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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.



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Comptroller's Report

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REPORT  
FOR THE YEAR ENDING  
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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1859.

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## THE RIFLE CORPS MOVEMENT AND NATIONAL DEFENCES.

BY P. E. DOVE.

WHATEVER may be the form and aspect of the approaching European turmoil, one imperative duty, paramount to all others, lies on the great free nation that holds its home of liberty in the presence of the world—the duty of rendering herself *impregnable*. It is not enough that we should be able to cope with this nation or with that; not enough that we should seek a modified security; not enough that we should trust to alliances, to interests of other men, to probabilities, cross purposes, diplomacy, to false hopes which, if the storm is really coming, would be shivered like reeds. If wise, we must do as our fathers did before us. We must look the danger plainly in the face, and, under God, resolve to meet it. Like our Channel fleet in the great storm which engulfed the *Royal Charter*, we must wear ship and face the hurricane. We have run before it long enough for all safe purposes. We have manœuvred our best to keep good friends, and to let all go fair and easy; but the pace begins to tell. This running with the storm might end in something exceedingly like the renunciation of our old character. Ourselves might lose ourselves for lack of heart; and, if once the heart of the nation were to begin to fail, farewell to England's glories! farewell to freedom! Let Britain then mete out her liberties by the yard, and hide her head under a bushel, and chaffer in the

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market-place for leave to go or stay. Let her learn to speak what may not offend, to write what may not be dangerous, to print what may not be inconvenient, to mince her words and curb her tongue, and put a bridle on her neck, and, like Mr. Rarey's pupils, have a drum beaten on her back without wincing,—an accomplishment which would be as good for us as for them, if we like them were made to be mastered. Has it come to that? Have these long centuries of hardy toil—of our mid-helmed course of holding into the teeth of the hurricane when it blew its hardest—of reaching its very eye, and then once more plunging through it—have they all ended in critical speculations and demure shakes of the head as to whether we are safe?

It is, we say, not the thing at all to discuss whether we are safe; for that question should rather come to us in the form of our wives and children, our fathers and our mothers, our sisters, and all whom we love. If we are not safe it matters little what we are. If not safe we are unworthy—unworthy our name, our lineage, our heritage, our home. If not safe with four or five millions of able-bodied men planted down in an ocean castle, with a salt-water ditch around us, deep enough to drown all the men who ever lived, and twenty miles broad at its narrowest with a coast-line made as it were on

purpose for defence ; with the strongest navy, and the best seamen in the world ; with guns that can throw a shot five miles, and with innumerable hedge-rows, copses, woods, parks, and palings, dotted and spotted all over the country ; with Birmingham and Enfield to turn out the best weapons that ever were placed in the hands of a soldier ; with as many yachtsmen as would man a squadron, and as many fox-hunters as would ride down a whole brigade ; with the soundest and the fastest horses anywhere to be seen in Europe ; with telegraph and rail ramifying, like nerve and blood-vessel, to every extremity ; and last, not least, with a free people, every one of whom already has to fight his own battle after his own fashion, and is not licked into submission by officialism—with free *men*—men who know what manhood is, and learn to do right because it is right ;—if not safe, with these at our command, it would be difficult to understand what more could be added. Somebody to take care of us, perhaps !

Yet military men tell us we are not safe, and, of course, we are not going to impugn a professional judgment. The fact is, that the long period of peace and the development of other pursuits than those of war, had led this country into the hope—and with the hope into the belief—that war was about to withdraw to the frontier of civilization, and that the great European Powers would come to understand each other sufficiently to carry on their national business without falling foul of each other, and appealing to wager of battle. For a long period it was so. Navarino, the siege of Antwerp, a little revolutionary gunpowder burnt in Paris, a few scrambling fights in Spain, and here and there some isolated conflict of very minor note, were all that reminded us of war, until Louis-Philippe mismanaged the Parisians, and once more set the firebrand in motion. Had he remained on the throne, there seemed a reasonable prospect that the commercial spirit would have got the upper hand, and that France would have learnt the ways of peace and industry. Things were otherwise ordered, however. The

French would try another throw, and at last they caught a Tartar. Not only France, however,—Europe has caught a Tartar. What the nature of this inscrutable Emperor may be we profess not to inquire—at least on this occasion. For aught we know, Louis Napoleon may be a first-rate emperor, and a fast and firm friend of Great Britain. For his own sake, and that of the French people, we should hope he is. But emperors that have very large armies are apparently compelled to use them. The Algerian war did well enough in Louis-Philippe's time, and drew off many of the bad humours of France—to the extent most likely of ten thousand men annually. But the Algerian war did not survive the capture of Abdel Kader. It lost its romance with the fall of the emir. France must have something new ; and there can be no doubt of the fact, that whatever small modicum of goodwill may have been generated towards Great Britain in Louis-Philippe's time, has long since evaporated. Indeed the animosity never has died away. A few traders who have gone to Paris or Lyons to purchase goods, or a few capitalists who have interest in the state of the French funds, or a few railway promoters who have diverted British capital into French enterprises, have been ready enough to assure the uninitiated—and perhaps themselves were convinced, coming in contact only with those whose object was to make things pleasant—that the commercial party in France had fairly come to the surface, and that there never could be another war, because the commercial interests stood in the way. So long as the Emperor can raise money to pay the army, he is not likely to trouble himself with considerations of that kind ; and so long as he can ask a loan of twenty millions and receive the offer of eighty or a hundred millions, he is not likely to trouble himself as to how the army is to be paid. The commercial dilemma from which so much was augured, has failed. Another equally specious argument falls to pieces quite

as easily. It has been maintained that we have all grown so wise by experience, that war cannot again be tolerated between the pioneers of civilization. Very possibly; but unfortunately the men who had become wise by experience are nearly all dead, and the world is as new as ever to a new generation. The long period of peace raised a new generation, and consequently a race of inexperienced men, who have their name and fame to make, and strongly desire to make it. Even if it were made at our expense we apprehend that there would be no insuperable objection on the part of the French army. Besides, we have a large army in India—perhaps more than we can prudently spare; and China requires to be chastised; and our new Colony in the Pacific requires to put on a respectable show of force; and Spain is going to war with Morocco, which naturally brings visitors to look at our Rock of Gibraltar; and Italy is certain to catch fire sooner or later; and on the whole—Great Britain ought to be made impregnable.

Military men, however, tell us that we are not safe, and that we could not concentrate more than from 25,000 to 30,000 men on any given part of the coast or kingdom, if ever we should require to do so. These, they say, could not be expected to encounter 100,000 men suddenly marched across the Channel—steam having made a sort of pontoon across our salt-water ditch. That depends very much on the sort of weather they had for crossing. If it blew a breeze of wind, perhaps the numbers might not be so formidable; but in fine summer weather 100,000 men landed on the coast, anywhere, with odd detachments to divert attention, might give considerable trouble before they were properly provided for; and, granting that the military estimate is correct, the nation is reasonably called upon to supplement whatever may be wanting. Nor does it do to wait until the trump of war electrifies us all into patriotic fervour. What is wanted is not merely an army ready to cope, with tolerable chance of success, with an invading army, nor

the possibility of pouring down an equal number of volunteer auxiliaries gathered out of the population, but such a general armament of the British people as should enable a skilful general to sweep a hostile invasion bodily into the sea. If, for instance, 100,000 men were to find their way once more to Pevensey, the men of England ought not to be content unless they can in twenty-four hours place 200,000 men before them, with as many more ready in reserve to take their place if such should be required. This is the rough theory of the matter—that the organization of armaments, now that it has been begun, should not stop until it has attained a point that would make the invasion of this country an utter and absolute folly, ending inevitably in the demolition of the invader.

Let any British-born man picture to himself what would be his feelings on every after day of his dishonoured life, if, by any mischance, a successful invasion should happen to be possible. If young, would he ever dare to ask a British maiden to plight her troth to him without fearing that, in scorn, she would brand him as recreant and craven; if wedded, would he not fear that the wife he had sworn to protect would trample under foot the golden circlet of their union; if father, would he ever dare to point to the field of battle, and to tell his sons that there he had seen the glories of centuries go out for ever,—without fearing that they would curse him to his face, and wish that he were in the grave? Would any British man ever look frankly on his neighbour again, or shake hands with his friend?—would he ever go abroad and converse with foreigners?—would not the nation have to tear from its colours the names of the old battles Talavera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Toulouse, Waterloo? Should we not have to cover the tomb of Nelson with sackcloth, or bury it in the ashes of the profaned cathedral? Could the story ever be told that the great free nation was reigned over by our Lady Queen, and that four millions of grown men could not protect her realm?—could we survive as

beaten hounds, and sneak through the remaining days of our polluted life, in humble obedience and fear? God forbid! Far better that one and all of us, old and young, boy and man, sire and son, should take the example set us by our gallant admiral—"wear ship and face the hurricane." The subjugation of this country would be so fearful a calamity that few men born on British soil ought to survive it.

And such we presume to be the feeling of our countrymen. They do not intend to be successfully invaded. They have already commenced, and to a large and notable extent have carried out, a wise system of volunteer armament—a movement every day growing wider and wider, every day commending itself more to the judgment of the community, every day assuming a figure and proportion that assure the world that the men who have fought the battle of trade, of navigation, of engineering, of Arctic research, of distant colonization, and a hundred other things that make the Anglo-Saxon the notable worker of the world, are not the men to allow their soil to be invaded without rendering a good account of the sons of Belial who might dare to trouble their island home.

But even yet the volunteer movement has done little more than enrol the younger and more ardent portion of the community—those who most readily grasped at a novelty and a uniform. Wonderful progress, however, has been made in the few short months that have elapsed since the project was started, as the following list of places where corps have been established will abundantly testify. The list may possibly be extended ere these pages are before the reader. We do not present it as a complete list, but as exhibiting the universal acceptance with which the movement has been greeted from end to end of the Island. The proposal to establish rifle corps met a great national want, and it has been responded to with an alacrity that does infinite credit to the rifle yeomen, who represent the old archers of England armed with a new

weapon. Corps, then, have been established at:—

Aberdeen; Accrington; Aylesham; Auckland (New Zealand); Bath; Berwick; Blackburn; Bradford; Bridport; Burton; Bungay; Briery Hill; Bromfield; Brentwood; Bromley; Birmingham; Blackheath; Burnham; Bristol; Brixton; Bridgewater; Bermondsey; Bewdley; Burslem. Cambridge; Clapham; Chelmsford; Coventry; Colchester; Cinque Ports; Canterbury; Charlestown; Chorley; Chippenham. Deal; Dover; Devonport; Dunbar; Dunoon; Devizes; Dundee; Doncaster; Dunse. Edinburgh; Exeter; East Lothian. Faversham; Falmouth; Folkestone. Gateshead; Glasgow; Gravesend; Gloucester; Greenwich; Greenock. Harrow; Helstone; Hull; Henley; Hornsey; Halifax; Huddersfield; Handsworth; Highgate; Hythe; Hamilton; Hanley. Ipswich; Jeddburgh. Kensington; King's Lynn; Kidderminster. London; Lincoln; Liverpool; Leeds; Lancaster; Leicester; Longton; Louth; Loughton; Long Sutton; Leith; Loddon; Launceston; Lynton. Marylebone; Malvern; Margate; Mansfield; Marlow; Maidstone; South Middlesex; Manchester; Macclesfield. Norwich; Newport; Nottingham; Newcastle-on-Tyne; Newcastle-under-Lyme. Oxford; Oxford University. Penzance; Plymouth; Portsmouth; Preston; Perth; Paisley; St. Pancras; Poole; Pimlico; Padstow. Ramsgate; Redruth; Rochester; Retford; Richmond; Reading; Ragley; Rye. Salisbury; Sheffield; Skipton; Stourbridge; Stowmarket; Sherborne; Sheerness; Spalding; Sydenham; Sudbury; Sandwich; Swansea; Stirling; Stockton-on-Tees. Tain; Tenbury; Taunton; Towcester;

Tynemouth ; Truro ; Tunbridge ; Tunbridge Wells.

Windsor ; Winchester ; Wisbeach ; Wolverhampton ; Woolwich ; Whittlesea ; Weald of Kent ; Weston-super-Mare ; Witham ; Warrington ; Wellington ; Woodbridge ; Warwick ; Wolverley ; Wells-next-the-Sea ; Wrexham ; Westminster.

Yarmouth ; York.

To attempt anything like a correct estimate of the number of volunteers enrolled in the above places would be premature ; inasmuch as some have had the start of others, and moderately sized towns act more readily, and with more unanimity, than the larger cities. Thus Leith, with 35,000 inhabitants, has raised more men than Manchester with 350,000 ; but that is a mere question of time. Leith, we believe, has reached the highest proportion hitherto obtained in relation to the whole population ; namely, one per cent., or one volunteer out of every hundred of the inhabitants. That per-centage could be raised without the slightest inconvenience ; and, if it were general, it would give for England and Scotland 200,000 volunteers. Supposing, however, that one volunteer were obtained for every ten families, there might be on foot 400,000 armed men throughout the kingdom ; and if these men were properly trained to shoot, which is the essential part of the business, they would make short work of the largest army that could be conveyed in ships and landed upon the shore. Thorough military drill is, of course, of the highest importance in troops intended for attack,—in aggressive troops ;—but good shooting is the grand accomplishment for defensive troops ;—to be able to bring down any man that can be clearly seen within range. The cotton bags of New Orleans have left a tradition upon that score, which shows what good shooting can do, and how easily soldiers may be made to drop by undrilled riflemen who thoroughly understand the use of their weapon and can look steadily along the sights. No effort should be spared to teach the

volunteers to shoot ; and for that purpose rifle-grounds and galleries are—next to the men and the arms—the items of most real importance. The drill, uniform, and amateur soldiering,—the “tricks and toggery,”—are excellent in their way ; but nothing can compensate for good shooting, which is the *sine qua non*, and prime accomplishment, of the rifle volunteer. A wooden-legged man, who could shoot in first-rate style, would do more real damage to the enemy—as a defensive soldier—than half-a-dozen of the stoutest and most active of the volunteers if they neglect that essential part of their education. Masses of troops may be broken, and when once broken are apt to consider themselves defeated ; but the rifleman, whose main idea is to shoot well, is never defeated unless hit or taken prisoner. He may not be able to charge in line, or to storm a battery ; but, if he can only shoot as he ought to shoot, he may have a wonderful knack for putting out the flashes on the other side. For defence, good shooting is the first requirement.

But good shooting does not come to the young recruit as naturally as swimming to the young fish. He must learn it ; and education can do wonders. It is within our knowledge that a rifle club, which has now been established nearly twenty years, took nearly ten years to discover what good shooting was, and how it could be attained—and the new members who joined at the end of the ten years made more progress in three months than the original members had done in twice as many years. So much for the proper start. A young rifleman properly started, with a good weapon, in good order, should shoot tolerably well in a single summer ; but the chances are that, if left to himself, he would never transcend mediocrity, unless endowed with a passion for the weapon and the most resolute perseverance in overcoming all difficulties and defects. The great run of volunteers should be taught, and practised, and made to shoot matches against each other. They must be moved by emulation

to excel in shooting; otherwise their education is totally incomplete. Any man may put on a blue jacket; but, unless he can hand, reef, and steer, he is not a seaman; and any man can put on a uniform, but unless he can shoot he is no rifleman: and nothing but ball practice, and plenty of it,—and the measurement of every shot,—will make the rifleman what he ought to be. Try to make lads play cricket without the ball, and the attempt is absurd; but far more absurd is the attempt to make riflemen for the defence of the country, and to economize a few thousand pounds in the matter of ammunition. The success of the movement as a national system of defence, depends principally on the real amount of skill in shooting which the volunteers are found to attain. Two hundred thousand men who really could shoot would put out the flash of more foreigners than Great Britain is ever likely to see on this side of the water. And, what is probably of as much importance, they might so raise the military reputation of the country, that the preparations of continental Europe would be regarded with wholesome indifference. Panic would no longer be possible.

