out at sea—with the sombre suggestion:

> The wind says *to-morrow*—the water *now*;—

the churchyard frowning on the height contrasted with the primrose bed in depth of woods, and the question:

> Whence doth God find the blackness shed
> On broken hearts and the falling night?—

and then the change of key, the sudden unexpectedness in which the poet is so strong:

> Behind the windows where lamps are lit,
> The rosy heads of the babes asleep.

Subtle and penetrative fancy vibrates through themes the most diverse—in the foundering of a ship at sea and in lines to a drop of dew. We feel it when he seeks the unfathomable side of things, and we feel it in a love-song.

But of love-songs there are not many that deserve the name. They never sound quite seriously, although a few in the first volume of "Contemplations" are graceful and delicate in sentiment. "Vieille Chanson du jeune Temps," "Lise," "La Cochinelle," are light and poetically suggestive; but the only one which pretends to real feeling ends with the thought that, as soon as all hope is over, forgetfulness is the better plan.

The following verses, from "Chants du Crépuscule," may serve to show what the giant's power could be in this direction, if he chose to wield it:

> The summer night that veiled us yesterday,
> Beneath the beauty of its myriad stars,
> Was worthy thee, so freed from bonds of clay,
> So distant from the world of strife and jars,
> So rich in dews of peace and ecstasy,
> For thee and me,

I was beside thee full of joy and flame,
For all my soul was mirrored in thine eyes;
I read there every fancy as it came,
Without a word that dared a thought disguise;
The dreams beginning in that heart of thine
Found rest in mine.

And I thanked God, whose infinite mercy spread
Above, around, such perfect harmony;
Who such delight, such tranquil bliss had shed,
Such tender gladness on the night and thee,
And made, to rest my weary wandering feet,
You both so sweet.

"Les Contemplations" were published from Jersey in 1856. Hugo has described them as *mémoires d'une âme.* It is the record of five-and-twenty years—impressions, realities, dreams, reminiscences. "The life of a man," he says, "yes, and the lives of other men. Who can boast of living a life solely his own? The destiny is the same—the history of one is the history of all."

The two volumes, *Then* and *Now*, contain, as he repeats, "the gathered waters of his life." The first dates from the early years of his domestic life in Paris—youthful loves and happy days—illusions, retrospections; and he touches, rather vaguely, on a line of thought which no pen but his own could bring within the range of verse: the great principle of unity—classing the daisy with the sun—"for the daisy, too, has rays." The second volume has a sadder tone. "Trois Ans après," written after the death of his daughter, is perhaps the one note of revolt in all his writings; his grief is very bitter, but it is very real, and is followed by a still more pathetic resignation, as in the whole course of his thought he is swayed by the conviction of the justice of inexplicable laws.

His imagination naturally dwells on other worlds, where all will be explained. The far-reaching fancies which may be called the philosophical part of his work found a severe and somewhat rancorous critic in the *Revue des deux Mondes.* It was said that, though the emotional verses were fair enough, the author's attempts to define the destiny of man could only provoke a smile; and in a later work Jules Lemaître supports the opinion by saying that, if the genius of Victor Hugo is to be defined by what really belongs to it, his philosophical ideas must be left out altogether.

But it is much more true to say that the poet's imagination, surpassing the limits of pure reason, is not to be confined by logical sequences; it is of its very nature vague, for it reaches in its sublime and distant flights to the unseen and undiscoverable.

The "Légende des Siècles" appeared in Paris in 1859. He called it a dead leaf from a fallen tree, but the tree had never before put forth such magnificent branches. It is no less than the history of humanity under all its aspects: religion, philosophy, science, extending from the days of paradise to the last day—a grand procession of the most striking figures in all ages. The old Hebrew pastorals in all their Oriental glow ; the fall of Rome ; Islam ; the reign of kings and heroes ; the days of chivalry, tyrants, monsters, victims—the whole romantic past revives at the magician's touch.

Eviradnus, "the true and gentle knight," is one of his best creations, for he maintained that the legendary is as true as the historic aspect of life, and he has spent all the richness of his imagination on these great Paladins, warring single-handed against a world of injustice and corruption. We have their type in Eviradnus :

His hoary head
Bore weight of many years, but he was still
Renowned above his peers : his blood was shed
Unstinted for the right—the scourge of ill.
No evil deed had ever stained his life,
Nor thought that was not loyal, pure, and fair—
And ready in his hand for worthy strife,
His sword, as stainless, glittered in the air.
A Christian Samson, bursting at a blow
The gates of Sickingen in flames—who rent
And ground beneath his heel the monument
Of vile Duke Lupus, and the statue bore
From Strasburg to the bridge by Danube's shore,
And flung it in the stream. Shield of the oppressed—
Strong—and the friend of all the weak, his breast
Full of a splendid pity—such the knight
And champion Eviradnus. At the flight
Of fast increasing years he laughs : shall he—
Who if the world entire against him stood
Would not ask quarter—quail before the flood
Of fleeting time? All aged though he be,
He comes of a grand race! On wild hill-side,
Amid the feathered tribe, not least in pride,
Stands the old Eagle!

The accessories of these austere figures complete the impression of their grandeur, and no history of the Middle Ages could bring the past time back so well as the weird description of the ruined keep of Corbus, the great desolate hall, with its grim and ghostly guard of iron knights and iron steeds.

Coming down to our own days, the same touch, full of contrasts, full of surprises, is to be found in homelier scenes. There is hardly

a line in "Poor People" that is not a gem. Jeannie is the heroine of the poet's heart, the very incarnation of love and pity.

The noble figure of the Royalist chief, Jean Chouan, may well stand side by side with Eviradnus. His band was routed by the Republican soldiers and fled to the woods. The chief alone remained, when a woman, who had been unable to keep up with the fugitives, was seen in the middle of the plain raked by a file of musketry. Jean Chouan mounts a hillock on the rising ground in full face of the volley, and shouts—

"'Tis I who am Jean Chouan!"
And then death changed his target!

In "Civil War" a child saves his father, a police sergeant, from the hands of an infuriated mob; the love and courage, the protection of the little helpless fellow in his cry—

"Father! they shall not do you any harm,"

softens even their savage breasts, and they release him.

Most tender, most pathetic of all is the story of little Paul. It is very simple, but contains the sum of all a child's joys and sorrows.

His mother gave him life and left him.

The sadness and the mystery of this is dwelt upon with the same feeling of wonder and pity in "Poor People," when the fisherman says:

"Well—'tis no fault of mine, 'tis God's affair!
Why take the mother from these bits of things?
'Tis far beyond our poor imaginings—
Perhaps the scholars know!"

But little Paul finds all a mother's tenderness in his grandfather, who takes him to his own home, where the love between the old man and the child is painted with a sweetness and simplicity reminding us of some of our own earlier poets in smooth and perspicuous expression, before verse had become the vehicle of abstruse reflection and doctrine.

But the grandfather dies:

Amongst the hills
A little churchyard opened. Summertide
And murmuring breezes, little tinkling rills
Filled with their gladness all the smiling plain.
And slowly—slowly—came the funeral train.
The road was bright with flowers: they looked so gay,
It seemed as if they loved the black array.
All in their best, the villagers drew near,
And little Paul walked, too, behind the bier.
It was a mournful and deserted place,

With crumbling walls—nor tree nor flower to grace
The grass-grown graves : a spot where, if God will,
Cold Death can sleep in peace : the child, quite still,
Watched with attentive air : at three years old
Life is a vision, like a tale that's told,
Or like a pageant to expectant eyes.
The night descends before the stars arise ! "

His father comes and takes little Paul away. He has married again, and the new mother,

Tender to her own, was harsh to him.

He uttered no complaint, but one wintry night, when snow was on the ground, he was searched for in vain. Through darkness he had made his way to the grave where he knew very well his only friend was lying. But though

He called and called and wept,

it was in vain.

And since he could not stir that slumber deep,
Wretched and weary, he too fell asleep.

Their thoughts, their ways, are drawn with heartfelt, almost reverential tenderness. The poet's love of children taught him the secret of such verses. He calls himself "un grandpère *échappé*, passant toutes les bornes," and the George and Jeanne of "L'Art d'être Grandpère" are little less illustrious than the poet himself.

In the "Quatre Vents de l'Esprit" we again find the greatest charm in the lyric book ; but in the epic filled by one subject—the Revolution—there is perhaps the grandest and the most characteristic of his works. It has been called "la vision d'une apocalypse historique." Master of all that is colossal and fearful—in the passing of the statues, as in pictures of feudal times, he mingles the fantastic and the superhuman. The touch is wild and forcibly dramatic.

The Henri Quatre, in bronze, of the Pont-neuf, is called by a voice from above—

"See if your son is in his place."

The statue descends from his pedestal and takes his way to the Palais Royal, where he pauses before the marble statue of Louis Treize, with the same message. The two pass on till they stand before another king—

"Nay, not a King, a God."

Louis Quatorze descends also, and the three statues march on to the Tuileries, and stand appalled before the guillotine ;

O horror ! in the dark and desolate square,
Instead of crowned triumphal statue there,

Instead of sceptred, well-belovëd king,
A hideous menacing appalling thing:
Two blackened posts upheld a triangle,
From which a ladder trembled—and beneath
There seemed to yawn a pit as dark as death.
The hideous vision stood a monster there,
Crimson as carnage, black as funeral pall.
It seemed the door of one vast sepulchre
Apart—aloof—betwixt mankind and all
That God keeps secret! fearful threshold! gate
Of nothingness, of direful gloom and hate.
Above—the hand that traced them who could see?—
Two lurid numbers shimmered—
'93.

A recent critic speaks of Victor Hugo as a poet of more imagination than tenderness, pointing out a few verses in "Toute la Lyre" as exceptional. We quote them as expressing the most heartfelt emotion, but not by any means as standing alone in this respect:

You said "I love you"; prodigal of sighs,
You said it o'er and o'er. I nothing said.
The lake lies still beneath the moonlit skies—
The water sleeps when stars shine overhead.

For this you blame me, but love is not less
Because its whisper is too faint to hear.
The sudden sweet alarm of happiness
Set seal upon my lips when you were near.

It had been best had you said less—I more!
Love's first steps falter and he folds his wings.
On empty nests the garish sun-rays pour—
Deep shadows fall about the brightest things!

To-day—(how sadly in the chestnut tree
The faint leaves flutter and the cold wind sighs!)—
To-day you leave me! for you could not see
My soul beneath the silence of my eyes.

So be it, then—we part: the sun has set.
Ah! how that wind sighs—how the dead leaves fall!
Perhaps to-morrow, whilst my cheek is wet,
You will have gay and careless smiles for all!

The sweet "I love you," that must now go by
And be forgotten, breaks my heart to-day!
You said it, but you did not feel it—I
Felt it without a word that I could say.

The attempt to bring the worlds of thought in Victor Hugo's poems within ordinary limits must necessarily be a failure; the field is too vast to be explored with criticism laudatory or otherwise. The only possible thing is to point the way—to bid to the feast.

CECILIA E. MEETKERKE.

THE CUTTING-OUT OF THE "HERMIONE."

ON September 22, 1797, embers from the mutiny at the Nore, which had been put down in the previous June, burst into flame on board H.M. 32-gun frigate *Hermione*, then cruising off the west end of Porto Rico, in the West Indies. The crew rose, murdered their captain, three lieutenants, the purser, engineer, captain's clerk, one midshipman, the boatswain, and the lieutenant commanding the marines, and carried the ship into the hostile Spanish port of La Guayra, on the neighbouring coast of South America, the governor of which place, though apprized of the circumstances by the British commander-in-chief of the Leeward Islands station, received the blood-stained prize and ordered her to be fitted for sea as a Spanish national frigate.

The *Hermione* was a ship of 915 tons. Whilst in the British service she had mounted twenty-six 12-pounders on the main-deck and twelve carronades, probably 24-pounders, on the quarter-deck and forecastle, total thirty-eight guns. On either side, from the quarter-deck to the forecastle, and on the same level as these, ran a boarded passage called the gangway, but this was not armed or protected by a bulwark. In refitting her, the Spaniards placed two more guns on the two foremost ports of the main-deck, hitherto empty, and, by cutting ports for them, established four additional guns, or carronades, on the quarter-deck and forecastle. They also increased her complement from 220 men to 321, added a detachment of soldiers and artillerymen, numbering seventy-two, and gave the command of the frigate thus "strongly armed and manned" to Don Raymond de Chalas.

In September 1799, Sir Hyde Parker, commander-in-chief at Jamaica, received intelligence that the *Hermione* was at Puerto Cabello, west of La Guayra, and was about to proceed to Havana through the channel which separates Cape San Roman on the mainland from the island of Aruba. Captain Edward Hamilton, com-

manding H.M. 28-gun frigate *Surprise*, offered, if the admiral would add a barge and twenty men to his force, to cut her out. But Sir H. Parker thought the service too desperate, and refused. Next morning, however, the *Surprise* was detached with sealed orders to the east end of Jamaica, and on arriving there Captain Hamilton found directions to proceed off Cape Della Vella, 100 miles west of Cape San Roman, and to remain on the watch, as long as wood and water lasted, in order to intercept and capture the *Hermione*.

The *Surprise* was a vessel of 579 tons. She had once been the French 24-gun corvette *Unité*, and, when captured on April 20, 1796, by H.M. frigate *Inconstant*, had mounted in all thirty-two guns. On being fitted out in the British service, she was made a 28-gun frigate, and armed with twenty-four carronades, 32-pounders, on her main-deck, and eight carronades, 18-pounders, with two, or possibly four, long 4 or 6-pounders on her quarter-deck and forecastle, total at the most thirty-six guns. Her net complement, like that of her class, was 197 men and boys.

Four anxious weeks Captain Hamilton watched for the *Hermione*, then his provisions began to fail. Tormented by the doubt that she might have eluded him in the night, he resolved, before returning to Jamaica, to ascertain if the frigate was still in Puerto Cabello. On October 21, in the evening, the *Surprise*, arriving off the harbour, discovered the *Hermione* moored head and stern between two strong batteries situated one on either side of the entrance, and said to mount 200 guns in all, with her sails bent and ready for sea.

Captain Hamilton stood within gun-shot of the enemy, and continued off and on for three days. No word of his intention did he impart to any officer of the ship. He thought, wrote, and planned. On the evening of the 24th, after dinner, he detailed to the officers present the design he had formed, and desired them to second his wishes when he should address the ship's company. After quarters all hands being sent aft, Captain Hamilton addressed the crew, and, reminding them of the frequent successful enterprises they had undertaken, concluded nearly thus: "I find it useless to wait any longer; we shall soon be obliged to leave the station, and that frigate will become the prize of some more fortunate ship than the *Surprise*. Our only prospect of success is by cutting her out this night."

Three ringing cheers convinced Captain Hamilton that his men would follow him, and were eager for the service, and he continued: "I shall lead you myself, and here are the written orders for the six

boats to be employed, with the names of the officers and men to be engaged on this service."

At half-past seven the boats were hoisted out, the crews mustered and all prepared. Every man was dressed in blue, and no white was to be seen. The pass-word was "Britannia," the answer "Ireland." The boats were to proceed in two divisions, the boarders taking the first spell at the oars, relieved as they got near by the regular crews. The first division consisted of the pinnace, launch and jolly-boat. In the pinnace were the captain, with Mr. John Maxwell, the gunner, one midshipman, and sixteen men. The launch, under the orders of the first lieutenant, Mr. Wilson, contained one midshipman and twenty-four men. In the jolly-boat were one midshipman, the carpenter and eight men. These were to board on the right or starboard side, which faced towards the land—the pinnace at the gangway or midship, the launch at the bow, the jolly-boat at the quarter or near the stern. A platform had been constructed over the launch's quarter, and three men were told off with sharp axes to stand on this and cut the bower cable. The crew of the jolly-boat were to cut the stern cable and send two men aloft to loose the mizen-topsail. The second division, consisting of the gig, the black cutter, and the red cutter, were to board on the larboard side, or that which faced the sea. In the gig were sixteen men under the orders of Mr. John McMullen, the surgeon. These, boarding at the bow, were to detach four men aloft to loose the fore-topsail, taking good care to cut the buntlines and clewlines, and to fast the sail well clear of the top rim. The black cutter, under the command of Lieutenant Hamilton (no relation to the captain), with the acting marine officer, M. de la Tour du Pin, and sixteen men in all, were to board on the larboard gangway. The red cutter, under the command of the boatswain, and containing likewise sixteen men, was to board on the larboard quarter. The boats of each division were to be connected by a tow-line.

The concluding orders to the force were that, in the event of reaching the ship undisturbed, only the boarders were to board; the other hands remaining in the boats and taking the ship in tow by hook-ropes provided for the purpose. Should, however, the enemy be prepared, all were to board. Lastly, the *Hermione's* quarter-deck was to be the rendezvous of all the parties.

"Such," says James (whose account we are following), "were the orders of Captain Hamilton—clear, impossible to be mistaken, and yet not so conclusive as to have rendered a failure impossible; nay a circumstance did arise which nearly frustrated the whole."

Captain Hamilton, leading in the pinnace at 8 P.M., kept his night-glass fixed on the *Hermione*, and by its aid steered direct for her. But when within a mile, two gunboats, each armed with a long gun, discovered and attacked the advancing boats. Captain Hamilton, disdaining the attempted interruption, and too hastily concluding that all his force was animated by the same spirit as himself, merely cut the tow to accelerate his progress, and giving three cheers dashed on to the *Hermione*. But some of the boats—particularly, it would seem, the launch and the red cutter—began engaging the gunboats.

The firing aroused the crew of the *Hermione*, lights were shown, and the ship's company were beat to quarters. As the pinnace crossed her bows, to get to its station at the starboard gangway, a shot was fired from the frigate's bow, which fortunately passed overhead. A moment after the rudder of the pinnace was caught by a rope which trailed from the vessel to her mooring. The coxswain reported the pinnace aground; but Captain Hamilton knew this to be impossible, as the *Hermione* was evidently afloat, and seizing the truth, bade him unship the rudder. The boat was thus released, but her way had been stopped and she lay with her oars foul with the frigate close under her starboard cathead and forechains. In this predicament Captain Hamilton, seeing no other boat approaching, and despairing of a surprise, should he resume his course to his proper station amidships, gave the order to board where they were. The crew obeyed instantly, but the captain, essaying to climb by the anchor, which had been weighed that very day and hung still wet and muddy from the cat and shank painter, slipped and was falling, had he not seized and clung to the foremost lanyard of the foreshrouds. His pistol went off in the struggle, but he recovered himself and gained the deck. No one was there. The forecastle was empty, whilst the foresail, lying athwart the ship over the forestay ready for bending and hauling out to the yardarms, screened the daring Englishmen from the remainder of the vessel.

Advancing, sixteen in all (for two remained in the boat with the midshipman), to the break of the forecastle, they were astonished to find the crew of the *Hermione* at quarters on the main-deck, engaged in firing the great guns at some objects which their fears had magnified into two frigates advancing to attack them, and all unconscious of the foe overhead. Not so the officers and men who manned the quarter-deck; for these, as soon as Captain Hamilton's party advanced by way of the starboard gangway, came resolutely to meet them. The combat was obstinate, and the English were

checked. At this conjuncture Captain Hamilton, looking round, observed the surgeon, Mr. McMullen, with the crew of the gig boarding on the port or seaward bow. He at once directed the gunner to take command and maintain the position they had won on the starboard gangway, while he himself went back, joined the surgeon's party, and led it along the port gangway straight for the quarter-deck.

Of the Spaniards found there, some escaped down the after-ladder, some jumped overboard, and the remainder were killed or left for dead; but the surgeon and his men, forgetting in their eagerness the order to rendezvous on the quarter-deck, went after the Spaniards on the starboard gangway, thus placing them between two fires, from which they suffered severely. Still, they succeeded in forcing back the gunner's party, and even gained possession of the forecastle, driving their opponents on to the larboard gangway.

Captain Hamilton remained alone on the quarter-deck, awaiting the arrival of those who had not yet boarded. Four Spaniards stole up. One felled him with the butt-end of a musket, the musket itself being broken by the blow; the others stabbed him, as he lay bruised and senseless on the combing of the after hatchway, with pike and sabre in both thighs. A moment more and he must have perished, when two or three men from the jolly-boat, boarding on the starboard quarter, arrived on the scene, rescued their commander, and again cleared the quarter-deck.

The situation was now critical in the extreme. Precious minutes had passed, and the crews of one, two, and eventually three boats, boarding at the extremities, had encountered as yet, and with incomplete success, only the quarter-deck party. The mass of the Spaniards, deprived it is true of their officers, were still intact upon the main-deck, and were rapidly awakening to the position of affairs overhead. A series of desperate attempts on their part to gain a footing on the quarter-deck by means of the after-hatchway was now with difficulty resisted by Captain Hamilton (who had recovered his senses), and the few men who had joined him. Had any such attempt been made at the fore-hatchway it must have succeeded.

Other matters too were adverse. It is true that when the surgeon's party boarded the two men nominated for the purpose had duly loosed the fore-topsail, and, in like conformity with instructions, of the eight men in the jolly-boat, two from among the contingent of boarders had gone aloft and loosed the mizen-topsail, whilst the carpenter himself, with the men who did not board, had succeeded in cutting the stern moorings; but, owing to the failure of the launch, the mooring at the bow was still uncut. Consequently the *Hermione* was by

this time, under the influence of the land breeze, beginning to cant with her head towards the land.

But now, *i.e.* some ten minutes after the commencement of the action, reinforcements arrived and turned the scale. The black cutter, under Lieut. Hamilton, with M. De la Tour du Pin and his marines on board, had reached the ship at about the same time as the surgeon ; but, attempting to board at the larboard gangway, they had been repulsed by the crew on the main-deck, fighting through the ports. Then they had rowed round and essayed the starboard gangway, but had failed there likewise. Now again returning to the larboard gangway, probably at a moment when the attention of the Spaniards had been diverted from the ports to what was going on inside the ship and over their heads, they succeeded. Almost at the same moment the launch and the red cutter, which had been detained in combat with the Spanish gunboats, arrived, and their boarders scaled the bulwarks of the *Hermione*, the one set on the starboard bow and the other on the larboard quarter. A moment more and the stubborn band of Spaniards on the forecastle were killed, forced below, or hurled overboard, whilst the marines forming, marched to the quarter-deck and poured a volley down the after-hatchway.

The wounded captain kept, as always, his post of direction and command upon the quarter-deck, and the fore cable being now at length secured, Maxwell the gunner and two of his men, all three too severely hurt for further combat, crawled aft to the wheel and steered. Then the marines boldly charged down the hatchway among the surging Spaniards and plied them hotly with the bayonet. The surgeon and his party followed, and the crews of the launch and red cutter, remaining above, poured down volleys of musketry. About sixty Spaniards retreated to the cabins under the quarter-deck and surrendered ; the doors were closed on them and the prisoners secured. Fighting still continued on the main-deck and under the forecastle, but by now the towing boats were at work, the fore-topsail filled, and the ship moved towards the open sea, and, to quote the words of James, "Those can best comprehend the feelings of Captain Hamilton and his few brave companions . . . when the *Hermione* was standing out of Puerto Cabello, who have been engaged in enterprises of this sort, and who have had their exertions crowned with success."

The resistance continued until, by tow and sail, the *Hermione* had got half-a-mile from the batteries. These, while the firing continued and it was uncertain who had possession of the ship, withheld their fire. At length, "after dreadful slaughter," the combat ceased on board, and at once the batteries opened. But the light wind failed

to clear away the smoke, and the aim was uncertain; moreover, the guns were loaded chiefly with grape. Still the effect was serious, the main and spring stays were shot away, so that, as the swell was heavy, the mainmast had to be secured, the gaff came down, and one 24-pounder shot passed through the hull under water, and obliged the captain to rig the pumps, and subsequently to heel the ship. Then, whilst they were still under the fire of the batteries, the Portuguese coxwain of the gig, towing at the larboard bow, who spoke Spanish, reported that he heard resolutions being made to blow up the frigate, and it became necessary to fire a few musket-shots down the hatchway to restore quiet. By one o'clock in the morning all opposition had ceased on board, and by two o'clock, nearly two hours after the commencement of the action by the boarding of the captain in the pinnace, the ship was out of gunshot, and the capture complete. Then Lieut. Hamilton and the towing crews, who for nearly all that time had been at work, and exposed for a part of it to the enemy's cannon-balls and grape, were called alongside, and stepped for the first time on board the captured *Hermione*.

"In effecting this surprising capture," says the naval historian, "the British sustained so comparatively slight a loss as 12 wounded, including Captain Hamilton . . . and Mr. Maxwell, the gunner (dangerously)." Of their 365 in crew the Spaniards had 119 killed and 97 wounded, most of them dangerously. The survivors were afterwards put on board an American schooner, and landed at Puerto Cabello."

Such is the story of the capture of the *Hermione*, a capture generally regarded as the most dashing feat of the British navy. It was heroic in its conception, in its execution, and in the circumstances surrounding it, and it sent a thrill throughout England. It is pleasant to record that Captain Hamilton, who was knighted, distributed £500 of his share of the prize-money among the crew, that the lieutenants of the ship presented a sword to Mr. Maxwell, the gunner, and that the surgeon was allowed to share prize-money with officers of that rank. The *Hermione* was immediately restored to the navy under her former rating, but received a new name, the *Retribution*.

Captain Hamilton, returning home for the cure of his wounds in a Jamaica packet, was captured by a privateer and conveyed to Paris, and, when there, was taken particular notice of by Buonaparte.

I regret that I can find no record of any reward or honour conferred on De la Tour du Pin, the officer of marines who led the charge down the fore-hatchway. Though his men failed twice to gain the deck, yet by perseverance they arrived in time and turned the scale in a doubtful combat.

FLEETWOOD H. PELLEW.

A SONG OF DAVID.

THE twilight slants along the wall,
And fills the palace room :
But where the shadows deepest fall,
He sleeps—enfolded by the gloom—
The people's chosen, Saul.

No dreamless sleep has closed his eyes,
To bring a dreamless rest ;
About him sights of terror rise,
And, brooding dark, the Spirit-guest
Who mocks him where he lies :—

* * * * * * *

The stars are wan, the moon blood-red
O'er far Gilboa's height ;
And birds of prey, with circlings dread,
Keep awful watches through the night,
Among the scattered dead.

* * * * * * *

Lo, while beneath the Spirit's wing
He bowed his shuddering soul,
A sound of sweetness touched the King ;
And, as the music low-struck stole,
A voice began to sing.—

Goodly to look at, stout and fair,
As all afire he stands :
The moonlight on his auburn hair,
The shepherd-harp swept by his hands
Pours music on the air !—

The songs the quiet waters hear,
  Where green the pastures lie :
When, listening, heaven and earth are near,
  And up and down the shining sky
    The Sons of God appear !—

He sings of God, the Friend of man,
  Who feeds the waiting land :
He sings of Love's eternal plan
  To mould and move with saving hand,
    Since first the earth began.

* * * * * * *

" Come hither, shepherd lad, to me ;
  Thy songs such gladness tell,
Those shapes of ill no more I see,
  While at thy lips, refreshed and well,
    I drink new strength from thee !

" Sweeter than Bethlehem's waters deep,
  By thirst-worn hearts desired,
Thy words immortal healing keep :
  And in thine eyes, thou God-inspired,
    The thoughts of ages sleep ! "

* * * * * * *

Still on the echoing years they fall,
  Those heaven-sent songs of love ;
And still, as in the days of Saul,
  Sick hearts, refreshed, are drawn above,
    And purer joys recall.

GEORGE HOLMES.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THE naturalistic movement in the modern drama has made two recent manifestations. The first was the production of Mr. Henry James's "The American" at the Opera Comique on Saturday, September 26; the second was the production of an English version of Emile Zola's dramatisation of "Thérèse Raquin" at the Royalty Theatre on Friday, October 9. Each of these performances was heralded by rumours of their momentous significance to the drama: from the one and from the other, according to their admirers, the dramatic salvation so long looked for might be confidently expected.

"Thérèse Raquin" I knew, and I was not hopeful. "The American" I only knew of as a brilliant novel. I cordially hoped that Mr. Henry James might be able to make it into a brilliant stage play. It is undoubted that we are sadly in need of some good plays, that the cry for a drama which shall be literature and not a mere machine-made entertainment is a genuine cry, and represents an honest desire. It seemed highly probable that Mr. Henry James might do something to meet this want—to answer this honest desire. He is a careful observer of human nature; he has studied life under many conditions, in many places; he is the master of a finely appreciative English prose; he is analyst, psychologist, realist—in a word, he would seem to be quite modern. It looked more than likely that Mr. Henry James, if he wrote a play at all, would write a play that would be very actual, very unconventional, very original in its method.

Perhaps it is not a little surprising to find Mr. Henry James thinking of writing a play at all. I imagined that Mr. Henry James was not attached to the theatre; that he resembled in that, as in other particulars, M. Guy de Maupassant, who made it his boast that he had not been to the theatre thirty times in his life, and that he disliked all its works and pomps. When M. Guy de Maupassant after this confession dramatised his little story "L'Enfant" as "Musotte," it was not wonderful to find that it did not prove a great

success. No man deserves to succeed, no man does succeed, in an art which he does not love. Mr. Henry James's clever story, "The Tragic Muse," betrayed too keen an appreciation of the inevitable drawbacks of dramatic life, too delicate a sensitiveness regarding its many disagreeable and unlovely associations, to allow his readers to think of him as a man naturally drawn to the drama. But since he had determined to make the experiment, it might be confidently assumed that the experiment would be an interesting one.

M. Emile Zola, who is a wild critic, sometimes makes very sensible if somewhat obvious remarks, and one of these remarks is that it is highly injudicious to dramatise a novel. M. Zola is right, although on the very face of this declaration he proceeded to dramatise one of his own novels. The dramatisation of a novel is always a thankless task. The conditions which govern the two arts are so widely different that the original story is only a trammel to the worker in the new method. Certainly, of all Mr. Henry James's stories, "The American" would seem to be the most suitable for stage purposes. It is not, like so many of his stories, a mere study of a section of life; it does not end in an interrogation on a door step; it has a beginning, a middle, and an end, just for all the world like any other workaday romance that ever was written.