To show at how small an annual expense the necessary practice and the necessary impetus might be afforded to the volunteers, we have only to consider that rifle clubs will shoot their very best for an honorary prize of very moderate value. It is not sufficient that the volunteer should shoot well when alone; he must be brought up to the scratch, and made to shoot against others in the presence of a crowd. Many men can shoot splendidly when alone, who in a match go astray altogether. They become *unconsciously* nervous,—sometimes consciously, but that is the rude extreme of nervousness—and they flinch from the trigger; whereas, the thorough rifleman, the harder he is matched, lies still closer and closer to his work, and draws nearer and nearer to the centre. The close match in the presence of a crowd is the best preparation for the kind of shooting that would be needed

in war. Hurry, nervousness, and shake must be overcome by education; and education can only be given where the trial is a real one. There ought to be great national matches like the Swiss matches, and these ought to be publicly authorized by the Government. The national recreation of the English people is horse-racing; but latterly it has fallen into such abuses, that its abolition or restriction to two or three great courses would be a blessing to the country. What, then, should hinder that something should be taken from the race and transferred to the rifle match? A very moderate sum judiciously bestowed, so as to bring out the enthusiasm of the shooters, would produce as keen a competition as ever was seen at Epsom, Doncaster, or Newmarket. One pound sterling per man, overhead, would abundantly furnish the appropriate prizes, which might be silver cups, gold, silver, and bronze medals, prize rifles, and revolvers; or such other articles as the general and local authorities might judge most appropriate. Queen's cups would be shot for—ay, with as ardent resolution as ever was embarked in the silk jacket with a pair of spurs on its heels. Woe betide the enemy who should come within range of the men who could win the Queen's Rifle Cups! He would see little more of Merry England.

Let us suppose, then, that each volunteer had 500 rounds of ammunition annually; and that is not one cartridge too much. The first season he should have 1,000; but we shall say 500. At full price these would cost 2*l.* Probably the half of the volunteers would find their own ammunition; but let us take the whole as national expenditure. One hundred thousand volunteers would then cost 200,000*l.* per annum for ammunition, and say 100,000*l.* for prizes and expenses connected with matches. For 300,000*l.* a year, 100,000 men might be trained to such accurate shooting, that nothing in the shape of man or horse could stand before them; and, seeing that our army, which no longer can defend us, costs twenty times as much, the expenditure would produce a really



efficient force at a rate hitherto absolutely unknown. When the men clothe and feed themselves, the poorest and most fallacious economy is to restrict them in the precise point that would render them invincible. Grounds and galleries, however, are imperatively required; and we regret to see that so little of the volunteer attention has been directed to that part of the business. The ground should be 2,000 yards long, where not needed for artillery, in which case it would require to be longer; the gallery—and every large town and city ought to establish these at once—should be 300 yards long, and so protected by a certain length of iron tubing to shoot through, that no shot could go astray. Seeing the difficulty, that there is at present in procuring grounds of even 200 yards in length, some may imagine that we pitch too long a range in saying 2,000 yards, and that such grounds could not be got at all. That is a mistake. Grass land could be hired, or laid down on purpose. If we require to raise volunteers for national defence, we can surely afford ground for them to shoot on. If the grounds are not ready, let them be made. One of the most important parts of modern rifle shooting is ranging the distance; and, at least, twelve full and sufficient rifle grounds should be established: say three for London, and one each for Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Southampton, Exeter, and one or two other places. If the volunteer movement is worth anything, it is worth doing well; but it never can be done well without full-sized and sufficient grounds. There is no difficulty in the way but want of will. There is not a city in the kingdom that might not have a splendid ground if the local and government authorities took the matter seriously in hand. Grounds are as essential for riflemen as water is for ships. Our riflemen as yet are only on the stocks.

Looking at the movement, however, in a more general way, we see two great wants that have still to be supplied. The

volunteers are divided into riflemen, or infantry, and garrison artillerymen. That is well. The infantry form the solid centre of the movement, and the garrison artillerymen might man coast-guns and take charge of forts under certain circumstances. But to complete the armament there is wanting a body of field artillerymen. Horse artillery, with light rifled guns, would not only be a favourite service, but a most useful one; while heavier field-guns, movable from point to point of the coast, with the gunners in light wagons, would, of all the arms, be the most likely to be required. Small vessels, in case of war, might naturally be expected to show themselves on the coast, and these, if touched at all from the shore, would most probably be reached by rifled guns carried to a point where there was no fort or battery established in permanency. We should thus have this organization:—

1. The rifle infantry.
2. Garrison artillery.
3. Field artillery, with men not mounted, but conveyed in suitable wagons.
4. Horse artillery, with light guns and mounted men. This would be the favourite service of country gentlemen and farmers. Not to enlist the horses of England in the volunteer movement is a grand mistake; and the flying artillery is precisely the service that would best suit the fox-hunters. The yeomanry are now of about as much use as Brown Bess;—they are the Brown Besses of the volunteer service.

5. Guides, who should know the locality and everything connected with means and modes of conveyance. Suppose, for instance, that a hostile ship were to ground at low water anywhere on the coast within gun range; she might be floated off in an hour or two if let alone. And it should be the duty of the volunteers to take good care that she was not let alone. She should be well peppered in the meantime; and the difference of an hour in the arrival of the guns might make all the difference of seeing her blow up

instead of float off and escape. The guides should know how to deliver the men and guns at any given spot in the shortest time; and, in case of actual war, the artillery might properly be exercised at this work. We have our volunteers, and one of the great points is to convert them into movable detachments. All the river ports should organize their forces with special regard to concentrating them on the probable point of attack. Fire is a bad neighbour for shipping, and it should be caught in time before it comes too near.

And next comes the question of conveyance. Britain not being a military country, little attention has been paid in it to the conveyance of troops. Anything less convenient than our present railway carriages could scarcely be put on a rail. The carriages should be higher, bigger, and more roomy, with rifle racks and knapsack shelves—for, although the volunteers have no knapsacks, they would require something of the kind if called out for service; and the railway carriages should be so constructed as to afford the greatest amount of convenience in the space. A thorough sailor would design and fit a far better railway carriage than any now in use; and would pack the muskets, haversacks, or knapsacks, infinitely better than a carriage builder or a soldier. Jack knows how to economize space, and he could embark and stow the men in the railway carriages with more judgment than any other man. This point is not without importance. Those who saw the troops on their way to Ireland in Smith O'Brien's time, would perhaps confess that improvement was quite possible in the art of moving troops and putting them on board railway carriages. If the crush should ever come, the railway service might show us another Crimea. A Prussian third-class carriage, with abundance of doors, is the sort of thing wanted. In fact, our lug-

gage vans are really the best carriages we have for moving men quickly; and if they had cross racks for the men to lean on, and windows, of course, they would do famously for short distances. Proper carriages, however, ought to be constructed without delay.

We must close for the present, but before doing so, we call attention to two practical points. First. Every rifle-shooter knows that he can make incomparably better practice when he loads his gun as a sportsman, than he can make with the government ammunition. If the rifle is to be brought up to what it really can do, the hideous and false-principled bullet should be superseded. Secondly. If national defence is to be practically carried out, why not convert the old men-of-war into batteries for the rivers and ports, by hauling them ashore and banking them up with earth? They would be the cheapest and best batteries we could have, and the artillerymen could not only be trained in them, but could live in them for a week or two, if necessary. They would have everything in position, and would cost nothing but the expense of planting them. They would last, say, for twenty years; and, even if they had to fight at short range, they would stand as well as a ship at sea, with the advantage that they would have a back door. Let Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle, Glasgow, and the other ports, candidly inquire into this matter. These would be the batteries for training the coast volunteers.

Another point we may hint at—namely, the propriety of arming the artillery volunteers with *revolvers*. If a conflict, great or small, should ever take place on British soil, it must be short, sharp, and decisive. The revolver would vastly increase the power of defence, and skilful workmen who can handle tools could soon learn to handle revolvers. The revolver is the right weapon for artillerymen defending their position or their guns.

## TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

## CHAPTER IV.

THE ST. AMBROSE BOAT-CLUB: ITS  
MINISTRY AND THEIR BUDGET.

WE left our hero, a short time back, busily engaged on his dinner commons, and resolved forthwith to make great friends with Hardy. It never occurred to him that there could be the slightest difficulty in carrying out this resolve. After such a passage as they two had had together that afternoon, he felt that the usual outworks of acquaintanceship had been cleared at a bound, and looked upon Hardy already as an old friend to whom he could talk out his mind as freely as he had been used to do to his old tutor at school, or to Arthur. Moreover, as there were already several things in his head which he was anxious to ventilate, he was all the more pleased that chance had thrown him across a man of so much older standing than himself, and one to whom he instinctively felt that he could look up.

Accordingly, after grace had been said, and he saw that Hardy had not finished his dinner, but sat down again when the fellows had left the Hall, he strolled out, meaning to wait for his victim outside, and seize upon him then and there; so he stopped on the steps outside the hall-door, and, to pass the time, joined himself to one or two other men with whom he had a speaking acquaintance, who were also hanging about. While they were talking, Hardy came out of Hall, and Tom turned and stepped forward, meaning to speak to him; when, to his utter discomfiture, the other walked quickly away, looking straight before him, and without showing, by look or gesture, that he was conscious of our hero's existence, or had ever seen him before in his life.

Tom was so taken aback that he made no effort to follow. He just glanced at

his companions to see whether they had noticed the occurrence, and was glad to see that they had not (being deep in the discussion of the merits of a new hunter of Simmons's, which one of them had been riding); so he walked away by himself to consider what it could mean. But the more he puzzled about it, the less could he understand it. Surely, he thought, Hardy must have seen me; and yet, if he had, why did he not recognise me? My cap and gown can't be such a disguise as all that. But common decency must have led him to ask whether I was any the worse for my ducking, if he knew me.

He scouted the notion, which suggested itself once or twice, that Hardy meant to cut him; and so, not being able to come to any reasonable conclusion, suddenly bethought him that he was asked to a wine-party; and, putting his speculations aside for the moment, with the full intention nevertheless of clearing up the mystery as soon as possible, he betook himself to the rooms of his entertainer.

They were fair-sized rooms in the second quadrangle, furnished plainly but well, so far as Tom could judge; but, as they were now laid out for the wine-party, they had lost all individual character for the time. Every one of us I suppose is fond of studying the rooms, chambers, dens in short, of whatever sort they may be, of our friends and acquaintance—at least, I know that I myself like to see what sort of a chair a man sits in, where he puts it, what books lie or stand on the shelves nearest his hand, what the objects are which he keeps most familiarly before him, in that particular nook of the earth's surface in which he is most at home, where he pulls off his coat, collar, and boots, and gets into an old easy shooting-jacket, and his broadest slippers. Fine

houses and fine rooms have no attraction whatever, I should think, for most men, and those who have the finest drawing-rooms are probably the most bored by them; but the den of a man you like, or are disposed to like, has the strongest and strangest attraction for you. However, as I was saying, an Oxford undergraduate's room, set out for a wine-party, can tell you nothing. All the characteristics are shoved away into the background, and there is nothing to be seen but a long mahogany set out with bottles, glasses, and dessert. In the present instance the preparations for festivity were pretty much what they ought to be: good sound port and sherry, biscuits, and a plate or two of nuts and dried fruits. The host, who sat at the head of the board, was one of the mainstays of the College boat-club. He was treasurer of the club, and also a sort of boating-nurse, who looked-up and trained the young oars, and in this capacity had been in command of the freshmen's four-oar, in which Tom had been learning his rudiments. He was a heavy, burly man, naturally awkward in his movements, but gifted with a sort of steady dogged enthusiasm, and by dint of hard and constant training had made himself into a most useful oar, fit for any place in the middle of the boat. In the two years of his residence he had pulled down to Sandford every day except Sundays, and much farther whenever he could get anybody to accompany him. He was the most good-natured man in the world, very badly dressed, very short-sighted, and called everybody "old fellow." His name was simple Smith, generally known as Diogenes Smith, from an eccentric habit which he had of making an easy chair of his hip-bath. Malicious acquaintance declared that when Smith first came up, and, having paid the valuation for the furniture in his rooms, came to inspect the same, the tub in question had been left by chance in the sitting-room, and that Smith, not having the faintest idea of its proper use, had by the exercise of his natural reason come to the conclusion that it could only be meant for a man to sit in, and so

had kept it in his sitting-room, and taken to it as an arm-chair. This I have reason to believe was a libel. Certain it is, however, that in his first term he was discovered sitting solemnly in his tub, by his fire-side, with his spectacles on, playing the flute—the only other recreation besides boating in which he indulged; and no amount of quizzing could get him out of the habit. When alone, or with only one or two friends in his room, he still occupied the tub; and declared that it was the most perfect of seats hitherto invented, and, above all, adapted for the recreation of a boating-man, to whom cushioned seats should be an abomination. He was naturally a very hospitable man, and on this night was particularly anxious to make his rooms pleasant to all comers, as it was a sort of opening of the boating season. This wine of his was a business matter, in fact, to which Diogenes had invited officially, as treasurer of the boat-club, every man who had ever shown the least tendency to pulling,—many with whom he had scarcely a nodding acquaintance. For Miller, the coxswain, had come up at last. He had taken his B.A. degree in the Michaelmas term, and had been very near starting for a tour in the East. Upon turning the matter over in his mind, however, Miller had come to the conclusion that Palestine, and Egypt, and Greece could not run away, but that, unless he was there to keep matters going, the St. Ambrose boat would lose the best chance it was ever likely to have of getting to the head of the river; so he had patriotically resolved to reside till June, read divinity, and coach the racing crew; and had written to Diogenes to call together the whole boating interest of the College, that they might set to work at once in good earnest. Tom, and the three or four other freshmen present, were duly presented to Miller as they came in, who looked them over as the colonel of a crack regiment might look over horses at Horncastle-fair, with a single eye to their bone and muscle, and how much work might be got out of them. They then

gathered towards the lower end of the long table, and surveyed the celebrities at the upper end with much respect. Miller, the coxswain, sat on the host's right hand,—a slight, resolute, fiery little man, with curly black hair. He was peculiarly qualified by nature for the task which he had set himself; and it takes no mean qualities to keep a boat's crew well together and in order. Perhaps he erred a little on the side of over-strictness and severity; and he certainly would have been more popular had his manner been a thought more courteous; but the men who rebelled most against his tyranny grumblingly confessed that he was a first-rate coxswain.

A very different man was the captain of the boat, who sat opposite to Miller; altogether, a noble specimen of a very noble type of our countrymen. Tall and strong of body; courageous and even-tempered; tolerant of all men; sparing of speech, but ready in action; a thoroughly well-balanced, modest, quiet Englishman;—one of those who do a good stroke of the work of the country without getting much credit for it, or ever becoming aware of the fact; for the last thing such men understand is how to blow their own trumpets. He was perhaps too easy for the captain of St. Ambrose's boat-club; at any rate, Miller was always telling him so; but, if he was not strict enough with others, he never spared himself, and was as good as three men in the boat at a pinch.

But if I venture on more introductions, my readers will get bewildered; so I must close the list, much as I should like to make them known to "*fortis Gyas fortisque Cloanthus*," who sat round the chiefs, laughing and consulting, and speculating on the chances of the coming races. No; stay, there is one other man they must make room for. Here he comes, rather late, in a very glossy hat, the only man in the room not in cap and gown. He walks up and takes his place by the side of the host as a matter of course; a handsome, pale man with a dark, quick eye, conscious

that he draws attention wherever he goes, and apparently of opinion that it is his right.

"Who is that who has just come in next to beaver?" said Tom, touching the man next to him.

"Oh, don't you know? that's Blake; he's the most wonderful fellow in Oxford," answered his neighbour.

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

"Why, he can do everything better than almost anybody, and without any trouble at all. Miller was obliged to have him in the boat last year, though he never trained a bit. Then he's in the eleven, and is a wonderful rider, and tennis-player, and shot."

"Ay, and he's so awfully clever with it all," joined in the man on the other side. "He'll be a safe first, though I don't believe he reads more than you or I. He can write songs, too, as fast as you can talk nearly, and sings them wonderfully."

"Is he of our College, then?"

"Yes, of course, or he couldn't have been in our boat last year."

"But I don't think I ever saw him in chapel or hall."

"No, I daresay not. He hardly ever goes to either, and yet he manages never to get hauled up much, no one knows how. He never gets up now till the afternoon, and sits up nearly all night playing cards with the fastest fellows, or going round singing glees at three or four in the morning."

Tom sipped his port and looked with great interest at the admirable Crichton of St. Ambrose's; and, after watching him a few minutes, said in a low voice to his neighbour,—

"How wretched he looks; I never saw a sadder face."

Poor Blake! one can't help calling him "poor," although he himself would have winced at it more than at any other name you could have called him. You might have admired, feared, or wondered at him, and he would have been pleased; the object of his life was to raise such feelings in his neighbours; but pity was the last which he would have liked to excite.

He was indeed a wonderfully gifted fellow, full of all sorts of energy and talent, and power and tenderness; and yet, as his face told only too truly to any one who watched him when he was exerting himself in society, one of the most wretched men in the College. He had a passion for success,—for beating everybody else in whatever he took in hand, and that, too, without seeming to make any great effort himself. The doing a thing well and thoroughly gave him no satisfaction unless he could feel that he was doing it better and more easily than A, B, or C, and that they felt and acknowledged this. He had had his full swing of success for two years, and now the Nemesis was coming.

For, although not an extravagant man, many of the pursuits in which he had eclipsed all rivals were far beyond the means of any but a rich one, and Blake was not rich. He had a fair allowance, but by the end of his first year was considerably in debt, and, at the time we are speaking of, the whole pack of Oxford tradesmen into whose books he had got (having smelt out the leanness of his expectations), were upon him, besieging him for payment. This miserable and constant annoyance was wearing his soul out. This was the reason why his oak was sported, and he was never seen till the afternoons, and turned night into day. He was too proud to come to any understanding with his persecutors, even had it been possible; and now, at his sorest need, his whole scheme of life was failing him; his love of success was turning into ashes in his mouth; he felt much more disgust than pleasure at his triumphs over other men, and yet the habit of striving for such successes, notwithstanding its irksomeness, was too strong to be resisted.

Poor Blake! he was living on from hand to mouth, flashing out with all his old brilliancy and power, and forcing himself to take the lead in whatever company he might be; but utterly lonely and depressed when by himself—reading feverishly in secret, in a desperate effort to retrieve all by high

honours and a fellowship. As Tom said to his neighbour, there was no sadder face than his to be seen in Oxford.

And yet at this very wine-party he was the life of everything, as he sat up there between Diogenes—whom he kept in a constant sort of mild epileptic fit, from laughter, and wine going the wrong way (for whenever Diogenes raised his glass Blake shot him with some joke)—and the Captain, who watched him with the most undisguised admiration. A singular contrast, the two men! Miller, though Blake was the torment of his life, relaxed after the first quarter of an hour; and our hero, by the same time, gave himself credit for being a much greater ass than he was, for having ever thought Blake's face a sad one.

When the room was quite full, and enough wine had been drunk to open the hearts of the guests, Diogenes rose on a signal from Miller, and opened the budget. The financial statement was a satisfactory one; the club was almost free of debt; and, comparing their positions with that of other colleges, Diogenes advised that they might fairly burden themselves a little more, and then, if they would stand a whip of five shillings a man, they might have a new boat, which he believed they all would agree had become necessary. Miller supported the new boat in a pungent little speech; and the Captain, when appealed to, nodded and said he thought they must have one. So the small supplies and the large addition to the club debt were voted unanimously, and the Captain, Miller, and Blake, who had many notions as to the flooring lines and keel of a racing boat, were appointed to order and superintend the building.

Soon afterwards, coffee came in and cigars were lighted; a large section of the party went off to play pool, others to stroll about the streets, others to whist; a few, let us hope, to their own rooms to read; but these latter were a sadly small minority even in the quietest of St. Ambrose parties.

Tom, who was fascinated by the heroes at the head of the table, sat steadily on, sidling up towards them as the intermediate places became vacant, and at last attained the next chair but one to the Captain, where for the time he sat in perfect bliss. Blake and Miller were telling boating stories of the Henley and Thames regattas, the latter of which had been lately started with great *éclat*; and from these great yearly events, and the deeds of prowess done thereat, the talk came gradually round to the next races.

"Now, Captain," said Miller suddenly, "have you thought yet whom we are to try in the crew this year?"

"No, 'pon my honour I haven't," said the Captain, "I'm reading, and have no time to spare. Besides, after all, there's lots of time to think about it. Here, we're only half through Lent term, and the races don't begin till the end of Easter term."

"It won't do," said Miller, "we *must* get the crew together this term."

"Well, you and Smith put your heads together and manage it," said the Captain. "I will go down any day, and as often as you like, at two o'clock."

"Let's see," said Miller to Smith, "how many of the old crew have we left?"

"Five, counting Blake," answered Diogenes.

"Counting me! well, that's cool," laughed Blake; "you old tub-haunting flute-player, why am I not to be counted?"

"You never will train, you see," said Diogenes.

"Smith is quite right," said Miller; "there's no counting on you, Blake. Now, be a good fellow, and promise to be regular this year."

"I'll promise to do my work in a race, which is more than some of your best-trained men will do," said Blake, rather piqued.

"Well, you know what I think on the subject," said Miller; "but whom have we got for the other three places?"

"There's Drysdale would do," said

Diogenes; "I heard he was a capital oar at Eton; and so, though I don't know him, I managed to get him once down last term. He would do famously for No. 2, or No. 3 if he would pull."

"Do you think he will, Blake? You know him, I suppose," said Miller.

"Yes, I know him well enough," said Blake; and, shrugging his shoulders, added, "I don't think you will get him to train much."

"Well, we must try," said Miller. "Now, who else is there?"

Smith went through four or five names, at each of which Miller shook his head.

"Any promising freshmen?" said he at last.

"None better than Brown here," said Smith; "I think he'll do well, if he will only work, and stand being coached."

"Have you ever pulled much?" said Miller.

"No," said Tom, "never till this last month—since I've been up here."

"All the better," said Miller; "now, Captain, you hear; we may probably have to go in with three new hands; they must get into your stroke this term, or we shall be nowhere."

"Very well," said the Captain; "I'll give from two till five any days you like."

"And now let's go and have one pool," said Blake, getting up. "Come, Captain, just one little pool after all this business."

Diogenes insisted on staying to play his flute; Miller was engaged; but the Captain, with a little coaxing, was led away by Blake, and good-naturedly asked Tom to accompany them, when he saw that he was looking as if he would like it. So the three went off to the billiard-rooms; Tom in such spirits at the chance of his being tried in the crew, that he hardly noticed the exceedingly bad exchange which he had involuntarily made of his new cap and gown for a third-year cap with the board broken into several pieces, and a fusty old gown which had been about college probably for ten generations. I

wonder whether undergraduate morality has improved in this matter of stealing caps and gowns as much as I believe it has in other matters since my time.

They found the St. Ambrose pool-room full of the fast set; and Tom enjoyed his game much, though his three lives were soon disposed of. The Captain and Blake were the last lives on the board, and divided the pool at Blake's suggestion. He had scarcely nerve for playing out a single-handed match with such an iron-nerved, steady piece of humanity as the Captain, though he was the more brilliant player of the two. The party then broke up, and Tom returned to his rooms; and, when he was by himself again, his thoughts recurred to Hardy. How odd, he thought, that they never mentioned him for the boat! Could he have done anything to be ashamed of? How was it that nobody seemed to know him, and he to know nobody?

Most readers, I doubt not, will think our hero very green for being puzzled at so simple a matter; and, no doubt, the steps in the social scale in England are very clearly marked out, and we all come to the appreciation of the gradations sooner or later. But our hero's previous education must be taken into consideration. He had not been instructed at home to worship mere conventional distinctions of rank or wealth, and had gone to a school which was not frequented by persons of rank, and where no one knew whether a boy was heir to a principality or would have to fight his own way in the world. So he was rather taken by surprise at what he found to be the state of things at St. Ambrose's, and didn't easily realize it.

## CHAPTER V.

### HARDY, THE SERVITOR.

It was not long before Tom had effected his object in part. That is to say, he had caught Hardy several times in the Quadrangle coming out of Lecture, Hall, or Chapel, and had fastened himself upon him; often walking with him even up to the door of his rooms. But

there matters ended. Hardy was very civil and gentlemanly; he even seemed pleased with the volunteered companionship; but there was undoubtedly a coolness about him which Tom could not make out. But, as he only liked Hardy more, the more he saw of him, he very soon made up his mind to break ground himself, and to make a dash at any rate for something more than a mere speaking acquaintance.

One evening he had as usual walked from Hall with Hardy up to his door, where they stopped a moment talking, and then Hardy, half-opening the door, said, "Well, good-night; perhaps we shall meet on the river to-morrow," and was going in, when Tom, looking him in the face, blurted out, "I say, Hardy, I wish you'd let me come in and sit with you a bit."

"I never ask a man of our college into my rooms," answered the other, "but come in by all means if you like;" and so they entered.

The room was the worst, both in situation and furniture, which Tom had yet seen. It was on the ground floor, with only one window, which looked out into a back yard, where were the offices of the college. All day, and up to nine o'clock at night, the yard and offices were filled with scouts; boys cleaning boots and knives; bed-makers emptying slops and tattling scandal; scullions peeling potatoes and listening; and the butchers' and green-grocers' men who supplied the college, and loitered about to gossip and get a taste of the college—all before going about their business. The room was large, but low and close, and the floor uneven. The furniture did not add to the cheerfulness of the apartment. It consisted of one large table in the middle, covered with an old chequered table-cloth, and an Oxford table near the window, on which lay half-a-dozen books with writing materials. A couple of plain Windsor chairs occupied the two sides of the fireplace, and half-a-dozen common wooden chairs stood against the opposite wall, three on each side of a pretty-well-filled book-case; while an old rickety sofa, covered with



soiled chintz, leaned against the wall which fronted the window, as if to rest its lame leg. The carpet and rug were dingy, and decidedly the worse for wear; and the college had evidently neglected to paper the room or whitewash the ceiling for several generations. On the mantelpiece reposed a few long clay pipes and a brown earthenware receptacle for tobacco, together with a japanned tin case, shaped like a figure of eight, the use of which puzzled Tom exceedingly. One modestly-framed drawing of a 10-gun brig hung above, and at the side of the fireplace a sword and belt. All this Tom had time to remark by the light of the fire, which was burning brightly, while his host produced a couple of brass candlesticks from his cupboard and lighted up, and drew the curtain before his window. Then Tom instinctively left off taking his notes, for fear of hurting the other's feelings (just as he would have gone on doing so, and making remarks on everything, had the rooms been models of taste and comfort), and throwing his cap and gown on the sofa, sat down on one of the Windsor chairs.

"What a jolly chair," said he; "where do you get them? I should like to buy one."

"Yes, they're comfortable enough," said Hardy, "but the reason I have them is that they're the cheapest arm-chairs one can get; I like an arm-chair, and can't afford to have any other than these."

Tom dropped the subject of the chairs at once, following his instinct again, which, sad to say, was already teaching him that poverty is a disgrace to a Briton, and that, until you know a man thoroughly, you must always seem to assume that he is the owner of unlimited ready money. Somehow or another he began to feel embarrassed, and couldn't think of anything to say, as his host took down the pipes and tobacco from the mantelpiece, and placed them on the table. However, anything was better than silence; so he began again.

"Very good-sized rooms yours seem," said he, taking up a pipe mechanically.

"Big enough, for the matter of that," answered the other, "but very dark and noisy in the day-time."

"So I should think," said Tom; "do you know, I'd sooner now have my freshman's rooms up in the garrets. I wonder you don't change."

"I get these for nothing," said his host, putting his long clay to the candle, and puffing out volumes of smoke. Tom was stumped again, and felt more and more unequal to the situation—so began filling his pipe in silence. The first whiff made him cough, as he wasn't used to the fragrant weed in this shape.

"I'm afraid you don't smoke tobacco," said his host from behind his own cloud; "shall I go out and fetch you a cigar? I don't smoke them myself; I can't afford it."

"No, thank you," said Tom, blushing for shame, as if he had come there only to insult his host, and wishing himself heartily out of it, "I've got my case here; and the fact is I will smoke a cigar if you'll allow me, for I'm not up to pipes yet. I wish you'd take some," he went on, emptying his cigars on to the table.

"Thank'ee," replied his host, "I prefer a pipe. And now what will you have to drink? I don't keep wine, but I can get a bottle of anything you like from the common room. That's one of our privileges,"—he gave a grim chuckle as he emphasised the word "our."

"Who on earth are *we*?" thought Tom; "servitors, I suppose," for he knew already that undergraduates in general could not get wine from the college cellars.

"I don't care a straw about wine," said he, feeling very hot about the ears; "a glass of beer, or anything you have here—or tea."

"Well, I can give you a pretty good glass of whiskey," said his host, going to the cupboard, and producing a black bottle, two tumblers of different sizes, some little wooden toddy ladles, and sugar in an old cracked glass.

Tom vowed that, if there was one thing in the world he liked more than another, it was whiskey; and began

measuring out the liquor carefully into his tumbler, and rolling it round between his eye and the candle, and smelling it, to show what a treat it was to him; while his host put the kettle on the fire, to ascertain that it was quite boiling, and then, as it spluttered and fizzed, filled up the two tumblers, and restored it to its place on the hob.