But the worst of it is that when "The American" gets on to the stage all that was melodramatic in the story comes brutally to the top, while the delicate analysis, the subtle study of character which made the charm of the story, that are the very essence of work by Mr. James, seem to vanish almost entirely. "The American" is, in certain instances, well played; it might be said to be well written if it were the work of a new hand, but the characters, if they were played never so well, are not the characters that we knew and liked in the book, and the language of the play does not reach the level of the language of the story. Take Newman himself, who is in Mr. James's story such an interesting study of a peculiar type of Transatlantic evolution, the strong man who has made many fortunes, who is capable of a great love; the new world almost at its best contrasted with the old world almost at its worst. On the stage he becomes an impossible figure cursed with an appalling catchword, "That's what I want t'see," which suggests rather the Variety stage than a modern realistic comedy. The stage Newman makes his first appearance in an amazing costume of brown velveteen coat and buff overcoat, which recalls rather the garb of a travelling showman than the costume of an American millionaire. Yet this get-up,

which resembles nothing which I have ever seen any American wear is not intended to mark Newman's ignorance of the customs of the world, for in the next act he makes his appearance in faultless evening dress that would qualify him for admission into the ranks of the Four Hundred and the society of the illustrious McAllister. Then he falls in love with the sister of a young man whom he has just met, because he hears that she is of ancient lineage, and because he seems to have set his heart—and a very snobbish heart, it must be confessed—upon marrying what he would call a "high-toned lady." He talks of the woman he has never seen as he might of some trotting horse whose fame had reached him through the columns of the *New York Clipper.* Is this our old friend Newman of the book? Surely not. To do Mr. Compton justice, he plays the part set down for him as well as it could be played. He is consistent from start to finish ; we may not like the type, but Mr. Compton plays it so well as almost at moments to make us like him and forgive him his catch-word. Think of it ! Henry James with a catch-word !

Mr. Henry James was more fortunate in his women than in his men, with the exception of Mr. Compton. Miss Bateman, returning to the stage after a long absence, made a grimly impressive representation of the wicked old woman whose blood and traditions have not prevented her committing a murder, quite in the spirit of the *moyen âge.* Miss Elizabeth Robins made Claire—the Claire of the play, not of the novel, be it understood—exceedingly charming, sympathetic, gracious in her helpless submission to the inexorable conditions of her life. Miss Robins is an actress who possesses in a very remarkable degree the power of interesting those who study her work. She went entirely wrong in her treatment of Hedda Gabler, and yet her very error was interesting; she attracted where she could not convince. As Claire in "The American" she is much more successful. As the part is written for the stage it is a somewhat incomprehensible part. It is hard to understand the condition of mental subservience to which the stern influences of her life had reduced the young and beautiful woman whom Newman loves. But Miss Robins suggests the subservience, the helpless hopelessness of the character very delicately, very appealingly. Miss Dairolles was admirable as the vivacious vicious little girl Noemie. Miss Louise Moodie was an excellent Mrs. Bread. And that is all the acting of which anything commendatory can be recorded.

If Mr. Henry James's play failed to add another triumph to the cause of the realistic drama, so in no less a degree did M. Zola's "Thérèse Raquin." M. Zola has constituted himself, as it were, the

apostle of naturalism on the stage. He has written essay after essay to show that all the old forms of the drama are played out; that all the dramatists of the time are hopeless artificers working with worn-out materials under impossible conditions; that it is the duty of the age to produce the scientific drama which shall, in some inexplicable manner, be at once Balzac and Darwin—the Human Comedy and the doctrine of Evolution rolled into one. And as an example of what the new drama ought to be, M. Zola has written several plays which so far the public have declined to accept. Of these plays "Thérèse Raquin," which was first played in Paris in 1873, has just been put before English audiences, in the first instance under the auspices of Mr. Grein, whose Independent Theatre gave us "Ghosts," and then for a short run at the same theatre under the management of Mr. Herbert Basinge.

Of course it does not in the least follow, because an author cannot write good plays, that therefore his theory of the drama should be a wrong theory. I do not think that M. Zola can write good plays, but I think that there is a great deal of truth in much that he has written about the condition of the drama both in England and in France. What I do justly blame him for is posing as the prophet of the new school when his play is cast in the most old-fashioned mould.

It is easy enough to condemn M. Zola out of his own mouth. Some years ago, when Catulle Mendès wrote his "Justice," the performance of which was, if I remember rightly, prohibited on this side of the Channel, M. Zola criticised it with the frankness which characterises all his criticisms. M. Catulle Mendès, said M. Zola, "does wrong to trifle with reality. He should have dressed his characters in doublets and hose, and then all would have been forgiven to him. But to deal with modern life like a lyric poet is a serious offence." Do not these words apply to another besides M. Catulle Mendès? Might they not be directly addressed to M. Zola himself, who has lent a kind of lyrism to realism, and who has presented us with characters who would have been far more comfortable in doublets and hose than in modern garb? It is not by the calling of certain puppets by commonplace names, dressing them in contemporary costumes and setting them in sordid surroundings, that the naturalistic drama is necessarily to be created. That is all a matter for the scene-painter and the property-master. The business of the realistic dramatist is to make his people seem real, not to take the fantoccini of "Les Burgraves" and of "Angelo," dress them in modern clothes, nickname them with modern names, and make them

play out the old old business of 1830, under the roof of a squalid shop in Paris, instead of under the brilliant skies of an Italian hill city or a Spanish university town.

I was surprised to find that my friend Mr. Walkley, who belongs, with Mr. William Archer and one or two other young writers, to a little group among the dramatic critics whose work goes by the title of the "New Criticism"—I was surprised, I say, to find that "Spectator" appears to be as it were taken in by the obvious device of M. Zola. This is what he says:—"It is a study, in short, in morbid psychology. When a Sophocles or a Shakespeare gives us such a study, the result is terrible enough. But the actors are high and mighty personages, mythical heroes, or semi-mythical kings and queens. They talk in blank verse. There is an atmosphere of poetry, which—in the last analysis—means unreality, about the whole. It was so long ago—as the old lady said in the familiar anecdote—and let us hope it is not true. But Zola's personages are like ourselves. They talk every-day pedestrian prose like ourselves. The poetry, the unreality, has gone. We know that it is true. The result is a hundredfold more terrible."

But is it really a hundredfold more terrible? Is not this judgment a result of the confusion caused by M. Zola's ingenious trick? Are these people a bit the more real because they are labelled modern, and dressed in moleskin or nankeen, and roofed by a roof in the Passage du Pont Neuf? Mr. Walkley appears to think they are. "The people are petty *bourgeois*, with the petty thoughts of the *bourgeois* and their petty ways. The women are plainly dressed, the men clumsily rigged out by cheap tailors. There is nothing of the fine sentiments of the mythical heroes, nothing of the purple and fine linen of the semi-mythical kings and queens. A set of vulgarians, you say, people who eat peas with their knife? Quite so. But Zola's point is that the most poignant tragedy may be found in the most vulgar environment."

If this be so, it is a point scarcely worth making. Who has ever failed to be aware that poignant tragedy might be found in a vulgar environment? The question is whether the decoration transmutes the leaden method of the old romanticism into the gold of the new naturalism; whether M. Zola has done anything beyond altering the surroundings; whether his people are themselves new?

Mr. Walkley finds "Thérèse Raquin" true to life, free from stage tricks. Does he really consider that the whole episode of the blue prince is true to life, or anything better than a fantasy piece in the Dickens manner, as improbable as anything in the fairy tales of

fiction? Does he think that there is nothing artificial in the scene in which the old paralysed woman proceeds to indict the murderers, and the rest of the characters stand conveniently or inconveniently with their backs turned, in order to allow Thérèse and Laurent to go through a series of gaspings and clutchings of the best Bowery or Victoria style, which have betrayed their guilt to the eyes of the most inexperienced person? M. Zola is not to be greatly blamed for this sort of thing. It is convenient, on the stage, for a large number of persons, quite suddenly, to turn aside in an unmeaning silence while the principal characters have their innings of tragedy and remorse all to themselves. It is quite right from the conventional point of view that there should be a grotesque love story of the fairy-tale type introduced to point the contrast with the guilty passion of the murderous adulterers. But when an author is as conventional as M. Zola is, let him not claim commendation for his astonishing originality, for his scorn of all those old stage devices and dodges of which he makes so liberal a use. And let not earnest critics endorse with their approval so barefaced a claim to originality.

Some of the impassioned admirers of "Thérèse Raquin" have rushed into print to champion their heroine and her author *à outrance.* The effort scarcely calls for serious comment. The impassioned admirers are in a frenzy because any one presumes not to admire as passionately as they do their favourite author. They talk wildly of their play as appealing only to "those who are interested in literature." Clamour of this kind is unmeaning. What law has been promulgated that beings interested in literature must necessarily be interested in M. Zola and his English translators? What Prophet has amplified the code to condemnation of all who are not interested in M. Zola and his translators? By the Beard of the Prophet, what bosh is this? For mine own poor part, I have read all that the excellent Zola has written—fiction, criticism, and even what he is pleased to call drama—with all the care they deserve, and I still remain "interested in literature;" and I still decline to regard "Thérèse Raquin" as a dramatic masterpiece, or as anything else but an intolerably long, pompous, and tedious piece, constructed on the most old-fashioned lines out of the most old-fashioned materials, and as conventional as the conventional can be. Zola's fault—and the fault of his English following in making a fuss about this absurd play—naturally provokes uncomplimentary comment, at which the English following are surprised and indignant.

The only other novelties to record are Miss Bessie Hatton's exceedingly clever performance in Mr. Hatton's ingenious version of

"The Prince and the Pauper," and Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Pamela's Prodigy," at the Court. Mr. Clyde Fitch is a young American writer with considerable daring, for he describes his piece as a "lively" comedy. As a rule, descriptions of this kind are best left to the public to allot. If this example were to be followed generally, the result would be somewhat grotesque. However, perhaps Mr. Fitch's idea is that any comedy in which Mrs. John Wood appears must be lively. Liveliness is Mrs. John Wood's characteristic, but it is a liveliness which is rather monotonous and which sometimes palls. That is the penalty of the conventionally comic. There comes a time when the antic ceases to entertain, when the grimace no longer amuses.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M^C^CARTHY

TABLE TALK.

Progress of the Bull-Fight in France.

MORE than once I have been charged with exaggeration in dealing with the influence of the bull-fight in France. Again and again I have been told that my fears were visionary, and that the horrors witnessed on the other side of the Pyrenees were not to be feared on this. Yet, slowly and surely the prophecies I uttered are being fulfilled. Let one who still doubts meditate on the following, which I take from the Parisian correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph*: "If Parisians, through humane considerations, are spared the spectacle of the slaying of bulls in the arena of the Rue Pergolèse, there is no such squeamishness manifested at the sight of taurine blood by the inhabitants of the town of Dax, near Bordeaux. This small place in the Department of the Landes promises to rival if not surpass the Spanish city of San Sebastian as a centre of such scenes of slaughter. One bull butchered lately caused the matador so much trouble as to make him hew it with his sword. Despite the terrible wounds, the goaded animal managed before giving its last gasp to disembowel three horses with its horns. The arena presented a horrible appearance, and not a single protestation was made by the public—the police authorities of the locality remaining quite indifferent to the bull-fighting. On the first day of the so-called 'fêtes' five bulls were killed, but at yesterday's proceedings six of the animals were despatched, one being literally hacked to bits. Minuto, the matador, and his colleague Guerrita were the heroes of the day after their sanguinolent exploits." Horrors quite as bad as these I have not seen even at San Sebastian. A heavy price will some day be exacted for this concession to the ferocious tastes of the south.

Author-Managers.

AUTHOR-MANAGERS such as Killigrew, D'Avenant, and others with whom I have previously dealt, stand on a different footing from Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose forthcoming occupancy of a theatre has raised afresh the question of what is the best management. In some cases the men named were selected, on account of their literary position, to control an existing institution, and to place a literary *cachet* upon an undertaking. Mr. Jones, on the other hand, avowedly takes a theatre for the purpose of mounting

his own pieces. In so doing he has had, so far as I am aware, but one predecessor whose name in the full sense survives. In February 1847 Alexandre Dumas *père* opened the Théâtre Historique, a new edifice, with "La Reine Margot," by himself and Auguste Maquet. A curious illustration of what is to be expected under such conditions was afforded in the opening venture, which, beginning at six o'clock in the evening, lasted until three in the following morning, drawing from Gautier the suggestion that to the next announcement of fifteen tableaux, &c., should be appended—*entremêlés de collations*. In June followed "Intrigue et Amour," a translation by the manager of Schiller's "Kabala und Liebe," and in August "Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge," in which Dumas was once more assisted by Maquet. Just before the end of the year a translation of "Hamlet," by Dumas and Paul Meurice, which had previously seen the light at the theatre of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, was produced. February 1848 saw the unprecedented experiment of producing "Monte Cristo" in two parts, occupying for performance two consecutive nights. This, even in the case of a writer so fertile and brilliant as Dumas, was too much for the public, and the next pieces to be tried were "La Marâtre," of Balzac, and "Le Chandelier," of Musset. In the February of 1849 Dumas gave his own "La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires." "Le Comte Hermann," "Urbain Grandier," and "La Chasse au Chastre," all by Dumas, followed, and the experiment collapsed. No want of novelty attaches to the programme, and the three names—Dumas, Balzac, and Musset—need only the addition of Hugo to be in their class the foremost of the day. None the less, the result was disaster.

Actor *v.* Author.

THESE things are not mentioned with a view to discourage Mr. Jones. He may, and I trust will, show a self-control which will be the more welcome and commendable in an author since it has not previously been exhibited. The crucial difficulty of the case is not, however, met by an experiment of this class. Instead of an actor bidding for the centre of the stage or picking all the gems of dialogue out of other parts to cram them into his own, we have now to fear the author sparing us no word of his eloquence or his wit. Of the two dangers the latter is the more to be dreaded, since, while the risk is equally great, the consequences are more deadly. Actor-management has worked fairly well in the past. The hope of the stage lies not in substituting one vanity for another, but in obtaining a management strong enough to hold its own and to say, "A plague o' both your houses."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1891.

MRS. HIBBERT.

BY M. F. W. CROSS.

"As a yacht driven by a favouring breeze carries a wreath of sparkling foam before her."

"WHY should you go to Europe?" asked the doctor. "Do you feel as if you needed a change?" he said, with an effort adopting a professional tone.

"Well, yes, I think I do," answered a comely widow, with a sweet determination on her beautiful lips. There followed an uneasy silence between the two as they sat facing one another on either side of a bright wood fire in the city of New York.

"Yes, I guess I'll go," she went on in dulcet accents. "I need some distraction after all I have gone through with the loss of my poor Tim." The doctor gave a quick, furtive look at the rounded smooth outlines of the charming face and figure. He bent over the fire, reconstructing the glowing logs with unsteady fingers.

"Well, selfishly," he said, looking into the flames, "I wish you wouldn't go."

"But you are so unselfish," she cooed softly.

"Am I?" he queried, with a somewhat dull, wistful intonation.

"Why, certainly; you have been ever so good a friend to me," she answered heartily, as, rising, she put her cool, soothing hand in his, just not long enough, however, to allow him time to put his other hand over it.

She did not re-seat herself, but having looked in a business-like way at the clock, began methodically folding up her work.

"I suppose it is getting late," he said, rising reluctantly.

"I think it is," she assented with decision, while she helped him into his great coat.

On the following evening, when he called again, she informed him that she had taken her passage for Europe.

"Well, you're the boss," he remarked, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes, I guess I've gotten to look out for myself now poor Tim's gone."

"I'll wait for you till you come back," were his last words to her, as he saw her off on the steamer.

"Well, that's *real* kind; for my part I'll make no promises," she answered, laughing gaily.

Then from the deck she waved to him for a moment—but only for a moment—her little embroidered handkerchief, and that duty over, with delighted relief she set to work at the serious business of installing herself comfortably in her state-room.

"Naturally she does not wish to tie herself so soon again," soliloquised the doctor, as he trudged back through the sloppy streets to his dismal consulting room. "I must first make a name for myself—work, work, work, grind hard, live low, and think high—and—who knows—perhaps in the end I shall die in the prime of life like poor Tim, and she will marry someone else."

The doctor, like other wise men, was subject at times to unwise infatuation, and to its dull reaction of desperation.

Mrs. Hibbert certainly did not want to tie herself, all she wanted was to have "a good time"—a *real* good time in Europe. She was a sensible woman, and knew that she lacked the necessary training for the "good time," therefore she formed the resolution to study the languages, the arts, the manners, and the customs of the countries she visited—to associate only with the cultivated and high-minded—to amalgamate the good and reject what was evil. She meant to polish herself like a shining corner stone, and to spend wisely and discreetly the money with which "poor Tim" had endowed her. She was quite well aware that there were problems in life that she should probably never fathom—the extremes of joy and of woe, of wealth and of poverty; she had fringed the outside rims of these extremes, and did not mean, if she could help it, to penetrate further into their mysteries; nor had she any rash desire to push her unmerited way to the front; she "wished no human thing to suffer ill"—all she wanted was free play to work up to the length of her tether, and not to be hampered nor to be hindered from taking the goods the gods had provided her.

Tim Hibbert had kept at high tension a dry goods store, and had been known throughout the length and breadth of New York as the soul of disinterestedness and honour. The store had been so well conducted and financed, that poor Tim had died from sheer overwork. As he grew rich, his wife always described him as a dry goods *merchant*; after his death, she designated herself, with modest briefness, as the widow of a merchant (dry goods left out).

Mrs. Hibbert, after a year's sojourn on the continent, arrived in London just as the season had commenced, putting up at a private hotel in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly. She had begun her good time in Paris armed with excellent introductions from her New York doctor, who himself had passed some years in this American heaven, among the scientific luminaries that circulated round Charcot and Pasteur. The only fault that Mrs. Hibbert's Parisian acquaintances found with her was, that she devoted too much time to study.

"You express yourself with facility in our tongue, what more do you want?" they asked.

"I want your accent undiluted with the American twang, and, more than that, your rapidity of enunciation. I want to think in your tongue, feel with you, see things from your point of view, in fact, be a part of you as long as I remain with you."

"*Madame, vous êtes une belle âme,*" was the admiring response of her somewhat mystified interlocutor.

Mrs. Hibbert, among other things, had learnt to take compliments for exactly as much as they were worth; they were the wreath of foam that naturally arose to the surface as she cut through the waves. She did not hurry through life, she had time for everything, rising early in the morning and retiring to rest not too late at night.

"I think people lose a great deal of energising time by waiting for their hot water in the morning," was a remark she presented in French to one of her numerous admirers.

"You have reason, madame; *pour ma part, je me savonne le soir,*" he replied with a bow.

Among her other avocations, Mrs. Hibbert did not neglect the great and mystic art of Parisian dressing. She went to the root of the matter, and gave her serious attention to it, finding the learning of it almost as difficult, as complicated, and as engrossing as the language. When she quitted Paris for Florence, the only introductions she accepted were to a reliable linguistic professor and to a benevolent cicerone, whose enthusiastic devotion to art and art-lovers had secured for him the honorary distinction of art-guide of the first standing. Though Mrs. Hibbert's self-imposed rigorous *régime* had

tempered and toned down to a nicety the abrupt independence of her American manner, yet "cheerfulness was always breaking in," she could not keep it out. Her real modesty made her sanely aware of her own limitations, and open-minded enough to admire superiority in others.

In Paris she had been specialised as *croquante*, in Italy as *molto simpatica*, and now in England a beardless boy was enthusiastically describing her to a sceptical relative as "simply a dear."

"Now come, uncle, step out, I must introduce you to her right away, as she says; we are within a stone's throw of her hotel, one of those quiet, modest little places just up here." And in a coaxing manner Mr. Harry Vane guided his uncle's footsteps in the right direction.

"I've spoken to her about you," he went on, "and she says she will be very happy to receive you."

"Did she really?" laconically queried Mr. Amhurst.

"Now look here, uncle, if you go in that frame of mind, it's not the least use introducing you," exclaimed the boy pettishly; "she's a *rara avis*, and you must mind your P's and Q's, I can tell you; she expects it, she's used to homage, and somehow, instinctively, one doffs one's hat first go off."

The elder man looked down affectionately into the eager young face, and good-humouredly allowed himself to be led, while he gave a paternal pat to the shoulder that kept knocking up against his own.

"Mr. Henry Vane and Mr. Amhurst," announced the waiter, flinging open the door of a snug little sitting-room, perfumed with growing plants, in the "quiet, modest little place" described above.

"Well, this is real good of you!" exclaimed a lovely woman, emerging from behind a table piled high with bonnets of all shapes and sizes. With both hands she warmly greeted the beaming youth, turning at the same time a sunny, interrogative glance towards the elder man. "And this must be the omniscient uncle," she added, without pausing for a formal introduction.

"You have divined rightly, madame," answered Mr. Amhurst, as he bowed solemnly over the jewelled hand.

"Well, Harry, you've just come in the nick of time, for I stand greatly in need of unbiassed judgment about these bonnets. For the last half hour I've been trying on one after another, but I can't come to a decision."

"I think, before giving a judicial opinion, it will be necessary for you to repeat the performance," declared Mr. Amhurst, forestalling his nephew.

" Oh, don't ask me to do that again," she cried, smoothing down her rippling hair, I'm just dead beat with trying on."

" I'd take the black one, you can't go wrong there," pronounced the nephew promptly and emphatically.

"That's all you know" she said, regarding him with mild, maternal toleration. "I've already got two black ones, and what I want is one to match a dove-coloured costume that Worth has just sent me."

"Well, won't this one do?" suggested Mr. Amhurst, as with the air of an expert he extricated one from the heap.

At this sample of his omniscience she looked hopelessly. " Why, you are worse than your nephew; the one you have selected is mauve, it would simply kill the dress."

"I give it up," Amhurst exclaimed, dropping his eyeglass, despondently.

"I guess you don't take an interest in dress," said Mrs. Hibbert, seating herself resignedly on the sofa. "Now, tell me what your interests are?" she interrogated, turning towards the uncle her dimpled chin. "As for that young man," she ran on (pointing to the nephew), " at any rate I know what he does *not* take interest in, and that is French grammar."

" By the way," broke in Amhurst, omitting to enlarge upon himself, "Harry's family owe you a debt of gratitude for your insisting upon his sticking to the said grammar."

" Well, I did what I could. Having the same professor in Paris, I naturally took an interest in his progress, and in the end he *did* progress, he caught on, I will say that for him." Here she laid for a moment a caressing hand on the young man's sleeve.

He had edged himself close beside her on the sofa, and was glancing alternately with bright eyes from her to his uncle.

" But you don't mean to say that you absolutely like the grammar yourself?" questioned Mr. Amhurst, roused.

" Why, certainly not; but it is a means to an end."

" I wish we all had your wisdom."

" It is not because I am wise, far from it, but I know what I want, and I have learnt that we can only have the best things by taking a great deal of trouble, and exercising much self-control."

Up went the eyeglass again. "And do you find the time pass pleasantly here?"

To the lad's quick, sensitive ear there seemed a somewhat patronising ring in this next question. But Mrs. Hibbert answered radiantly, " Yes, indeed I do, I find the hours all too short. I was up

and out at sunrise this morning on Westminster Bridge, because I wanted to realise Wordsworth's poem, but I had great difficulty in rousing in my French maid an equal enthusiasm, she don't like walking in the early mornings in London—she thinks there is no beauty except in Paris : but the sight of the misty dawn, and the tender colouring of the sky, and the vastness of it all, surpassed my expectations."

"And all that mighty heart was lying still," he murmured, looking straight into her liquid eyes.

Blushing a little, she continued almost shyly : "In America we get nothing quite like it—there is no *nuance* in my country, and they say" (here she dimpled) "that there is the same want in its inhabitants."

"You stand out clear, bright, and untarnished, like the noonday sun."

"I don't know about that," she demurred, "we have our reservations."

Young Vane thought it high time now to break in upon his uncle's inquisitiveness.

"Now, Mrs. Hibbert, I am going to ask you to do me a high honour—a great favour ; I want you to come and pay a visit to Oxford. Next week is Commemoration, and I have arranged a whole programme of entertainments for every day of the week, you must let me 'run' you while there."

She raised regretful eyebrows.

"Now don't deny me, please."

"Indeed, dear Harry, I should have liked nothing better, but I am engaged to spend next week touring with some friends round about Warwickshire ; we are to visit Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, and all sorts of places that I have dreamed of since my childhood. I am very sorry to disappoint you, and very much touched by your having thought of me."

"Oh, hang it !" the boy exclaimed in despair, "for without you I shall certainly not put in a show at Commemoration."

"Well, it's very kind and good of you to have planned such a treat for me. And the week following you go on your reading tour?"

"Yes, worse luck !" he ruefully exclaimed.

"Nonsense," she replied severely, or as severely as her rosy lips permitted. "When your family allows you all these educational advantages, the least thing you can do is determinately to profit by them."

"Hear, hear !" approvingly echoed Mr. Amhurst, clapping his hands.

"Now, uncle, don't you go and range yourself on her side, it's bad enough to have one of you pitching into me. And so you really can't come," he sighed, in a lachrymose tone.

"No, I can't come," she echoed with a very fair mimicry of his intonation. "I mean, however, to visit both your Oxford and Cambridge before I leave this country."

"But I shall not be there."

"Nevertheless, the Universities will not on that account be submerged, I reckon."

"Oh, Mrs. Hibbert, I did not expect such cold-bloodedness from you." To atone for her heartlessness she rewarded him with an especial repentant smile.

"What day did you say you were going to Warwickshire?" asked Mr. Amhurst, prosaically.

"On Monday."

"Ah, well, I shall be seeing you before then," he added casually, as he rose to take leave.

Mrs. Hibbert at once returned without loss of time to the complex question of the bonnets. "I think, after all," she inwardly soliloquised, "the black lace one, with a dove's wing—a real dove's wing—will after all be the best."

"Now, uncle, I trust to you to keep her cooking for me, for I mean to pop the question as soon as I get finished with these d——— examinations," said Master Harry as the two in the street linked arms again.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, you young beggar, for I mean to marry her myself."

The boy gave a delighted, triumphant laugh. "Bravo!" he cried, "all I want is to keep her in the family. I was quite sure you and she would get on like a house on fire, but I did not count upon the flames igniting so quickly. Heighho!" he continued, in a tragic tone, "I suppose that it is to be age before merit, and the weakest go to the wall; anyhow, as she says, it's well for you that you have such a devilish clever nephew to hunt up for you just the right article, for now acknowledge, uncle, that I have a fine *flaire*, and that I know a hawk from a heron. Just isn't she a topper?"

"Does she teach you all these elegant modes of expression?"

"On the contrary, she stamps them out whenever she can."

"I think she is a thoroughly good woman, she won't do you any harm, and that's saying a great deal for me."

"And you don't call her handsome?" expostulated the boy in a disappointed tone.

"Handsome? No," pronounced the other deliberately; "I don't think I should exactly apply that word."

"You surely admit that she is better looking than Lady Catherine?"

"I think Catherine would be generally considered the handsomer," the uncle replied judicially.

"But, by the way, in this little arrangement, how about Lady Catherine?" queried the incorrigible youth. "What do you say to swapping, uncle?"

"What do you know about Lady Catherine, you young scapegrace? This much I will confide to you, her ladyship won't look at me, and if she won't look at me, she certainly will have nothing to say to you. But to return to our American, and to descend to practical particulars—who is she?"

"The widow of a New York merchant."

"And who killed the merchant?"

"He died from overwork."

"How do you know?"

"She told me that was what the doctor said. She often refers to 'poor Tim.'"

"And who is this doctor?"

"A well-known man in Paris and New York, who, when Mrs. H. came over the ocean, provided her with introductions to some of the best people in Paris—myself among the number. And I can tell you my old Professor thought no end of her, not only for her accomplishments, but above all because she was *une femme sérieuse.*"

"And is the New York doctor old or young?"

"Old, I should judge, by the reverential way she quotes him."

"Has she a family?"

"She has a brother somewhere out 'West.'"

"And why has she left her own country?"

"For the purpose of distracting her mind after the loss of 'poor Tim.'"

"And what does she mean to do here?"

"Have a good time. Now don't be afraid, uncle," the boy went on, his eyes twinkling, "she's not on the marry, and another great advantage is that she doesn't weigh upon you, she paddles her own canoe—'runs' herself, in fact."

"Ah, exactly. Well, my dear boy, I only hope you will answer your examination questions as clearly and promptly as you have answered mine."

"I will if they lead up to so interesting a subject." Upon which the two laughingly parted.

Mr. Amhurst proceeded in a meditative mood towards his abode in Curzon Street. Arrived in his sultry sitting room, he went straight up to the mirror, took off his hat, and passed his fingers critically through his rather scant locks. He had good eyes, though they were somewhat short sighted, and he had a good mouth, though it was hidden by a moustache slightly grizzled. Nevertheless our hero looked very discontentedly at himself. "I wonder what she thought of me—omniscient uncle, indeed! She is quite capable of wiping me clean off from the tablets of her memory once my back is turned. By jove, she is a beautiful woman! handsome is scarcely the word for her." He sank down dreamily in an armchair, pulled out a cigar, but forgot to light it. His eyes closed, but he did not sleep. "I guess I feel dead beat," he murmured, with a soft twang. The cabs outside rattled and paused, the evening papers were hoarsely shouted. "Goodness!" he suddenly exclaimed, shaking himself, "I ought to have been with my relatives an hour ago. I was asked to tea: well, can't be helped—important affairs detained me." He took up his hat, and without again glancing at the mirror, hurried out. A hansom whirled him in ten minutes to a palatial residence in a palatial square. "Wait for me," were his orders to the coachman. A languid hum of voices, mingled with the faint aroma of tea and hot cake, met him as he ascended the stairs. "These confounded 'At homes'!" he growled *sotto voce*, as he followed the deliberate steps of the portentous butler.

A girl, who was sitting with her back to the drawing-room door, turned her swan-like neck as he entered, and giving him her hand, murmured reproachfully, "I asked you to come at five."

"I knew the crowd would be thinning off about this time, Catherine," he answered, meaning to be kind, not cruel. Her face brightened.

A lady, whose chatter the new comer had interrupted, now resumed the thread of her discourse.

"And so I find that being on a committee is an excellent way of keeping oneself in touch with things and people."

Catherine listened, or listened not, with lack-lustre eyes. Amhurst had glided on.

"Take some tea?" asked a stately dowager, as he advanced to pay his respects.

"I am afraid it is not cool enough for me, aunt; I like things either very hot or very cold."

"I shall certainly not send for more, poor Pumel has been run off his feet this afternoon. He looked daggers at me when I

asked for another plate of muffins just now, and he hasn't brought them."

"Pumel is the only person you're afraid of, aunt."

"I don't admit that, but I certainly could not get on without him. By the way," she continued, in a business like manner, reaching out her hand towards a table near, to possess herself of a memorandum book, "are you engaged for the evening of the 31st?"

"I am afraid I am."

"If so, then we will make it the 1st, when some friends of Catherine's are comin' to dinner, and I particularly want you to meet them. Shall I put you down then the 1st, at 8 o'clock? Remember, 7.45, for your uncle is very particular about time."

Amhurst ruminated an instant, but seeing no loophole of escape, he answered with a bow, "Shall be charmed."

"And about this fancy ball?" she went on, with poised pencil and careworn brow.

"Good-bye, dear Lady Harpington," interrupted a bevy of rustling ladies, upon which our hero slid modestly into the anteroom. For a propitious moment he was securely button-holed by a club acquaintance; the two men stood discussing the weather in low, guarded diplomatic accents, then the door being opened, the wily diplomates, under cover of fresh arrivals, simultaneously slunk out.