Tom swallowed some of the mixture, which nearly made him cough again—for, though it was very good, it was also very potent; however, by an effort he managed to swallow his cough; he would about as soon have lost a little finger as let it out. Then, to his great relief, his host took the pipe from his lips, and inquired, "How do you like Oxford?"

"I hardly know yet," said Tom; "the first few days I was delighted with going about and seeing the buildings, and finding out who had lived in each of the old colleges, and pottering about in the Bodleian, and fancying I should like to be a great scholar. Then I met several old school-fellows going about, who are up at other colleges, and went to their rooms and talked over old times. But none of my very intimate friends are up yet, and unless you care very much about a man already, you don't seem to be likely to get intimate with him up here, unless he is at your own college."

He paused, as if expecting an answer.

"I daresay not," said Hardy; "but I never was at a public school, unluckily, and so am no judge."

"Well, then, as to the college life," went on Tom, "it's all very well as far as it goes. There's plenty of liberty, and good food. And the men seem nice fellows—many of them at least, as far as I can judge. But I can't say that I like it as much as I liked our school life."

"I don't understand," said Hardy. "Why not?"

"Oh! I hardly know," said Tom, laughing; "I don't seem as if I had anything to do here; that's one reason, I think. And then, you see, at Rugby I was rather a great man. There one had a share in the ruling of 300 boys, and a

good deal of responsibility. But here one has only just to take care of oneself, and keep out of scrapes; and that's what I never could do. What do you think a fellow ought to do now up here?"

"Oh, I don't see much difficulty in that," said his host, smiling; "get up your lectures well, to begin with."

"But my lectures are a farce," said Tom; "I've done all the books over and over again. They don't take me an hour a day to get up."

"Well, then, set to work reading something regularly—reading for your degree, for instance."

"Oh, hang it! I can't look so far forward as that; I sha'n't be going up for three years."

"You can't begin too early. You might go and talk to your college-tutor about it."

"So I did," said Tom; "at least I meant to do it. For he asked me and two other freshmen to breakfast the other morning, and I was going to open out to him. But when I got there I was quite shut up. He never looked one of us in the face, and talked in set sentences, and was cold, and formal, and condescending. The only bit of advice he gave us was to have nothing to do with boating—just the one thing which I feel a real interest in. I couldn't get out a word of what I wanted to say."

"It is unlucky, certainly, that our present tutors take so little interest in anything which the men care about. But it is more from shyness than anything else, that manner which you noticed. You may be sure that he was more wretched and embarrassed than any of you."

"Well, but now I should really like to know what you did yourself," said Tom; "you are the only man of much older standing than myself whom I know at all yet—I mean I don't know anybody else well enough to talk about this sort of thing to them. What did you do now, besides learning to pull, in your first year?"

"I had learnt to pull before I came up here," said Hardy. "I really hardly remember what I did besides read. You

see, I came up with a definite purpose of reading. My father was very anxious that I should be a good scholar. Then my position in the college and my poverty naturally kept me out of many things which other men do."

Tom flushed again at the ugly word, but not so much as at first. Hardy couldn't mind the subject, or he would never be forcing it up at every turn, he thought.

"You wouldn't think it," he began again, harping on the same string, "but I can hardly tell you how I miss the sort of responsibility I was talking to you about. I have no doubt I shall get the vacuum filled up before long, but for the life of me I can't see how yet."

"You will be a very lucky fellow if you don't find it quite as much as you can do to keep yourself in order up here. It is about the toughest part of a man's life, I do believe, the time he has to spend here. My university life has been so different altogether from what yours will be, that my experience isn't likely to benefit you."

"I wish you would try me, though," said Tom; "you don't know what a teachable sort of fellow I am, if any body will take me the right way. You taught me to scull, you know; or at least put me in the way to learn. But sculling, and rowing, and cricket, and all the rest of it, with such reading as I am likely to do, won't be enough. I feel sure of that already."

"I don't think it will," said Hardy. "No amount of physical or mental work will fill the vacuum you were talking of just now. It is the empty house swept and garnished, which the boy might have had glimpses of, but the man finds yawning within him, and which must be filled somehow. It's a pretty good three years' work to learn how to keep the devils out of it, more or less, by the time you take your degree. At least I have found it so."

Hardy rose and took a turn or two up and down his room. He was astonished at finding himself talking so unreservedly to one of whom he knew so little, and half-wished the words recalled. He lived

much alone, and thought himself morbid and too self-conscious; why should he be filling a youngster's head with puzzles? How did he know that they were thinking of the same thing?

But the spoken word cannot be recalled; it must go on its way for good or evil; and this one set the hearer staring into the ashes, and putting many things together in his head.

It was some minutes before he broke silence, but at last he gathered up his thoughts, and said, "Well, I hope I sha'n't shirk when the time comes. You don't think a fellow need shut himself up though? I'm sure I shouldn't be any the better for that."

"No, I don't think you would," said Hardy.

"Because, you see," Tom went on, waxing bolder and more confidential, "if I were to take to moping by myself, I shouldn't read as you or any sensible fellow would do; I know that well enough. I should just begin, sitting with my legs up on the mantel-piece, and looking into my own inside. I see you are laughing, but you know what I mean, don't you now?"

"Yes; staring into the vacuum you were talking of just now; it all comes back to that," said Hardy.

"Well, perhaps it does," said Tom; "and I don't believe it does a fellow a bit of good to be thinking about himself and his own doings."

"Only he can't help himself," said Hardy. "Let him throw himself, as he will, into all that is going on up here, after all he must be alone for a great part of his time—all night at any rate—and when he gets his oak sported, it's all up with him. He must be looking more or less into his own inside, as you call it."

"Then I hope he won't find it as ugly a business as I do. If he does, I'm sure he can't be worse employed."

"I don't know that," said Hardy; "he can't learn anything worth learning in any other way."

"Oh, I like that!" said Tom; "it's worth learning how to play tennis, and how to speak the truth. You can't

learn either by thinking about yourself ever so much."

"You must know the truth before you can speak it," said Hardy.

"So you always do in plenty of time."

"How?" said Hardy.

"Oh, I don't know," said Tom; "by a sort of instinct, I suppose. I never in my life felt any doubt about what I *ought* to say or do; did you?"

"Well, yours is a good, comfortable, working belief, at any rate," said Hardy, smiling; "and I should advise you to hold on to it as long as you can."

"But you don't think I can for very long, eh?"

"No: but men are very different. There's no saying. If you were going to get out of the self-dissecting business altogether though, why should you have brought the subject up at all to-night? It looks awkward for you, doesn't it?"

Tom began to feel rather forlorn at this suggestion, and probably betrayed it in his face, for Hardy changed the subject suddenly.

"How do you get on in the boat? I saw you going down to-day, and thought the time much better."

Tom felt greatly relieved, as he was beginning to find himself in rather deep water: so he rushed into boating with great zest, and the two chatted on very pleasantly on that and other like matters, of little interest to the general reader.

The college clock struck during a pause in their talk, and Tom looked at his watch.

"Eight o'clock, I declare," he said; "why I must have been here more than two hours. I'm afraid, now, you have been wanting to work, and I have kept you from it with my talk."

"No, it's Saturday night. Besides, I don't get much society that I care about, and so I enjoy it all the more. Won't you stop and have some tea?"

Tom gladly consented, and his host produced a somewhat dilapidated set of crockery, and proceeded to brew the drink least appreciated at St. Ambrose's. Tom watched him in silence, much exercised

in his mind as to what manner of man he had fallen upon; very much astonished at himself for having opened out so freely, and feeling a strange desire to know more of Hardy, not unmingled with a sort of nervousness as to how he was to accomplish it.

When Hardy sat down again and began pouring out the tea, curiosity overcame, and he opened with—

"So you read most nights after Hall?"

"Yes, for two or three hours; longer, when I am in a good humour."

"What, all by yourself?"

"Generally; but once or twice a week Grant comes in to compare notes. Do you know him?"

"No; at least he hasn't called on me. I have just spoken to him."

"He is a very quiet fellow, and I daresay doesn't call on any man unless he knew something of him before."

"Don't you?"

"Never," said Hardy, shortly; and added after a short pause, "very few men would thank me if I did; most would think it impertinent, and I'm too proud to risk that."

Tom was on the point of asking, why? but the uncomfortable feeling which he had nearly lost came back on him.

"I suppose one very soon gets tired of the wine and supper-party life, though I own I find it pleasant enough now."

"I have never been tried," said Hardy; "servitors are not troubled with that kind of thing. If they were, I wouldn't go unless I could return them, and that I can't afford."

"There he goes again," thought Tom; "why will he be throwing that old story in my face over and over again? he can't think I care about his poverty; I won't change the subject this time, at any rate." And so he said:

"You don't mean to say that it makes any real difference to a man in society up here, whether he is poor or rich; I mean, of course, if he is a gentleman and a good fellow?"

"Yes, it does—the very greatest possible. But don't take my word for

it. Keep your eyes open and judge for yourself; I daresay I'm prejudiced on the subject."

"Well, I sha'n't believe it if I can help it," said Tom; "you know you said just now that you never called on any one. Perhaps you don't give men a fair chance. They might be glad to know you if you would let them, and may think it's your fault that they don't."

"Very possibly," said Hardy; "I tell you not to take my word for it."

"It upsets all one's ideas so," went on Tom: "why, Oxford ought to be *the* place in England where money should count for nothing. Surely, now, such a man as Jervis, our captain, has more influence than all the rich men in the college put together, and is more looked up to?"

"He's one of a thousand," said Hardy; "handsome, strong, good-tempered, clever, and up to everything. Besides, he isn't a poor man; and mind, I don't say that, if he were, he wouldn't be where he is. I am speaking of the rule, and not of the exceptions."

Here Hardy's scout came in to say that the Dean wanted to speak to him. So he put on his cap and gown, and Tom rose also.

"Well, I'm sorry to turn you out," said Hardy, "and I'm afraid I've been very surly and made you very uncomfortable. You won't come back again in a hurry."

"Indeed I will though, if you will let me," said Tom; "I have enjoyed my evening immensely."

"Then come whenever you like," said Hardy.

"But I am afraid of interfering with your reading," said Tom.

"Oh you needn't mind that; I have plenty of time on my hands; besides, one can't read all night, and from eight to ten you'll find me generally idle."

"Then you'll see me often enough. But promise now to turn me out whenever I am in the way."

"Very well," said Hardy, laughing; and so they parted for the time.

Some twenty minutes afterwards

Hardy returned to his room after his interview with the Dean, who merely wanted to speak to him about some matter of college business. He flung his cap and gown on to the sofa, and began to walk up and down his room, at first hurriedly, but soon with his usual regular tramp. However expressive a man's face may be, and however well you may know it, it is simply nonsense to say that you can tell what he is thinking about by looking at it, as many of us are apt to boast. Still more absurd would it be to expect readers to know what Hardy is thinking about, when they have never had the advantage of seeing his face even in a photograph. Wherefore, it would seem that the author is bound on such occasions to put his readers on equal vantage-ground with himself, and not only to tell them what a man does, but, so far as may be, what he is thinking about also.

His first thought then was one of pleasure at having been sought out by one who seemed to be just the sort of friend he would like to have. He contrasted our hero with the few men with whom he generally lived, and for some of whom he had a high esteem—whose only idea of exercise was a two hours' constitutional walk in the afternoons, and whose life was chiefly spent over books and behind sported oaks—and felt that this was more of a man after his own heart. Then came doubts whether his new friend would draw back when he had been up a little longer, and knew more of the place. At any rate he had said and done nothing to tempt him; "if he pushes the acquaintance—and I think he will—it will be because he likes me for myself. And I can do him good too, I feel sure," he went on, as he ran over rapidly his own life for the last three years. "Perhaps he won't flounder into all the sloughs that I have had to drag through; he will get too much of the healthy, active life up here for that, which I have never had; but some of them he must get into. All the companionship of boating and cricketing, and wine-parties and supper-parties, and all the reading in the world won't

keep him from many a long hour of mawkishness, and discontent, and emptiness of heart; he feels that already himself. Am I sure of that though? I may be only reading myself into him. At any rate why should I have helped to trouble him before the time? Was that a friend's part? Well, he *must* face it, and the sooner the better perhaps. At any rate it is done. But what a blessed thing if one can only help a youngster like this to fight his way through the cold clammy atmosphere which is always hanging over him, and ready to settle down on him—can help to keep some living faith in him, that the world, Oxford and all, isn't a respectable piece of machinery set going some centuries back! Ah! it's an awful business, that temptation to believe, or think you believe, in a dead God. It has nearly broken my back a score of times. What are all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil to this? It includes them all. Well, I believe I can help him, and, please God, I will, if he will only let me; and the very sight of him does me good; so I won't believe we went down the lasher together for nothing."

And so at last Hardy finished his walk, took down a book from his shelves, which, to the best of my belief, was Don Quixote—at any rate I know that the great Spaniard was an especial favourite of his—and sat down for an hour's enjoyment before turning in.

The reader very likely by this time is beginning to wonder which is the odder or madder of the two—the author, or his St. Ambrose servitor. I can only say that I never have asserted the sanity or freedom from eccentricity of either. If the reader never had any such thoughts himself, he is a lucky fellow, and need not mind them; if he should have had any such, he will know how to sympathise with him who is exercised by them, and with him who attempts, however feebly, to bring them out into the light of day.

## CHAPTER VI.

## HOW DRYSDALE AND BLAKE WENT FISHING.

"DRYSDALE, what's a servitor?"

"How the deuce should I know?"

This short and pithy dialogue took place in Drysdale's rooms one evening soon after the conversation recorded in the last chapter. He and Tom were sitting alone there, for a wonder, and so the latter seized the occasion to propound this question, which he had had on his mind for some time. He was scarcely satisfied with the above rejoinder, but while he was thinking how to come at the subject by another road, Drysdale opened a morocco fly-book, and poured its contents on the table, which was already covered with flies of all sorts and patterns, hanks of gut, delicate made-up casts, reels, minnows, and tackle enough to kill all the fish in the four neighbouring counties. Tom began turning them over and scrutinizing the dressings of the flies.

"It has been so mild, the fish must be in season, don't you think? Besides, if they're not, it's a jolly drive to Fairford, at any rate. You've never been behind my team, Brown. You'd better come, now, to-morrow."

"I can't cut my two lectures."

"Bother your lectures! Put on an æger, then."

"No! that doesn't suit my book, you know."

"I can't see why you should be so cursedly particular. Well, if you won't, you won't; I know that well enough. But what cast should you fish with to-morrow?"

"How many flies do you use?"

"Sometimes two, sometimes three."

"Two's enough, I think; all depends on the weather: but, if it's at all like to-day, you can't do better, I should think, than the old March brown and a palmer to begin with. Then, for change, this hare's ear, and an alder fly, perhaps; or,—let me see," and he began searching the glittering heap to select a colour to go with the dull hare's ear.

"Isn't it early for the alder?" said Drysdale.

"Rather, perhaps; but they can't resist it."

"These bang-tailed little sinners any good?" said Drysdale, throwing some cock-a-bondies across the table.

"Yes; I never like to be without them, and a governor or two. Here, this is a well-tied lot," said Tom, picking out half-a-dozen. "You never know when you may not kill with either of them. But I don't know the Fairford water; so my opinion isn't worth much."