"Well, that's over!" ejaculated Amhurst, as he slammed close the door of his hansom. "Edwards' Hotel," he shouted abstractedly through the hole in the roof. "No, no"—frowning, and with heightened colour—"I mean Curzon Street." Foolish fellow! he forgot that there was yet the evening to get through, and then the long hours of night, and afterwards the languid morning. At breakfast on the following day he was heavy-eyed and irritable. At noon he felt a little better, after a light lunch, a heavy cigar, and a profound meditation. At 2.30 he made *un bout de toilette*, trying on all the ties in his drawer. Eventually the floor of the dressing room was strewn with discarded ties and gloves. At 3 o'clock he was in his hansom, and some ten minutes after was in Edwards' Hotel. This time he did not call out to the driver that vindictive "Wait for me."

"Well, this is really friendly, but, oh, I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Mrs. Hibbert, as, dressed for walking, she met Mr. Amhurst on the threshold of her sitting-room. "This lady and I," she went on, indicating a bright looking girl, with a drawing portfolio under her arm, "are going through the different schools of painting in your

National Gallery. She is giving me most valuable instruction, and as her time is precious, we have to keep strictly to hours."

"It doesn't matter in the least, I can look in again," answered Mr. Amhurst with an impatient glance at the obstructive young lady.

"Well, if that won't put you out in any way, it would give me real pleasure to see you soon again," and, nodding kindly to him, she passed serenely down the stairs. On the door step he stood watching her threading her way among the crowd with calm, queenly step. Her dress of sombre hue fitted her figure like a glove.

It soon came to be an established custom with Mr. Amhurst to drop into Edwards' Hotel, and pass there the twilight hour before dinner in Mrs. Hibbert's society. It was so convenient, so pleasant, so unexacting. Like bathing in the pure waters of Lake Leman, it was tranquillising, and at the same time exhilarating. She did not bother him with invitations, nor ask for tickets, nor introductions, nor for his official escort. She had no *arrières-pensées*, she was not scheming, therefore she was not *distraite*. She loved to listen, and she loved still better to talk. She enjoyed laughing at Mr. Amhurst, and took in very good part when the laugh was turned against herself. She in no way relaxed her rigorous scheme of self-improvement—she "would not be laughed out of that anyhow," she declared. Her morning hours were either spent at the British Museum, following a systematic course of instruction given by peripatetic lecturers, or else in the different picture galleries, attended by her enthusiastic girl-guide. But in the late afternoon Mr. Amhurst found her invariably reposing in her *chaise longue*, with hands folded piously. From her coign of vantage she gently drew him out on politics, on agriculture, on English literature, on finance, on socialism, on *fin-de-siècle*. And in return she imparted to him unstintingly her impressions, fleeting and fixed. Sound or unsound, crude or canny, these impressions of hers always interested and roused him, for they were evolved out of her own self-consciousness—they were the outcome of a clear, detached observation; they were not ideas gathered second hand, or dished up with stale London sauces. They showed a mind unbiassed, unprejudiced, unsophisticated. At times her frankness and truthfulness almost jarred upon him, and yet he felt she had—as she expressed it—her reservations. "What do you say to coming to the opera to-night? I have two tickets," he suggested one afternoon, with careful carelessness.

"You are very kind," she answered, with grateful emphasis,

"but I have just written to accept a seat in a box belonging to some friends of your nephew."

"Ah, the Exmoors."

"No! It is to Richmond I go with them."

He paused, dumbly exasperated, expecting her to say more, but she passed on placidly to some other theme.

"Dear Aunt," Mr. Amhurst scribbled off in a passion, "if you and Catherine care to go to the opera to-night, or could benevolently dispose of the enclosed tickets, I should remain as ever your obliged and obedient nephew." He took for himself another stall ticket, but did not occupy his seat. Going about like a private detective, with hat well over his eyes, and opera glass raised, he haunted the doorways and open vistas belonging to the various tiers opposite the box owned by Lord Allingford. He wanted to observe Mrs. Hibbert from all points of view—to observe, but not to be observed observing. And from all points of view Mrs. Hibbert looked lovely—no, handsome was certainly not the epithet to apply to her. Her low black dress showed up to advantage the dazzling whiteness of her arms and neck. She wore no ornaments save a single star of diamonds in her hair. Quiet, and absorbed in the music, she sat beside the white-haired old lord, who from time to time turned his least deaf ear deferentially towards her. They were both engrossed in the cantatrice, and gave the audience only the benefit of their intent and well contrasted profiles. In the rear of the box was the old man's buxom granddaughter, nibbling chocolate in company with a gay cavalier. Mr. Amhurst returned home in an agitated frame of mind.

The next day was the start of the fours-in-hand in Hyde Park. Our hero, with other idlers, was meditatively leaning over the palings killing time until his hour—the twilight hour—should arrive. The coaches were assembling, but the best turn out had yet to come. Everyone was awaiting it impatiently, the horses were champing, pawing, and eager to be off. However, here at last, turning the corner in grand style, appear the shining bays. The roof of the coach is already filled up with gay dresses and bright faces, only the seat next the whip is vacant. And now a quiet little brougham comes trotting up, and is brought to a standstill close beside the great coach. From out the brougham emerges firstly a miniature dove kid boot and a gleam of dove silk hose, then a shaded dove dress and black bonnet with poised wing, and lastly a black parasol, with dove-tinted ribbon streamers, held daintily in dove-gauntleted hand. Colonel Mowbray, the owner of the coach, throws the reins to the

grooms, and whisks himself off his high perch, alighting on the ground in time to steady the ladder for this dove-like apparition to mount.

"I don't feel quite like climbing so high," exclaimed Mrs. Hibbert, with a little timid laugh, as she shyly glanced upwards.

"You'll feel very like it once you're seated, I assure you," urged the Colonel encouragingly.

The ladies from the roof looked down in chill silence, while the black-coated crowd about the railings clustered more closely.

"Who is she?" "'Pon my word!" "By jove!" "Like the dove returning to the ark; Mowbray's is the hand stretched out to receive it." "Lucky dog!" "What nationality? That costume is not English." "Why, she's unique!" "See, the Prince is actually looking back at her!" Mrs. Hibbert once seated, closed her grey feathers about her, and remained for a time mutely still. At last she gasped, "It quite takes my breath away."

"What does? the furore you have created?"

"Ah, you should not laugh at me, you see it's all so new to me—I mean the magnificent horses, and the way you manage to steer your way, and the bright colours, and those beds of scented flowers, and the well-groomed crowd—it's all so typically English, it's just splendid. And it's ever so kind of you to have given me this treat."

"I am only too much honoured," answered the whip, turning from his horses to take in more closely the exquisite details of the dove-coloured costume. "It is a sight no American ought to miss," he added, almost severely.

"I am real glad I've come then."

"Of course you've got your trotting horses," he gallantly admitted.

"That's so."

"But this sort of turnout is brought to perfection only in England; in France, for instance, the horses may be as good, the driver better ——"

"Impossible!" she laughed.

"But there is always some slovenliness—a want of finished detail in the thing as a whole," he concluded, passing his lash caressingly over the sleek backs of his team.

"I reckon you're right," she said, looking up into his face with genuine admiration.

"Dear Father," Mr. Amhurst wrote in a tempest, "I wonder if you would mind my bringing down a small party at the end of the week to Hangingshaw? The fact is that Master Harry when in Paris made the acquaintance of an American widow lady—a culti-

nice and interesting woman who has had a most beneficial influence over the boy, keeping him with his nose to the grindstone, and at a distance from the frivolities. The young beggar has now gone off on a sketching tour, leaving her on my hands in London. And I feel that the family might show her some hospitality in return for her care of our prodigal. I think I could count on my aunt and Catherine being of the party (the former hinting to me on the other day that she wanted a few days of pure air without the bother of opening up her own Surrey shanty), I would look up one or two men as padding. Now if all this will bore you very much, I can easily take my widow to Wentworth, but as our house is historical and the country so typically English, I think it would be more likely to interest an intelligent American than the stucco of Wentworth. Trusting the gout is keeping in abeyance Your affectionate Son.

By return of post came the following: "My dear boy, by all means bring the widow and the rest of the trail. Anything that induces you to visit the ancestral halls will rejoice the heart of your old gouty father.

"P.S. By the way, why not punish Master Harry's desertion by appropriating the widow yourself? You know I have always wanted someone who would succeed in keeping your nose to the grindstone and at a distance from the frivolities. But I suppose you consider yourself too old a bird to be caught by that lime."

"Let me see, what are our engagements," said Lady Harpington, as she reached out her hands towards the detestable little note-book. Amhurst was not in her good graces at present, consequently she received his invitation with a mixture of severity and suspicion. "And, besides this American woman, who else are you going to have?" she asked, regarding him sternly over her high nose.

"Well, I thought of asking Phil Lambert for one; I know he is a great admirer of Catherine's."

"She has by no means a great admiration for him," pronounced her ladyship. "I suppose," she continued, with asperity, "we had better call on this Mrs. Hibbert."

"I am sure she will be delighted if you can find time to do so, but don't put yourself out in any way."

"What Hibbert is she? Is she one of the Philadelphia Hibberts; the father is minister at Berlin?"

"This lady is widow of a New York merchant."

"Ah, then, your uncle will doubtless know who she is. I will make a note about asking him. And is she settled in London?"

"No, she is only on the wing."

"Still, if we are to meet at Hangingshaw we had better call."

"I am sure she will be charmed," responded in flat tones the dutiful nephew.

"And about the day?" Here the engagement book was again brought into requisition. "Let me see—Hangingshaw, from Saturday till Monday; then shall I put down Thursday for making this call?"

"I am sure that will do very well," he said, rising with alacrity to take leave, "she is always in from five to seven."

"Those late hours, however, would not at all suit me," declared the imperious dowager. "You had better call for us at 3.30, and tell her my visit will take place at 3.45."

"All right, aunt," and Mr. Amhurst impatiently seized his hat.

"Stop a moment! we are havin' an evenin' party on the 11th, and I hope I may count upon you."

"I really can't tell what my engagements are so far ahead," he answered irritably.

"Well, when you get home put down the 11th, for the evenin', and don't be late," she said, with stern dignity.

Mr. Amhurst did not neglect to give Mrs. Hibbert an initial histrionic presentation of his aunt, for by this time the two had become very intimate. Mrs. Hibbert had laughed, but at the same time she had scolded him.

"It doesn't seem quite kind to laugh at your elderly relations," she had remonstrated.

"Wait until you see her."

"Why, you quite alarm me."

"Yes, I guess you'll quake," he drawled, with a twang.

"Well, I suppose she won't kill me."

"No, but she may wound you."

"Anyhow, you're near by to support me if I fall," she laughed, dimpling.

"Yes, I'll support you through thick and thin, you bet!"

"I suppose it's a fellow feeling that makes me wondrous kind towards your aunt, for you spare no one in your mimicry, and I feel it's particularly hard upon me, for I have taken as much pains to cultivate your English accent as I took to learn the French one."

"Well, as regards the English accent, you have signally failed to catch on," he said, shaking his head hopelessly, while he regarded her with delighted eyes.

"No doubt you are right," she went on seriously; "in fact, the longer I live in London, the more I feel my deficiencies—the low

tones and staid bearing of Englishwomen seem to be born with them."

"Wait till you see my aunt, and hear the way she pierces your ear with her *g*-less words."

"I was thinking more of the young girls, but the old faces, too, have their typical loveliness, like the pictures of the Dutch school in your National Gallery; there is about them a generous repose, breadth, and nobility. Now our aged faces are apt to be too sharp, the eyes are bright and restless, but the features are haggard and lined, and our old ladies dress their hair as if they were still young—the lack of *nuance* is shown even in their coiffure."

"Wait till you see my aunt's headgear."

"Oh, mercy! how you frighten me."

"I do it with a purpose. It is because I want to get you into the right state of mind for this visit of ceremony. Remember, it is an important event, a signal and significant move; you are going to be, as it were, introduced for the first time into the family—into my family."

"Gracious! you take my breath away," she cried, pressing her fair hands to a supposed quickly beating heart.

She would fain have kept to generalities. He had been leaning against the mantelpiece, but now he came and sat on the sofa beside her.

"I do wish you would be serious, Mrs. Hibbert."

Lightly she answered, "I will try, my friend, if you on your part will not take yourself and your relations so very solemnly. I expect to see a strong family resemblance between you and your aunt, for anything more sententious than this prologue of yours I have rarely heard." She could not help rippling with laughter, though his brow was furrowed with frowns. "You are not really angry?" she asked at last, with penitent air.

"There's a time to laugh and a time to cry," he said, with a rebuke in his voice.

"And we are here to-day and off to-morrow," she mimicked, in dolorous accents.

"I want you to be here always," he murmured sentimentally.

"Your wanting it will not, alas! make me immortal."

"You know I don't mean in that sense."

"It seems to me," she said, rising, "that what you want is your dinner, for your conversation to-day is not so bright as usual; in fact, it is what you English would call 'dry.'"

"I am hurrying on matters too quickly, I am forcing her hand.

What is to become of me, what shall I do!" groaned Mr. Amhurst, as back in Curzon Street he flung himself heavily into his armchair.

"I suppose you do a great deal of shopping here?" questioned her ladyship, looking above Mrs. Hibbert at the ceiling.

"No, I don't think I have entered a shop since I came to London. I get all my things from Paris; and you, do you shop much?" sweetly asked our American in her turn.

Lady Harpington dropped the tortoise-shell eyeglass which she was raising from her girdle, and looked fixedly across the room at Mr. Amhurst.

"Mamma has things sent to her from the shops, her time is very much occupied; she does not give much thought to dress," answered Lady Catherine.

"And how do you manage to pass the time? I thought Americans were never happy unless they were shoppin'," resumed her ladyship, after a pause.

"Well, I owe a great deal to your family," declared Mrs. Hibbert cordially; "both your nephew and grandnephew have been very kind and helpful to me, and I have a few other English friends, whose hospitality has made my sojourn in England extremely pleasant."

"I heard that you had the box seat on Colonel Mowbray's coach the other day," continued the old lady severely.

"And you, I suppose you are quite tired of coaching?" in her turn queried Mrs. Hibbert.

Again the lorgnette was dropped, and again irate eyes were turned towards Mr. Amhurst. "I don't think mamma was ever on a coach in her life," replied Lady Catherine.

For a moment the fair brows of the hostess contracted, as she tried to conjecture what felicitous subject she could introduce that would help to cement together the rough edges of her party.

"I suppose your ladyship is much occupied with religion?" she tentatively hazarded.

The hand that held the poised eyeglass trembled ominously. Mr. Amhurst coughed, he dared not laugh. Lady Catherine was again heroically prepared to fill in the breach, when the door opened, and the waiter announced "Mr. Silas P. Hopkins."

"Why, I declare, is it really you, brother! Come right in!" exclaimed Mrs. Hibbert, dropping into her national accent, while she warmly embraced an outlandish looking old man of the sea.

"Well, I guess it's no other than Silas P. Hopkins from Bethlehem, 'Frisco." Then oblivious of the company, he put his hands on his

sister's shoulders and went on brokenly: "Sis, I don't deserve this welcome—I am a bird of ill omen—I bring you bad news."

"From New York?" she asked, with white parted lips.

"No, no, from 'Frisco," he answered dejectedly. "Your money, which I invested in those mines, all Tim's savings, have been swept clean away—the mines have turned out a swindle."

"Poor Silas, poor Silas! how you must have suffered!" she murmured soothingly, as she rained down upon his bent head a shower of soft kisses.

"But, my poor girl, it's you who are the chief sufferer."

"Do I look like it?" she asked, with brave radiance.

"Well, it's a dizzy world this," exclaimed the old man, shaking his head in a perplexed way; "neither you nor the doctor seem to realise the position. When I told him the disaster, all he remarked was, 'I'm glad I am not in the same boat; luckily for me I've been coining this year;' however, his egoism stopped there, for he said he would go to Europe with me, as he has been commissioned to investigate the Koch cure, and he has done everything he could to take my mind off the subject; but it's no use, I can think of nothing else. I left him to do the Custom House business in Liverpool, for I felt if I did not unburden myself to you right away, I should burst."

"Poor Silas, poor Silas!" reiterated Mrs. Hibbert as she gently drew her brother down on the sofa, and clasping the weather-beaten hands in her own, she added comfortingly: "You must remember that you did not want the responsibility of the money, it was I who had such belief in those mines."

"But that does not make the loss the less, my poor child."

"Dear brother, nothing much matters as long as we love one another. I have paid up as I have gone along, and I am strong enough to be able to reef in my sails at a moment's notice."

"You're a true American, Sis!" he exclaimed, his dim eyes kindling.

After seeing his aunt and cousin to their carriage, Amhurst did not return to the hotel. It was not because he did not wish to go back; on the contrary, it was pain and anguish to deny himself. Yet he felt it a duty—a duty he almost owed to his country—to think out the subject of Catherine, or rather to pause and consider before taking an irrevocable step. There was his cousin with her fifteen thousand on the one hand, and, on the other hand, there was Mrs. Hibbert minus her twenty thousand. Catherine was distinctly the more distinguished looking of the two, and she was a good girl,

and during this afternoon visit had borne herself with dignity, and she was not insistent like her mother.

As he pondered over the subject, and weighed well the advantages of the cousinly connection, and the satisfaction it would afford his family and friends—yea, even his enemies—his step gradually lost its elasticity, the spring of his imaginings ran down like clock-work, his face assumed a prosaic, bored expression, and his low whistling ceased. "No, hang it, I can't!" he exclaimed aloud.

"I did not *ask* for a copper, your honour," responded close at his elbow a roguish little crossing-sweeper.

Amhurst pulled himself together and shut his mouth, but opened his purse. The child's grateful beaming face acted like a pick-me-up. "The darling!" he murmured, not, however, to the crossing-sweeper.

Meanwhile Catherine, with her chill manner and correct bearing, locked out both the one and the other from her room that night. By the side of a low sofa, at the foot of her bed, she sunk down, flinging out tense arms over the cool chintz cover. "Make me worthy of him, make me worthy of him!" she moaned. She did not sob or cry out, no tears fell from the strained, pained eyes. She only stretched herself writhingly, and with low reiteration she went on, "Make me worthy of him—take away all bitter feelings against this other woman—guide me—help me—raise me up—make me worthy of him—or—or—if it must be so, make her worthy of him." Pityingly she kissed her rounded white arms, which had grown chill in the wan moonlight. Then shivering she rose, undressed, and lay down in bed with wide open eyes, waiting in passive patience for the morning.

On the following day she was herself again, with her head poised proudly on her swan-like neck, and the conventional gravel well raked over last night's trodden ground.

Long before his accustomed hour, Mr. Amhurst knocked at the door of the sitting-room in Edwards' Hotel. Mrs. Hibbert was alone, and standing somewhat like a ghost in the middle of the room, robed in a loose white gown. There was a subtle change in her whole appearance, her face was pale, and her eyes seemed as if tears had faded them. Amhurst had never known her look so touching or so loveable. A certain grave dimness had come over the glittering brilliance of her beauty.

"Ah, it is you," she exclaimed, somewhat confused. There was the least little trace of worry in her tones. "Now you are here, I will not turn you away, but as you came in I was just thinking I would go to bed to get a rest until dinner, when the doctor returns.

The fact is, he and I sat up talking till late last night, and I feel quite a sick woman now."

She turned an appealing face to her guest, meaning him to take upon himself his own dismissal. But he, man-like, full of his own intents and purposes, looked on her fragility only from a pictorial point of view. Besides, he liked her this way better than all other ways, better than in her flawless beauty, or in her faultless self-control, or in her moneyed serenity. It made him feel at once more at his ease, more master of the situation. He gently led her to her *chaise-longue.*

"I am so grieved that you should be weary, for I want you to give me a hearing," he said, as he drew in a chair close beside her.

She could hear his breath coming fast, and his eyes, fixed upon her, pained her like a burning-glass.

"Oh, I have given you hearings enough," she answered lightly. "Let us put off this grand peroration of yours," and she made an effort to rise from the chair.

"But, Mrs. Hibbert, you must hear me," he cried, taking strong possession of her hands.

"No, no, no, not to-day," she urgently protested.

"I cannot wait any longer," he said desperately.

Bursting into tears, she forcibly withdrew her hands from his clasp.

"My darling," he murmured, "from the first day I saw you I loved you, you surely knew it."

"No, indeed, indeed: do stop, Mr. Amhurst, and let me speak."

"No, let me finish. I want you to consent to be my wife. I want you to go to Hangingshaw to-morrow as my *fiancée.* Make me supremely happy by saying yes!" And he looked brightly up into her distressed face.

"Oh, Mr. Amhurst, I am so sorry—so grieved. I surely have never given you any idea that I could love you, or ever marry you. I would not for the world give you pain—but I am engaged—engaged to the doctor. We had it all out last night. I have been in correspondence with him ever since I left the States. At first his letters only agitated and unsettled me; I was not then capable of appreciating them. But gradually, as I saw more of other men, and other ways, and other modes of thinking, I came to think differently of both him and his letters; until at last the American mail day was a date always marked with a white cross in my calendar. But I am talking too much about myself!"

"No, no, go on," he sighed, bending his head to kiss her hand.

"Then all my energies became concentrated in making myself worthy of him, worthy of his disinterested attachment. I tried to raise myself up out of my littleness. And now, how I love him, oh, how I love him!" She buried her face in her hands, and the hot tears trickled through her slender fingers.

"And does he find you improved?" he asked prosaically, scarce knowing what he said.

"Well," resumed Mrs. Hibbert, regaining her serenity, "he has not stated it; it was mostly fault-finding last night," she said humbly, shaking the dewdrops from her soft shining eyes, while she packed her handkerchief into a little damp ball. "For instance," she went on, "he showed me how wrong it was for me to tell you that my late husband—poor Tim—was a merchant, instead of a storekeeper. He said I ought to be proud of him and his calling. Well, I am proud of Tim and of the good name he left behind him, but I can't feel just like being proud of the store; but I mean to work out that and other things, and in the meantime I apologise to you for having given you an incorrect idea of my exact position."

"Oh, Mrs. Hibbert," interposed he, with a protesting wave of the hand, "those things don't matter."

"Yes, but the doctor says they just do matter; for if one is slipshod over small things, one will never be earnestly accurate over the great questions. He says there is no use in education if it does not help one to live up to a high standard."

A firm, quick, decided step was heard coming up the stairs.

"Here he comes!" and the tears were hastily mopped up. "Now" (in a quick friendly whisper), "lift up your head, and look spry, for I have told him that you are just lovely."

Mr. Amhurst did lift up his head, though he signally failed to look either spry or lovely.

The conquering hero came into the room very modestly, very shyly, very quietly. After the introduction he shook hands with Amhurst, fixing upon him at the same time observant, experienced eyes. Then with a quick turn to Mrs. Hibbert, who sat paling and flushing on the sofa, he said abruptly, "You look a real sick woman, you had better go and rest in your room. We've come down upon her too suddenly; we've upset her," he explained to Amhurst, contritely.

"Well, aint you gone yet?" he asked with a laugh, his full lips wavering a little, as he delightedly looked down upon her hanging hoveringly on his arm.

"I will go as soon as you have thanked this good friend here for his own, and his nephew's kindness to me; it is mostly owing to them that I have had such a good time while in England."

"Sir, I do indeed thank you, and if you ever visit the States, I hope you will not forget to look up this lady in my house," said the doctor.

"I say, old fellow," called out Amhurst, stopping a man who was hurrying down the steps of a club, "you asked me the other day if I would go with you to the Caucasus. I said no then, but now I say yes, if you still hold to your plan."

"Well, you need not look so tragic over your affirmative."

"Provided," went on our hero, frowning, "there is no other fellow going with you."

"Zounds! I should as soon think of asking any one but yourself to accompany me as I should think of proposing to a casual wayfarer to come and pray with me."

"All right! when do you start?"

"To-morrow morning at seven sharp."

"Well, then, I'm your man."

Upon which the two separated. Is it not Georges Sand who says that all our grand travelling is simply a cowardly running away?

Among the letters Mr. Amhurst wrote before leaving was an apologetic one addressed to Hangingshaw: "Dear Father," it began, "I am off to the Caucasus with a friend. My party has fallen through. Aunt Harpington, on second thoughts, declined. I am apt, you know, to count my eggs before they are hatched" (this was meant to throw dust in his father's eyes; but the old gentleman, though gouty, was quick-witted).

"Depend upon it the American widow has thrown him over," he dryly remarked, as he threw the letter across the breakfast-table to his wife.

"But, my dear, this seems an allusion to Catherine."

The husband looked over his glasses with affectionate toleration at his handsome white-haired spouse. It had never been a detriment in his eyes that she was somewhat "slow at the uptak'," "it goes with qualities that dovetail into my deficiencies," was his private theory.

Mr. Amhurst did, in the course of time—time the great healer—pay a visit to the United States, and was hospitably entertained in New York at the house of its most celebrated physician, whose charming wife supplied him with valuable statistics for his ponderous

volume on the American Republic. Catherine in the course of time —time the great healer—married Phil Lambert. Master Harry, to the surprise of his family, took a first class at Oxford—a standing which he modestly declared he owed entirely to the stimulating influence of a fair American. Amhurst, when not collecting American statistics, passes penitentially all his disengaged evenings in the company of his old Aunt Harpington.

ANURADHAPURA: A PRE-CHRISTIAN CITY.

AMONG the many scenes of interest to the traveller in Ceylon, none is more startling than to find himself amid the ruins of the far-famed pre-Christian city Anuradhapura, the once mighty capital of the isle.

These ruins are totally unlike anything which I have seen in other countries. For my own part, the feeling they inspire is not so much admiration as wonder and bewilderment as one wanders in every direction, walking or riding, only to come to more and more and more ruins—ruins wrought by war and by ruthless treasure-seekers, but far more extensively and effectually by the silent growth of vegetation, which, fastening into every neglected crevice, has overthrown massive masonry, which, but for these insidious parasites, might have defied time. Two characteristics are specially striking—the incalculable multitude of tall monoliths, not rude stone monuments, but accurately hewn pillars of stone or granite, which in some cases must evidently have supported roofs, or some sort of building; while a great number, capped with a beautifully sculptured crown, form the ornamental surroundings of the Cyclopean dagobas,[1] or relic-shrines, which are the most prominent features of the whole place. These are gigantic masses of solid brickwork, built in the form of a bell, and crowned with a sort of spire called a Tee, which symbolises the honorific umbrella. These huge piles are estimated to contain millions of cubic feet, and somewhere near the summit of each a secret chamber was constructed, wherein was deposited some worshipful fragment of Buddha himself, or of one of his saints, surrounded by costly offerings. The means of access to this chamber was known only o the priests, but it is recorded in the Book of the Chronicles of Ceylon, the Maha-wanso, that when about B.C. 161 King Dutugemunu had built the Ruanweli, or "Golden Dust," dagoba, he ascended to the summit by means of a temporary

[1] From *datu*, a relic, and *gabbhan*, a shrine; or from *deha*, the body, and *goka*, that which preserves.

winding staircase, and thence descended into the sacred chamber, wherein he deposited the precious casket containing the relic, whatever it was, and various other treasures.

Of course, in exploring any scene of ancient historic interest, it is essential to have gathered previously as much information as possible regarding it, for nowhere does the eye so truly see what it brings the capacity for seeing as in visiting the ruined cities of bygone ages. This is certainly true of this labyrinth of ruinous brickwork and sculptured stones, so bewildering till one begins to get something like a clue to its main features. In point of fact, most of what remains of the once mighty city of Anuradhapura, the magnificent, lies buried beneath from six to fifteen feet of soil, waiting for a whole army of excavators to come and supplement the feeble force now working for Government. And yet, although the forest now overgrows the whole plain, so that the only break in your long ride is an occasional open tract, where fine old trees grow singly, as in an English park, enough remains above ground to enable you to recall vivid visions of the past. For a space of sixteen square miles, the somewhat scrubby jungle, stunted by the prevalence of droughts, is but a veil for the masses of masonry and brickwork; a wilderness of granite pillars, with richly carved capitals and flights of steps, some covered with intricate carving, as perfect to-day as when, two thousand years ago, they were trodden by the unsandalled feet of reverent worshippers or busy merchants. The designs of the stairs are beautiful; on either side supported by rich scroll patterns and graceful figures, overshadowed by the seven-headed cobra supposed to be the emblem of vigilance, while the huge semicircular stone which forms the lowest step (commonly called "a moonstone") generally represents a sacred lotus blossom, round which circle rows of horses, elephants, bullocks, and the invariable geese held sacred by all ancient nations. These stones are peculiar to Ceylon, and, strange to say, no two of them are exactly alike in arrangement of detail.

Broad roads have been cleared through the dense jungle, embracing the chief points of interest, and, as you ride slowly along these or any of the innumerable pilgrim paths which here intersect the forest, you see on every side the same wilderness of hewn stones, heaped up in dire confusion, all overturned by the insidious growth of vegetation, and at last you emerge at some huge bathing tank, all of carved stonework; or it may be on the brink of a great artificial lake formed by an embankment of cyclopean masonry. Or else you find yourself in presence of some huge figure of Buddha—perhaps reclining in the dreamless repose of Nirvana, perhaps sitting in ceaseless

contemplation of the lovely forest—a mighty image of dark stone brought from afar at some remote time when worshippers were legion.

Now, perhaps a handful of flowers or some ashes of burnt camphor tell of some solitary villager who has here offered his simple prayer. Or the object which suddenly presents itself to your sight may be one of the gigantic dagobas, of which I have already spoken —one of many similar buildings which lie scattered in various parts of Ceylon in the silent depths of vast forests, which now cover the sites where once stood busy, populous cities.

It is recorded in the ancient chronicles that on great festivals these dagobas were festooned from base to summit with endless garlands of the most fragrant and lovely flowers, till the whole building resembled some huge shrub in blossom. Others were literally buried beneath heaps of jessamine. One of the relic shrines which was thus adorned, the Jetawanarama, towered to a height of 316 feet. Though no reverent hands now garland this desolate shrine, kind nature still strews it with fairest blossoms, and has covered it right up to the summit with trees of largest growth, all matted together with beautiful flowering creepers. These have now been in a measure cleared away, so as to reveal the form of the gigantic dome, capped with a ruinous red spire, four storeys high, circular on a square base. Tall monoliths and sculptured figures at the base of this huge mass of masonry afford the eye a standard by which to estimate its height. My own feeling, as I sat at work sketching it, as in duty bound, was of amazement that any human beings could have constructed an object so oppressively large, useless, and hideous.