More talk of a like kind went on, not interesting to the general reader. And you, oh reader who are a fisherman, to whom my heart warms as I pen these lines, do you not know it all as well as I? The delight of sitting handling tackle and talking fishing-talk, though you mayn't get three days' fishing a year; the difficulty you have in advising any brother of the craft to leave a single well-tied taking-looking fly out of his book, though you know, from experience, that it would be probably better for him if he had only some four or five flies in the world. Well, after thirty, or thereabouts, we must all, I suppose, lay our account to enjoying such things mostly in talk. It is a real pleasure, though, to go on talking, and so enjoying by anticipation splendid days of salmon-fishing and hunting, though they never really arrive.

When the conversation flagged, Tom returned to the old topic.

"But now, Drysdale, you must know what a servitor is."

"Why should I? Do you mean one of our college servitors?"

"Yes."

"Oh, something in the upper-servant line. I should put him above the porter, and below the cook and butler. He does the dons' dirty work, and gets their broken victuals; and I believe he pays no college fees."

Tom rather drew into himself at this insolent and off-hand definition. He was astonished and hurt at the tone of his friend. However, presently, he re-

solved to go through with it, and began again.

"But servitors are gentlemen, I suppose?"

"A good deal of the cock-tail about them, I should think. But I have not the honour of any acquaintance amongst them."

"At any rate, they are undergraduates, are not they?"

"Yes."

"And may take degrees, just like you or me?"

"They may have all the degrees to themselves, for anything I care. I wish they would let one pay a servitor for passing little-go for one. It would be deuced comfortable. I wonder it don't strike the dons, now; they might get clever beggars for servitors, and farm them, and so make loads of tin."

"But, Drysdale, seriously, why should you talk like that? If they can take all the degrees we can, and are, in fact, just what we are, undergraduates, I can't see why they're not as likely to be gentlemen as we. It can surely make no difference, their being poor men?"

"It must make them devilish uncomfortable," said the incorrigible payer of double fees, getting up to light his cigar.

"The name ought to carry respect here, at any rate. The Black Prince was an Oxford man, and he thought the noblest motto he could take was 'Ich dien, I serve.'"

"If he were here now, he would change it for 'Je paye.'"

"I often wish you would tell me what you really and truly think, Drysdale."

"My dear fellow, I'm telling you what I do really think. Whatever the Black Prince might be pleased to observe if he were here, I stick to my motto. I tell you the thing to be able to do here at Oxford is—to pay."

"I don't believe it."

"I knew you wouldn't."

"I don't believe you do, either."

"I do, though. But what makes you so curious about servitors?"

"Why, I've made friends with Hardy, one of our servitors. He is such a fine fellow!"

I am sorry to relate that it cost Tom an effort to say this to Drysdale; but he despised himself that it was so.

"You should have told me so before you began to pump me," said Drysdale. "However, I partly suspected something of the sort. You've a good bit of a Quixote in you. But really, Brown," he added, seeing Tom redden and look angry, "I'm sorry if what I said pained you. I dare say this friend of yours is a gentleman, and all you say."

"He is more of a gentleman by a long way than most of the—"

"Gentlemen-commoners,' you were going to say. Don't crane at such a small fence on my account. I will put it in another way for you. He can't be a greater snob than many of them."

"Well, but why do you live with them so much, then?"

"Why? Because they happen to do the things I like doing, and live up here as I like to live. I like hunting and driving, and drawing badgers, and playing cards, and good wines and cigars. They hunt and drive, and keep dogs and good cellars, and will play unlimited loo or Van John as long as I please."

"But I know you get very sick of all that often, for I've heard you say as much half-a-dozen times in the little time I've been here."

"Why, you don't want to deny me the Briton's privilege of grumbling, do you?" said Drysdale, as he flung his legs up on the sofa, crossing one over the other as he lounged on his back—his favourite attitude; "but suppose I am getting tired of it all—which I'm not—what do you propose as a substitute?"

"Take to boating. I know you could be in the first boat if you liked; I heard them say so at Smith's wine the other night."

"But what's to prevent my getting just as tired of that? Besides, it's such a grind. And then there's the bore of changing all one's habits."

"Yes, but it's such splendid hard work," said Tom, who was bent on making a convert of his friend.

"Just so; and that's just what I

don't want; the 'books, and work, and healthful play' line don't suit my complaint. No, as my old uncle says, 'a young fellow must sow his wild oats,' and Oxford seems a place specially set apart by Providence for that operation."

In all the wide range of accepted British maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. What a man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, *that*, and nothing else, shall he reap. The one only thing to do with wild oats, is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long tough roots like couch-grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you if with all your care you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day. "Boys will be boys" is not much better, but that has a true side to it; but this encouragement to the sowing of wild oats is simply devilish, for it means that a young man is to give way to the temptations and follow the lusts of his age. What are we to do with the wild oats of manhood and old age—with ambition, over-reaching, the false weights, hardness, suspicion, avarice—if the wild oats of youth are to be sown, and not burnt? What possible distinction can we draw between them? If we may sow the one, why not the other? However (as I have been reminded—perhaps not without reason, certainly in the kindest manner—on several occasions) I am writing the story of a life, or rather of part of a life, and not sermons; and though I protest against the critical law,



that a writer of fiction ought to confine himself to trying to amuse, I would much rather produce such truth as there is in me, and such faith as I hold and desire to see spreading, by means of the characters in my story, than in the shape of comment in my own person. Only in trying to do so I am often met by another critical law, which seems to me to be a higher and sounder one than the other, viz. that an author has no right to get behind his characters and pour out of their mouths opinions and speculations on deeply-interesting questions in which he has just dabbled enough to feel their attraction, without having ever come on firm ground or made up his mind. I feel that the critic is right in bringing me to book, and saying, Come now, *do you believe this or that?*

What is a man to do, then, who has beliefs and writes to bring them out? You will say doubtless, dear reader, write essays, sermons, what you will, only not fiction. To which I would reply, Gladly, O dear reader, would I write essays or sermons, seeing that they take less out of one than fiction—but, would you read them? You know you wouldn't. And so, if I sometimes stray into the pulpit, I do hope you won't be so ungenerous as to skip my preachings. To drink all a fellow's sack up, and then make faces at his poor pennyworth of bread, is altogether unmanly and un-British; and, if you should take to indulging yourself in this manner, I shall begin to think that you are capable of running away or crying out for peace at any price when the French shall have landed at several points on our coast simultaneously.

But to get back to our story. Tom went away from Drysdale's rooms that night, after they had sorted all the tackle which was to accompany the fishing expedition to their satisfaction, in a disturbed state of mind. He was very much annoyed at Drysdale's way of talking, because he was getting to like the man. He was surprised and angry at being driven more and more to the conclusion that the worship of the

golden calf was verily and indeed rampant in Oxford—side by side, no doubt, with much that was manly and noble, but tainting more or less the whole life of the place. In fact, what annoyed him most, was the consciousness that he himself was becoming an idolater; for he couldn't help admitting that he felt much more comfortable when standing in the quadrangles or strolling in the High Street with Drysdale in his velvet cap, and silk gown, and faultless get-up, than when doing the same things with Hardy in his faded old gown, shabby loose overcoat and well-worn trousers. He wouldn't have had Hardy suspect the fact for all he was worth, and hoped to get over the feeling soon; but there it was unmistakeably. He wondered whether Hardy had ever felt anything of the kind himself.

Nevertheless, these thoughts did not hinder him from sleeping soundly, or from getting up an hour earlier than usual to go and see Drysdale start on his expedition.

Accordingly, he was in Drysdale's rooms next morning betimes, and assisted at the early breakfast which was going on there. Blake was the only other man present. He was going with Drysdale, and entrusted Tom with a message to Miller and the Captain, that he could not pull in the boat that day, but would pay a waterman to take his place. As soon as the gate opened, the three, accompanied by the faithful Jack, and followed by Drysdale's scout, bearing over-coats, a splendid water-proof apron lined with fur, and the rods and creels, sallied out of college, and sought the livery-stables patronized by the men of St. Ambrose's. Here they found a dog-cart all ready in the yard, with a strong Roman-nosed, vicious-looking, rat-tailed horse in the shafts, called Satan by Drysdale; the leader had been sent on to the first turnpike. The things were packed, and Jack, the bull-dog, hoisted into the interior in a few minutes. Drysdale produced a long straight horn, which he called his yard of tin (probably because it was made of brass), and after refreshing himself with a blast or two,

handed it over to Blake, and then mounted the dog-cart, and took the reins. Blake seated himself by his side; the help who was to accompany them, got up behind; and Jack looked wisely out from his inside place over the back-board.

"Are we all right?" said Drysdale, catching his long tandem whip into a knowing double thong.

"All right, sir," said the head ostler, touching his cap.

"You'd better have come, my boy," said Drysdale to Tom, as they trotted off out of the yard; and Tom couldn't help envying them as he followed, and watched the dog-cart lessening rapidly down the empty street, and heard the notes of the yard of tin, which Blake managed to make really musical, borne back on the soft western breeze. It was such a stunning morning for fishing!

However, it was too late to repent, had he wished it; and so he got back to chapel, and destroyed the whole effect of the morning service on Miller's mind, by delivering Blake's message to that choleric coxswain as soon as chapel was over. Miller vowed for the twentieth time that Blake should be turned out of the boat, and went off to the Captain's rooms to torment him, and consult what was to be done.

The weather continued magnificent—a soft, dull, grey March day, with a steady wind; and the thought of the lucky fishermen, and visions of creels filled with huge three-pounders, haunted Tom at lecture, and throughout the day.

At two o'clock he was down at the river. The college eight was to go down for the first time in the season to the reaches below Nuneham, for a good training pull, and he had had notice, to his great joy, that he was to be tried in the boat. But, great, no doubt, as was the glory, the price was a heavy one. This was the first time he had been subjected to the tender mercies of Miller, the coxswain, or had pulled behind the Captain; and it did not take long to convince him that it was a very different style of thing from anything he had as yet been accustomed to in the freshmen's

crew. The long, steady sweep of the so-called paddle tried him almost as much as the breathless strain of the spurt.

Miller, too, was in one of his most relentless moods. He was angry at Blake's desertion, and seemed to think that Tom had had something to do with it, though he had simply delivered the message which had been entrusted to him; and so, though he distributed rebuke and objurgation to every man in the boat except the Captain, he seemed to our hero to take particular delight in working him. There he stood in the stern, the fiery little coxswain, leaning forward with a tiller-ropes in each hand, and bending to every stroke, shouting his warnings, and rebukes, and monitions to Tom, till he drove him to his wits' end. By the time the boat came back to Hall's, his arms were so numb that he could hardly tell whether his oar was in or out of his hand; his legs were stiff and aching, and every muscle in his body felt as if it had been pulled out an inch or two. As he walked up to College, he felt as if his shoulders and legs had nothing to do with one another; in short, he had had a very hard day's work, and, after going fast asleep at a wine-party, and trying in vain to rouse himself by a stroll in the streets, fairly gave in about ten o'clock, and went to bed without remembering to sport his oar.

For some hours he slept the sleep of the dead, but at last began to be conscious of voices, and the clinking of glasses, and laughter, and scraps of songs; and after turning himself once or twice in bed, to ascertain whether he was awake or no, rubbed his eyes, sat up, and became aware that something very entertaining to the parties concerned was going on in his sitting-room. After listening for a minute, he jumped up, threw on his shooting-coat, and appeared at the door of his own sitting-room, where he paused a moment to contemplate the scene which met his astonished vision. His fire, recently replenished, was burning brightly in the grate, and his candles on the table, on which stood

his whiskey bottle, and tumblers, and hot water. On his sofa, which had been wheeled round before the fire, reclined Drysdale, on his back, in his pet attitude, one leg crossed over the other, with a paper in his hand, from which he was singing, and in the arm-chair sat Blake, while Jack was coiled on the rug, turning himself every now and then in a sort of uneasy protest against his master's untimely hilarity. At first, Tom felt inclined to be angry, but the jolly shout of laughter with which Drysdale received him, as he stepped out into the light in night-shirt, shooting-coat, and dishevelled hair, took all the rile out of him at once.

"Why, Brown, you don't mean to say you have been in bed this last half-hour? We looked into the bedroom, and thought it was empty. Sit down, old fellow, and make yourself at home. Have a glass of grog; it's first-rate whiskey."

"Well, you're a couple of cool hands, I must say," said Tom. "How did you get in?"

"Through the door, like honest men," said Drysdale. "You're the only good fellow in college to-night. When we got back our fires were out, and we've been all round college, and found all the oaks sported but yours. Never sport your oak, old boy; it's a bad habit. You don't know at what time in the morning you may entertain angels unawares."

"You're a rum pair of angels, anyhow," said Tom, taking his seat on the sofa. "But what o'clock is it?"

"Oh, about half-past one," said Drysdale. "We've had a series of catastrophes. Never got into college till near one. I thought we should never have waked that besotted little porter. However, here we are at last, you see, all right."

"So it seems," said Tom; "but how about the fishing?"

"Fishing! we've never thrown a fly all day," said Drysdale.

"He is so cursedly conceited about his knowledge of the country," struck in Blake. "What with that, and his awful twist, and his incurable habit of gossip-

ing, and his blackguard dog, and his team of a devil and a young female—"

"Hold your scandalous tongue," shouted Drysdale. "To hear *you* talking of my twist, indeed; you ate four chops and a whole chicken to-day, at dinner, to your own cheek, you know."

"That's quite another thing," said Blake. "I like to see a fellow an honest grubber at breakfast and dinner; but you've always got your nose in the manger. That's how we got all wrong to-day, Brown. You saw what a breakfast he ate before starting; well, nothing would satisfy him but another at Whitney. There we fell in with a bird in mahogany tops, and, as usual, Drysdale began chumming with him. He knew all about the fishing of the next three counties. I daresay he did. My private belief is, that he is one of the Hungerford town council, who let the fishing there; at any rate, he swore it was no use our going to Fairford; the only place where fish would be in season was Hungerford. Of course Drysdale swallowed it all, and nothing would serve him but that we should turn off for Hungerford at once. Now, I did go once to Hungerford races, and I ventured to suggest that we should never get near the place. Not a bit of use; he knew every foot of the country. It was then about nine; he would guarantee that we should be there by twelve, at latest."

"So we should have been, but for accidents," struck in Drysdale.

"Well, at any rate, what we did was to drive into Farringdon, instead of Hungerford, both horses dead done up, at twelve o'clock, after missing our way about twenty times."

"Because you would put in your oar," said Drysdale.

"Then grub again," went on Blake, "and an hour to bait the horses. I knew we were as likely to get to Jericho as to Hungerford. However, he would start; but, luckily, about two miles from Farringdon, old Satan bowled quietly into a bank, broke a shaft, and deposited us then and there. He wasn't such a fool as to be going to Hungerford at

that time of day; the first time in his wicked old life that I ever remember seeing him do anything that pleased me."

"Come now," said Drysdale, "do you mean to say you ever sat behind a better wheeler, when he's in a decent temper?"

"Can't say," said Blake; "never sat behind him in a good temper, that I can remember."

"I'll trot him five miles out and home in a dog-cart, on any road out of Oxford, against any horse you can bring, for a fiver."

"Done!" said Blake.

"But were you upset?" said Tom.