The oldest and most venerated of all these great buildings is the Thuparama dagoba. It was built by King Dewananpia Tissa, "The Delight of the Gods," who ascended the throne B.C. 307, and, having obtained possession of Buddha's right collar-bone, proceeded to build this wonderful shrine for its reception. (I cannot refrain from remarking how culpably careless were poor Prince Gautama's cremators! The dagoba at Kala-wewa purports to contain his jaw-bone, while another at Bintenne was erected B.C. 164, to contain a bone from his thorax.) The height of the Thuparama dagoba is about 63 feet.

The slim monolithic columns all round it are peculiarly elegant, though unmeaning except as ornaments. A similar arrangement of three rows of pillars of equally delicate workmanship, numbering respectively 20, 28, and 40, surround the Lankarama, which is a smaller but very fine dagoba of unknown date. It is attributed to King Maha Sen, who succeeded to the throne A.D. 275, and who, having in the earlier years of his reign adopted a creed known to

orthodox Buddhists as "the Wytulian heresy" (supposed to have been Brahminical), had done all in his power to suppress Buddhism and destroy its monuments; but, finding that the inevitable result would be to raise a general rebellion, he recanted and became a zealous Buddhist, not only rebuilding all the monuments and priests' houses which he had destroyed, but building new ones to outvie those of his predecessors.

The chief of these is the Jetawanarama, which, though not originally quite so large as the Abayagiria, was 316 feet high, and is still 249 feet, with a diameter of 360. Sir James Emerson Tennant calculated that even now it measures twenty millions of cubical feet, giving sufficient material to raise eight thousand houses, each with twenty feet frontage, which would form thirty streets half a mile in length, and would construct a town the size of Ipswich or Coventry, or form a wall one foot in thickness and ten feet in height reaching from London to Edinburgh! Now this mountain of brickwork is covered to the very summit with large trees of such frugal habit as apparently to live on air, for they surely can find no subsistence in the crumbling bricks.

Those slim columns with the ornamental crown which never supported anything are most puzzling, no one having any idea why they were erected. The only rude parallel which occurs to me as possibly throwing light on the subject, is a custom which prevails in certain tribes in the Kassia Hills, on the confines of Upper India, where a cromlech is erected over the ashes of the dead, whose spirits are invoked by the living. Should the prayers thus offered be granted, a great monolith is erected close to the tomb in acknowledgment thereof, and in due course of time these multiply, so that some favoured tombs are surrounded with a large group of such tributes of gratitude. It is just possible that this rude phase of ancestor worship may give us the clue to the more elaborate productions of a highly civilised race, whose object was equally the invocation of the dead. Whatever the meaning that may have once attached to them, it is now utterly forgotten even by the priests.

As regards the dagobas themselves, there are now two classes: first, those that were built as depositories for sacred relics (these include all the cyclopean buildings); and secondly, a multitude of small ones, which were merely hollow, circular domes, built over a lower square chamber which was the receptacle for the ashes of some cremated monk or nun. Apparently the only means of access to this chamber beneath the square platform was by a square opening beneath the dome; but when once the dome had been erected, the living might no more enter the chamber of the dead. Within the chamber, at the four corners, forming a sort of octagon, were stone-slabs bearing

the name of the dead and a short catalogue of his or her good deeds, together with a representation of Buddha's feet, the trident, the sun and moon, and other Buddhistic emblems.

Unfortunately, at Anuradhapura most of these tomb dagobas have been destroyed by sacrilegious treasure-seekers.

Though the dagobas in this place are specially interesting as being the largest and oldest in Ceylon, the same form is reproduced in many more modern cities, and in connection with Buddhist temples all over the isle—all built on the same pattern, namely, a circular building on a square platform.[1]

At Chi-Chen in Central America there are ancient buildings which in size, form of dome, and the ornamental tower or Tee on the summit, are said to be apparently identical with those of Ceylon. It would be interesting to know whether they have also the square platform.

It is worthy of note that the commonest type of grave all over North China, from Shanghai to Peking, simply consists of a circular earthen mound erected on a square platform of earth, the mound being generally crowned by a spire or nob. These are made in miniature for the very poor, very large for the wealthy, and cyclopean for emperors. This combination is the mystic symbolism which to the Chinaman represents the dual principle in nature. The square is the feminine symbol, and represents the Earth. The circle suggests the male principle, and symbolises Heaven. The same principle is worked out in the construction of the great temples of Heaven and Earth at Peking.[2]

It is interesting and curious to find this ancient symbolism revered and perpetuated by the professors of a creed to which such details are certainly foreign. The external square was repeated by an internal pillar which marked the exact centre of the dagoba—in the case of the tomb dagoba the pillar was sometimes square, sometimes circular. It was about a foot square, and rose about four feet above ground, and on it rested the casket containing the ashes of jaw dead. Such caskets were generally miniature dagobas of the a bon bell shape.

about the construction of the gigantic relic shrines it appears that

[1] The Thuparama and Laukarama dagobas are apparently exceptions to this though r though the tall circular spire rests on a square platform on the summit three rc goba, the great massive buildings are raised on circular mounds.

respectively [2] *Wanderings in China*, by C. F. Gordon Cumming, vol. ii., pages ., 322. See also "A Ground Plan of the Temple of Heaven," and smaller but ve mb-temples," in *Meeting the Sun*, by Will. Simpson, F.R.G.S. King Maha Sen, & Co. Pages 176 and 190–193.

having in the earl

in the first place the exact centre was marked by an upright monolith accurately squared, and placed so as to have the four sides true to the points of the compass. The squares of the platform and outer wall were then marked out; also the true circle for the dagoba; and the whole was built up solidly—no chamber of any sort till the appointed height was reached, perhaps fifteen feet from the summit. But so soon as the central square pillar was built up, another was placed on the top of it, "truly perpendicular, and securely fixed in position by mortise and tenon." Thus it was carried right up from the base to a height of from 200 to 400 feet to the relic-chamber, which was formed as a perfect square facing the cardinal points; and here, as in the tomb dagobas, this stone pillar projected about four feet through the floor; it was overlaid with gold and supported a circular golden tray, on which was laid the casket containing the precious relic, which may have been only a hair from a saint's eye-brow, or a revered toe-nail, but was probably accompanied by treasures of very much greater interest, which fully accounts for the anxiety of ruthless marauders to pillage these depositories.

Here, for example, is a list published by Mr. Wickremasinghe of the various objects enshrined in a dagoba at Hanguranketa: "Two gold chains and two medals studded with valuable gems, 160 silver images, 199 bronze images, 604 precious stones, 2,000 uncut stones, and many other objects, including two boards for binding a book, of silver and gold studded with gems; five books of the Vinaya Pitaka written on silver plates; seven books of the Abhidharma Litaka on silver plates, as also a number of other books; one book written on 900 copper plates each three spans long, and extracts from various religious books written on 37 plates of gold, each plate weighing five English sovereigns."

Of the gigantic relic dagobas there are seven within the limits of Anuradhapura itself, without reference to those at Mehintale and elsewhere in the neighbourhood. These seven are—

	Supposed original height	Present height	Diameter at base	Date begun
	ft.	ft.	ft.	
1. Thuparama . . .	—	62½	59	B.C. 307
2. Mirisawetiya . . .	—	82½	164	B.C. 164
3. Kuanweli	270	189	379	B.C. 161
4. Abayagiria . . .	405	231	325	B.C. 89
5. Jetawanarama . .	316	249	360	A.D. 302
6. Lankarama . . .	—	32½	44	Unknown
7. Sela Chaitiya . . .	20	Too ruinous to ascertain		B.C. 119

The latter, though generally known by this name, which means "The Stone Temple," is properly called the Lajjika-vihara, having been built by King Lajjitissa. Though small and in very ruinous condition, it is deemed very sacred, and its stone carving and stairways are considered very fine.

Of the other dagobas which are scattered about in the jungle, I may mention the Kiri Wihara ("Milk Temple"), which is so entirely buried beneath encroaching earth, that its existence is only known by the tradition which declares it to lie buried beneath a huge grassy mound.

All the dagobas at Anuradhapura are built of brick, and perhaps their erection here was suggested by the fact of finding building material in such abundance, in the form of beds of clay ready for the manufacture of millions of bricks—though, strange to say, the ancient chronicles relate how, to facilitate the building of the Ruanweli dagoba, one of the gods created the requisite quantity of bricks at a place sixteen miles distant, but there is no record of their having been miraculously transported to the spot.

Of course, in viewing these ruinous red mounds it requires an effort of imagination to picture them as they appeared when so thickly coated with chunam as to resemble huge domes of polished cream-coloured marble. This chunam was still in use when the oldest European bungalows were built, and gives their pillared verandahs a delightfully cool appearance; but this manufacture is a lost art, though it is known that chunam was a preparation of lime made from burnt oyster-shells mixed with the water of cocoa-nuts and the glutinous juice of the fruit called Paragaha.[1]

Of vanished glories, one of the chief must have been the Monara, or Mayura-paya, *i.e.* the "Peacock Palace of the Kings," so called not only from the brilliancy of the colours with which it was painted externally, but also from the abundance of precious stones, gold and silver, employed in its decoration. It is described as having been a building three storeys high, with ranges of cool rooms underground. Whatever may still remain of it is all underground, buried beneath a grassy mound; but round it, as if keeping sentry round the royal palace, stand a circle of fine stone pillars with beautifully sculptured capitals. But the crowning marvel of Anuradhapura was the Lowa-maha-paya, or "Great Brazen Palace," a monastery built by King Dutugemunu about B.C. 164, for the accommodation of one thousand priests, or rather monks, for such they were. It was nine storeys high, probably pyramidal, so that the top storey was much smaller than

[1] Dillena dentata.

the lowest. The latter was built up from a foundation supported by sixteen hundred granite pillars, all of which the Rajavali implies were covered with copper. Each priest had his own little dormitory, and (as no great man could possibly allow his inferior to sit higher than himself) the poor old priests of highest rank had to occupy the uppermost rooms, just under the roof with its glittering brazen tiles—rather warm quarters on a hot summer's day!

A most interesting account of this palace and its various apartments has been preserved in the Maha-wanso, which is the book of ancient national chronicles. In one great hall were golden pillars, supported by golden statues of lions and elephants, while the walls were inlaid with flower-patterns of costly gems, and festoons of pearls. In the centre stood a magnificent ivory throne of wondrous workmanship, for the high-priest, while above it was the white chatta or umbrella, the Oriental type of sovereignty. On either side of this throne there were set a golden image of the sun, and a silver one of the moon; and the whole palace was richly carpeted, and full of luxurious couches and divans. Amongst the curious statistics of the "Great Brazen Palace," we hear of a stone canoe, twenty-five cubits long, made to contain some special drink for the thousand priests—a very jovial species of punch-bowl! A huge hollowed stone, 63 feet long, 3½ feet broad, and 2 feet 10 inches in depth, was pointed out to us among the ruins of this great monastery as having been used for this purpose, while another hollowed block of granite, 10 feet long, 2 feet deep, and 6 feet wide, lying near the Jetawanarama, was shown as that wherein the daily allowance of rice was measured out. Certainly the proportion of sack was largely in excess of the solids.

Minute details are given of the daily rations provided for all these priests of the king's bounty, as also of the vessels of sugar, buffalo butter, and honey provided for the builders, whose work, however, did not prove enduring, for in the following reign this "Tower of Babel" had to be taken down, and it was rebuilt only seven storeys high. Two hundred years later these were reduced to five storeys, and seventy years afterwards, in A.D. 240, it must have been entirely rebuilt, as the reigning monarch changed the position of the supporting pillars. When (A.D. 275) King Maha Sen succeeded to the throne, full of iconoclastic zeal, he demolished this lofty "Clergy-house" as well as many more buildings connected with Buddhism, and used them as quarries for the erection of new shrines for the images supposed to have been sanctioned by "the Wytulian heresy." But when he threw over his new love to return to the old, he rebuilt

the "Brazen Temple" and all else that he had destroyed. Unfortunately some of the 1,600 granite monoliths had been broken, so to make up the number a certain number were split. This was done by boring holes in the stones and therein driving wooden wedges, on to which water was poured to make the wood swell, a simple but effective device, which was first adopted in England about two thousand years later.

How strange it is to think that when our ancestors sailed the stormy seas in their little skin-covered wicker boats, or paddled canoes more roughly hollowed from trees than those quaint outriggers which here excite our wonder, Ceylon was the chief centre of Eastern traffic, having its own fleet of merchant ships, wherein to export (some say) its superfluous grain—certainly other products—to distant lands. Possibly its traffic may even have extended to Rome, to whose historians it was known as Taprobane, and of whose coins as many as eighteen hundred of the reigns of Constantine and other emperors have been found at Batticaloa. Think, too, that while Britons wore a full dress of only woad, and lived in wattle huts, these islanders had vast cities with stately palaces and other great buildings, and monuments whose ruins, even now, vie in dimensions with the Egyptian Pyramids. Besides these massive ruins, and this endless profusion of sculptured granite columns and noble stairs which once led up to stately temples, how poor and mean do all the modern temples appear, with their wooden pillars and walls of clay, the work of pigmy descendants of giants!

Here, four hundred years before the birth of Christ, all that constituted Eastern luxury reigned supreme. Great tanks watered beautiful gardens, and in the streets busy life fretted and toiled. Allowing largely for Oriental exaggeration, we can form some idea of the greatness of the city from the native annals, which tell how, including these tanks and gardens, it covered two hundred and fifty-six square miles, the whole of which was enclosed by a strong outer wall, which was not completed till the first century after Christ. From the north gate to the south gate measured sixteen miles, and the old chronicles tell us that it would take a man four hours to walk from the north to the south gate, or across the city from the rising to the setting sun. The writer enumerates the principal streets, and it gives a strangely familiar touch to hear of Great King Street, while Moon Street reminds us of the planet worship of the early Singhalese. Moon Street consisted of eleven thousand houses, many of which were large beautiful mansions two storeys high. There were lesser streets without number, bearing the name of the caste

or profession of its inhabitants. All were level and straight; the broad carriage-way was sprinkled with glittering white sand, while the foot-path on either side was covered with dark sand. Thus the foot-passengers were protected from the dangers of the swift riders, chariots, and carriages. Some carriages were drawn by four horses. There were elephants innumerable, rich merchants, archers, jugglers, women laden with flowers for temple-offerings, and crowds of all sorts. Not only had they cunning craftsmen of all manner of trades, but the most minute care was bestowed on such practical matters as the sanitation of their cities. Thus, in Anuradhapura there was a corps of two hundred men whose sole work was the daily removal of all impurities from the city, besides a multitude of sweepers; one hundred and fifty men were told off to carry the dead to the cemeteries, which were well cared for by numerous officials. "Naked mendicants and fakirs," "castes of the heathen," and the aboriginal Yakkos and Nagas, *i.e.* the demon- and snake-worshippers, each had distinct settlements allotted to them in the suburbs.

Within the city there were halls for music and dancing, temples of various religions (all of which received liberal support from the earlier kings), almshouses and hospitals both for man and beasts, the latter receiving a special share of attention. One of the kings was noted for his surgical skill in treating the diseases of elephants, horses, and snakes; another set aside rice to feed the squirrels in his garden, and a third devoted the produce of a thousand fields to provide for the care of sick animals. At every corner of the countless streets were houses for preaching, that all the passers-by might learn the wisdom of Buddha, whose temples then, as now, were daily strewn with the choicest flowers, garlands of jessamine, and the fragrant champac-blossoms, and beautiful white and pink water-lilies (the sacred symbolical lotus). On all great festivals the streets were spanned by arches covered with gold and silver flags, while in the niches were placed statues holding lamps or golden vases full of flowers. At a later date the records of Pollonarua are almost identical with these.

Yet ere long both these cities were doomed to be forsaken. The huge tanks which watered the gardens and irrigated all the land were left to go to utter ruin, and for centuries all has lain hushed and still. When foreigners invaded the isle it was the policy of the Kandyans to keep the interior inaccessible, so there were only difficult paths through dense jungle; consequently, although Knox had written of the wonderful ruins through which he had passed when making his escape from his long captivity in Kandy, they continued unknown till they were rediscovered by Lieut. Skinner, about 1833,

when surveying for his great work of road-making. At that time the site of the great city was the haunt of vast herds of elephants, sambur and fallow deer, buffalo, monkeys, and jackals. Porcupines and leopards sought shelter among the ruins, the tanks were alive with pelicans, flamingoes, and other aquatic birds, and large flocks of pea-fowl sought refuge in the cool shade, or sunned themselves in the green glades where once were busy streets. Of course, with the return of so many human beings, these shy creatures have retreated to more secluded hiding-places. Here and there, on the outskirts of Anuradhapura, there are great heaps of stones—huge cairns—to which, even to this day, each passer-by must, without fail, add a stone, though the people have long since utterly forgotten what event they commemorate.

Imagine such a fate as this creeping over the great capitals where a hundred and sixty-five successive kings reigned in all the pomp and luxury of an Oriental Court. Their history has been handed down to us in the Mahawanso, or "Genealogy of the Great," that precious manuscript to which frequent reference is so necessary to a right understanding of events in Ceylon. Its first section, which was compiled about the year A.D. 470, from native annals, treats of the Great Dynasty—*i.e.* the kings who reigned from 543 B.C. to 301 A.D.—after which comes the history of those who are classed as the Sulu-wanse, or "Lower race," although that list includes the great King Prakrama Bahu, by whose orders the work was completed up to his time—*i.e.* 1266 A.D. Finally, it was carried on to the year 1758 A.D. by command of the last King of Kandy, all compiled from authentic native documents. Being written in Pali verse, none but the most learned priests could possibly read it, and, as a matter of fact, no one seems to have been able to do so when in 1826 Mr. Turnour, of the Ceylon Civil Service, set himself to master this terribly difficult task, and with marvellous patience and ingenuity succeeded in so doing. Therein we obtain the clue to what at first seems such a mystery—how a race which produced work so wonderful as these great cities, a people so powerful and in some respects so wise as those old Singhalese—themselves, we must remember, conquerors from Northern India—should have been driven from province to province till all their old power and energy seems to have died out.

The mischief seems to have begun when the King of Anuradhapura first took into his pay mercenary troops from Malabar. These were the Tamils, whose descendants remain to this day. They rebelled, slew the king, and held the throne for twenty years.

Driven from the island they returned, and again held it for forty years. Once more they were expelled, and once more fresh hordes poured in from Malabar, and landing simultaneously on all parts of the island, again took possession of the capital, where some settled, while others returned to the mainland laden with plunder. During all these years an ever-returning contest was maintained between the Buddhists and their Brahmin invaders. There was the usual pulling-down and building-up of temples, so that by A.D. 300 the native records declare that the glory of the city was utterly destroyed, and the royal race of Children of the Sun had been exterminated. Nevertheless it continued to be a great powerful town, enclosed by strong walls.

The struggle with the Malabars continued till about A.D. 726, when the kings forsook Anuradhapura, and made Pollonarua, farther to the south, their capital, and more beautiful than the old city. Still the Malabars pushed on, and overran every corner of the island. At length, A.D. 1155, a mighty king arose, by name Prakrama Bahu, who with a strong hand delivered his country, and driving out the invaders, established peace and security. He rebuilt the temples of Buddha, and made or restored fifteen hundred tanks, and canals without number, to irrigate and fertilise the thirsty land. Yet thirty years after the death of this great, good man, his family had become so utterly weak through their incessant quarrels, that the Malabars once more returned and seized the tempting prize. And so the story of strife continued till in 1505 the Portuguese came, and then followed the further complications of the struggles between Portuguese and Dutch, and later, the French and English took their turn as disquieting elements.

But the consequence of all these fightings was the removal of the seat of government from one part of the isle to another, so that in many a now desolate jungle there still remain some ruins of ancient cities which successively claimed the honour of being the capital for the time being. The oldest of these was Tamana-nuwara, which was the capital of Wijayo the Conqueror, B.C. 543. His successor founded Oopatissa-nuwara, calling it after himself. Then Maagama and Kellania had their turns before Anuradhapura asserted its supremacy. With the exception of eighteen years when Kaasyapa (the parricide and suicide) lived on the fortified rock of Sigiri, and one year when King Kaloona removed the capital to Dondra, or Dewa-nuwara, the "City of the Gods," and likewise committed suicide, Anuradhapura reigned supreme for 1,353 years, when it was abandoned in favour of Pollonarua; three hundred years later Anuradhapura became the capital

during one stormy reign, and Roohoona, Kalu-totta, and Kaacharagama were each the royal home for a brief interval. Then came the reign of the great King Prakrama, when the glory of Pollonarua was at its height, and continued the capital during the seventeen changes of sovereignty which followed in the twenty years after his death. From 1235 to the end of the century Dambadiniya was the chief city, then Pollonarua had another turn. After this, Kurunegalla, Gampola, Sengada-galla-nuwara, Kandy, and Cotta were successively the royal head-quarters. Now one after another of these great cities has fallen into comparative neglect, and several into total oblivion. Giant trees have overgrown both palaces and markets; beautiful parasitic plants have loosened the great blocks of stone, and the dark massive ruins are veiled by lovely creepers and all the wealth of tropical greenery, through which, as they did so recently in Anuradhapura, bears and leopards roam undisturbed, while birds of all glorious hues flit through the foliage. Only at the time of certain great festivals do devout pilgrims still wend their way through the silent depths of these dark forests, to do homage at these shrines, and the stillness of night is broken by their pious ejaculations as they circle round the huge relic shrines.

At the time of our visit to Anuradhapura, the pilgrims had assembled in vast numbers to celebrate the festival of the midsummer new moon, and their simple camps—yellow tents of great taliput palm leaves, of which each pilgrim carries one section, to act as sunshade or umbrella—formed a very picturesque feature in the scene. Half a dozen pieces of leaf, supported by sticks, form the slight shelter which is all they need. (Many carry one of the tough fibrous sheaths, which has enveloped the young flower of the areca palm, and which serves as a simple rice plate, while an ingeniously folded Palmyra palm leaf forms an excellent water-bucket.) With reverent steps they trod the green forest glades, marking the course of the main streets of the holy city, and guided by yellow-robed Buddhist priests. Many of the pilgrims carried small flags and banners, and one group carried a miniature ark containing a golden lotus blossom to be offered to the sacred Bo tree. The ark, I may observe, holds the same place of honour in Ceylon as it does in many other nations. To all travellers in the Himalayas, the ark veiled with curtains, within which is concealed the idol most deeply reverenced, is a familiar object—an ark which is carried on staves through the forests, with music and dancing, and which, both in its proportions and in all the ceremonies connected with it, bears a strange affinity to the sacred

ark of the Israelites.[1] We find it again in the churches of Abyssinia and in the Buddhist temples of Japan; and here in Ceylon, every important *dewali* (that is, every Malabar temple) has an ark precisely similar to that of the Himalayas, the sacred objects, which are so jealously concealed from the gaze of even devout worshippers, being in this case the mystic arrows of the particular god or deified hero there held in reverence. Once a year, at a great full-moon festival, this ark is borne forth on its staves, and carried in sunwise circuit round the temple, amid great rejoicing. That tiny ark, containing the mystic lotus blossom, was not the only link we noticed to the customs of far distant lands. At the entrance to the Wata Daghe at Pollonarua lies a stone precisely similar to the Clach Brath at St. Oran's Chapel in Iona,[2] with a row of hollows, worn by the continual action of stone or crystal balls, which the passers-by turned sunwise to bring them luck. And here, in Anuradhapura, are three stone bulls, which women who have not been blessed with offspring also drag round sunwise, that they may insure the speedy birth of an heir. One of these seems to have formerly revolved on a pivot, but now main force does all.

Certainly the most venerated objects of superstition are not often impressive to the eye, and these are three insignificant little animals, measuring respectively 3 feet 6 inches, 2 feet 9 inches, and 1 foot 7 inches. They lie on the turf beneath a great tree—a curious foreground to a most picturesque pilgrims' camp of yellow palm-leaves like gigantic fans, banked up with withered boughs; women and children busy round their camp fires, and beyond the curling blue smoke rise the pillars of the Brazen Palace. Thousands of these primitive tents were scattered about in groups in the park-like grounds, and I had the good fortune to witness a very striking scene on the night of our arrival, when all night long, by the light of a glorious full moon, great companies, guided by bare-armed and bare-footed yellow-robed priests, circled round the Ruanweli dagoba, shouting Saadhu! (the Buddhist form of All hail!). But in making their circle they kept their left side towards the relic shrine, which in sun-lore all the world over is the recognised form of invoking a curse instead of a blessing. But on the beautifully sculptured "moon-stones" at the base of the great temple and palace stairs, all the

[1] See *In the Himalayas*, by C. F. Gordon Cumming, published by Chatto & Windus, pages 361-371, 436.

[2] See *In the Hebrides*, page 72, by C. F. Gordon Cumming, published by Chatto & Windus.

animals, elephants, oxen, horses, lions, and sacred geese, have their right side towards the central lotus blossom, so they are making the orthodox sun-wise turn.

Just beyond these bulls are forty rows of roughly-hewn stone pillars, which even now stand twelve feet above the soil, and are doubtless sunk to a depth of many more—a strange and unique sight. In each row there are forty of these granite monoliths, making sixteen hundred in all; some have fallen, some are half buried among the ruins, but there they are, and these are all that now remain above-ground to mark the spot where the stately Brazen Palace once stood with all its crowds of learned priests. Of course there is not a vestige of the copper which once covered the pillars, nor of the resplendent brazen tiles. I was told a legend—whether authentic or not I cannot say—that the final destruction of this grand building was due to fire kindled by a queen who, when sore beset by Malabar armies, and seeing no hope of escape from beleaguering foes, resolved that at least they should not enjoy the pillage of the palace, and so caused all her most precious possessions to be brought here and heaped together, and having with her own hands set fire to this costly funeral pyre, thereon sought death. Now the desolate ruins are forsaken alike by priests and worshippers. I wandered alone through the labyrinth of grey pillars where only a flock of shaggy long-legged reddish goats were nibbling the parched grass, just as I have seen British sheep finding greener pasture beneath the shadow of the mighty rock temple of our own ancestors at Stonehenge.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

A COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

THE man who keeps a commonplace-book too often resembles the dog which carefully buries a bone for future use, yet seldom or never returns to dig it up; and it is positively pathetic to think of the intellectual dainties which probably lie buried in many a pale and faded volume of this class.

I propose then to dig up some of the old bones which are to be ound in a repository of this kind which lately came into my hands, and to serve up to the reader—if I can catch him—a few curious odds and ends from this source, a few literary or linguistic morsels, which I hope may not prove altogether insipid. Of course they lay claim to no sort of originality, and to but little even of research; yet I am not without hope that some of them may be new to many persons, many of them to some.

What may be called international proverbs, or sayings in various languages expressing the same or nearly the same sentiment, is a branch of folk-lore now tolerably familiar to scholars and linguists. But—perhaps fortunately—not all people are linguists or scholars; and in any case I think I can produce some examples of such proverbs which may be found not uninteresting and not altogether hackneyed.

Our "Out of the frying-pan into the fire" is not badly expressed in German by reference to what may be called the opposite element: "Aus dem Regen in die Traufe kommen"—said of one who, in seeking shelter from a shower of rain, takes up his position under a spout from a roof, and so, instead of escaping a wetting, catches a ducking. The Italian saying on the point is on all fours with our own: "Cader dalla padella nella brace"—to fall from the pan into the coals.

"Let sleeping dogs lie" is found nearly word for word the same in Italian: "Non molestar il can che dorme." But that sprightly language has another and sufficiently picturesque proverb to express the same idea: "Non stuzzicare il vespaio"—stir not the wasps' nest. The Germans convey the same caution by a slightly different

formula: "Was dich nicht brennt das blase nicht"—fan not the flame which burns thee not.

I do not at this moment remember any English proverb touching the folly of discarding the essential along with the non-essential, the valuable with the worthless, although doubtless such an aphorism may exist in our language; but the idea is happily expressed by the German saying: "Man darf nicht das Kind mit dem Bade ausschütten"—when you throw away the contents of the baby's wash-tub, don't throw away the baby too.

The German

> Wer will haben gute Ruh,
> Der hör und seh und schweig dazu—

he who would have good rest, let him hear and see and hold his tongue—has a neat enough analogue in the Italian

> Vedi, odi e taci,
> Se vuoi viver in pace—

see, hear, and be silent, if thou wouldst live in peace.

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones" is almost word for word the same in German—I wonder which is the original and which the copy: "Wer im Glashaus sitzt soll keine Steine werfen." So with another well-known and wholesome piece of advice: "Schuster, bleib bei deinem Leisten," or "Sutor ne supra crepidam"—"Shoemaker, stick to thy last."

"Ill weeds grow apace" is well represented both in German and in Italian: "Unkraut stirbt nicht"—the worthless weed dies not; and "La mal' erba vien su presto"—evil vegetation comes up quickly. "Still waters run deep" is a shade more picturesque in the lively Italian: "Acqua quieta rovina il ponte"—'tis the quiet stream which saps the bridge.

Weather proverbs of course abound in all languages, but they also abound in diversity. Instead of our saying about St. Swithin, the Italians hold that whatever the weather may happen to be on April 3, such weather will continue for forty consecutive days; and they express the superstition in a sort of jingling rhyme of the sort dear to the genius of their language, but more than usually defiant of strict grammar in its structure:

> Terzo Aprilante
> Quaranta dì durante.

It seems to be the fate of most popular delusions to be swept away by the relentless besom of scientific observation. Thus, I

believe, it has been demonstrated by a long series of meteorological records that the St. Swithin forecast is all nonsense ; and similarly with the Italian saying as to April 3, governing the weather for the forty following days, which has been found to have absolutely no foundation in fact. In like manner the venerable delusion to the effect that the moon influences the weather, though it dies hard among old-fashioned and ignorant people, is pretty nearly exploded among the well-informed.

Many more instances might be cited of popular fallacies demolished by science, yet emulating the cat in tenacity of life, especially in minds of an antiquated and superstitious cast. Take, for example, the custom of sprinkling salt on the table-cloth when wine—especially red wine—has been spilt upon it. Chemists know that this custom is ridiculous, since no acid contained in any known wine is sufficiently energetic to separate the chlorine and the sodium which together compose the salt, and thereby release the former and enable it to act upon the stain. Nevertheless the custom holds its own, and is devoutly believed in by many, if not most, persons, on the principle, probably, of Tertullian's "credo quia impossibile," and no amount of argument or demonstration will avail to wean them from the time-honoured and cherished fallacy. What a collection might be made of the popular delusions which in all countries and in all ages have clustered round the single subject of domestic salt.

But to return to weather proverbs. Some of these are distinctly founded on actual probabilities, and are, *pro tanto*, entitled to some respect. Take, for instance, those regarding Candlemas, which are found in many languages. Thus the Scotch say :

> If Candlemas-day be dry and fair,
> The half of winter's to come and mair ;
> If Candlemas-day be wet and foul,
> The half of winter's gane at yule.

And very similarly the Italians say :

> Per la candelora,
> Se nevica o se plora,
> Dell' inverno siamo fuora.
> Ma s'è sole o solicello,
> No' siamo a mezzo il verno—

at Candlemas, if it snows or rains, we are out of winter ; but if there be sunshine, or even a glimpse of it, we are in mid-winter.