"How did you get into the bank?"

"Why, you see," said Drysdale, "Jessy,—that's the little blood-mare, my leader,—is very young, and as shy and skittish as the rest of her sex. We turned a corner sharp, and came right upon a gipsy encampment. Up she went into the air in a moment, and then turned right round and came head on at the cart. I gave her the double thong across her face to send her back again, and Satan, seizing the opportunity, rushed against the bank, dragging her with him, and snapped the shaft."

"And so ended our day's fishing," said Blake. "And next moment out jumps that brute, Jack, and pitches into the gipsy's dog, who had come up very naturally to have a look at what was going on. Down jumps Drysdale, to see that his beast gets fair play, leaving me and the help to look after the wreck, and keep his precious wheeler from kicking the cart into little pieces."

"Come now," said Drysdale, "you must own we fell on our legs after all. Hadn't we a jolly afternoon? I'm thinking of turning tramp, Brown. We spent three or four hours in that camp, and Blake got spooney on a gipsy girl, and has written I don't know how many songs on them. Didn't you hear us singing them just now?"

"But how did you get the cart mended?" said Tom.

"Oh, the tinker patched up the shaft

for us—a cunning old beggar, the *père de famille* of the encampment; up to every move on the board. He wanted to have a deal with me for Jessy. But, 'pon my honour, we had a good time of it. There was the old tinker, mending the shaft, in his fur cap, with a black pipe, one inch long, sticking out of his mouth: and the old brown parchment of a mother, with her head in a red handkerchief, smoking a ditto pipe to the tinker's, who told our fortunes, and talked like a printed book. Then there was his wife, and the slip of a girl who bowled over Blake there, and half a dozen ragged brats; and a fellow on tramp, not a gipsy—some runaway apprentice I take it, but a jolly dog—with no luggage but an old fiddle, on which he scraped away uncommonly well, and set Blake making rhymes as we sat in the tent. You never heard any of his songs. Here's one for each of us; we're going to get up the characters and sing them about the country; now for a rehearsal; I'll be the tinker."

"No; you must take the servant girl," said Blake.

"Well, we'll toss up for characters when the time comes. You begin then; here's the song;" and he handed one of the papers to Blake, who began singing—

"Squat on a green plot,  
We scorn a bench or settle, oh,  
Plying and trying,  
A spice of every trade;  
Razors we grind,  
Ring a pig, or mend a kettle, oh:  
Come, what d'ye lack?  
Speak it out, my pretty maid.

"I'll set your scissors, while  
My granny tells you plainly,  
Who stole your barley meal,  
Your butter or your heart;  
Tell if your husband will  
Be handsome or ungainly,  
Ride in a coach and four, or  
Rough it in a cart."

“Enter Silly Sally; that’s I, for the present, you see,” said Drysdale; and he began—

“Oh, dear! what can the matter be?  
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?  
Oh, dear! what can the matter be!

All in a pucker be I;

I’m growing uneasy about Billy  
Martin,

For love is a casualty desper’t’ un-  
sartin.

Law! yonder’s the gipsys as tells  
folk’s fortin;

I’m half in the mind for to try.”

“Then you must be the old gipsy woman, Mother Patrico; here’s your part, Brown.”

“But what’s the tune?” said Tom.

“Oh, you can’t miss it; go ahead;”  
and so Tom, who was dropping into the humour of the thing, droned out from the MS. handed to him—

“Chairs to mend,  
Old chairs to mend,  
Rush bottom’d, cane bottom’d,  
Chairs to mend.  
Maid, approach,  
If thou wouldst know  
What the stars  
May deign to show.”

“Now, tinker,” said Drysdale, nodding at Blake, who rattled on,—

“Chance feeds us, chance leads us  
Round the land in jollity;  
Rag-dealing, nag stealing,  
Everywhere we roam;  
Brass mending, ass vending,  
Happier than the quality;  
Swipes soaking, pipes smoking,  
Ev’ry barn a home;  
Tink tink, a tink a tink,  
Our life is full of fun, boys;  
Clink tink, a tink a tink,  
Our busy hammers ring;  
Clink tink, a tink a tink,  
Our job will soon be done, boys;  
Then tune we merrily  
The bladder and the string.”

DRYSDALE, *as Silly Sally.*

“Oh, dear! what can the matter be?  
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?  
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?  
There’s such a look in her eye.  
Oh, lawk! I declare I be all of a  
tremble;  
My mind it misgives me about Sukey  
Wimble,  
A splatter-faced wench neither civil  
nor nimble!  
She’ll bring Billy to beggary.”

TOM, *as Mother Patrico.*

“Show your hand;  
Come, show your hand!  
Would you know  
What fate hath planned?  
Heaven forefend,  
Ay, heav’n forefend!  
What may these  
Cross lines portend?”

BLAKE, *as the Tinker.*

“Owl, pheasant, all’s pleasant;  
Nothing comes amiss to us;  
Hare, rabbit, snare, nab it,  
Cock, or hen, or kite;  
Tom cat, with strong fat,  
A dainty supper is to us;  
Hedge-hog and sedge-frog  
To stew is our delight;  
Bow, wow, with angry bark  
My lady’s dog assails us;  
We sack him up, and clap  
A stopper on his din.  
Now, pop him in the pot;  
His store of meat avails us;  
Wife cooks him nice and hot,  
And granny tans his skin.”

DRYSDALE, *as Silly Sally.*

“Oh, lawk! what a calamity!  
Oh, my! what a calamity!  
Oh, dear! what a calamity!  
Lost and forsaken be I.  
I’m out of my senses, and nought will  
content me,  
But pois’ning Poll Ady who helped  
circumvent me;  
Come tell me the means, for no power  
shall prevent me;  
Oh, give me revenge, or I die.”

TOM, *as Mother Patrico.*

"Pause awhile !  
Anon, anon !  
Give me time  
The stars to con.  
True love's course  
Shall yet run smooth ;  
True shall prove  
The favour'd youth."

BLAKE, *as the Tinker.*

"Tink tink, a tink a tink,  
We'll work and then get tipsy, oh !  
Clink tink, on each chink,  
Our busy hammers ring.  
Tink tink, a tink a tink,  
How merry lives a gipsy, oh !  
Chanting, and ranting ;  
As happy as a king."

DRYSDALE, *as Silly Sally.*

"Joy ! joy ! all will end happily !  
Joy ! joy ! all will end happily !  
Joy ! joy ! all will end happily !  
Bill will be constant to I.  
Oh, thankee, good dame, here's my  
purse and my thimble ;  
A fig for Poll Ady and fat Sukey  
Wimble ;  
I now could jump over the steeple so  
nimble ;  
With joy I be ready to cry."

TOM, *as Mother Patrico.*

"William shall  
Be rich and great ;  
And shall prove  
A constant mate.  
Thank not me,  
But thank your fate,  
On whose high  
Decrees I wait."

"Well, won't that do ? won't it bring the house down ? I'm going to send for dresses from London, and we'll start next week."

"What, on the tramp, singing these songs ?"

"Yes ; we'll begin in some out-of-the-way place till we get used to it."

"And end in the lock-up, I should say," said Tom ; "it'll be a good lark, though. Now, you haven't told me how you got home."

"Oh, we left camp at about five—"

"The tinker having extracted a sovereign from Drysdale," interrupted Blake.

"What did you give to the little gipsy yourself ?" retorted Drysdale ; "I saw your adieus under the thorn bush.—Well, we got on all right to old Murdoch's, at Kingston Inn, by about seven, and there we had dinner ; and after dinner the old boy came in ; he and I are great chums, for I'm often there and always ask him in. But that beggar Blake, who never saw him before, cut me clean out in five minutes. Fancy his swearing he is Scotch, and that an ancestor of his in the sixteenth century married a Murdoch !"

"Well, when you come to think what a lot of ancestors one must have had at that time, it's probably true," said Blake.

"At any rate, it took," went on Drysdale. "I thought old Murdoch would have wept on his neck. As it was, he scattered snuff enough to fill a pint pot over him out of his mull, and began talking Gaelic. And Blake had the cheek to jabber a lot of gibberish back to him, as if he understood every word."

"Gibberish ! it was the purest Gaelic," said Blake, laughing.

"I heard a lot of Greek words myself," said Drysdale ; "but old Murdoch was too pleased at hearing his own clapper going, and too full of whiskey, to find him out."

"Let alone that I doubt whether he remembers more than about five words of his native tongue himself," said Blake.

"The old boy got so excited that he went upstairs for his plaid and dirk, and dressed himself up in them, apologising that he could not appear in the full garb of old Gaul, in honour of his new-found relative, as his daughter had cut up his old kilt for 'trews for the bairnies' during his absence from home. Then they took to more toddy and singing Scotch songs, till at eleven o'clock they were standing on their chairs, right

hands clasped, each with one foot on the table, glasses in the other hands, the toddy flying over the room as they swayed about roaring like maniacs, what was it?—oh, I have it:

‘Wug-an-toorey all agree,  
Wug-an-toorey, wug-an-toorey.’”

“He hasn’t told you that he tried to join us, and tumbled over the back of his chair into the dirty-plate basket.”

“A libel! a libel!” shouted Drysdale; “the leg of my chair broke, and I stepped down gracefully and safely, and when I looked up and saw what a tottery performance it was, I concluded to give them a wide berth. It would be no joke to have old Murdoch topple over on to you. I left them ‘wug-an-tooreying,’ and went out to look after the trap, which was ordered to be at the door at half-past ten. I found Murdoch’s ostler very drunk, but sober compared with that rascally help whom we had been fools enough to take with us. They had got the trap out and the horses in, but that old rascal, Satan, was standing so quiet that I suspected something wrong. Sure enough, when I came to look, they had him up to the cheek on one side of his mouth, and third bar on the other, his belly-band buckled across his back, and no kicking strap. The old brute was chuckling to himself what he would do with us as soon as we had started in that trim. It took half an hour getting all right, as I was the only one able to do anything.”

“Yes, you would have said so,” said Blake, “if you had seen him trying to put Jack up behind. He made six shots with the old dog, and dropped him about on his head and the broad of his back as if he had been a bundle of eels.”

“The fact is that that rascally ostler had made poor old Jack drunk too,” explained Drysdale, “and he wouldn’t be lifted straight. However, we got off at last, and hadn’t gone a mile before the help, (who was maundering away some cursed sentimental ditty or other behind,) lurched more heavily than usual, and pitched off into the night, somewhere.

Blake looked for him for half an hour, and couldn’t find a hair of him.”

“You don’t mean to say the man tumbled off and you never found him?” said Tom in horror.

“Well, that’s about the fact,” said Drysdale; “but it ain’t so bad as you think. We had no lamps, and it was an uncommon bad night for running by holloas.”

“But a first-rate night for running by scent,” broke in Blake; “the fellow leant against me until he made his exit, and I’d have backed myself to have hit the scent again half a mile off, if the wind had only been right.”

“He may have broken his neck,” said Tom.

“Can a fellow sing with a broken neck?” said Drysdale; “hanged if I know! But don’t I tell you we heard him maundering on somewhere or other? and, when Blake shouted, he answered in endearing terms; and, when Blake swore, he rebuked him piously out of the pitch darkness, and told him to go home and repent. I nearly dropped off the box for laughing at them; and then he ‘uplifted his testimony,’ as he called it, against me, for driving a horse called Satan. I believe he’s a ranting methodist spouter.”

“I tried hard to find him,” said Blake, “for I should dearly have liked to have kicked him safely into the ditch.”

“At last Black Will himself couldn’t have held Satan another minute. So Blake scrambled up, and away we came, and knocked into college at one for a finish: the rest you know.”

“Well, you’ve had a pretty good day of it,” said Tom, who had been hugely amused; “but I should feel nervous about the help, if I were you.”

“Oh, he’ll come to no grief, I’ll be bound,” said Drysdale; “but what o’clock is it?”

“Three,” said Blake, looking at his watch and getting up; “time to turn in.”

“The first time I ever heard you say that,” said Drysdale.

“Yes; but you forget we were up

this morning before the world was aired. Good-night, Brown."

And off the two went, leaving Tom to sport his oak this time and retire in wonder to bed.

Drysdale was asleep with Jack curled

up on the foot of the bed in ten minutes. Blake, by the help of wet towels and a knotted piece of whippcord round his forehead, read Pindar till the chapel bell began to ring.

*To be continued.*

## BOOKS AND THEIR USES.

BY DOUBLEDAY.

CHARLES LAMB's friend who left off reading to the great increase of his originality, assuredly erred on the right side. The danger in this much written-for age is of reading too much. Placed amongst the countless shelves of modern libraries, we are like men with many acquaintances but few friends. We may be on comparatively intimate terms with the novelists; we may occasionally ask a new poet into the house; we are perhaps on bowing terms with the scientific writers; we may just know the historians to speak to; but where are the old, old books which our forefathers loved because they were true and tried, when there were not so many new comers that a reader felt himself called upon to give up his best friend, to step across and chat with the smartly dressed crowd of strangers at the door? Why do we not know *our* Shakspeare as good Sir Thomas Lee, in "Woodstock," knew *his*? Has the reader of these pages ever read the "Paradise Lost" through? Will he ever achieve it, unless he be one day cast upon a desert island, and save a Milton from the wreck, as well as the salt beef and biscuit? Did he ever read the "Faery Queene"? The only chance for most of us would be to be shut up with a Spenser, as we once were with the "Children of the Abbey," for three wet days in a Welsh inn, with no consolation in sight but a Bradshaw's Guide and a cruet-stand. "Young men now-a-days," says one, the late record of whose earnest and loving life has impressed the true stamp on all he has written, "read

neither their Bible nor their Shakspeare enough."

Thus, there are books—and books. We read too much, and too little. The former of the two excesses is, I think, the more new and remarkable. In days such as our own, when the circulating libraries, with their million mouths, are speaking to the public, it would be strange to say that there is little thirst for information of some sort. But there still remains a question whether the craving for books may not be a disease, and whether we may not live too little in ourselves, and too much in others. The professor, whose young friend boasted that he read ten hours a day, inquired with amazement, "Indeed, then when do you think?" The old man was right. The master who sees a pupil with idle hands, and fears that, being without a book, he is losing his time, might not unreasonably hope that his other pupil, who is never without a book, is not losing his thoughts. "It is hard," Orlando says, "to see happiness through another man's eyes." It is also unprofitable always to see things reflected in another man's mind. There are other books besides those printed on paper, which are not without their value. Perhaps, even, it was intended that we should sometimes strive to see nature at first-hand.

How refreshing it is to meet now and then with those who never read at all. What a relief it is from that clever technical conversation which is acquired among readers. I envy those persons, unspotted from Mudie's, who listen to



the sentiments of books with as much astonishment as a savage in a state of primeval nature gazes on crinoline. They have advantages over us, proud as we feel ourselves. Their thoughts and feelings are their own. They can trace them home to their objects, and know that they are genuine, unplagued by the thought that the same things have often been thought before, and are as old as the first man who ever gazed on a sunset. Their aspirations and wants are more awful to them than they do not know a quotation to fit them with. This is high ground, perhaps, and the ingenious reader at this point will exclaim, "Pooh, pooh!" I am content, if he demur, to take a lower ground. The non-reader, if he lose much by not reading at all, consider well from how much he is saved. Truly, the illiterate man has much to be thankful for.