Hudibras tells us that

> They who write in rhyme still make
> The one verse for the other's sake.

and considering the liberties taken with the language in the first two of the above lines in order to produce a rhyme—*candelara* being violently twisted into *candelora*, and a rare verb, *plorare* (to weep), being taken instead of *piovere* (to rain)—it seems strange that the proverb-monger or manufacturer was not more successful in the endings of the two last lines, which are at once rugged and unrhymed.

Many are the sayings in many lands on this subject of Candlemas and the weather; but they may be here summed up by the old dog-Latin distich, or canine couplet:

> Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,
> Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.

The whole of this body of belief on the subject is obviously only in consonance with the prosaic probability that unseasonable weather at one time of the year will be followed by unseasonable weather later on, and consequently that if it be warm and fine in winter, it will probably be bad at a subsequent period, on the principle that a certain amount of bad weather is likely to occur in the year; as the French say:

> Si l'hiver ne fait son devoir
> Aux mois de décembre et janvier,
> Au plus tard il se fera voir
> En février;

and the Italians:

> Carnevale al sole, Pasqua al fuoco;
> Carnevale al fuoco, Pasqua al sole—

Carnival in the sun means Easter at the hearth, but Carnival by the hearth means Easter in the sun.

In this country we generally hold that a halo round the moon is a sign of approaching rain. The Italians, however, draw a very important distinction in this matter. They say that such a halo indicates coming rain only if it describes a wide circle extending far beyond the moon; but that if the circle is small and close to the moon, it is a sign that rain is not at hand. Thus:

> Cerchio lontano, acqua vicina;
> Cerchio vicino, acqua lontana.

And truly I think the Italians are right in this matter. I well remember during an Indian famine our hopes of rain were constantly being raised by haloes round the moon; but no rain came. The haloes were small in diameter and close to the satellite.

Among sayings regarding weather and climate, I may note that of the Spaniards touching the climate of Madrid, which they, justly or

unjustly, consider to be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. As thus: "El aire de Madrid no apaga una cerilla, pero quita la vida á un hombre"; or in another and rhyming form:

> El aire de Madrid es tan sutil
> Que mata á un hombre,
> Y no apaga á un candil—

the air of Madrid is so treacherous that it will not extinguish a taper, and yet it will extinguish a man's life. The Madrileños also thus proudly and flatteringly describe their climate:

> Tres meses invierno,
> Y nueve meses de infierno—

three months winter and nine months hell.

In this connection it may not be out of place to cite a somewhat startling Italian saying as to the tertian ague, to the effect that it will actually *invigorate* a young man, though it will cause the knell to toll for an old one:

> La febbre terzana
> I giovani li risana,
> Ed ai vecchi
> Fa suonar la campana.

Travellers in Germany and Switzerland must be familiar with the quaint sententious inscriptions so often to be seen on houses in those countries, and presenting a curious medley of combined piety and prudence—for example:

> Kirchengehen säumet nicht,
> Armengeben armet nicht,
> Wagenschmieren hindert nicht—

church-going delays not, almsgiving impoverishes not, wheel-greasing hinders not. The first of these lines reminds one of the sentiment which is put in the mouth of one of Sir Walter Scott's characters—was it the worthy Abbot Boniface?: "Meat and mass never hindered work."

Here is another of these solemn wise saws:

> Denken, dann sagen;
> Wägen, dann wagen;
> Leicht ist zerbrochen,
> Doch langsam gebaut—

first think, then speak; ponder first, and venture last; 'tis easy to dismember, but hard to construct—the whole of which, but especially

the last sentence, might well be commended to those restless and mischievous politicians who talk so glibly of pulling to pieces the British constitution and dismembering the British empire.

But some of these mural legends are occasionally horribly and indecently selfish, like that sometimes seen on wooden buildings in the Tyrol, which are, of course, very liable to be destroyed by fire :

> Ach! heiliger Sanct Florian,
> Behüt mein Haus,
> Zünd des Nachbars an—

Ah ! holy St. Florian, protect my house, and burn my neighbour's down. St. Florian, as many people know, was the patron saint of Poland, and, in default of fire insurance companies, he is regarded in various countries as the protector against what the disciples of Pennialinus love to call "the devouring element."

The German equivalent of "Don't halloo till you're out of the wood" is "Den Tag nicht preise bevor der Abend kommt," being almost identical with crusty and sententious Solon's caution to poor, rich, gay Crœsus: "Call no man happy till he is dead." And the solemn Don has not failed to point the cheerful sentiment, and improve the occasion with his "Hasta el fin nadie es dichoso."

"The pot calls the kettle black" is expressed a whole shade more graphically in Italian, thus : "La padella dice al paiuolo, tirati in là, che tu mi tingi"—the frying-pan says to the kettle, Get out, lest thou soil me. And the Italians have another good enough saying about the frying-pan : "Aver un occhio alla padella e uno al gatto"—to have one eye on the frying-pan and one on the cat, to denote simultaneous attention to two different things.

Here is a curious German saying, for which I do not recall any equivalent in English : "Die Frau kann mit der Schürze mehr zum Hause hinaustragen als der Mann mit dem Heuwagen hinein"—the goodwife can carry more out of the house with her apron than the goodman can carry in with his hay-wagon—to denote the potentialities of female extravagance ; as the Italian proverb has it, "La donna savia rifà la casa, e la matta la disfà."

Many are the sayings, in many tongues, as to the supposed unluckiness of Friday; but the Italians, in one of their quaint jingling proverbs, pay Tuesday the compliment of inclusion in the prejudice :

> Nè di Venere nè di Marte
> Nè si sposa nè si parte—

wed not nor set forth upon a journey on Friday or on Tuesday. How did the Tuesday come in?

For "Nothing venture nothing have" the Italians have another of their somewhat grammatically-strained jingles: "Chi non risica non rosica"—who risks not eats not.

As to the cap fitting, the Germans have "Jedem Narren gefällt seine Kappe"—every fool is pleased with his cap; though this saying may also be employed to mean that every fool is given to over-riding his hobby, like the Spanish "Cada loco con su tema." The first of these two senses is tersely rendered by the French "Qui se sent morveux qu'il se mouche."

The overweening self-satisfaction ridiculed by our saying to the effect that "Some people's geese are all swans" is well mocked by the German "Was dem Einen eine Eule ist dem Andern eine Nachtigal"—what is to one but an owl, is to another a nightingale. Also the following, with a rhyme:

> Fängt Einer einen Spatz ein Mal,
> Und denkt es sei 'ne Nachtigal,
> Sag's ihm bei Leibe nicht—

if one should catch a sparrow and fancy it is a nightingale, on thy peril undeceive him not.

Our "Cut your coat according to your cloth" is somewhat amplified—or shall we say diluted?—by the German saying on the point:

> Wer sich nicht nach der Decke streckt,
> Dem bleiben die Füsze unbedeckt—

literally, he who stretches himself not in proportion to his coverlet, leaves his feet exposed. So with our—or Napoleon's—saying about washing dirty linen at home, which is not improved upon by the German:

> Wer da bauet an der Strassen
> Musz die Leute reden lassen.

To indicate inequalities of fortune, the Germans say:

> Der Eine spinnt die Seide;
> Der Andere trägt sie zum Kleide.

Which reminds one of a specimen of "Baboo English" which occurs in Lady Dufferin's book on India: "The rich man *welters* in crimson, while the poor one *snorts* on silk." Though what the latter clause of this dictum was intended to mean by the eloquent Baboo it would be hard to say.

That tall men are not always the cleverest is well expressed by the following German saying: "Häuser mit vielen Stockwerken

pflegen im obersten schlecht bewohnt zu sein"—houses of many storeys are wont to be poorly inhabited in the top storey. Also,

> Grosz sein thut es nicht allein,
> Sonst holte die Kuh den Hasen ein—

size is not everything, otherwise the cow would catch the hare.[1]

"Hell is paved with good resolutions" is well represented, rather than directly expressed, by the following Italian saying: "Del senno di poi son piene le fosse"—the ditches are full of after-thoughts. For calling a spade a spade the Italians say: "Chiamar la gatta gatta e non micia." "A bird in hand," &c., figures in German as "Ein Sperling in der Hand ist besser als zwei auf dem Dache"; and still more effectively in Italian: "Meglio un uovo oggi che una gallina domani"—better an egg to-day than a hen to-morrow.

"Murder will out" is somewhat ponderous and lengthy in German:

> Es ist Nichts so fein gesponnen,
> Es kommt endlich an die Sonnen.

But then it boasts the glory of a rhyme.

I do not remember any German or Italian saying corresponding to ours as to speech being silver but silence golden. Molière, however, has the idea in his "Qui parle sème, qui écoute moissonne."

The familiar truth expressed by our proverb as to the impossibility of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, or of changing one's nature, whether inborn or inbred, has of course been represented in many languages. There is the well-known and well-worn line in the epistles of Horace:

> Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret;

and his famous second epode, with its concluding lines:

> Haec ubi locutus fenerator Alfius,
> Jam jam futurus rusticus,
> Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
> Quaerit Kalendis ponere.

The Spaniards express the idea by the following proverb:

> La mona aunque se vista de seda,
> Mona se queda—

the ape, even if clad in silk, remains an ape. And Sheikh Sadi has a Persian couplet to much the same effect:

> Akibat goorgzada goorg shavad,
> Garcheh ba admi boozoorg shavad—

the wolf-cub, though it be reared among men, turns out in the

[1] So Bacon—"My Lord St. Albans said that wise nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high; and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads." And Fuller—"Often the cock-loft is empty in those whom nature hath built many stories high."

end but a wolf. Although, on the principle, probably, that no rule is without its exception, the same poet elsewhere advances a case to show the very opposite :

> Sug i ashab i kahaf roze chand
> Pei i nekan girift, adam shud—

in allusion to Katmir, the faithful hound which accompanied the Seven Sleepers, and which eventually as a reward was promoted to manhood and admitted to Paradise.

"Do at Rome as the Romans do" is expressed in Italian by no reference to Rome, but simply by "Paese dove vai usa come trovi"; and, to much the same purport: "Quando si è in ballo bisogna ballare"—when you are at a ball you must dance. "Brevity is the soul of wit" is tersely rendered by "Ogni buon giuoco dura poco"; which, however, is also used to repress exuberant or ill-timed or unduly prolonged jesting. Somewhat akin to our "Diamond cut diamond" is the Italian "Duro con duro non fa buon muro." "One swallow does not make summer" figures as "Un fiore non fa primavera"—a single flower does not make spring. "A cat may look at a king" is less pithy in Italian: "Anco ai tapini è dato guardare alle stelle"—even the lowly may look at the stars.

"Strike while the iron is hot" has two representatives in Italian, one of them similar to ours: "Bisogna battere il ferro fin ch'è caldo"; and the other with a different idea: "Aspettar la palla al balzo"—watch for the ball at the hop. "Six of one and half a dozen of the other" is expressed in Italian by two diverse sayings: "Se non è lupo è can bigio"—if it is not a wolf, it is a grey dog; and another of curious tenor: "Se non è zuppa è pan molle"—if it is not soup, it is soft bread, which does not seem to make much sense, at least to our minds; nevertheless, it is the equivalent of our saying just quoted. It should be noted, however, that both of these Italian sayings are always used in a contemptuous and depreciatory sense.

"Solvitur ambulando" is denoted in Italy by "Per via s'aggiust la soma"—the load fits, or settles itself, by the way. Our "Much cry and little wool" has two forms in Italian: "Molto fumo e poco arrosto"—much smoke and little roast meat; and "Assai pampani (second 'a' short) e poca uva"—plenty of leaves, but few grapes. Much diversity of opinion or of wishes is indicated by "Chi la vuole a lesso e chi arrosto"—one wants boiled, another roast.

Some German youth hater must have invented the harsh saying: "Jugend hat keine Tugend"—youth is destitute of virtue; but there is pith as well as good jingle in their "Eile mit Weile"—*festina lente.*

"Unverhofft kommt oft" is pretty much the same as the French saying: "Rien n'arrive que l'imprévu." Our jingling proverb—

> Needles and pins,
> Needles and pins,
> When a man marries
> His sorrow begins—

figures more tersely, certainly more grimly, in German as "Ehestand ist Wehestand"—matrimony is misery.

There would seem to be a considerable consensus of opinion among mankind to the effect that domestic visits ought to be brief. There is the old Scotch saying: "Rest day—dress day—press day," to denote that a visit ought ordinarily to be restricted to three clear days—extendable, possibly, to a fourth. On the first, the visitor should have a quiet time for repose after his journey; on the second, a party should be given in his honour; on the third, he ought to be pressed to stay another day. Similarly the Orientals say: "Mihmani ka shart teen din talak hai"—the bounds of hospitality extend to three days. The German proverb on this point is still less generous, if not positively churlish: "Dreitägiger Gast wird eine Last"—the guest who stays three days becomes a nuisance; while it is said there is a Chinese aphorism which would tend to show that the Celestials, whatever their other virtues may be, are certainly not "given to hospitality." I am not familiar with the Chinese language, but I believe the genial sentiment in question runs to the effect that "when the guest is gone the host is glad."

Of course there are sundry sayings in sundry tongues illustrative of the importance of punctuation. Most people have heard of the various villainous oracular responses which hinge on this point, such as the pattering

> Ibis, redibis, non morieris in bello,

with its sense fatally inverted by the transposition of the second comma, and the shameful deception of poor Crœsus by the juggling fiends of Delphi; although, truly, this latter was not effected by any shabby trick of mere punctuation. The Italians have a more modern example of the thing in their saying: "Per un punto Martin perse la cappa"—Martin lost his prior's hood by a comma, since, instead of writing on the convent door:

> Porta patens esto, nulli claudatur honesto

(let this door be open, let it be closed to no good man), he wrote:

> Porta patens esto nulli, claudatur honesto,

which, unfortunately, meant the very reverse.

Another and somewhat fresher example of equivoque, though not dependent on punctuation, will be in the recollection of some people as having been ascribed to the third Napoleon. It is somewhere said that on his famous—or infamous—Second of December, St. Arnaud asked him for instructions as to how he should deal with the "insurgents." Napoleon had a very convenient cough, and for reply he ejaculated between its paroxysms, "Ma sacrée toux!"—oh, this blessed cough of mine!—which, however, was interpreted as "Massacrez tous!"—kill them all!

Spanish proverbs are quaint and forcible. A good Spanish equivalent of "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," though inverse in its sense, is: "Cria buena fama y echate á dormir"—get a good name and then you may go to sleep. The following, too, is a good Spanish saying: "Sabe mas el loco en su casa que el cuerdo en la agena"—the fool knows more in his own house (that is, about his own affairs), than the sage does about other people's business. That good cheer alleviates distress is well expressed by "Los duelos con pan son menos"—which verity is borne out by the wise counsel of canny Ulysses to hotspur Achilles in the nineteenth book of the "Iliad," to the effect that it is ill fighting on an empty stomach.[1]

Another Spanish wise saw is "Mal de muchos consuelo de tontos"—the calamity of many is the comfort of fools; an allusion to that strange perversity of our fallen nature, by the operation of which, according to La Rochefoucauld and others, we sometimes take a sort of pleasure in the misfortunes of our neighbours—the "Schadenfreude" of the Germans, the ἐπιχαιρεκακία of Aristotle, and the κακόχαρτος of Hesiod.

"In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man (what Carlyle rather affectedly calls the Arimaspian) is king" seems to have been either translated from the Spanish to the English, or *vice versa*: "En la tierra de los ciegos el tuerto es rey." The folly of weak vessels contending with their betters is well set forth by "Si da el cántaro en la piedra, o la piedra en el cántaro, mal para el cántaro"—whether the pitcher comes in contact with the stone, or the stone with the pitcher, it fares ill with the pitcher. Our "Tell that to the marines" the Don renders by "A otro perro este hueso"—offer that bone to another dog. "Misfortunes never come singly" is in Spanish: "Un ruin ido, otro

[1] Μὴ δ' οὕτως, ἀγαθός περ ἐών, θεοείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
νήστιας ὄτρυνε προτὶ Ἴλιον υἷας Ἀχαιῶν, &c.
Iliad xix. 155, &c.

venido"—one evil gone, another come on.[1] And here is one other Spanish proverb, which I cite on the ground that it is superior to ours on the same subject. We say that the scalded cat avoids the fire; but the Spaniards, with undoubtedly greater pith, say: "El gato escaldado del agua fria huye"—the scalded cat dreads even *cold* water.

"One good turn deserves another" has two versions in German: "Eine Liebe ist der andern werth," and, more picturesque, "Wäscht eine Hand nicht die andere?"—doth not the one hand wash the other? "Well begun is half done" appears in German as "Frisch gewagt ist halb gewonnen"; in Italian, "Tutto sta nel principiare," and, of course, in the well-worn French phrase, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." To denote confusion worse confounded the Germans say, "Man weiss nicht wer Koch und wer Kellner sei." "New brooms sweep clean" is nearly the same in German: "Neue Besen (besoms) gut fegen."

On the much bewritten theme of the alleged mutability of women—the "Varium et mutabile semper femina" of Virgil—the Italians have, as might be expected, sundry sayings, such as:

> La donna è la luna,
> Oggi serena, domani bruna—

woman is like the moon, to-day bright, to-morrow dark. Also, "La donna è un barometro che segna sempre variabile"—woman is a barometer, which always marks change.

They indicate the power of the sex by saying "L'uomo è un nome in caso accusativo retto dal verbo attivo donna"—man is a noun in the accusative case governed by the active verb woman. And they have a pithy rhyming saw as to the condition of the hen-pecked:

> In quella casa è poca pace,
> Dove gallina canta e gallo tace—

---

[1] Of course, to Englishmen, the most familiar and famous saying on this subject is Shakespeare's:

> When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
> But in battalions.—*Hamlet* iv. 5.

Then, in the beautiful lament of Briseis for Patroclus:

> . . . *ὣς μοι δέχεται κακὸν ἐκ κακοῦ αἰεί!*
>
> *Iliad* xix. 290.

And

> *ἕτερα δ' ἀφ' ἑτέρων*
> *κακὰ κακῶν κυρεῖ.*
>
> EURIPIDES, *Hecuba*, 688.

And again,

> . . . *ἐπὶ δ' ἄλγεσιν ἄλγεα κεῖται.*
>
> *Ib.*, *Troades*, 591.

there is little peace in that house where the hen crows and the cock is mute.

What the Greeks called *μεμψιμοιρία*, or dissatisfaction with one's lot—the "Qui fit, Mæcenas," &c., of Horace—must surely be the subject of many sayings in many tongues; and yet the sole one bearing on the point, in modern languages, which now occurs to me is the French one: "Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a." Of course the ever pertinent Horace has his

> Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis;

and elsewhere,

> Optat ephippia bos, piger optat arare caballus;

and,

> Quodque aliena capella gerat distentius uber
> Tabescat, &c.;

while Ovid in the same vein sings,

> Fertilior seges est alienis semper in agris,
> Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet.

Travellers in Italy are often sorely puzzled by the words, "F.E.R.T.—F.E.R.T.—F.E.R.T." which are seen on the rims of Italian coins, and also on the collar of the Order of the Annunziata, and elsewhere. The mysterious monosyllable is composed of the initial letters of the sentence, "Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit"—his valour preserved Rhodes—which was said of Amadeus V. of Savoy, in reference to his undaunted defence of Rhodes against the Turks in the thirteenth century. Flippant young Italians, however, Florentine mashers, and others of that kidney, occasionally make merry with a jocular rendering of the four letters, thus: "Femina erit ruina tua"—a drollery akin to that of the London alderman who interpreted the letters S. P. Q. R. as meaning "Small profits and quick returns.'

Readers of Italian must know the curious word "busillis," sometimes spelt "busilis"—meaning a great difficulty, a *crux*, a poser or puzzler; yet it is not Italian, and even Italians are sometimes ignorant of its genesis, which latter is distinctly interesting. The word occurs in the thirteenth chapter of the "Promessi Sposi," where the grand chancellor, Antonio Ferrer, rescues the Vicario di Provvisione from the howling mob of Milan in the famous episode of the bread riots. When Antonio bids the trembling Vicario to run the gauntlet through the surging crowd from his house to the carriage, he says in his native Spanish: "Aqui está el busilis; Dios nos valga!"—here's the difficult point, or the point of danger, God help us! The expression often occurs too in modern Italian, in the newspapers, and in con-

versation : "Qui è il busillis"—here's the rub. It is said to be derived from the following circumstance. A young candidate for the priesthood being under his examination for holy orders was required, among other tests, to read an old Latin manuscript in which, after the manner of these exhilarating documents, there were no stops, and the words were run into one another in a highly aggravating way. In this cheerful paper there occurred the words "in diebus illis" ; but unfortunately the first part of the word "diebus" ended a line—thus, "indie"—and the following line commenced with the remaining syllable of that word carefully run into the succeeding word—thus, "busillis." All went smoothly enough with our young friend till he came to this formidable point. He translated "in die" fairly enough, though in this instance wrongly, "nel giorno"—in the day ; but of "busillis" he could make neither head nor tail, and he finally threw up the sponge, exclaiming : "Quel busillis è un punto assai oscuro e difficile"—this "busillis" is a most obscure and difficult point. Well, if not true, it is well enough found. Anyhow, the word is now well rooted and vigorously established in the national speech.

Here is a very good *mot* of Giusti's in ridicule of that profuse bestowal of decorations which prevails in Italy ; or which, if it no longer prevails there, certainly characterised the foundation of the young kingdom :

In tempi barbari e più feroci
S'appiccavan i ladri in sulle croci ;
In tempi men barbari e più leggiadri
S'appiccano le croci in petto ai ladri.

In barbarous days and ruder times
The rogues were hung on crosses;
In these degenerate mawkish days
On rogues are hung the crosses.

And, *à propos* of the same thing, it is said that Victor Emmanuel, if any of his counsellors ventured to protest against the bestowal of a decoration on a person destitute of claims, was wont to say with a shrug: "Un sigaro o una croce non si nega a nessuno"—no one could grudge a cigar or a cross to anybody.

The following is a good specimen of the once celebrated political utterances of Pasquino and Marforio—those quaint and pungent Fescennine verses in which the Roman *vox populi* used to find expression. It is cited in his "Ricordi" by Massimo d'Azeglio, as having been pronounced in reference to the death of Pope Leo XII.:

Tre danni ci facesti, O Padre Santo:
Prima accettare il manto,
E poi di campar tanto,
Morir di Carnevale per esser pianto—

three wrongs thou didst to us, O holy father: first in assuming the purple at all, then in living so unconscionably long, and lastly in dying in mid-Carnival in order to be mourned.

The following excellent squib on Papal infallibility appeared in Sir Frederick Pollock's reminiscences. It has probably not been seen by everybody; and, in any case, it is good enough to brave the reproach of being *crambe repetita:*

Quando Eva morse e morder fece il pomo,
Iddio per salvar l'uomo si fece uomo;
Ma il Vicario di Cristo Pio Nono
Per far uomo schiavo si fece Dio.

Which I shall leave the reader—if any reader gets so far—to translate for himself, or to get translated.

So with William Barnes's clever tetraglot epigram:

Se l'uom che deruba un tomo
Trium literarum est homo,[1]
Celui qui dérobe trois tomes
A man of letters must become.

And now I'll wind up this rambling "omnium-gatherum" with a very neat French pun, which occurs I know not where:

Ce gage d'amitié plus qu'un autre me touche,
Un serrement de main vaut dix serments de bouche.

PATRICK MAXWELL

[1] The Romans called a thief a man of three letters—f-u-r.

GOETHE'S MOTHER.

1731–1808.

WHOSE heart does not throb at the sound of the word mother? Are not our finest and most unselfish feelings awakened when we are reminded of the days in which our mother nursed us with tender care and love? Yes, we know it is our mother who gives the impress of her soul not only to our youth, but to our whole life; from the cradle to the grave. It is, therefore, always interesting to trace the influence which great men have received from their mothers. But it is doubly interesting to observe this motherly influence in Goethe, because both the son and the mother were great in mind and spirit. We are told that one of her admirers, after a lengthened interview with her, exclaimed, "Now I understand how Goethe has become the man he is!" In fact, no less a man than her son himself has borne witness to and given acknowledgment of the influence which, besides grandparents and father, his mother more especially exercised upon him, in an incomparably beautiful poem, of which the translation is as follows:—

My father's stature I possess,
Life's sober government,
My darling mother's cheerfulness,
Her fabulistic bent.
My grandsire's weakness for the fair
At times of me takes hold,
With grandam the delight I share
In ornament and gold.
Since, then, those elements do all
In that complex unite,
How much that is original
Remains in the whole wight?

It is the purpose of this paper to sketch the prominent features of the character of that "cheerful darling mother" of the greatest German poet.

We have hitherto only known Goethe's mother from the little her son has told us of her in his autobiography, "Truth and Fiction,"

and in a few of his letters to his friends; from what relations and acquaintances have remarked about her, and lastly from some fragments of her own letters published twenty years ago by Keil. But recently, besides those to the Duchess Anna Amalia, all the existing letters which she wrote to her son, Christiane and her grandson Augustus have been published by the Goethe Society in Weimar. These letters have been lying in the original manuscript in the Goethe archive in Weimar, the treasures of which are being brought to daylight by degrees, since the demise of the two grandsons and last descendants of Goethe a few years ago. The elder of these grandsons, Walter von Goethe, was chamberlain at the Weimar court, and a musical composer; the younger, Wolfgang Maximilian von Goethe, was secretary of legation, and a poet. The greatness of their grandfather, however, weighed oppressively upon them; the world only acknowledging one great Goethe, did not appreciate their rich talents, in consequence of which they became melancholy. Although Goethe has burned the letters written to him by his mother and others before 1792, for he himself tells us in his diary, "before my journey to Switzerland (1797), I burned all letters directed to me since 1772, from a decided disinclination to the publication of the quiet course of friendly communication;" yet, fortunately, sufficient of his mother's letters have been preserved, which form a rich source whence we are able to draw a lovely picture of the character of the poet's mother.

Goethe once said, letters are of great value because they retain the originality of the writers. Certainly nothing reveals the character better than the intimate communications between one member of the family and another. In these the finest chords let their true and delicate notes resound. And what hearty sounds re-echo from all the letters of Goethe's mother. But nowhere has she shown herself so thoroughly frank and natural as in these letters to her son and his family. From them we receive the genuine impressions of her soul and imagine we hear the sweet-sounding words of her lips. Goethe has established a monument to his pious relative, Fräulein von Klettenberg, in an essay entitled "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," which forms the sixth book of his "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship." He also wished to erect a monument to his mother, "who excelled other women," as he said in the last books of his autobiography. Unfortunately he was not spared to carry out this wish. It is true her image hovers before his mind in the shrewd, sensible housewife of his epic idyl "Hermann and Dorothea," in the Elizabeth of his drama "Goetz von Berlichingen," and other female

figures of his poetical works. But in her letters his mother has raised a monument to herself more enduring than one made of iron or marble. We may give these letters the title, "Confessions of a Cheerful Soul." She has often signed herself "Frau Aja Wohlgemuth," for "Wohlgemut"—good-tempered—was her nature, and "Aja" she was once called by the Counts Stolberg, two brothers and friends of her son, because as Aja, in the legend of the four sons of Haimon, she offered them excellent wine in silver cups.

Catherine Elizabeth Textor, this interesting and noble figure in German literature, was born in 1731, and was the elder daughter of the Mayor of the free imperial city of Frankfurt-on-Main. She was only seventeen and a half years old when she was married to the imperial councillor and doctor juris Johann Kaspar Goethe, who was twenty years her senior. Frau Rat, as she was thenceforth called, was active and vigorous, bright and pretty, of slender form, with brown hair and dark lustrous eyes with a penetrating glance which her son inherited from her. The whole expression of her face betrayed benevolence and yet shrewdness and knowledge of character ; she was at once grave and cheerful, dignified and simple. The celebrated Kaulbach has portrayed her most faithfully in his picture, "Goethe on the Ice," as with motherly pride she watches her son, who is skating away with her mantle over his shoulders of which he has playfully robbed her. Her husband was of a serious disposition, truthloving and upright, but formal and pedantic, who in his domestic circle carried on a somewhat autocratic regimen. Elizabeth had accepted him, without much love, on the advice of her parents, who wished her to be married to this much respected and wealthy imperial councillor. At first the household management was left to the care of her aged mother-in-law, who, being of a benevolent nature, soon became attached to and befriended her daughter-in-law, thus helping to make her new home happy. She is the grandmother who as Goethe tells us, gave him and his sister Cornelia many presents, especially the famous puppet-show with which she surprised them on the Christmas Eve of 1753, and "which created a new world in the house." The pedantry of the imperial councillor caused his young wife many an uncomfortable hour. He not only made her practice the piano and singing, but also spelling, notwithstanding which she never learnt to write quite orthographically. She recognised, however, in all this his honest love towards her, and responded to his feeling with sincere affection and respect: for nature had endowed her with a warm and noble heart, a cheerful mind, a powerful imagination, vivid mother-wit,

and above all with a joyous trust in God. She was the delight of children, the favourite of poets and princes, and beloved of all who came into contact with her. Wieland, the greatest poet of his time, who travelled from Weimar to Frankfurt on purpose to make the acquaintance of Frau Rat, praises her as the dearest of all mothers, the queen among women, and the crown of her sex. The Duchess Anna Amalia considered the day on which she received a letter from her as a day of rejoicing. Genial as she was, she became the good genius sent from heaven to her husband. Once, through her tact and cheerfulness, she actually prevented serious mischief which threatened her husband in consequence of his abrupt behaviour to the king's lieutenant, Count Thorane, who was quartered in Goethe's house in the Seven Years' War in 1759.

With the birth of her son Wolfgang her life's joy and happiness really began. She became the playmate of this son, and with him she once more enjoyed her childhood. "I and my Wolfgang," she said, "have always held fast to each other, because we were both young, and not as many years apart as Wolfgang and his father." She was her son's first and best teacher, as every mother should be. He praises her tact in educating children in his autobiography, where he relates the following: "The old, many-cornered, and gloomy arrangement of the house was moreover adapted to awaken dread and terror in childish minds. Unfortunately, too, the principle of discipline that young persons should be early deprived of all fear for the awful and invisible, and accustomed to the terrible, still prevailed. We children, therefore, were compelled to sleep alone, and when we found this impossible, and softly slipped from our beds to seek the society of the servants and maids, our father, with his dressing-gown turned inside out, which disguised him sufficiently for the purpose, placed himself in the way and frightened us back to our resting places. The evil effect of this anyone may imagine. How is he, who is encompassed with a double terror, to be emancipated from fear? My mother, always cheerful and gay, and willing to render others so, discovered a much better pedagogical expedient. She managed to gain her end by rewards. It was the season for peaches, the plentiful enjoyment of which she promised us every morning if we overcame our fears during the night. In this way she succeeded, and both parties were satisfied." In another direction her influence upon her son was even still greater. For she transmitted to him her love of story telling, and in cultivating his imagination in a most original way she laid a good foundation for the development of his poetical genius. She would relate to him

a tale, leaving its completion to the following day. Then Wolfgang would use his own imagination, and confide in his grandmother how he thought the tale would end. The latter again told his mother, and so, to the boy's delight, she would let it end as he had imagined. This loving interest in his education was not only with him at home, but accompanied him to the university and a good way along his glorious career; and after the early death of her daughter, 1777, and of her husband, 1782, her love was concentrated in her son, who became her comfort, her joy, and her just pride. When he was taken away from her to Weimar, in 1775, by the Duke Karl August, her unselfish love becomes apparent in the charming letters which she wrote to him and his dear ones. We can imagine that she did not like her son to live at such a distance from her, notwithstanding the liberal conditions that the duke granted him, and the bright prospects that were in store for him. She therefore writes to tell him what his genial friend War Councillor Merck, the prototype of his Mephistopheles, had said to her: "You should try all means to get him back again; the infamous Weimar climate is certainly not good for him. He has accomplished his principal business, for the duke is now as he ought to be. Let another do the remaining disagreeable work: Goethe is too good for it." Being afraid her son was not well, she becomes restless, until she receives a letter from him which tells her that he is all right, whereupon she answers: "One word instead of a thousand. You must know best what is for your benefit. As I have control over my affairs, and am able to supply you with the means of leading a quiet and comfortable life, you can easily imagine how it would grieve me if you were to spend your health and strength in the duke's service. The shallow regret afterwards would certainly not make me fat. I am no heroine, but with Chilian[1] I consider life a fine thing. On the other hand, to tear you away from your present occupation would be equally unreasonable. Now you are your own master. Prove all things and hold fast what is good." When the French armies had overrun South Germany, in 1797, she writes: "We live quite undisturbed and are in hopes of remaining what we are. I for my own part am quite contented, and let things which I cannot alter go their own way. Weimar is the only place in the wide world from whence my peace could be disturbed; if my dear ones there are well, the right and left banks of the Rhine may belong to whomever they please; that does not affect my sleep nor my appetite, and if I only receive good news from you from time to time, I shall be of

[1] Kilian Brustflesk, a writer of merry comedies.

good cheer, and shall in truth be able to sing all my remaining days: 'Enjoy life while the lamp is still aglow, pluck the roses ere they fade.'"[1] In the beginning of 1801, when Goethe had recovered from a serious illness, she sends him the following characteristic letter: "Dear Son,—Your recovery, and moreover a letter by your own hand, have made me so happy that I write to you by return of post. The sixth of February, when I received your dear letter, was a day of rejoicing, of prayer and thanksgiving for me. I could not possibly keep this great happiness to myself. I went to Syndicus Schlosser's in the evening, communicated the cause of my gladness to them, and received their hearty congratulations. Our whole town was alarmed at your illness, and as soon as your recovery was announced, newspapers poured into my room, everyone wishing to be the first to bring me the glad tidings. Only God knows what I felt. I suppose you have forgotten the verse you found the first day of your arrival at Strasburg, with your health still in a precarious state, when you opened the little book which Councillor Moritz had given you as a keepsake. You wrote to me saying you were deeply moved. I remember it exactly, it was a quotation from Isa. liv. 2, 3: 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt spread abroad on thy right hand and the left.' Blessed be the Lord, who has strengthened the stakes again and lengthened the cords anew. Once more, sincere thanks for your dear letter. Do let me know from time to time how you are. Love to my dear daughter and Augustus, and the Lord further strengthen you, which is the daily wish and prayer of your joyful loving mother, Goethe."

This great love towards her son is also transferred to Christiane, to whom she writes the most affectionate letters. After the terrible days following the battle of Jena (October 22, 1806), when Christiane behaved so bravely, he was religiously married to her. He communicated this to his mother, whereupon she replies: "For your new state of marriage I send you my heartiest congratulations, and wish you all blessing. In this you have acted according to my heart's wish. The Lord keep you! I herewith send you my sincere motherly blessing; for the blessing of the mother establisheth the houses of the children. You must content yourself with this wish for the present, as I can do no more in these troublous times; but have patience, the cheques which I have received from the Lord will be duly honoured; this is as certain as that now, while

[1] The first lines of a popular German song.

I write this, the sun is shining. Depend upon it, you shall be satisfied with your portion. Give my affectionate love to my dear daughter, tell her that I love, esteem, and honour her, and would have written to her myself if we were not in a continuous hurly-burly." To her grandson Augustus, she, the delight and favourite of children, writes most loving letters, couched in words suitable to the understanding of a child. She encourages him to send her descriptions of what he has seen; and when he does this in his childlike way, she has many words of praise for him. To the boy, five years old, she writes: "Dear Augst.,—It is very praiseworthy of you to have written such a sweet dear little letter to your grandma. I never thought that you were already so clever . . . . As a reward for your beautiful letter, I will send you some sweets. You must study very well, and become very clever; you will soon grow big, and then you can bring me the 'Journals' and 'Mercuries' yourself. Good bye; give my love to father and mother.—Your affectionate grandma, Elizabetha Goethe." When Augustus is seven years old, she writes: "Whenever I receive such a well and distinctly written exercise book from you, I rejoice that you are so clever to describe things in so orderly and lucid a manner." Then, after exhorting him to be an obedient boy and to pray to God to keep father and mother in good health, she continues: "Your dear father has never given me trouble and sorrow, therefore the dear God has blessed and raised him above many, many others, and has made him great and renowned; so that all good people truly esteem him. Now, my dear Augst., I am sure you will exert yourself to the utmost to follow your dear father's good example, and become equally good." When Augustus, after having paid her a visit in Frankfurt in 1805, left for Weimar, she gave him the following characteristic testimonial: "I, the undersigned, publicly acknowledge by this letter that Julius Augustus von Goethe, the bearer of this, has behaved so wéll and exemplary during his stay here that he appears to have inherited the ring in the fable in Nathan the Wise" (by Lessing) "which makes him who possesses it the beloved of God and man. That this is the case with the above-mentioned J. A. von Goethe, certifies herewith his loving grandmother, Elizabeth Goethe."

She takes the most lively interest in the literary products of her son; the seed she has sown in his youthful soul now bears rich fruit. She longs for each of his works, and when she receives one she first reads it by herself, then once more with her friends in a literary circle where the dramatic works are read in parts and their merits discussed. She notices that her son has adopted some

of her peculiar expressions in his writings. On the other hand, she is so familiar with his works that she often quotes passages from them in her conversations and in her letters. Once she writes: "Yes, dear Augst., if I knew where to find Doctor Faust's mantle, I would come to see you." Another time (October 10, 1805) she says: "About twenty years ago Mephistopheles sang in Dr. Faust,

> The dear old Roman realm,
> How does it hold together?

At present one may justly ask this question: The prince electors and the princes run to and fro, the world is upside down, palaces and thrones do slope their heads to their foundations, all is turning like a whirligig, the time is out of joint. One does not know with whom to side; but everything will be set right again, for the dear Father above wisely prevents the trees from growing into heaven." Her interest increases as more works arrive from Weimar. When she had received the poems she wrote (April 17, 1807): "I read the first volume of the lyrical poems over and over again. The three riders who come forth from under the bed, in the 'Wedding Song,' I see bodily; 'The Bride of Corinth,' 'The Bayadere,' the (original) beginning of the 'Sea Voyage'—'For days and nights my ship stood frighted,' 'The Magician's Apprentice,' the 'Ratcatcher,' and all the other poems make me inexpressibly happy." Not content with what is sent her, she repeatedly asks her son to forward new poems. She tells him, "You do a good work to send me new products; there is a great literary dearth here, and your fountain with its fulness of water will quench my thirst." "We thank God," she continues, "for the crumbs that fall from your table." She is quite taken up with "Wilhelm Meister," for which she sends her hearty thanks, saying "that was once more a joy for me; I felt thirty years younger, saw you and the other boys making preparations for the puppet-show in the third story, the elder Mors whipping Elise Bethmann, and other reminiscences. If I could fully describe my feelings, you would greatly rejoice at having caused your mother to enjoy such a happy day. Also the romances which Reichardt has set to music gave me great pleasure, especially the one beginning with the words—

> What hear I sound outside the gate,
> What voices on the bridge?

which I sang the whole day. Once more, then, my very best thanks." But, above all, she loves the epic idyl, "Hermann and Dorothea;" she feels it is a reflection of her own soul, and she writes: "It is a masterpiece without equal. I carry it with me as a cat does her

kittens. Next Sunday I shall take it with me to Stock's; they will jump for joy. Our senior minister, Dr. Hufnagel, has married a couple with the words with which Hermann and Dorothea were united, saying that he knew no better wedding address. He considers that all who do not possess it, and do not carry it about with them, are Hottentots." She is greatly pleased each time she hears that her son has gone to Jena, in order to be in the company of Schiller. For he once told her that there his literary products ripen. Thus she writes: "I rejoice that you are in and about Jena again; there another 'Hermann,' or some such work, will no doubt be produced." It is interesting to know what she thinks of Schiller; she writes: "Remember me to Schiller, and tell him that I esteem him highly; I love his writings, for they are and remain to me a true comfort. You and Schiller have given me an extraordinary pleasure by your not replying to the twiddle-twaddle which the Berlin critics brought forward against you. Let them go to the wall. You did right, and I hope you will continue to ignore them. Your works will remain for eternity, whilst their poor stuff is nothing but rubbish; it tears whilst one holds it in one's hand, and is not worth binding." Schiller, who, like all others, was charmed with his friend's mother, once writing about her, said: "We found her simple hearty nature most interesting." Her high opinion of her son's worth is also shown after her removal from the house in the "Hirschgraben" to that of the "Golden Fountain," when she writes: "In the reading-room your bust is put up between those of Wieland and Herder, three names which Germany will always mention with reverence." She little knew how much greater her son would be considered by posterity than the two poets whom she thought his equals. Her love and respect for him do not, however, prevent her from criticising him sometimes. Thus she warns him not to let his writings be printed in Latin types, saying: "Now a word as to our conversation when you were here, concerning the Roman characters. I will explain to you what mischief they do to the general reader. They are like an aristocratic pleasure garden which nobody but noblemen and people with stars and orders may enter. Our German letters are like the Prater" (the well-known public park presented to the town of Vienna by Joseph II.) "over the gates of which the Emperor had inscribed, 'For All People.' If your works had been printed in these odious aristocrats, they would not have become so popular, with all their excellence. Tailors, seamstresses, servants, all read them, and everyone finds something suitable in them. Enough: they walk with the Jena 'Literary News,' Dr.

Hufnagel, and others pell mell in the Prater, enjoy themselves, bless the author, and cheer him. . . . Remain then faithful to German habits, to German letters; for if Roman letters continue, within fifty years German will be neither spoken nor written, and you and Schiller will become classic authors like Horace, Livy, Ovid, and the others, for where there is no language there is no people. How the professors will pluck you to pieces, interpret, and drum you into the heads of the scholars. Therefore speak, write, and print in German as long as it is possible." [1]

The glorious works of her son surround also the mother with a halo in which many would like to bask. She becomes not only a centre of adoration, which is due to the mother of Goethe, but is often troubled for recommendations to her son by people who travel to Weimar. Students, teachers, actors, opera singers, and others come to her with the same request. Once Goethe, having found these intruders too many, complained to his mother that she had not the courage to refuse anyone; he said that whilst she saved those people a box on the ear, they got a hole in the head. But the goodness of her heart and the pleasure to serve others are indefatigable, and she expects the like of her son. There comes an innkeeper, and begs her to ask her son to help him to recover the money somebody owes him who has wealthy brothers in Weimar. She humorously writes: "If you can be of any assistance to your countryman in this affair, he will relate it to the 'burgher captains,'" (allusion to a Frankfurt local comedy of this title) "and that class of people who drink wine at his inn will praise their gracious countryman." Above all, the professors who pass through Frankfurt visit Frau Rat. Concerning these visits she writes her son an original and characteristic letter in October 1807: "This autumn fair was rich in professors. As a great part of your renowned name is reflected upon me, and these people imagine I have contributed something to your great talent, they come to have a good look at me. Then I do not put my light under a bushel, but on a candlestick. Certainly I assure the people that I have not contributed in the least to what made you a great man and poet, for I never accept the praise which is not due to me. Moreover, I well know to whom praise and thanks are due, for I

[1] The good Frau Rat was not aware that what she called German were originally Latin letters, and had only received their elaborate shape from the monks of the middle ages. In spite of hers and Prince Bismarck's predilection for the so-called German types, I think it would be better if the Roman characters superseded the German, both in schools and practical life.

have done nothing towards the natural growth of the germs from which you were developed in your mother's womb. Perhaps a grain of brain more or less, and you might have become quite an ordinary man, and wherein there is nothing, nothing can come out; for however much you may educate, all the educational institutions of Europe cannot bestow talent or genius. I grant they may produce good and useful men; but here we speak of extraordinary ones. Therein good Frau Aja gives glory and honour to God, as is just and right. Now to my light which I placed on the candlestick, and your professors like to behold. The gift with which God has endowed me is, to give a vivid description of things of which I possess a knowledge, whether great or small, truth or fiction. As soon as I enter a social circle, all become joyous and cheerful whilst I relate. Thus I talked to the professors, and they went away contented; that is my whole art. Yet another thing belongs to it; I always show a friendly face, which pleases people and costs no money, as said your late friend Merck." Among her prominent qualities we find a sense for order and business. "Everything beautiful in its time" may serve as her motto. Regularly as the autumn returns she sends chestnuts and Indian corn and other seasonable fruits to her dear ones in Weimar, and as soon as November draws to a close she despatches the box with Christmas presents. We can still see from the three stout quarto volumes preserved in the Goethe archive, how well she kept her household accounts, a habit which she acquired from her orderly husband. In a letter to Freiherr Von Stein she says: "Order and composure are my principal characteristics. Hence I despatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. When everything has resumed its proper condition, then I defy anyone to surpass me in good humour." Being of a practical and economical nature, she also had a capacity for business, which is shown by the way she sold her house in the Hirschgraben, and the wines stored up in its cellars, at the highest price, after the death of her husband. When Goethe intended to buy a very large estate, she dissuades him: "For," she says, "you are no agriculturist, you have other favourite occupations, and will easily be imposed upon. If you wish to have an estate, must it be one for such an enormous price? When you were here you spoke of a much smaller one, but one for 45,000 Reichsthaler[1] made me feel quite dizzy. Once more, do as you like, but don't yield to useless regret when the thing is done." She is active and industrious, always busy,

[1] An obsolete German coin, in value about 3*s.* 6*d.*

and cannot lay her hands idly in her lap. She is sixty years old, and still finds something to do. She has four hobbies, as she herself relates: "Firstly, making Brussels lace, which I have learned in my old days, and which gives me childlike pleasure; secondly, piano-playing, then reading books, and lastly chess, a game which I had given up, but have lately taken to again." She reads the best authors, whereby she gains considerable knowledge; is acquainted with ancient and modern literature; quotes chapter and verse from the Bible, her favourite book, and even understands the Hebrew text. Once she corrects Luther's translation. This makes the Lord say to Cain: "Why do you disguise your face?" But she found out that according to the Hebrew original it is "Why is thy countenance fallen" (as the English version has it). She often alludes to Greek history and mythology, and is familiar with Shakespeare and the modern poets, and with delight quotes from her great son's writings. She dislikes the common pleasures of the senses, more especially the banquettings which were in vogue. "The god of most of my countrymen," she writes, "is their belly; they are veritable epicures. The finest academy for painting and drawing might be built for the money spent on these carousals, which resemble ennui like one drop of water the other." And yet in spite of her dislike of such social gatherings, all people, high or low, find her interesting. In a modest way she describes herself in a letter to her daughter-in-law, "I am," she says, "thanks be to God, very well. I do not understand how it is, but I am loved, esteemed, and sought after by so many people that I am often a riddle to myself and do not know what they admire in me; enough it is so, and I enjoy this human goodness, thank God, and spend my days in contentment." In July 1799 the King and his celebrated consort, Queen Luisa of Prussia, came to Frankfurt. The latter sent her brother, the Hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg, to Frau Rat to invite her to visit the Queen. Frau Rat reports to her son as follows: "The prince came about noon and dined with me at my small table. At six o'clock he drove me to the Taxische Palace in the royal carriage, two lackeys standing behind us. The Queen conversed with me of former times, remembered the pleasure she had in my former house the good pancakes, &c. Dear me, what effect such things have upon people! This visit was at once reported in all coffee and wine houses, in all large and small societies. During the first few days nothing else was talked of but that the Queen had invited Frau Rat for a visit through the Hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg. You can imagine how I was questioned to tell all that had been transacted;

in one word I had a nimbus round my head which became me well."

In June 1803 she was again invited by the Queen to Wilhelmsbad, and, after describing her reception, she continues: "When I was in full glee, who came in? Our Duke of Weimar! God, what joy that was for me; oh, how well and affectionately he spoke of you! I thanked him with fervour for the kindness he had shown you during your last serious illness. He said, with emotion, that you had done the same to him; all those thirty years you and he had been attached to each other. I was so excited that I could have laughed and cried at the same time. Whilst I was in this mood the Queen called me into another room, the King also came in; the former opened a case, and—now astonish!—taking out a costly necklace, she fastened it round my neck with her own hands. Touched to tears, I could hardly thank her sufficiently. . . . It is impossible to tell you all that happened on that glorious day. Enough. I arrived home in the evening happy and elated."

The letters from which we have quoted show us her simple, joyous, and affectionate nature—the cause of her popularity. We will now mention some of those expressions of hers which sound like sentences of pleasant proverbial wisdom, and to which we can apply the verse, "she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and the teaching of kindness is on her tongue." Once she says: "I am well and content, and bear with patience what I cannot alter." Another time: "As we are not able to stop the spokes of the wheel of fortune, and are powerless to retard its motion, it would be folly to cry over it. Oh, there are still many joys on God's earth, if one only understands to seek them; and if one does not despise small mercies, one is sure to find them. How many joys are spoiled, because people mostly look above them, and ignore what is below?" This sentiment she calls "a sauce of Frau Aja's cookery." "Sacred and profane authors," she says, "exhort us to enjoy life. The former say: 'He that is of a cheerful heart hath a continual feast' (Proverbs xv. 15), and in Gœtz von Berlichingen (by Goethe) we read, 'cheerfulness is the mother of all virtues.'" "Would to God," she remarks, "I could make all mankind joyous and contented; how happy I should feel! I love cheerful people; if I were a sovereign, I would imitate Julius Cæsar, and only have happy faces at my court. For, as a rule, those people are good whose conscience makes them happy. I fear persons with downcast brow, they remind me of Cain." In a charming letter to Frau von Stein, she says: "God has given me grace to make all happy who come to me, of whatever

rank, age, or sex. I am fond of people, and everyone feels that immediately. I pass without pretension through the world, and that gratifies men. I never act the moralist towards anyone, always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and who knows best how to round off the angles. In this way I make myself happy and comfortable. . . . I enjoy life while its lamp is still aglow, seek no thorns, and catch the small joys; if the door is low, I stoop down; if I can remove the stone out of my way, I do so; if it is too heavy, I go round it; and thus every day I find something which gladdens me; and the corner-stone, the belief in God, makes my heart glad and my countenance cheerful."

From this, her happy nature, arises her calmness and fearlessness. In spite of the continuous war troubles and the presence of hostile soldiers quartered in her house, she keeps up her spirits and is of good courage. Her son inherited this Olympian calm from her and his dislike of unnecessary agitation and emotion. Amid the roar of cannon at the bombardment of Verdun his mind is occupied with the study of colours. Her sunny nature shrank from storms. "I hate perturbation of mind," she said, "more than all the *sans culottes* in the grand French army, who could not disturb one of my nights' rests. I have, thank God, never been timid, and now I do not wish to grow so; we must wait and see; in the meantime we will accept the good days and not grieve before the time: one moment may change all. Fear is infectious like influenza, and always makes the plural out of a singular; it still does as it did four thousand years ago (2 Kings vii. 6) when the Syrians said: 'Lo, the King of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites and the kings of the Egyptians.' They said kings instead of king, their fear imagining the danger to be greater than it really was. In order, therefore, not to let my head be turned, I avoid having cowardly fear as my companion. It is a common place where every goose and every harebrained fellow may contribute his mite of tittle-tattle. As a child to whom the nurse has told a ghost story is afraid of a white sheet on the wall, so people here believe everything, if it is only sufficiently terrible, but whether it is true or not they do not investigate.' Then continuing, she gives an amusing incident of fear. "Frau Elise Bethmann came in hot haste and breathless into my bedroom in the night of January 3 (1795), crying, 'Dear Raetin, I must acquaint you with the great danger threatening us. The enemy are bombarding Mannheim with fiery balls. The commander of the town has said that he cannot hold out

any longer than three days.' . . . I remained quite calm, and coolly asked, 'How can they bomoard Mannheim? For they have no batteries; do they shoot from over the low banks of the Rhine? In this case the balls will be cold before they have passed the broad river, and what the commander intends to do he will scarcely make public. Whence does your correspondent know this? Write him he is a coward.'" All these great traits of character had their origin in her firm belief in God. Her son said of her in a letter to Zelter, January 9, 1824: "In every one of her letters is seen the character of a woman who in an Old Testament fear of God has spent a useful life, full of trust in the unchangeable national and family God." She herself writes, in one of her remarkable letters to her son, in 1806: "This trust in God has never left me in the lurch, and this faith is the sole source of my continuous cheerfulness. In the present state of affairs a great support is necessary. Upon whom else shall one rely? Upon our crowned heads? They give one, indeed, little comfort. I am not deceived, for I have not placed my trust upon them. With my Monarch neither capital nor interest is lost. He is my true support." And now only one more passage from a letter to her daughter-in-law. "You see," she says, "from this that grandmother still enjoys life, and why should I not be happy on God's beautiful earth? It would be base ingratitude for all the benefits which He has granted me during my life; and in praising and thanking God I will spend my remaining days until the curtain falls." Yes, until the curtain of this happy life's drama fell, and even when dying this great woman preserved her calm and religious mind and her joyous humour, the faithful and comforting companions of her life. When upon her express wish, the physician had told her the time that death might enter, she ordered everything for her funeral with great exactness, and even settled the sort of wine and the size of cakes for the refreshment of those who should accompany her to the grave. According to a not improbable legend, a friend thinking, no doubt, that the illness of Frau Rat was not serious, sent her an invitation on the morning of her death, to which the dying lady replied, as a last revelation of her happy nature: "Frau Rat cannot come: she is busy dying." Thus she departed, calm and fearless in death as she was in life. But although death removes also the great ones from the midst of mankind, there is no annihilation in this removal, for the remembrance of their character and their deeds is immortal. In this sense Frau Aja Wohlgemut is not dead. Her life's memory remains with future generations, and the picture of her character will move

the æsthetic and ethical interest of man. In her are fulfilled the concluding words of the greatest work of her great son :—

> All things transitory,
> But as symbols are sent ;
> Earth's insufficiency
> Here grows to event ;
> The indescribable,
> Here it is done.
> The woman-soul leadeth us
> Upward and on !

JOSEPH STRAUSS.

THE GREAT TALKERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

IF one might venture to compare Mirabeau to a tameless, fierce, and masterful tiger, Talleyrand might surely be likened to a cat—a cat sleek and wary, supple of movement, vigilant of eye, always slipping out of difficulty and danger. While the tiger falls with a spring and a bound upon his adversary, and rends him with cruel talons, the cat scratches and bites, dealing wounds that fester and inflame, though they are not absolutely fatal. And while Mirabeau, tiger-like, stood in the forefront of combat, and frustrated his foes with strokes that stunned them, Talleyrand, cat-like, hid himself in corners and secret nooks, darting out stealthily as opportunity served, to mark with poisoned claws some unsuspecting antagonist. But perhaps I should apologise to the cat for a comparison that is no compliment: the cat is not unsusceptible of affectionate impulses, and has been known to cling to its master or mistress with touching fidelity; whereas Talleyrand was dead to all such feelings—to every feeling but that of self-interest—he was so bloodless, so self-absorbed, so wholly a creature of the intellect. He had not only no passions, he had even no prejudices. When one recalls that he was in succession Minister of the Directory, of the Empire, of the Restoration, of the July Monarchy, one readily understands his character; no elaborate analysis of it is needed.

Talleyrand has been defined as intellect made man—intellect raised to the fourth power—because in him this faculty dominated over all others. He was gifted with nearly every phase of it, except the imaginative; with observation, irony, diplomacy, administrative capacity, the intellect of silence, the intellect of the situation, the intellect of the day and of the to-morrow, the charm, the subtlety, and the *sang froid* of intellect. As a master of words, as a sayer of good things, he has hardly been equalled. His career began with a *bon mot*; his speeches are made up of *mots*, and in the most

embarrassing conjunctures he extricated himself from his difficulty, or put the laughers all on his side by some prompt and lively repartee.

He was present in the circle of Madame du Barry when its *habitués* were relating their affairs of gallantry. Perceiving that he kept a rigid silence, the favourite said to him, "And you, Monsieur l'Abbé, you say nothing?" "Alas! madame, I was making a melancholy reflection." "And what was it?" "That in this city of Paris, madame, it is easier to gain women than abbeys." The *mot* was repeated to Louis XV., and procured the young Abbé de Périgord his first preferment.

After the campaign of Dresden, Napoleon perceiving him (he was then Prince of Benevento) at his levée broke out violently: "Why have you come here? To show me your ingratitude? You affect to belong to a party of opposition? If I were dangerously ill I would take care that you died before me." Talleyrand, with infinite grace and composure, replied: "I have no need, sire, of such a warning to address to Heaven the most ardent wishes for the prolongation of your Majesty's days."

His face was like a mask, impassive, inscrutable; and to the violent outbursts of the Emperor he opposed this inflexible visage and an immovable silence. On one occasion, however, when descending the stairs one day, after experiencing a scene of this kind, he was moved to whisper to his neighbour: "What a pity that so great a man should have been so badly brought up!" Marshal Lannes declared that if, while speaking to you, he was kicked in the back, his face would show no sign of the injury offered to him.

"I admire," said Louis XVIII., "your influence over all that has taken place in France. How did you contrive to break down, in the first place, the power of the Directory, and, later, the colossal power of Bonaparte?" "Egad, sire, I assure you I have had no part in such matters; but there is something inexplicable in me that brings misfortune to the governments which neglect me."

After his speech against the war with Spain in 1818, all Paris concluded that he would be deprived of his offices, and probably sent into exile. "Are you not thinking," said the King, "of going into the country?" "No, sire; at least not until your Majesty goes to Fontainebleau, when it will be my duty to accompany you." "No, no, that is not what I mean; I ask if you are not about to retire to your estates?" "No, sire." "Ah! well, tell me, how far is it from Paris to Valençay?" "Sire, it is—fourteen leagues farther than from Paris to Ghent" (the royal refuge previous to the Restoration)—a menace which Louis understood: and Talleyrand remained.

It was inevitable that the utterer of so many *bons mots* should gain the reputation of some which were not really his own. And sometimes their makers purposely fathered them upon him in order to ensure them a ready currency. Thus, Harel, in the *Nain Jaune*, ascribed to him the famous phrase, "La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour déguiser sa pensée" (Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts). Afterwards he wished to reclaim it, but with scant success.

From M. de Vitrolles Talleyrand borrowed the happy phrase, "The beginning of the end." And from the Chevalier de Panat he adopted his epigrammatic criticism on the impolitic conduct of the *émigrés* after the Restoration: "They have learned nothing, and forgotten nothing."

Of the celebrated epigram on the judicial murder of the Duc d'Enghien, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," Talleyrand's paternity is doubtful; but we may assign to him the emphatic advice, "No zeal" (*Point de zèle*): though Lord Chesterfield, it is true, advised one of his friends, "Moderation, and no vivacity!"

It is said that the Director Rewbell, in a fit of rage, flung an inkstand at Talleyrand's head, exclaiming, "Vile *émigré*, your mind is as crooked as your feet." The witty cripple soon took his revenge. "How are things going?" said Rewbell, one day. "Crossways, *as you see*," replied Talleyrand. Rewbell squinted.

Talleyrand's *mots* under the Empire and after the Restoration, like those of the Revolution, have stood the test of time—the best of all touchstones. "Good taste," he said, speaking of Napoleon, "is his personal enemy; he would destroy it, if he could, by cannon-shot."

"He will end," he said, on another occasion, "by disgusting me with those circular forms for which I have had all my life such a predilection." "How so?" "By his cannon-balls."

He left the marks of his claws upon Maret, Duc de Bassano. "In all the world," said he, "I know but one man stupider than Maret." "And who is he?" "The Duc de Bassano." After the disasters of the Russian expedition, he exclaimed, "They said that all the material was lost, and here is Maret back again!"

In recommending a candidate for employment, the man's friend remarked, "Everybody must live." "I do not see the necessity," replied Talleyrand. [But this answer had already been given by M. D'Argenson to the Abbé Desfontaines, and Piron has verified it.]

One of his favourite targets was M. Simonville, a man distinguished by his colossal greed and selfishness. "How is Simon-

ville?" he asked, one day, of a common friend. "Oh, very well, monseigneur, he is even growing fatter." "Simonville growing fat? I cannot understand it." "Why not, monseigneur?" "No, I can't understand what interest Simonville has in growing fat!"

Another time, somebody observing, "At least, in the Upper Chamber there are consciences." "Yes," replied Talleyrand, "a good many. Simonville has two."

Who can forget his audacious speech to Madame de Staël, who was suspected of having painted herself as the heroine in her romance of "Delphine," and Talleyrand in the character of the greedy and artificial Madame de Vernon? "They tell me that both you and I are in the book, madame, *disguised as females.*"

It is a well-worn story how that he, when seated between the De Staël and Madame Récamier, behaving with his accustomed gallantry, but betraying his partiality towards the latter, replied to Madame de Staël's embarrassing question—"If we two fell in the water, monseigneur, whom would you first assist?" "Oh, madame, *you* know how to swim!"

This, says M. du Bled, is a charming reply, but not equal to that of a Bavarian Count to a beautiful Madame de V., with whom he was greatly smitten. "If your mother and I," said she, "fell into yonder river, whom would you succour first?" "My mother," he answered, but, looking with emotion at Madame V., he added, "To save you first would be to save myself."

"Do you know," said Talleyrand, referring to his inseparable friend and confident Montron, "do you know why I like him? It is because he has so few prejudices."

(When Madame Hamlin reproached Montron with his devotion to Talleyrand, the former replied, "Who would not love him? He is so vicious.")

The Abbé Desrenaudes refused him a vote on the ground that his conscience was opposed to it. "We don't ask you for your conscience," explained Talleyrand, "but for your vote."