This last sentiment has inconsiderately escaped me. Much as may be found to criticise, perhaps to condemn, in yonder last week's volume, on the whole we treat books worse than they treat us. They do not meet with the right welcome at our hands. Unrecognised for their just claims, we grumble because they do not present some others. Often are they read so quickly that their eccentricities strike the attention before their worth is discovered. The much-reader hastens from volume to volume, and learns the colour of each, but not its properties. Thus, that delight of moralists, the bee, might look into many more blossoms in a day, if it only did not care to carry away any of the honey. To make the right use of a book is not so easy a matter as it appears.

Various as are the kinds of books, so various are the uses to which we put them. There are those who read to kill time, as a refuge—oh, shame! shame!—from themselves. There are those who read because some work is in fashion, and it were bad taste not to be able to talk of it. There are those who read, in order to give the public the benefit of their judgment—those mysterious men, the critics. There are those who read indiscriminately with morbid

wideness of taste, as the savage devours earth. Lastly, there are those who read little, but with discernment; whose books are their honoured friends—"the souls who have made their souls wiser."

Of those who do think—and the practice has rather gone out of late—there are a few who think for themselves, and a great many who think for the benefit of others. These last are sometimes called, for convenience, critics. All works must first pass through their furnace before they are fit for the general reader, who pays his fivepence cheerfully for the *Weekly Rasper*, and gets a vast variety of opinions for his money. In a spare ten minutes he has the opportunity of reading what another has written in ten days concerning a work which has occupied a third party perhaps as much as ten years. How admirable is labour shortened now-a-days! As we pay an architect to build, so we pay a critic to think for us; and so considerate it is of the critics always to extract the faults of a book, and leave the general reader to find the beauties. Sometimes there is a notice in the shop-windows—"A few improvers wanted." It must certainly come from an author who is wanting critics.

It was a beautiful morning in July when we were introduced to a new poem. In a spirit of the purest symbolism, it was bound in a suit of green, that it might shine upon our bookshelves as a pleasant oasis in a desert of law calf or theological cloth. It was given us in the summer months that we might read it, where it should be read, under the laburnum shade or by the brook side. Thousands of hands were held out for it; thousands of hearts were content to watch and to receive. But by-and-by there arose murmurs. One said that it ought not to be called an Idyll; a second that the blank verse was not what it should be; a third that this simile would never do, and that illustration was not correct. Meanwhile those who were not gifted with such subtlety of vision were reading quite unsuspectingly, finding only a delight in the company of Arthur and his knights

—winning a glow from the bracing air of the old rude time—weeping with the fallen Guinevere—reverently gathering those great lessons, which the poet has drawn out of the fabled world, and wondering how the doings of an age should have such a value for all time. Ah me! who would be a critic by choice, if he had but the chance of being only a common reader. And yet there was a tenderness in the critics in handling this poem, which it was curious to compare with the abuse they felt it necessary to bestow on the Laureate's preceding poem. They were almost betrayed into smiling when the *Idylls* appeared. They seemed to say, "Well, perhaps we were a little too hard on him when he wrote last; but it was not without a good effect, for here is a work written in a metre which every one agrees to call respectable. We have great hopes now that our author will never return to such errors as he was guilty of in 'Maud.'" And then the critics seemed to smile again, and to feel that love towards the Laureate which the late L.E.L. tells us we feel to the bird we taught to sing.

Amid so much deprivation, it is consoling to think that the critic usually contrives to retain his spirits. It has even been noticed that, by some beautiful provision, the more faults he has to find, the merrier he is. Like Ophelia—

"Thought and affliction, passion, hell  
itself,

He turns to favour and to prettiness."

Thus is there compensation in everything.

My friend W. with whom I was the other day looking over a review of a friend's book, which the reviewer was mangling with the highest enjoyment, said he was in hopes now that we were returning to the good old Aristophanic school of criticism. He said he would see all reviews abolished and have farces substituted instead; and how excellent it would be to see Carlyle held up between heaven and earth in a clothes-basket, and Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles weighed against each other in

scales. W. went on to say that criticism was not nearly so successful as witticism, and that if Shakspeare had lived in our time he would have seen that levity, not brevity, was the soul of wit. He is a sad wag, W., and always will have his joke.

Almost all criticism is too minute and too partial. Hence it fails to exhibit any but a most imperfect view of its subject. It takes a full-blown rose, and after examination presents to the reader a heap of petals without form or perfume. The critic has used his eye-glass, and sometimes to the injury of his eyes. For this reason it were well if we never read the review of a book till we had read the book itself. Then let us compare our impressions, if it may be, with the large and reverent judgment of a fuller knowledge than our own. If you would know where to find such, read Robertson's Lectures, or Bucknill on the Psychology of Shakspeare.

But still now, as in the time of the ingenious Mr. Puff, the number of those who take the trouble of judging for themselves is very small indeed, and we have seen that the critics are always at hand to do it for us. There yet remains the disagreeable necessity of forming a taste of one's own; but schemes may possibly be devised for relieving the reader of this trouble as well.

Yet there are some left who feel that it is only by being true to their own nature, imperfect as it is, that they will rise above it. They feel that from some books they can rise better men, and that from others, which are circulated by the thousand, they take no profit. They feel that there are some books whose essence is eternal, because it belongs to a nature common to all. The world does not outgrow Shakspeare. But they have found that there are other books whose work is only for some times or for some minds. They have found a book speak to them that is dumb to others. It may be dumb to them now and speak to them at a future time. It may have spoken once and now have ceased to speak, like the Oracles in the presence of a deeper voice. They

will not lightly speak of such, but look back with love and reverence to the steps worn by their feet, and those of hundred others, by which they rose "to something greater than before."

To understand a great writer, as to understand Nature, we must yield our prepossessions. When we read we lose much by not standing side by side with the writer. That in which persons differ essentially, is not in the amount of knowledge they possess, but in the point of view from which they look at things. With different centres we have different circumferences. When the centres of reader and writer are very far apart, they live in separate worlds. To understand some writers we must change our planet and wait patiently till we are acclimatized.

Writers may be divided into two large classes—those who write to reveal something new, and lead the reader out of and beyond his present knowledge; and those who write only to present the old under some new form or application. The former is the nobler class—the pioneers of knowledge; the latter we must not, however, depreciate. All that we are at liberty to demand of a writer is, that he give us something of his own. When a fresh view of anything in heaven or earth is opened to us, we are bound to open our eyes with eagerness; but when the book-writer has no part of himself for us, but only the warmed-up remains, the *crambe repetita* of others, show him no mercy. If he write on the cover of his offering, "In the name of the prophet," and we find inside only "figs," we will judge him as Bacon would have judged him—by his fruits. Show him the door. Critic, show this gentleman out!

It behoves, therefore, the inspectors of the literary market to keep a keen watch for these dealers in second-hand truths. Under our very eyes large fortunes are being made by the trade in platitudes, the secret of which success is perhaps this: There is a class of readers—and a large one too—who like to find in books rather what they know already than what they have yet to learn.

No. 2.

Unlike the Athenians of old, they do not seem to care for any "new thing," and are more than satisfied to meet again and again with the oldest truisms. For instance; they know that it is very nice to have a friend, or an entertaining book, or that it is very proper to be industrious and provident. An ingenious poet accordingly writes a book, wherein, under a metrical garb, he tells these facts to the world. The world, pleased to recognise old acquaintances under a new form, proceeds to buy thirty editions. Here, indeed, seems reason for keeping to the beaten track. Fortunately, however, we still have writers among us who look to something besides editions.

One generation cannot decide upon the real worth of a book; only the lapse of time can prove whether it has elements that are imperishable. But every man who in his writings addresses himself successfully not to time, party, or fashion, but to that which underlies all these, may look forward to immortality as his reward;—poet, philosopher, historian, novelist; it matters little what he is called. A thinker of our day has advanced the theory of "the conservation of force"—how that force, once applied, may change its form indeed, but never ceases to exist. So we will preach the "conservation of truth." The writer may not count on the preservation of his name, but he may look, as a higher consolation, to this, that no true thought, no beautiful conception he may give to the world, will be lost; that if it be only received from him by a few, it will be reproduced by them in other forms of good, and so live for ever.

"Thank God for books," said Sydney Smith; and who that has known what it is to depend on them for companionship but will say from his heart, "Amen"? In lone country houses, where friends are few; in crowded city streets, amid greetings where no kindness is, thank God for books! Dearest, best of friends—soothing, comforting, teaching, carrying us far away from the "briars of this working-day world;" never importunate, never impatient, may we learn to use you as you use us!

## THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" ON MR. TENNYSON'S "MAUD."

To all who believe that Mr. Tennyson fulfils, in his moral influence not less than in his intellectual character, the idea of a great poet, it was gratifying to read the article on his works in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. Such hearty appreciation and such unstinting praise of the noble "Idylls," as well as of other of the poems, were pleasant sounds to hear from a high critic's chair. It is therefore evidently in no captious or hostile spirit that the reviewer finds fault with the poet on two points, on which I venture briefly to remark.

I. In speaking of the "Princess," the accomplished reviewer calls it a dramatic, or quasi-dramatic, poem; and, on the hypothesis that it belongs to this class of poetical composition, finds certain faults in it.

II. Again, in speaking of "Maud," he says, "We frankly own that our divining rod does not enable us to say whether the poet intends to be in any, and in what degree, sponsor to these sentiments"—alluding to certain utterances of the person in that remarkable mono-drama. And then he proceeds to warn the author of the evil results that may ensue from confusing the public mind with doubtful and exaggerated utterances on important and vital public questions.

One is half inclined to quote the old Scotch saying, "You're no witch at a guess," to the worthy reviewer. That, after these two works have been open to careful inspection of all men, and all critics, for twelve and four years respectively, any doubt should exist as to which of the recognised divisions of poetic art they severally belong to, may fill a simple person, unused to the mystic art of periodical criticism, with wonder.

In what sense that would not be applicable to the "Iliad" or the "Paradise Lost," can the "Princess" be called dramatic or even quasi-dramatic—whatever that may mean? Is it that the teller of the story speaks throughout in

the first person? But suppose Homer had made Ulysses tell the story of the "Iliad," and when he came to points of the narration where he is to speak or act, had written "I said," or "I did," instead of "Ulysses said," or "Ulysses did" so and so, would the poem be essentially less an epic or narrative poem than it is now? Every epic poem is to this extent dramatic, that the several actors in the story exhibit their characters by what they are made to speak, and you demand that their speech shall be dramatically consistent with what is said of them or their actions in the course of the narrative. But the distinction is just this, that in the epic the story is mainly *told* by direct narration, whereas, in the drama, it is told by what the actors utter. Now surely the "Princess" belongs to the former class, if ever a poem did. On the other hand, the story of "Maud," so far as it is given, is *wholly* given in a dramatic form.

In an Epic poem, where the author tells the story himself, any sentiment uttered in the course of the narrative portion, in his own proper person by the poet, is clearly his sentiment, and he is to be held responsible for it. But, in a dramatic poem, all that can justly be demanded is, that the sentiments shall be in keeping with the character, as the author evidently conceives it. What sort of criticism would that be which applied to Shakspeare's plays any other rule?

That, on the first publication of "Maud," it should have puzzled the critics, as well as the general reader, was not perhaps surprising. Even careful and habitual readers of Mr. Tennyson might be excused if they failed to catch its drift on a first reading. But having experience that Mr. Tennyson generally had a meaning, and a high one, in what he wrote, they would suspend judgment till they had read it again and again, and discovered that the author was

not speaking in his own person, but was, in fact, writing a long and sustained dramatic poem in a style striking and novel. The experiment, certainly, on the same scale was, so far as I know, novel to literature. But the *nature* of it admits of no doubt; and it seems as reasonable that any one should inquire whether Mr. Tennyson meant this and that of what he put into the mouth of his "person of the drama," as it would be to ask whether Mr. Shakespeare meant any of the utterances that he puts into the mouth of Hamlet, or Lear, or Dogberry. A simple outsider naturally fancies that it is a critic's business to study the meaning and plan of the works which he undertakes to judge of and report upon to the general public. That it is so often a fancy merely, is surely matter of regret. Instead of such simple and yet useful work, one too often finds that these persons have very different, and perhaps more amusing and popular ends in view. They can be severe or sarcastic, and get their readers to laugh, if they cannot make them understand.

But it would be the height of injustice to suspect the genial and accomplished gentleman who writes in this *Quarterly Review* of any such ends. Whence, then, comes this evident misunderstanding of the author's purpose in "Maud?" Is it because the drama is laid in our own time, and deals with forms of evil and disease belonging to our own days? But why should this preclude an author from writing a dramatic poem which should embody these? Surely no subjects should be more interesting to us. It is surely a legitimate conception, and one which may, with perfect propriety, be dramatically presented, that there should be a delicately-organized man, thoughtful, cultivated, sensitive, in whose early life the seeds of madness have been sown by the horrible calamity

of a father maddened into suicide by disaster and fraud. Such things have happened in our day. Why should not the poet exhibit what he may legitimately conceive to be the effects on such a man of a solitary life spent among books and an occasional newspaper, which may possibly contain accounts of baby poisoning, food adulteration, frauds not unlike the one he has so suffered by, all tending to give him exaggerated and bitter views of "a world in which he has hardly mixed?" And why should a thoughtful and even kind critic ask the author how far he means to be sponsor for those partial and exaggerated utterances of the creature of his art? Why should he not give the author credit for as much perception of what is true and what is false in these utterances as he himself possesses? Why, instead of asking questions which are utterly irrelevant in criticising a dramatic poem, should he not try to bring out the moral of drama, and give his readers the lessons of practical wisdom which lie in this noble and powerful work of art—one which will surely, when its true character is seen, be acknowledged to be little inferior to "Hamlet" or "Lear" in dramatic presentation—of the misery and madness that haunt the social evils which do exist in our day? The mere liking to display cleverness in the smart and slashing style which so often dims true insight, or serves to hide its absence, cannot, with any justice, be charged on the present writer. The palpable wrong he is doing to his author and his readers cannot come from this cause. The pedantries of precedent may sometimes blind as completely as dull smartness, and mar the critic craft, which after all might be, and sometimes is, a noble one. May these fungi be speedily stripped off, which hinder a noble tree from bearing its legitimate fruit!

A. Y.

## MR. KINGSLEY AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

<sup>1</sup> November 17, 1859.

MR. EDITOR,—May I ask your permission to notice, very shortly, an article which appeared in the *Saturday Review*, of November 12, on Mr. Kingsley's *Miscellanies*? My object is not to criticize a critic, but to correct some remarks which concern myself, and which bystanders might assume me to accept as true if I allowed them to pass uncontradicted. At the same time I should not venture to occupy your space with a purely personal topic: this, I believe, illustrates a style of writing which has become very common in our day, and against which young men cannot be too earnestly warned.