At one of the first sittings of the Constituent Assembly, when its members were preparing to elect a president, Mirabeau led off the debate, and indicated to his colleagues the qualifications in character and capacity which the office required, in such wise that it was impossible not to recognise himself in the portrait he was tracing. "There is only one detail wanting to complete M. de Mirabeau's sketch," observed Talleyrand—"that the president should be pockmarked." [Mirabeau had suffered severely from small-pox.]

When Charles X. said that for a king who was menaced there was

no choice between the throne and the scaffold, "Your Majesty," he said, "forgets the post-chaise." To a person who asked him his opinion on a certain subject, he said, "I? Oh, I have one in the morning and another in the afternoon, but I have none at all in the evening."

When his friend Montron was taken ill, and replied to his inquiries, "*Mon ami, je sens les tourmens de l'enfer*" (My friend, I feel the torments of hell), Talleyrand replied, "*Quoi! déjà?*" (What! already?) [But this repartee is much older than Talleyrand's time.]

Of a certain lady, whose dress, or want of it, provoked remark, he observed: "*Oui, elle est belle, très belle; mais, pour la toilette, cela commence trop tard et finit trop tôt.*"

Sidney Smith tells us that, talking in Talleyrand's presence to his brother Bobus, who was just beginning his career at the bar, he said, "Mind, Bobus, when you are Lord Chancellor I shall expect one of your best livings." "Yes, my friend," rejoined Bobus, "but first I shall make you commit all the basenesses of which priests are capable." "What an enormous latitude!" (*Quelle latitude énorme!*) cried Talleyrand, shrugging his shoulders and throwing up his hands.

The following anecdote is told by the late Lord Dalling and Bulwer:—For several days Talleyrand saw, without recognising him, a well-dressed person, who stood bare-headed and bowed very low as Talleyrand mounted the steps of his coach. "And who are you, my friend?" he said at last. "I am your coachmaker, monseigneur." "Ah, you are my coachmaker; and what do you want, my coachmaker?" "I want to be paid," said the coachmaker, meekly. "Ah, you are my coachmaker, and want to be paid; you shall be paid, my coachmaker." "And when, monseigneur?" "Hum," answered the statesman, looking at him closely, and settling himself comfortably in his carriage, "you are very curious!"

Statesmen and wits leave their characters behind them to be the playthings of opposing critics—shuttlecocks which they bandy to and fro *à leur gré*. Over the grave of a man like Talleyrand the voice of dispraise will be louder than that of panegyric. Chateaubriand said of him: "Had he been a plebeian, poor and obscure, with only his immorality and his drawing-room wit, we should never have heard of him"—which I take leave to doubt. "Strip off the degraded bishop, the debased *grand seigneur*, and the married priest, and what remains? His reputation and his successes have belonged to these three depravations." But this seems sorry criticism. What is the use of talking of what Talleyrand would have been if he had not [been] Talleyrand?

Madame de Staël, who did not (and had no reason to) love him, compares him to those little toy-men we give to children. With their heads of cork and limbs of lead, you may upset or reverse them, and they always find their feet.

Mignet's judgment is more favourable. "Napoleon," he says, "had the genius of action; Talleyrand that of counsel. The one projected everything that was grand, the other avoided whatever was dangerous; and the creative passion of the one was happily tempered by the slow circumspection of the other. It is probable, or at least possible, that, if Napoleon would have more frequently adopted his advice, he would have escaped his worst calamities; but then, had he done so, he would not have been Napoleon!" I confess I have little patience with these assumptions of historians, which always proceed on the untenable ground that if somebody had not been somebody, then, &c.

Says M. Adolphe Thiers:—"M. de Talleyrand had a moral merit, that of loving peace under a master who loved war, and of allowing him to see it. Gifted with an exquisite taste, with unfailing tact, and a useful indolence, he could render real service to the State only by opposing to the First Consul's affluence of words, of pen, and of action his perfect moderation as well as his penchant for doing nothing.

Says Sainte-Beuve:—"The moral problem which the personality of Talleyrand involves, in so far as it is original and extraordinary, rests wholly upon the singular and unique combination of a superior intellect, a clear good sense, an exquisite taste, and a consummate corruption, covered by disdain, *laisser-aller*, and indifference." Again, in a severer mood, he calls him a diminutive of Mazarin: "He is only a finer edition," he adds, "more elegant, and embellished with taste, of the Abbé Dubois."

Talleyrand was a man of his epoch; he was made by the age which he helped to make. This may seem a paradox; but I think the reader, on reflection, will perceive that it is the expression of an obvious truth. Finally, we may say of him that he had many ideas and no convictions; a good deal of wit, but not a particle of imagination.

Among the Great Talkers of the Revolutionary period I must pass over, from want of space, the Marquis de Boufflers (1738–1815), who wrote gay verses and gayer tales, wasting upon trifles[1] an intellect capable of better work, and, with a heart full of generous sympathies, doing nothing to make the world better; and Comte Alexandre de

[1] The Chevalier de Bonnard calls them :
Ces jolis riens,
Que tu produis avec aisance.

Tilly (1764–1816), who wrote bitterly in the "Actes des Apôtres," served Louis XVI. with more honesty than most of his fellows, was afterwards Chamberlain to the King of Prussia, and terminated by his own unhappy hand a life which had made gaming and gallantry its chief occupations. His scandalous "Mémoires" glitter with flashes of a keen and often cynical wit—with mordant sketches of some of the principal performers in the strange drama of his time—with lively anecdotes and livelier repartees. Then there are the two Ségurs: Comte Louis-Philippe de Ségur, who died in 1830, aged seventy-seven, and his brother, Vicomte Joseph-Alexandre, who died in 1805, aged only forty-nine. Both were men of talent, men of honour, and fine talkers. The Vicomte wrote some pleasant things in prose and verse: comedies, *proverbes*, novels, *chansons*, operas. His principal work is "Les Femmes," published in 1802. Not a few of his songs are bright with witty intention ("Le Temps et L'Amour," for instance, which is well known); but he could also strike with success a sentimental chord. I venture to quote a specimen:

> Vous me quittez pour aller à la gloire,
> Mon triste cœur suivra partout vos pas.
> Allez, volez au temple de mémoire,
> Suivez l'honneur, mais ne m'oubliez pas.
>
> A vos devoirs comme à l'amour fidèle,
> Cherchez la gloire, évitez le trépas ;
> Dans les combats où l'honneur vous appelle,
> Distinguez vous ; mais ne m'oubliez pas.
>
> Que faire, hélas ! dans mes peines cruelles ;
> Je crains la paix autant que les combats :
> Vous y verrez tant de beautés nouvelles ;
> Vous leur plairez ; mais ne m'oubliez pas.
>
> Oui, vous plairez et vous vaincrez sans cesse ;
> Mars et l'Amour suivront partout vos pas.
> De vos succès gardez la douce ivresse ;
> Soyez heureux ; mais ne m'oubliez pas.

In default of a better, the reader will accept, perhaps, the following halting version:

> You leave me, dear, to follow Glory's ways,
> My sad heart still shall, constant, share thy lot :
> Go, go, and seek the wreath of human praise ;
> Seek honour's meed ; but oh, forget me not !
>
> To duty as to love thou'lt faithful be ;
> Glory pursue, but shun the common lot ;
> On battle-fields where Honour Summons thee
> Distinction win ; but oh, forget me not !

> Alas for me! since in my sufferings dire
> Peace do I fear not less than war, I wot.
> New beauties thou wilt everywhere admire,
> And they will smile; but oh, forget me not!
>
> Yes, thou wilt conquer always, for 'tis meet
> Both Mars and Love should constant share thy lot.
> Of thy success the intoxication sweet
> Joyous preserve; but oh, forget me not!

The Comte Louis Philippe plied a more serious pen, and published a "History of the Reign of Frederick William II., King of Prussia"; "A Historical Decade, or Review of Europe from 1786 to 1796"; "Contes Moraux et Politiques"; and "Pensées, Maximes et Réflections." A distinguished statesman and diplomatist, he was reconciled to the Empire, and accepted office under Napoleon as a senator and councillor of State and Grand Master of the Ceremonies. But the Vicomte remained unmoved by the Imperial blandishments, and refused the colonelcy of a regiment which was offered to him. He dubbed his brother Ségur *le Cérémonieux*, adding, with a certain maliciousness, "I am Ségur *sans cérémonie*."

But his brother had quite as lively a wit. In 1789, while at Vienna, he dined with Prince de Kaunitz, who suddenly broke out against the Marquis de Noailles: "I have received, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, the latest news from France, where they are plundering and massacring more than ever; all heads are turned topsy-turvey; the country is given over to madness and frenzy." The ambassador was silent, as befitted his dignity; but Ségur, younger and more impatient, could not restrain his anger." "It is true, my prince, that France just now is suffering from a very severe fever. It is said that the malady is contagious, and that it came to us from Brussels." [Belgium had recently rebelled against the yoke of Austrian domination.]

In 1792, when he was at the court of Berlin, the King questioned him abruptly: "Do the French soldiers continue to refuse all discipline?" Ségur's reply was felicitous: "Sire, our enemies shall judge of that."

Napoleon, on one occasion, reproached his Grand Master of the Ceremonies with being behind time. "Sire," said he, bowing, "I could undoubtedly offer your Majesty a million of excuses; but just now one is not always able to make one's way in the streets. I had the misfortune to get involved in a ruck of kings (*un embarras de rois*), and could not extricate myself easily; that, sire, was the cause of my want of punctuality." Everybody smiled at this delicate bit of flattery, remembering that at that moment there were six kings in Paris.

Of the court of Louis XVI., and of French Society, at the moment when the tocsin of the Revolution first alarmed the world, vividly-coloured are the pictures presented in the "Souvenirs et Portraits" of the Duc de Lévis (1755–1830). Moreover, he tells some good stories and preserves some choice repartees. He tells us that at Lausanne he met with a philosophical boatman, who, after the Duc had dilated on the new theories of liberty and equality, replied, by showing in one hand a silver coin, and with the other pointing to the spire of the village church: "Liberty," said he, "is in my purse, and equality in the graveyard."

He reclaims for the Marquis de Bièvre a famous old quip, which our English jest-books dishonestly attribute to one and another of our wits. Louis XV. asked him to make a pun. "On what subject, sire?" "Never mind what; on me, if you like." "Your Majesty is no subject."

Someone said to him: "Let us make a *pari* (a bet)." "Sir, remember that *Paris* was not made in a day."

In 1785, the *ciel*, or roof, of M. de Calonne's bed gave way, and fell upon the slumbering minister. When M. de Bièvre was told of the occurrence, "Juste ciel!" he exclaimed.

One day he said he had seen some oysters traversing the *Palais* Royal (the royal *palate*!).

Next steps forward another of the old nobility, the Duc de Brancas-Lauraguais (1733–1821), whose eighty-eight years of life covered the most stirring period of French History—the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI., the Revolution, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration. Du Bled describes him as one of the greatest originals of his time; the *enfant terrible* of the *noblesse*, incapable of yielding to any kind of discipline; a faithless husband, a faithless lover; greatly smitten with every novelty; a disciple of Locke; associated by successful experiments with the most illustrious chemists of the age, Rouelle, Darcet, and Lavoisier; the author of a tragedy of "Jocasta," of which the wits said that what it presented most clearly was the enigma of the Sphinx; a generous and magnificent character; an intellect bold and inquisitive; a ready epigrammatist;[1] imprisoned four times; five times an exile on account of his pamphlets against the edicts of 1766 and 1770; a lover of liberty, even of its chimeras; and the perpetual assailant of the governments he preferred as well as of those he detested. It was on his return from one of his exiles that

[1] Discontinuing his visits to Madame de Beauharnais, where the dinners were ·r, but, on the other hand, scandal was plentiful, he said, "I am weary of my neighbour on dry bread."

Louis XV. addressed him: "What have you done in England, Monsieur de Lauraguais?" "Sire, I have learned to think (*penser*)! "What, horses?" replied the King, quibbling on the word *panser*, "to groom," which, as the well-instructed reader knows, is identical in sound with *penser*, "to think."

The Duc was a warm admirer of our English Constitution, and urged Louis XVI. to adopt it in France.

The story of Lafayette is well known. If it be not, the fault does not rest with the gentlemen of the pen, for it has been told over and over again, and generally with an enthusiasm and in a spirit of panegyric which, I confess, seem to me something extravagant. There are the original "Mémoires et Correspondance," in six volumes, published by his family; there are Régnault Warin's "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de La Fayette"; there is Chateauneuf's sketch "Le Général La Fayette"; and there are sketches and studies by Lamartine, Sainte-Beuve, De Loménie, Saint-Marc Girardin, Thiers, Mignet, and others. All these show him as one and the same. The fanatic of an idea, a transcendental egotist, an eighteenth-century Don Quixote, a man who was equally capable of the greatest absurdities and the finest actions, the Grandison of the Revolution, a hero among fine gentlemen, and a fine gentleman among heroes.

When the Revolution sank bleeding and exhausted at the feet of Napoleon, Lafayette still maintained his *exalté* devotion to liberty. He refused the dignity of senator and the embassy to Washington, preferring to pose before men as a prophet of the divine doctrine of freedom—"a copy, precious and almost unique, without blot and without errata, and for epigraph the *Victrix causa diis placuit.*" Yet the genius of the great conqueror dazzled him. He admired him profoundly, though it is true he did not envy him, believing himself to be inspired by a much nobler and loftier ambition. Napoleon understood him thoroughly, in his weakness as well as his greatness; and recognised that the best way of preventing him from undertaking an open opposition was by indulging his vanity in the opposition of the *tête-à-tête*. One day he discussed with him his intentions respecting the rehabilitation of the priesthood. "Lafayette interrupted him to say, with a laugh, 'Confess that your only object is to break the little phial' (used in the coronation ceremonial). 'You laugh at that little phial, and I also,' replied Napoleon; 'but, believe me, it is important to us at home and abroad to make the Pope and all those people declare against the legitimacy of the Bourbons.'"

Another time, when the First Consul sought to tickle his vanity

by turning the conversation upon Lafayette's campaign in America, Lafayette cut it short by the terse observation, that the greatest interests of the universe were decided there by affairs of patriots. He was less on his guard against another and subtler kind of flattery, when the Imperial cajoler reminded him of the hatred he had inspired in the breast of kings and the European aristocracy. And the incurable simplicity of "the master of the ceremonies" of the Revolution was only too apparent when he replied to Napoleon, "A free government and you at the head of it; that is my ideal!" Liberty, despotic order, and military glory combined—what an impossible dream! Lafayette was half conquered, but recovered from the spell when Napoleon made himself Emperor. Then he retired to his estate, and shut himself up in a seclusion of silent and passive disapproval. Napoleon did not cease to watch him. "Everybody is reformed," said he, "except one man—Lafayette. He has never receded one inch. You see how tranquil he is; yes, but I tell you that he is quite ready to begin again." "The silence of my retreat," remarked Lafayette, "is the maximum of my deference. I am like the child who is obstinate in not saying A, for fear he will afterwards be obliged to say B." And with Napoleon a man had to go to the last letter of the alphabet.

Of Louis, Comte de Narbonne (1725–1813), one need not say much. He was a great noble, a royalist, and a man of letters, who, by the common consent of his contemporaries, was capable of doing great things, but found few opportunities. One remembers him chiefly for the prompt courage and resolution with which he and his thirty dragoons secured the escape of Mesdames the King's aunts in '91, and for the patriotism with which he accepted the Ministry of War in '92. Through the help of Madame de Staël he escaped to England at the beginning of the Terror, disguised in valet's clothes, and settled down among his books in the happy valley of Mickleham, until Napoleon reconstructed French society, when he returned to France, and accepted some important diplomatic missions under the Empire. He was a refined talker, and Napoleon enjoyed his conversation, which he knew how to flavour with a delicate fragrance of compliment. On his return from an embassy to Vienna, the Emperor blurted out, "Well, what say they of Bautzen? What say they of Lutzen?" For an emperor to put a question is one thing; for a courtier to reply to it quite another; but Narbonne was equal to the difficulty. "Ah, sire," he replied, "some say that you are a god, others that you are a devil; but everybody is agreed that you are more than man!" His mother, the Duchesse de Narbonne, had remained

a fervent Bourbonist. The Emperor knew this, but was not much concerned. "Ah ça ! my dear Narbonne," said he, with a smile, "it is not good for my service that you should see your mother too often ; I am assured that she does not love me." "It is true, Sire ; as yet she has got no further than admiration."

He accompanied Napoleon on his mad plunge into the Russian wastes—a madness which he had vainly endeavoured to prevent. He did not long survive the disasters in which it involved the Empire.

The Comte Beugnot was a political Vicar of Bray. His method was that of Sosia—he devoutly admired his Amphitryon for the time being. He was always faithful to success—a loyal follower of the man in possession ; and felt an equal pleasure when Napoleon pinched his ear or Louis le Désiré smiled upon his flatteries. For he was wanting neither in intelligence nor in political foresight, and after he had taken care of his own interests, was not above looking after the interests of his country. The fact was that during the Terror he had been imprisoned as "a suspect" in the Conciergerie ; and the experience was crushing enough to deprive him of all elasticity of soul and independence of mind.

In his capacity of fervent royalist he invented for Louis XVIII., on his restoration, the famous *mot*—"No more divisions ! Peace and France ; at last I see her again ! And nothing is changed except that there is one Frenchman more !" His, too, was the ingenious idea of warning Blucher, when he proposed to blow up the Pont de Jéna, that if he carried out his idea the King would take his stand upon the bridge and be blown up with it. His, too, the ingenious inscription engraved under the statue of Henri IV.—"Ludovico reduce, Henricus redivivus."

One day, after the Restoration, the Comte de Marcellus proposed to the Chamber of Deputies to set up above the tribune an image of Christ, as a witness of justice, reverence, and faith. Beugnot immediately rose and said: "I desire to support the proposition of our pious and honourable colleague, while I beg leave to move an amendment quite in harmony with it. I pray the Chamber to order that beneath the statue shall be inscribed in letters of gold the words of pardon which He spake when dying—'Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do !'"

With this sufficiently sarcastic speech I take leave of Beugnot, who died in 1835, aged seventy-four.

In the same year, at the age of eighty-four—most of these survivors of the Terror seem to have enjoyed a remarkable longevity—died Rœderer, a man of energetic capacity, economist, journalist, historian,

administrator, playwright—whose most interesting book for us of the present day is his "Histoire de l'Hôtel Rambouillet"—which, by the way, he attempted to revive on his estate of Bois-Roussel. In the previous year died Arnault, the dramatist and satirist (at the age of sixty-eight), who expressed his mordant wit in his "Fables," and sketched his contemporaries with an incisive pencil in his "Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire." One of his minor poems, "La Feuille," is found in most French anthologies :

> De ta tige détachée,
> Pauvre feuille desséchée, &c.

Of his repartees here are two or three specimens. One of his professors at Suilly interrupted him in the midst of his companions: "Ah, well, are you seeking a subject for an epigram?" "I have found one," said Arnault, looking at him fixedly, like the well-known Ancient Mariner in Coleridge's poem.

His friend, General Leclerc, once accosted him very cavalierly in a *salon* : "Thou here—thou who thinkest thyself a poet after Racine and Corneille !" "And thou here," replied Arnault, "who callest thyself a general after Turenne and Condé !"

His opinion of Louis XVIII., and his successor Charles X., is neatly expressed in the following epigram :—

> Quoi qu'on pense, et qu'on puisse dire,
> Le règne des Bourbons me cause de l'effroi.
> J'ai vu le roi, le pauvre sire !
> J'ai vu Monsieur, vive le roi !

This is untranslatable.

Of Jules Michaud (1767–1837), the author of the "Histoire des Croisades" and "Correspondance d'Orient," M. du Bled succinctly says that the Revolution made him a journalist, exile rendered him a poet, a preface to a romance set his foot in the paths of history, and nature created him a Great Talker. Thus one man in his time plays many parts; and Michaud played his to the satisfaction of his audience—or, rather, we should say, to that of posterity, for, considering that this impassioned royalist was eleven times imprisoned, twice condemned to death, and executed in effigy on the Place de Grève, we must admit that a good many people were at one time prejudiced against him. You see, they had never heard him talk ! His conversation was delightful, its charm was irresistible, it combined the seriousness of the thinker with the polish of the man of the world, and abounded in that flexibility and that epigrammatic point which seem peculiarly French characteristics.

Who has not enjoyed that charming story, the "Meunier de Sans-Souci" of Andrieux?—François Guillaume Jean Stanislaus Andrieux to give him all his names. How skilful the versification! the style, how strongly individual! the humour, how delicate and refined! It is founded on the old anecdote of the honest miller who refused to sell his mill to Frederick II. of Prussia, and when threatened with confiscation, thanked heaven that there were judges at Berlin. The King, however, when he learned all the facts, showed a laudable desire not to interfere with his humble neighbour's landmarks.

> Il mit l'Europe en feu, ce sont là jeux de prince :
> On respecte un moulin, on vole une province.

This little apologue is treated with infinite grace. As much may be said of the other stories, fables, and romances, which will be found in his "Œuvres Choisies," edited by Charles de Rozan. The dramatic verve and spirit of Andrieux are equally undeniable; and his comedies of "Les Etourdis" and "La Comédienne" still retain an honoured place on the French stage. Andrieux began life as an advocate and a politician, but was strongly opposed to the Napoleonic *régime*, and his public career being abruptly terminated by the Imperial tyranny he devoted himself to literary pursuits. At the Restoration he was appointed to a chair in the Collége de France, in 1816 was admitted to a seat among the Forty, and closed a happy and not unprosperous life in 1833, at the age of seventy-four.

M. Legouvé furnishes an amusing sketch of Andrieux as a lecturer. "The day I was present," he says, "he arrived a little late, and explained that the fault was his housekeeper's. She had allowed the milk for his coffee to boil over, and wasted a quarter of an hour in seeking a fresh supply. Thereupon he plunged into a thousand details of domestic economy; of household management, of the cuisine, of the linen-presses—the whole blended with a sketch of the domestic virtues after the manner of Xenophon's 'Economics.' He discoursed to us at length upon his cat, and *à propos* of his cat upon Aristotle, and *à propos* of Aristotle upon natural history. Facts led to reflections, reflections were linked to narratives, and the narratives were delicious."

One day, at the height of the dispute between the so-called Classicists and Romanticists, he lectured upon Racine and Corneille, censuring those who sought to give to the one a pre-eminence over the other, and demonstrating that they had equal titles to the public admiration. And he concluded thus: "One ought to say, 'I love Corneille and I love Racine,' as one says, 'I love papa and I love

mamma.'" The lecture was at an end, and loud applause rose on every side, when the Professor, who was about to quit the platform, halted as if lost in thought, and, returning a few steps, added : *Yet I think that Corneille will be mamma !*

Both power and pathos are visible in the tragedies of Népomucène Lemercier (1779–1840), in "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Le Lévite d'Ephraim," nor is intellectual vigour wanting in the "Agamemnon," the "Frédégonde," and the "Pinto"; but in M. Lemercier's work is to be observed a want of human interest as well as of artistic unity, and I suppose it has little chance of obtaining a permanent position in French dramatic literature. His work resembles his character, which was fragmentary—governed by impulses, inharmonious; a bizarre mixture of the great and the little. Talleyrand thought him the most brilliant talker of his time—but that is not a reputation which avails much with posterity.

Here are two anecdotes which illustrate his ready coolness.

One day, at the Théâtre Français, an officer planted himself right in front of him, and refused to move when he was courteously entreated.

"Sir !" said Lemercier, "I have told you that you prevent me from seeing the stage, and I order you to get out of my way."

"You order me ! Do you know to whom you are speaking ? To a man who has carried the colours of the army of Italy !"

"Very likely : an ass carried Jesus Christ."

A duel ensued, in which the officer was wounded in the arm.

To a friend who was much agitated when one of his plays was hissed, "Be calm, my friend," said he ; "you will have many more hisses before long."

He was a profound admirer and a close personal friend of Napoleon, until he seated himself on the Imperial throne, when Lemercier boldly said to him : "You amuse yourself in re-making the bed of the Bourbons. Well, I predict you will not lie in it ten years."

This bold speech cost him the imperial favour, and the performance of his plays was prohibited. Lemercier made no complaint, but preserved a dignified silence. In 1812, as a member of the Institute, he was compelled to present himself at the Tuileries. As soon as the Emperor perceived him, he went straight up to him : "Ah, well, Lemercier, when will you give us another of your fine tragedies ?" "Sire, j'attends," was the reply—which, on the eve of the campaign against Russia, sounded like a prophecy.

The last of the Great Talkers of the Revolution to whom I wish

to direct the reader's attention is Jean François Ducis (1733–1816), the dramatic poet. The intellect of Ducis was first stimulated into activity by his perusal of Shakespeare; of whom he became a devoted admirer and an earnest student—seeking to make him known to the French by ingenious adaptations, in which he retained the original names and plots, and even whole scenes of his dramas, but imposed the classic forms sanctioned by the example of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. This has been called profanation by some severe critics; but I see no reason to doubt that Ducis acted in perfect good faith, and honestly chose a course which he thought would reconcile his countrymen to the novelty of the Shakespearean methods. In the same way he served up Euripides and Sophocles. That he was capable of a tolerably strong flight of his own may be seen in his tragedy of "Albufar," which, however, on its first representation, was not successful.

Though Ducis made no conspicuous figure in the political world, he was at bottom a republican idealist, or a republican with ideals (whichever the reader prefers). He was a profound lover of freedom, and could not restrain his indignation at the tyranny of the Terror. Writing to a friend, he breaks out into a storm of passionate eloquence: "Why speak to me of writing tragedies? Tragedy stalks through the streets. If I set my foot outside my door I stand ankle-deep in blood. I find it hard to shake the pollution off my shoes when I return; I say, like Macbeth, 'This blood will not out.' Farewell, then, to tragedy! I have seen too many Atreuses in *sabots* to dare to put them on the stage. It is a rude drama this, in which the people play the tyrant. My friend, its *dénouement* can take place only in hell. Believe me, Vallin, I would give half of what remains to me of life to pass the other half in some corner of the world where Liberty does not appear in the guise of a blood-boltered Fury."

Campenon relates a pretty anecdote in illustration of Ducis's pious devotion to our great poet: "I shall never forget," he says, "a visit I paid to him at Versailles one cold January day. I found him in his bed-chamber, mounted on a chair, and busily engaged, with a certain pomp, in arranging about a bust of the English Æschylus an enormous clump of laurel, which had just been brought to him. 'I am at your service immediately,' he said, as I entered, and without disturbing himself; but perceiving that I was somewhat surprised—'Do you not see that to-morrow is the feast of Saint William, the patron saint of my Shakespeare?' Then, steadying himself on my shoulder while he got down, and having studied the effect of his posy, the only one undoubtedly which the season had been able

to offer him, 'My friend,' he added, with a countenance the expression of which is still present to my mind, 'the ancients crowned with flowers the fountains from which they refreshed themselves.'"

From the preceding pages it will appear that even during the storms of the Revolution and the excesses of the Terror the liberal arts and graces flourished with a wonderful vigour of life, and that both in literature and society the French genius maintained its vivacity, its *élan*, and its refinement.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

THE NAMING OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

THERE may not be much in a name when it is once settled, stereotyped, and familiar; but from the manufacture of English surnames—those of northern England especially—there are some very curious ideas to be derived and inferences to be drawn. The methods of the Red Indian prevailed in England in the days of the Plantagenets. Our forefathers of the non-territorial grade owed their cognomina to the most diversified of incidents: incidents of change and decay, of servitude and degradation, of mirth and laughter, of savage irony and mocking jest. Envy and malice account for some of these names, contempt and bitterness for others. When we read of Adam Wadinlof, a bachelor who lived at Anston near Doncaster, we clearly meet with a victim of unrequited affection—"wode," or mad, with his passion; yet in its gratification the possible ancestor of a dean of the Church. When we encounter Agnes Crostkalf we most probably have a petulant young damsel who sulks and considers herself wronged and neglected by everybody. Thomas Lady, of Snaith, is another character of derision and the very opposite, we may presume, of Miss Crostkalf; to his friends he has been a finicking sort of person, or, as the old country people still describe such, a Miss Nancy—seeking the admiration of all.

The most complete catalogue of mediæval names ever published is that supplied by the Poll Tax for Yorkshire, levied in 1379—when England claimed to be in the front rank of civilisation, and actually after France had been conquered by men named in the fashion adopted by savages. As a picture of folk-life the Roll is absolutely unique, entirely without a rival in instruction. Its general view of association and the ordinary modes of life is most excellent. Its lights and shades of village thought and speech are marvellous. For instance, Robert Thombarne, married and with a family, was denominated in a manner which adds dignity to human ingenuity. Beyond recording him the Roll gives us the names of the stock of the men who won Crecy and Poictiers, and in doing so raises the

heartiest of laughter at the thought of the roll-call of those intrepid warriors. Fancy the captor of the King of Bohemia being called Bill at-'t-Kirkehende, and the Prince of Wales having the feathers presented to him by Bob Brewhouse—both names being actualities. Think of the Gallic air resounding in the moment of victory with the heroic names of John Tup, William Nog, Thomas Prop, William Calfe, Robert Tewer (*tewer* being a word expressing violent energy), William Bug, John Stoute, Symon Tredhard, William Charity, John Nuttebrowne, Adam Haksmall, William Snatchberd, and John Spylwede—the last a botch of a tailor who *spoilt weeds*, or garments! Yet these are the very names of the men themselves, or of their sons; and more than one of the names must have sounded above the din of battle ere England could claim the glory their owners won for her.

The rank and file of the population of all degrees below the baronage are named in detail in this curious record; not, as we see, in sonorous terms or in syllables that stamp the caste of Vere de Vere. The Bullcalves and Otecakes of Shakespeare's days have their ancestral existence in this Roll. They were not the sneering designations of the fat knight's wit, they were the very names of his father's playfellows. Thomas Hulet—whose name must be translated The Owl—and Robert Hatter (not an ancient member of the house of Lincoln and Bennet, *atter* being the north-country word for a viper), natives of Armyn, were scarcely likely to be of gentle blood, any more than their neighbours, William Raton, William Faysand, or William Thecar—the thatcher. Woodcraft or field life gave the proud denominations of their ancestral houses—"Who drives fat oxen needs himself be fat." Gentle blood had left them to deal with themselves in matters personal, with a very suggestive result. He was evidently a man of worldly knowledge and slyness of thought, if not of courtly attainments, who named Robert Hardfysshe, of Newton. Such men were amply abundant, as the stock of Hardfysshes, Tuplambs, Lawdogs, and the like bears witness. These rude ideas, then the stock of men's minds, are yet living and speaking in this quaint catalogue, which is much more eloquent than any learned dissertation on the social history of the Middle Ages. The uncouth names are now history speaking in the moments of its birth and life; as such they have become valuable to an extent never dreamt of by the "publicans and sinners" of the Exchequer who extorted the groats that were the tax of a peasant.

The thing which most strikes the student of this curious list is the almost complete want of nominal evidence of the men "whose sires came over with the Conqueror," as the pedigree-makers delight

in saying. Pedigree-men become sadly baffled by the silence of this tax-gathering. So far as traces of the cadets of great houses in grandeur of nomenclature are concerned it might be argued that as a class there had been no such men. The representatives of half a dozen of the great old names exhaust the list, and prove at the same time the repeated iniquities of the descent of lands. The very highest name of the English baronage during the reign of Edward Longshanks, the great Plantagenet, was that of the De Laci, of Pomfret, whose heiress married Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, the male line of her house being worn out, it was said. It was only that reputed absence of a male heir which allowed her to inherit. Yet we find a squire and a few peasants bearing that name and still living about the confines of the great estates. Robert Lasey and Margaret his wife were peasants paying their groat as tax and living in Skelbrook. William and John Lasey with their wives and families were living in Carleton, near Selby ; but they also were peasants, and though they bore the old name, which spared them a nick-name, they only paid a groat as tax ; and, being poor, evidently could put forth no legal evidence that they were rightfully descended from the grand old race, and so the mighty barony passed, by a monstrous fraud and a very bad woman, to a king's grandson, and they were left to herd with the Hatters and Hulets with whom they had intermarried.

William Saynte-Poule and Matilda his wife, bearing one of the names of the royal house of France, were peasants also living in Skelbrook. William de Qwyntyn and Joan his wife—greasy Joan who keeled the pot, and attended to the hogs, not clad in fine raiment and attending upon a queen's bower—though they had the name that came over to Senlac and glory, were likewise peasants in Rawcliffe, having Robert Ffoghell—the Fowl—Richard Badger, and Richard Charyte for their neighbours. A queer association this for Norman blood ! A gamekeeper named after his trade, a vassal who had to be named from the beast that his lord hunted, and a foundling whose infantile misery became his manhood's distinction were the equals and associates of mighty barons. The bitterness of the old lines—

> When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?

would find a resting-place over many a hearth. The disinherited patrician and the nameless rustic had to ponder over their sorts and conditions in a wrong they could feel, and we may guess their reflections.

But the vicissitudes of feudal life had in store even a keener degradation than the mere wrongs of power or the hardships of peasanthood. An incident which relates some of them is a startling phase of change unsuspected by the believers in chivalry, the inalienable birthright of hereditary supremacy, and the unalterable superiority of blue blood. Henry Shyrwood, a cattle-jobber of Egburgh, and a plebeian to the core, who had a kinswoman or namesake, Margaret Shyrwood, an "osteler," had for a servant John de Qwarine, whose name proclaims him of the stock of the De Warren, Earl of Surrey, once lord-paramount hereabouts, and actually an inheritor of the blood of the Conqueror! What a change since the days of Senlac and the dog-hood of the Saxon! The Sherwood peasant who sold cattle, without afterwards washing his hands in rose-water, it may be assumed, was as wealthy as a squire; he had a train of servants named in the tax-lists, equal to the best of them, the chief of which servants was this descendant of the house of Surrey. The grandfather or great-grandfather of the serving-man was doubtless a knight and pink of chivalry when the chief of his house, John de Warren, was actually Longshanks's viceroy in Scotland. There had only two generations elapsed since that was a fact! Who then need be vassals in Egburgh when a cattle-jobber was the headman, and had such a groom? Not Margaret the Tapster, forsooth; for she too was opulent, having also a train of servants, men and maids, to do her bidding. The men who won Magna Charta were Yorkshiremen; this cattle-jobber and tapster were the children of them, and the Norman Earl's imp did their bidding and took wages. Gurth the thrall of Cedric the Saxon had fed his pigs in the very woods whence this cattle-jobber drew his oxen; he was avenged in this case by a double vengeance. The unsparing rapacity of the tax-gatherer has revealed to us this fact; so we may forgive him the degrading actualities which surround the names of Hulet and Hatter, or the coarseness that assailed the Crostkalf.

The Church has afforded us a few curious names—some of them racy, some suspicious. Simon del Nounes, of Werdelay, was but a chattel of the White Ladies of Arthington. They had gained by deed granted the power of disposing of such and all their following. We are, however, apt to wonder at the position of "Cecilia famuli vicarii," of Dorrington, thus delicately recorded by the courtly tax-gatherer. The times were those, we know, when the priests were celibate, always having as a reward the handsomest nieces in the village. Cecilia might be such a niece, but the tax-man has omitted so to call her, and her

memory has to suffer from the neglect. Roger Parsonson, living at Badsworth,' hard by, and having kindred Parsonsons in a score of other places, is rather an unfortunate existence, and would have been much better as Parson-nephew. So might William Nunneson, of Linton, have been identified, instead of being one of the saddest of all facts, not being a solitary instance of the name, which to-day survives as Nanson. Justice, however, declares that the nuns were not more accountable for the spread of population than the monks. William Mone, the carpenter of Selby—seat of one of the greatest Benedictine abbeys—is possibly one whose ancestry the fashionable pedigree-men would not care to illustrate; but these monks were always very unsatisfactory fellows, and so we will dismiss this man who bears their precise name. William Atte Wykers, of Fryston, is more colourless, as also is the maiden Joan Prest of the same place; but there may even lurk about their existence and ancestry a suspicion which is much better consigned to charitable oblivion. John Person, of Hambleton, is a more agreeable fact, for we may regard him as a species of "local brother," nicknamed probably because he was apt "to preach a little"; John Archedeken, of Fenton, is another good joke, being surpassed only by Henry Cardynall, of Snaith, and the frequent members of the supreme house of Pope. We may now guess why the mediæval clergy always adopted a territorial designation. Their sense of the ridiculous, or of some other emotion, blushed at the names of their forefathers. To have called a rector Peter Spylwede, an abbess Catherine Nunsedoghter, and an abbot Symon Slambehynd —actual names—would have been to have rendered them contemptible to posterity. They were sufficiently wise to look far ahead of their day and generation.

The old sea-dogs of Viking invasion left some mark on popular nomenclature, but not to the extent we might have expected. Richard Brande, of Ackworth; the Utreths, of the Selby district; Emma Cutwolf, of Weston; Isabella Hardenute, of Tadcaster; Ketill and Dunstan, also of Selby, and others of the old names still clinging about the water-lines are sufficiently palpable evidences; but, in the main, the name-features are sadly changed. Their compatriots came to be known by local cognomina as "of that ilk"—Hugh de Saurby, Agnes de Byrom, and John de Okilsthorp, for instance, whose residences are all of Norse foundation. The old Christian names, too, are sadly changed; here and there we find Sigretha, Rohesia, and Hawysia among the females; but in the bulk the Norman names prevail, and Alice and Cecily and Matilda, Johanna, Idonia, and Constantia are the most familiar. They afford queer com-

binations at times. Adam Dobson is a passable man, but his sister, Agnes Dobdoghter, is rather strangely designated. Alan Pringle would make a first-rate name for the hero of a novel; but that same man's remote ancestor, Alan Prynkale, though a fact, would not be either heroic or taking.

The continued existence of the Celt is also here and there discovered. In William Waleys, of Ackworth, we have him undefiled, somewhat to the disparagement of Scottish claims, I take it; the name actually blossoms into Le Walensis when the scribes of the Church get hold of it. Howen Cropure and Jude his wife, and John Walet—the little Welshman—of Stanley, and Elena Wales, of Sharston, are evidences of their race, as also is Alice Mab, of Drax. An ill-flavour perhaps accompanies her name, for the north-country worb *mab*, although coming direct from the Celt, had got to mean a slattern. There is an old district of Leeds called Mabgate; it is held to have been the road along which the Celtic Mabs—young men—came down from the hills into the town. But there is another fact connected with this Mabgate. At the town end of it there once was a garrison of Norse soldiers stationed in the north hall; and censorious people are apt to say that these dandy *militaires*, famous enough for their gallantries, attracted Mabs of the other sex, who for their sakes became slatterns—and something worse.

Then, again, in the fanciful distribution of names we have the occurrence of the sentimental. Richard Jolyman, of Stubbes Walden, if named by the men, presents himself to us as a neighbour with whom one would go smoke a pipe; but if his name sprang from feminine appreciations, we shall have to regard him as the village Adonis. William Selyman, of Fryston, was obviously less fortunate. It is to be feared that, whether named by male or female, his position in the rank of intellect was not high. Fortunately for human constancy and female peace of mind, the Trewlofs are many. Roger Fawul, of Burgwaleys, is a *double entente*, having his opposite, we think, in Richard Parlebene—the silvery-tongued—of Hillam. John Holdshrewe, of Stanley, was clearly a man commiserated by his neighbours, the name of his wife, Agnes, being a misnomer. Simon Kochille was a joke which now defies interpretation, as Professor Pillman, his worthy namesake, has since done. Richard Gudlad, of Brayton, and his neighbour Richard Gemme, of Hirst, are like the almshouses at Rothwell, "marks of a better age." John Raysyn, of Ouston, and Symon de Cokschaghe, of Rawcliffe, are incomprehensibles, whose legacies posterity appears to have declined.

Trades, of course, are prolific of designations, and furnish us

with an insight into the composition of a village community. Tailors, smiths, shoemakers, and carpenters were everywhere; weavers (*Websters*), fullers (*Walkers*), and other clothworkers were frequent; lawyers and doctors were few, so we may take it the villages were happy and healthy, and could afford their jests and nick-names without fear of action for libel. The "great middle class" had also established a footing; the higher traders, such as Robert Wulchapman, of Wakefield, marchaund, being carefully recorded, for they frequently pay a tax equal to that of a squire—which is no unimportant fact in the commercial history of England. The officials of the great men, also, duly present themselves, like William Stuard, of Snaith, the form of whose name is not less welcome than his existence. He has most probably been a *Dispensator* or steward of the great house of Laci; and by the translation of his official name as "Stuard" strikes a very violent blow at the statement that the royal house of Scotland, who sprang from *Dispensatores*, gained the form of their name "Stuart" from the pronunciation of their allies, the French. Their first ancestor, who left Yorkshire as a FitzAlan, most probably carried it thence with him.

Vulgar nick-names are common enough. Thomas Bagger, of Snaith, for instance, would not be regarded as a man desirable for high society, his name being certainly not of the territorial order. William Halymanne, of Glass-Houghton, may have been a truculent wretch not unlike the gentleman spoken of by the Wife of Bath. Margaret Pepir may be left to the imagination of hen-pecked husbands. Custancia Sorowles must have been a sunny-faced girl, worthy of "John Sorowles Felix," her father. Robert Sercote, of Womersley, doubtless owes his name to service under "Thomas Neumarche, Chiualer," and the gorgeous trappings of knighthood—like the heralds of modern judges. William Shaket, of Castleford, was a gentleman whose *raison d'être* is not very plain; Thomas Smalcher, of Touton, a man whose ancestry is not obvious—he, at least, would be a difficult subject for the pedigree-man. Hugh Redeberd, of Sicklinghall, was evidently a curiosity in his village. Cecilia Levebarne was a cruel social blemish; and John Tyngler, of Thorner, a person whose modern vocation would be writing penny dreadfuls. Matilda Candelmes, of Garforth, was an ecclesiastical creature worthy of study. Robert Swepstake, of Barwick, is an early evidence of the iniquities of the horsey tribe. John Croukeshag and John Pyntylwag, both of Ilkelay, are etymological curiosities, rivalled only by Thomas Fyndeyryn, of Leeds—possibly one who occasionally "found iron" in the bellpits of that town. Adam Myryman, of

Bingley, might be a clown, or he might be the servant of strange persons; but who Henry Capiman of that town was it is best to imagine. There were distinguished foreigners then in Bingley—perhaps with a circus—as Matilda Mylan, and John Cecily, and Matilda de Parys testify; and, if Matilda Blawer be allowed to put in her evidence, there were strange "goings on" there: sufficient, indeed, to account for the Myryman. Imagination seems to have exhausted itself about Shadwell, where clowns and distinguished foreigners would not go to the rescue. The chief resident, a carpenter, had to be called Richard ye Elder, and one of the peasants had to be satisfied with the name of Thomas Japhup. That name was as the pillars of Hercules—*ne plus ultra*!

After considering these illustrations we need no longer ask "What's in a name?" The life of a nation is in it: its struggles, its wrongs, its bitterness, its scoffs, its ignorance, and its shortcomings. The name is a clear description of the state of civilisation to which the named had arrived. The most peculiar lesson, however, that these illustrations convey is the fact that, within a century, nine-tenths of the uncouth names had vanished. The man and his representatives had not vanished: it was the name only. It went because men had come to know that it was often an absurdity, more often a mockery: Men had begun—not, indeed, "to think for themselves": they had long done that—but to act upon their own thoughts, to the trouble and dismay of their betters. Edward III. would fain regulate the nation's apparel according to the ranks of society. He passed an Act of Parliament to that effect. Knights and nobles were to be clad in one fashion, serfs in another. But the severe penalties the Act imposed upon those who violated it prove that from its initiation it was only a futile effort of impotence. It was at the very time when the descendant of Gurth the Swineherd tore off the collar of his thraldom that he gave to oblivion the miserable patronymics of his fore-elders.

W. WHEATER.

THE SUPPLIANT.

I.

THE night was dark, and knew no star,
The rain had put them out;
The door was shut with bolt and bar:
A beggar stood without.

II.

Long time he sued nor would depart,
Though all his suit was vain,
With tones that seemed to pierce the heart
Like infant's cry of pain.

III.

At length the bolt was backward drawn
Amid a sound of tears;
He entered in like light at dawn,
With step that no man hears.

IV.

The house changed hands that fateful night;
With strange and sudden thrill,
Its firm foundations owned the might
Of an all-conquering will.

V.

The day relumes its golden torch
In dawn without a cloud;
Without, the roses in the porch
Unfold, the birds sing loud.

VI.

Within, the cloak of rags slips down
That hid his purple wing;
Love stands revealed in starry crown,
A suppliant? Nay, a King!

ISA. J. POSTGATE.

the production of "The Crusaders." It may not be so ingeniously constructed as "The Dancing Girl." I say it may not be, for I am not at all prepared to admit definitely that it is not; but, as a study of human nature, of human character, as an impulsive force in dramatic art, it is far and away superior to its predecessor. I have not felt so much encouragement with regard to the immediate future of our drama as I felt after seeing "The Crusaders" for long enough, not since the first time I saw "The Doll's House" performed at the Novelty Theatre some two years ago. "The Crusaders" marks a distinct advance in our dramatic art; it is a result of the new forces at work upon the theatre both from within and from without, and in welcoming it I find it not a little difficult to keep my words restrained within the limits of a prudent appreciation. Valuable in itself, "The Crusaders" is more valuable still as the herald, as the prophet, of better things to come.

If it be admitted, as it surely must be admitted, that the drama has a right to concern itself with the serious problems of its time, then Mr. Jones's play has a more genuine reason for existence and a more earnest purpose than any play which has been put upon the stage since "Hedda Gabler." If there is one problem which more than another is forcing itself upon the attention of all thinking men and women in this phase of our civilisation, it is the problem of how to deal with the poor of our great city. Let me not here be misunderstood. Let me not be supposed to lay down the doctrine that the only business of art in general, and of the drama in particular, is to deal with social problems. The first business of a work of art is to be artistic; if it is not that, all the morality, all the philanthropy, all the philosophy under the sun will not save it from condemnation. But it is because Mr. Jones's play deserves to be regarded as a work of art that its attitude towards certain great social questions, towards certain moods of modern thought, calls for such close consideration, such thankful recognition. In Ingarfield and in Una Dell Mr. Jones has seized upon two types of those who in the highest sense are heroes of the struggle for life, because their struggle for life is not for themselves, but for those, the many and the unhappy, whose part in the struggle is so piteous, whose lot seems so hopeless. In Cynthia Greenslade Mr. Jones has had the daring to draw a certain type of modern woman as she really is, and the result crowns the courage with success. She is a real woman, vital as the women of Ibsen are vital. She is not an admirable woman, but one need not be assumed to range with Schopenhauer in his scorn of women if one accepts the fact that all women are not admirable. Even the most enthusiastic disciple of Mr. John Stuart Mill's theories with

regard to women would be prepared to concede so much. Around these three figures, the man who is almost a hero, the woman who is quite a hero, and the woman who is not heroic at all, Mr. Jones has grouped a number of admirable mundane studies. The Scribes and the Pharisees of a waning age are very skilfully portrayed; the uncompromising pessimism of Mr. Jawle—a pessimism profounder than Schopenhauer's, profound as Hartmann's, profound as Bahnsen's—is in excellent contrast with the worldly optimism, or at least *laissez-faire-ism* of Lord Burnham and his rogue of a son. The best play we have had for a long time was as well played as it deserved. Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Olga Brandon, Lady Monckton, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Weedon Grossmith may all be heartily and largely praised. It is to be regretted that Miss Winifred Emery's health did not allow her longer to enjoy her success as Cynthia Greenslade. She was ordered abroad, and her place has been taken by Miss Maude Millett.

"As You Like It."

THE great success of "The Last Word," as played by Mr. Augustin Daly's company at the Lyceum, has been in some respects a cause of sorrow to the London playgoer. For the London playgoer looked forward, with this year's visit of Mr. Daly's company, to seeing several old dramatic friends, and at least one notable new one. We wanted to have "The Railroad of Love" again, and, of course, we wanted the ever-enchanting "Taming of the Shrew," but most of all we wanted to see "The School for Scandal," with Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle. But "The Last Word" was such a success—and, considering the way in which Miss Rehan played the Baroness Vera Von Bouraneff, it is not surprising—that the limited period of Mr. Daly's season ran out, and only left him time for a brief revival of "As You Like It." But brief though the revival was, it showed that the enthusiasm for Miss Ada Rehan's Rosalind is as keen as ever amongst us. Those who loved her Rosalind last year loved it more than ever this year; those who, fortunately unfortunate, saw it this year for the first time, caught the fever of admiration as hotly as the rest. Rosalind came and went in a rapture of praise to which it would be hard to add worthy words. For myself it is enough to say that Miss Rehan realised Rosalind to me as she has hitherto only been realised in the pages of a printed book, the "golden book of spirit and sense" of Theophile Gautier. She was Rosalind, and words can say no more. For her fellow-players they all worked well for the sweet idyll. Mr. John Drew was as gallant an Orlando as heart of maid could desire.

Mr. James Lewis was full of a quaint, dry, restrained humour as Touchstone. Mr. Clarke was a sound Jacques, and Mr. Wheatleigh a dignified banished Duke. Surely the part of Celia must be one of the most unsatisfactory parts to play in all the range of Shakespearean drama. Though she is on the stage from first to last, from first to last also she is overshadowed by Rosalind—she is always in attendance upon the Witch of Arden, and always in the background. Yet it must be recognised that Miss Adelaide Prince made a most charming Celia, that she gave life and colour to a character which a less gifted actress would have left lifeless and colourless, and showed in a small part gifts of acting which deserve a greater opportunity.

"Lord Anerley."

I AM at a loss to understand why Mr. Alexander elected to put "Lord Anerley" upon the stage. The youngest of our actor-managers, Mr. Alexander has shown himself to be one of our ablest, most energetic; in what must be called a very short space of time he has gathered about him a highly efficient company, well qualified for the production of artistic work. Why has he given to such a company such a play as "Lord Anerley"? "Lord Anerley" is not a good play; it is difficult to see how, under the conditions, it could be a good play. For it is avowedly inspired by a novel by Arthur Arnould called "Le Duc de Kandos," which novel was dramatised in Paris some ten years ago. The original play was a sufficiently dismal performance; the wildest kind of wild melodrama, conventional to the nth power, with all the old *clichées*, all the old *ficelles*, all the old *trucs*. What might pass muster, however, in Paris, upon the planks of an inferior theatre, is hardly the sort of thing one expects to see served up upon the stage of a first-rate London theatre, with the assistance of a first-rate London company. It would be well-nigh impossible to do what the authors of "Lord Anerley" have tried to do—convert "Le Duc de Kandos" into a possible English play. The old, old murder, the old, old personation, the old, old villain, the old, old passionate Spanish dancing-girl, the old, old comic lover and his lass, the old, old angelic being who converts the personator, worst of all, the old, old detective—every one of these events and individuals has its part in the bewildering medley of "Lord Anerley." The company, of course, plays well—the St. James's company always has played well under Mr. Alexander's management—but the task of triumphing over the "Duc de Kandos" is too hard for them: it is a hopeless task. It is hard to see so sound and artistic an actor as Mr. Waring wasting his genuine gifts in the gallant effort to make

something new out of the most old-fashioned of stage villains. It is to Mr. Waring's honour that in one strong moment of fierce emotion he actually succeeds in carrying his audience away with him, and making them forget for the moment the terrible old type with which they are brought face to face. It is hard, too, for so clever a young actor as Mr. Webster—and so clever a young actor must surely be ambitious—to be compelled to play the part of the amiable love-making imbecile once again, and in a worse form than usual. Mr. Webster can do good work, and will do good work, but it is a pity to see him thrown away upon this kind of thing. It is hard to see such fine acting as Mr. Alexander's and Miss Marion Terry's squandered tragically upon the kind of words they are made to say, the kind of deeds they are compelled to do. Mr. Arthur Bouchier is, perhaps, to be the most congratulated of all the company, for he has one exceedingly effective little bit of acting in the first act, and then—as he is assassinated—he is relieved from the trial and the tedium of taking any further share in the performance. The point that interests me is to see how far the public really like crude melodrama of this sort on a stage where crude melodrama of late years certainly has not found a home. So many of us have been talking of and hoping for the good time coming for our drama that it is not a little disappointing to us to find an actor and manager on whom we relied offering us "Lord Anerley" for artistic entertainment. The spirits that were so greatly cheered by "The Crusaders" on the Monday night of one week were certainly deeply dashed by the production of "Lord Anerley" on the Saturday night immediately following. Everyone wishes Mr. Alexander well; he has done much in his short time of service for the stage; but in the interests of English art it would be impossible to wish that the English public could possibly enjoy or admire such an adaptation of "Le Duc de Kandos."

Mr. Henry Irving on Acting.

It would be impossible in any glance at the drama of the month to avoid noticing the very remarkable speech made by Mr. Henry Irving in inaugurating the session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in the early part of last month. At the opening of his address Mr. Irving pointed out that, of all the arts, none required greater intention than the actor's craft. Throughout it was necessary "to do something," and that something could not fittingly be left to chance or the unknown inspiration of a moment. Poetry, painting, sculpture, music, architecture, all have a bearing on their time, and beyond it; and the actor, though his knowledge may be,

and must be, limited by the knowledge of his age, so long as he sounds the notes of human passion, has something which is common to all the ages. If he can smite water from the rock of one hardened human heart, surely he cannot have worked in vain. All this, if not exactly new, is certainly true. Perhaps the most valuable part of the address was when Mr. Irving proceeded to contend that the theatre, in addition to being a place of amusement, was a living educational power. How many are there, he said, who have had brought home to them in an understandable manner by stage plays the costumes, habits, manners, and customs of countries and ages other than their own. Not only must the actor's dress be suitable to the part which he assumes, but his bearing must not be in any way antagonistic to the spirit of the time in which the play is fixed. The free bearing of the sixteenth century is distinct from the artificial one of the seventeenth, the mannered one of the eighteenth, and the careless one of the nineteenth. And the voice must be modulated to the vogue of the time. The habitual action of a rapier-bearing age is different to that of a mail-clad one—nay, the armour of a period ruled in real life the poise and bearing of the body; and all this must be reproduced on the stage, unless the intelligence of the audience, be they ever so little skilled in history, is to count as naught. It cannot, therefore, be seriously put forward, in the face of such manifold requirements, that no art is required for the representation of suitable action. It is not surprising to find that this line of thought soon led Mr. Irving to the name of Diderot.

The whole question raised by Diderot, in his famous "Paradoxe sur le Comédien," and in his less-known but admirable "Essays upon Dramatic Poetry," is unfortunately too grave to be entered upon here at sufficient length. Let me then say that the truth lies between Diderot and Talma, between the followers of Diderot and Mr. Henry Irving. Neither is right absolutely or absolutely wrong. It depends so much upon the individuality of the particular actor. To the public at large the result obtained is the only important matter. The public does not care whether the actor does or does not feel the emotions he portrays so long as he compels the public to feel them. And the best method for making the public so feel, after all, every actor must find out for himself. There is no other way. Finally, said Mr. Irving, in the consideration of the art of acting, it must never be forgotten that its ultimate aim is beauty. Truth itself is only an element of beauty, and to merely reproduce things vile and squalid and mean is a debasement of art. There is apt to be such a tendency in an age of peace, and men should carefully watch its

manifestations. A morose and hopeless dissatisfaction is not a part of a true national life. This is hopeful and earnest, and, if need be, militant. It is a bad sign for any nation to yearn for, or even to tolerate, pessimism in their enjoyment; and how can pessimism be other than antagonistic to beauty? Life, with all its pains and sorrows, is a beautiful and a precious gift; and the actor's art is to reproduce this beautiful thing, giving due emphasis to those royal virtues and those stormy passions which sway the destinies of men. Thus every actor who is more than a mere machine, and who has an ideal of any kind, has a duty which lies beyond the scope of his personal ambition. The whole scheme of the higher drama is not to be regarded as a game in life which can be played with varying success. Its present intention may be to interest and amuse, but its deeper purpose is earnest, intense, sincere.

These last and very interesting words of Mr. Irving's give opportunity for much consideration and much discussion.

OTHER PLAYS.

SOME other plays call for brief comment. After the disastrous failure of "Pamela's Prodigy," a failure which reflected far more severely upon Mrs. John Wood than upon Mr. Clyde Fitch, "Aunt Jack," Mr. Lumley's amusing farce, has been revived at the Court Theatre. The piece is as funny as ever, but it is not nearly so well played. Miss Ethel Matthews looks exceedingly pretty, and Mr. Giddens drolls audaciously in his merry way; but the absence of Mr. Weedon Grossmith from the part of Juffin is not compensated for at all. At the Globe Theatre Mr. Mortimer has brought out his very amusing "Gloriana," a version of the very amusing Palais Royal success of some nine years back, Chivet and Duru's "Le Truc d'Arthur." It is a wildly improbable farce; but its wild improbabilities are vastly diverting, and that, in the days that pass, counts for much. In "The Planter," at the Prince of Wales's, Mr. William Yardley has made a laughable version of a laughable French fantasy, and Mr. Horace Sedger has put it upon the stage with a beauty and fidelity of detail which call for the warmest praise. "After Dark" has been revived at the Princess's, and there have been no fewer than two burlesques of the "Dancing Girl," one at the Royalty and one at the Prince of Wales's. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones ought to be "a prood man the day."

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Promised Additions to Pepys.

IT is good news to all lovers of literature that an enlarged edition of Pepys is promised by Mr. H. B. Wheatley. That portions of Pepys are unfit for publication is well known, and the fact has stirred a good deal of curiosity. There are not wanting those who would like to see a limited edition of the perfect work issued in some such form as the Villon Society publications or Burton's "Arabian Nights." It is doubtful whether the University authorities would permit this. Difficult as it is to believe in Pepys confiding to the diary anything totally unfit for perusal, I do not advocate this scheme, having but little sympathy with the taste for prurient detail. When, however, the all but complete diary to which Mr. Wheatley is pledged sees the light, it would still for historical purposes be well to have in one or two great libraries copies of the suppressed passages, to prevent the risk of destruction. This is said, supposing, as I have a right to suppose, that interest of some sort, personal, biographical, or literary, attends them. Pepys, I take it, was not the man to write down obscenity for the simple sake of gloating over it.

A Domestic Interior from Pepys.

IT is apparent, meanwhile, that the previous editors of Pepys have been too squeamish. Roughly speaking, a fifth of the diary remains unpublished. If only for the light it casts upon Pepys himself—one of the most delightful of personalities—this should be published. Most appetising are the specimens Mr. Wheatley has afforded. A fair portion of these is occupied with domestic troubles, of which our diarist seems to have had a large, if well deserved, share. It is sad to find a man of Pepys's gallantry to the sex treating his wife after the fashion of Sganarelle, who in "Le Médecin malgré lui" addresses his spouse, "Ma petite femme, m'amie, votre peau vous démange à votre ordinaire. . . . Doux objet de mes vœux, je vous frotterai les oreilles," and who fulfils his ungentle menaces. Here is a parallel scene from Pepys: "Going to bed betimes last night, we waked betimes, and from our people being forced to take the key to go out to light a candle I was very angry, and began to find fault with my wife for not commanding her servants as she ought. Thereupon, she giving me some cross answer, I did strike her over her left eye such a blow as the poor wretch did cry out, and was in great pain; but yet her spirit was such as to endeavour to bite and scratch

me. But I crying with her made her leave crying and search for butter and parsley, and friends presently with one another; and I up, vexed at my heart to think what I had done, for she was forced to lay a poultice or something to her eye all day, and is black, and the people of the house observed it." In the fact recorded in the last sentence appears to lie the sting. Oh! ungentle Mr. Pepys! Times were, however, different then and long after. Do we not in the next century read of Frederick William of Prussia chastising with his stick his daughter Wilhelmina, the intended bride of a Prince of Wales?

A "PENTATEUCH OF PRINTING."

ONLY within recent days has bibliography been treated in England from the point of a science in which exactitude is indispensable. Much pleasant gossip concerning books is to be found in the writings of men such as Ames and Dibdin. It has been reserved for modern days to substitute realism for romance in the treatment of the book. Among those who have rendered highest service in this respect is William Blades, the man to whom, after Henry Bradshaw, bibliography is most indebted. Both men are now dead, but their influence survives, and it will no longer be possible for second-hand information or guess-work to win acceptance as erudition. Blades, however, "though dead yet speaketh," and a posthumous work from him, though lacking something more than his finishing touches, is sure of a welcome. Such appears in "The Pentateuch of Printing, with a Chapter on Judges," [1] which, with a biographical sketch of Blades, has just seen the light. The title of this is somewhat fanciful, but the analogy is fairly borne out. In the Genesis of Printing Blades treats of block-books, and enters into the vexed question of the claims of Gutenberg and Coster. Exodus shows the distribution of printing through the various countries; Leviticus declares the laws necessary to be observed in the manufacture of a book; Numbers, not too happily, adumbrates the greatest printers, and Deuteronomy, or second birth, shows the regenerative influences introduced by recent discoveries, including steam. A chapter on Judges professes to be no more than a sketch of the bibliography of printing. It supplies, however, a series of title-pages in facsimile. The new volume, which is profusely illustrated, will find a warm welcome. It contains a valuable list of Blades' contributions to periodical literature, and a selection with explanations of the Latin names of towns employed by the early printers, which will be of service to those who do not possess the "Typographical Gazetteer" of Cotton.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

[1] Elliot Stock.

WISBECH