The Reviewer has paid me a compliment which, if I believed it to be well-founded, would excite my vanity to a dangerous degree. He has been aware of the peril to which he was exposing me, and, in his tenderness for my morals, has done what in him lay to counteract it. I entirely acquit him of any desire to puff me up with self-conceit; if the clearest indication of his opinion respecting me could bring my own down to its proper level, I shall have no fear of the consequences. But no depression which I might experience from his censures on my honesty which "always screws everything round to my own point;" on my habit of assuring my opponents that they are all right, in order that I may persuade them they are all wrong; on my bluff grandiloquence, &c. &c.;—would compensate in the very least the elation of which I should be conscious if he succeeded in persuading me that Mr. Kingsley owed to me any portion of the thoughts which are exercising, and are likely to exercise, a very great and very salutary influence over this generation.

For this is the Reviewer's comfortable assurance. Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Froude, and I, may give ourselves credit for most of Mr. Kingsley's opinions and convictions. The thief has been

stopped by an energetic detective of the S. R. division. The different articles of our property have been carefully assorted and ticketed, and lie at the office for inspection. Each of us may have his own restored to him. As I have a slenderer stock than my two distinguished companions, I have more interest than they can have in recovering my share. But I distinctly and deliberately believe, that no one of us has the shadow of a claim; that the goods have not been stolen; that they are, in the strictest sense, Mr. Kingsley's own.

That Mr. Kingsley is under great obligations to Mr. Carlyle I fully believe. I do not know many men of this day who are not. I will state my own so far as I am able to appreciate them. I am the more bound to do it, because there is no person whom Mr. Carlyle would less care to vindicate as a disciple—no one, probably, who has oftener been disposed to utter complaints of him. I have to thank him for doing me what I think an unspeakable service; I mean for making me discontented with myself. Every one who can put sentences together in our day, is likely to think that this is the vocation of his life; every one who can prove certain propositions, or put down certain opponents, is apt to suppose that he believes the things which he can demonstrate, or can convict others of not believing. To be continually thrown back upon the questions, "Yes, but do you know what these words mean?—Pray, sir, are you sure that *you* actually mean that?"—is exceedingly unpleasant. But any one who is forced to undergo that torture, comes, I think, at last, to be very thankful to the torturer. The results may be very different from what that torturer expected. We may not be forced to give up what he takes it for granted that we shall be forced to give up. We may find—he may even help us to the discovery—that there are vestures

needful for human beings, which he suspects to have come from Monmouth Street, or to be due to it. So much the more, I suspect, will he deserve and receive our gratitude. He has not taken from us what we cannot afford to part with; he has compelled us to consider what it is, and what it has to do with us.

I do not expect that the new generation will know what I mean by these remarks. They read Mr. Carlyle because he deals in queer phrases and gives them very accurate and valuable information about the Hohenzollerns. They can judge him, criticize him, dissect him. We had no such faculty, though perhaps we fancied we had. He judged, criticized, dissected *us*. So it was with me; so I should suppose it was with Mr. Kingsley. I have no right at all to speak for him; but I judge in this way. When a man of genius, writing in a remarkable and somewhat grotesque style, has been for many years sending forth his thoughts into the world, you see his phrases gradually creeping into the ordinary literature of the day, into reviews and magazines especially,—leavening more and more the dialect of the age. He who professes the most vehement dislike to these phrases in the author to whom they belong—and of whose mind they *are* expressions—will adopt them into discourses with which they have no natural affinity, to which they can only be a mere outside fringe quite discordant with everything that they surround.

Now, of this I see nothing in Mr. Kingsley. I find in his *Miscellanies*—most of which I did not know till they were collected into a volume—less of the Carlylese dialect than I should expect in any chance number of a provincial newspaper or of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Kingsley writes, so it seems to me, very manly and classical English, which, nevertheless, is perfectly individual, fitted to his use, not capable of being transformed to the use of any one else. According to the reviewer, he has adopted from Mr. Carlyle "the

"Old Testament Morality." Mr. Kingsley lives amongst labourers, and, being a clergyman, must occasionally read the Old Testament. Whoever first told him that industry was a good thing, and the Old Testament a good book, I should conceive he might have assured himself of both facts by intercourse with the hard hands and the burning words. Otherwise he has not profited by Mr. Carlyle's teaching. No words of his having been repeated so often—repeated till they have lost their power—as those in which he exhorts us to look facts in the face, and not to accept second-hand reports of them. I fancy that no words told more on Mr. Kingsley than these; surely they must have helped to preserve him from being a copyist and a plagiarist instead of to make him one.

If these are his debts to an older man, I shall suppose that he may have worked in the same mine with Mr. Froude, have compared notes with him, and have arrived at some of the same historical conclusions; and yet that neither may have "adopted" the thoughts of the other. Mr. Froude is a professed historian of the Tudor period; Mr. Kingsley has written an historical novel about the same period. Is there no such thing as genial intercourse between students—no such thing as each apprehending the mind of the other—as a reciprocation of benefits? What were those excellent "Joint Verses" on Cobbett in the last number of your Magazine but one of the most beautiful exemplifications of this kind of sympathy? Must there always be some good-natured friend at hand to whisper, "Watch that fellow! He has got a thought of yours. If you do not keep a sharp eye upon him, he will pocket it, and pass it off as his own"?

That generous men, like Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, would give heed to such admonitions, no one will suspect. Nor is it necessary that they should say a word to expose their admonisher. It is necessary that I should, however disagreeable the task is, and however much egotism it may involve me in, because I have given some colour to the charge by an act of folly which I committed

many years ago. When Mr. Kingsley published his first poem, "The Saint's Tragedy," I was vain and conceited enough to write a preface to it. Soon enough the public had sense to perceive that, if recommendations were wanted, I should rather have begged one from him; soon enough I gave such offence to the public as would have rendered any recommendations of mine very damaging to the person who received them. That damage Mr. Kingsley has suffered, and has borne with a kindness and generosity of which I may be excused for attempting to speak. Of course, I have had my share of the punishment: that of looking very ridiculous for my presumption, and that of appearing to force my own bad reputation upon a man singularly unlike me in every respect—with the liveliest observation of external things; with a capacity for any society, the highest or the lowest; with an intense interest in physical studies; with a specially vigorous and genial temperament. Of all persons in England at the present day, I am bold to say that there is not one who has so many deficiencies, offences, and discordances to overlook and forgive in another as he has in me; and whatever Saturday Reviewers may think, men like him *do* overcome such natural repugnances and utter exaggerated commendations of those from whom, at some stage of their lives, they have picked up a stray hint or two, not because they want to beg, borrow, or steal thoughts which are not theirs, but because they have an over-estimate of all who have been cast in another mould than themselves; a disposition to give them credit for more than they have.

The Reviewer says, that Mr. Kingsley has "adopted" from me "that theory of religious inspiration, which is based on the supposition of a direct illumination of each individual believer." I am not going to defend or to explain any theological statements of mine, in this place. A Saturday Reviewer must know better than any one else, how to set forth the belief of every writer, living or departed. If the expressions

are not exactly his own, the critic's are sure to be an improvement upon them. But taking the words as they stand, I submit that any one who adopts this theory, must find it more than a theory. If he does not, he will soon cast it aside. He must feel that his words are not his own; that he is not lord over them; that there is a living teacher near him from whom all that is good in them must proceed. Supposing Mr. Kingsley to have received this conviction, and in any degree or measure to act upon it, is it not impossible in the nature of things that he should be a copyist from me? Does not that very doctrine which he is said to have copied, as much prohibit and prevent copying, as that which he is said to have obtained from Carlyle? I perceive in these *Miscellanies*, that he does justice to the belief of many mystical writers on this subject, saying, with great modesty, that he is often quite unable to follow them; but protesting against the popular condemnation of them for their refusal to claim the light in which they walked as their own. I perceive that he protests against those mystical writers when they wish to confine the light, which was granted them, to themselves, or even to what they would have called divine subjects; whereas, if we adhere to the teaching of the Bible, we should say that every good thing must come from God; that the good thoughts of the worst man cannot be his own; that the scientific discoverer is as much a receiver of light from above as the theologian. Such are certainly my convictions. But that Mr. Kingsley received them from me and not from the New Testament, from intercourse with the old men and old women of his parish, with saints and with poachers, from actual experience of the difficulties of physical investigations (into which I have never ventured), I shall not easily be brought to believe.

I believe it the less, because I perceive also from these *Miscellanies*, that in many of those opinions that can be derived from another or imparted by another—in those which concern individual men of letters or literary schools—



Mr. Kingsley and I are greatly at variance. I have an old-standing reverence and affection for Coleridge and Wordsworth; I count them among my greatest benefactors. He is disposed to think and speak of them disparagingly, if not contemptuously. I know nothing of art; but I find too much conscientiousness and earnestness among those of my friends who are called Præ-Raphaelites, ever to look down upon them as he does. I may agree with him, that many very silly things were said against Pope when the Romance-fever was at its height. But I cannot throw myself, as he has done, into the *papal* reaction, and exalt the *Essay on Man* into the sublimest of ethical poems. His theories on all these points are certainly not mine. So far as they are theories, they are entitled to more respect than any I could broach, because he is a poet and an artist, and I am not. Yet, in spite of that consideration, I shall for the present hold my own; feelings of gratitude and reverence to those who have done me good, I hope I shall never sacrifice to his or to any authority.

I have said more than I meant to say. I believe that, however little the personal part of my letter may interest your readers, I have done them a service by bearing my protest against a style of criticism which leads young men to think that they can never be original, unless they refuse to learn from any

contemporary, or even from any man of the old world; which causes intercourse to be frivolous and suspicious, reading to be a mere observation of faults; which has often broken up old friendships; which can never make any one man more humble, more true.

Your obedient Servant,

F. D. MAURICE.

POSTSCRIPT.—I have been told that I have misrepresented the observations of the Saturday Reviewer respecting industry. He does not suppose that Mr. Kingsley learnt from Mr. Carlyle that industry was a good thing. That truth he might probably have derived from his writing-master and inscribed in copy-books when he was learning round-hand. Mr. Carlyle taught him to “look on labour as something essentially poetic.” Let the Reviewer have all the advantage of the correction. And let those who remember that Friedrich Wilhelm is Mr. Carlyle’s specimen of an “essentially poetic” temperament, and that Mr. Vavasour Briggs is Mr. Kingsley’s, judge how much better either the master or the pupil would love industry for this sentimental association with it. There would have been far more plausibility in affirming that Mr. Kingsley’s exaggerated preference of the anti-poetical, Tom Thurnall type of character, was caught from the author of the *Later-Day Pamphlets*.]

## IN A SKYE BOTHY.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

MAN is an ease-loving animal, with a lingering affection for Arcadian dales; under the shadow of whose trees shepherd boys are piping “as they would never grow old.” Human nature is a vagabond still, maugre the six thousand years of it, and amuses itself with dreams of societies, free and unrestrained. It is this vagabond feeling in the blood which draws one so strongly to Shakespeare. That sweet and liberal nature

of his blossomed into all wild human generousities. “As You Like It” is a vagabond play; and, verily, if there waved in any wind that blows upon the earth a forest, peopled as Arden’s was in Shakespere’s imagination, with an exiled king drawing the sweetest humanest lessons from misfortune, a melancholy Jaques stretched by the river’s brink, moralizing on the bleeding deer, a fair Rosalind chaunting her saucy cuckoo

song, fools like Touchstone (not like those of our acquaintance, reader), and the whole place from centre to circumference filled with mighty oak-bolls, all carven with lovers' names; I would, be my worldly prospects what they may, pack up at once and join that vagabond company. For there I should find more gallant courtesies, finer sentiments, completer innocence and happiness than I am like to discover here, although I search for them from shepherd's cot to king's palace. Just to think how these people lived! Carelessly as the blossoming trees, happily as the singing birds; time measured only by the acorn's patter on the fruitful soil. A world without debtor or creditor; passing rich, yet with never a doit in its purse; with no sordid cares, no regard for appearances: nothing to occupy the young but love-making; nothing to occupy the old but listening to the "sermons in stones," and perusing the musical wisdom which dwells in "running brooks." Arden forest, alas! is not rooted in the earth: it draws sustenance from a poet's brain; and the light asleep on its leafy billows is that "that yet never was seen on sea or shore." But one cannot help dreaming of such a place, and striving to approach as nearly as possible to its sweet conditions.

I am quite alone here: England may have been invaded and London sacked, for aught I know. Several weeks since, a newspaper, accidentally blown to my solitude, informed me that the *Great Eastern* had been got under weigh, and was then swinging at the Nore. There is great joy, I perceive. Human nature stands astonished at itself; felicitates itself on its remarkable talent, and will for months to come purr complacently over its achievement in magazines and reviews. A fine world, messieurs, that will attain to heaven—if in the power of steam. A very fine world; yet for all that, I have withdrawn from it for a time, and would rather not hear of its remarkable exploits. In my present mood I do not value them that coil of vapour on the brow of Blavin, which, as I gaze, smoulders into nothing in the fire of sunrise.

Goethe, in his memorable book, "Truth and Poetry," informs his readers that in his youth he loved to shelter himself in the Scripture narratives, from the marching and counter-marching of armies, the cannonading, retreating, and fighting, that lay everywhere around him. He shut his eyes, as it were, and a whole war-convulsed Europe wheeled away into silence and distance, and in its place, lo! the patriarchs, with their tawny tents, their man-servants and maid-servants, and countless flocks in imperceptible procession whitening the Syrian plains. In this my green solitude, I appreciate the full sweetness of the passage. Everything here is silent as the Bible plains themselves. I am cut off from former scenes and associates as by the sullen Styx and the grim ferrying of Charon's boat. The noise of the world does not touch me. I live too far inland to hear the thunder of the reef. To this place no postman comes, no tax-gatherer. This region never heard the sound of the church-going bell. The land is pagan as when the yellow-haired Norseman landed a thousand years ago. I almost feel a pagan myself. Not using a notched stick, I have lost all count of time, and don't know Saturday from Sunday. Civilization is like a soldier's stock; it makes you carry your head a good deal higher, makes the angels weep a little more at your fantastic tricks, and half suffocates you the while. I have thrown it away, and breathe freely. My bed is the heather, my mirror the stream from the hills, my comb and brush the sea breeze, my watch the sun, my theatre the sunset, and my evening service—not without a rude natural religion in it—watching the pinnacles of the hills of Cuchullin sharpening in intense purple against the pallid orange of the sky, or listening to the melancholy voices of the sea-birds and the tide; that over, I am asleep till touched by the earliest splendour of the dawn. I am, not without reason, hugely enamoured of my vagabond existence.

My bothy is situated on the shores of one of the lochs that intersect Skye. The coast is bare and rocky, hollowed into fantastic

chambers : and when the tide is making, every cavern murmurs like a sea-shell. The land, from frequent rain green as emerald, rises into soft pastoral heights, and about a mile inland soars suddenly up into peaks of bastard marble, white as the cloud under which the lark sings at noon, bathed in rosy light at sunset. In front are the Cuchullin hills and the monstrous peak of Blavin ; then the green Strath runs narrowing out to sea, and the Island of Rum, with a white cloud upon it, stretches like a gigantic shadow across the entrance of the loch, and completes the scene. Twice every twenty-four hours the Atlantic tide sets in upon hollowed shores ; twice is the sea withdrawn, leaving spaces of green sand on which mermaids with golden combs might sleek alluring tresses ; and black rocks, heaped with brown dulse and tangle, and lovely ocean blooms of purple and orange ; and bare islets—marked at full of tide by a glimmer of pale green amid the universal sparkle—where most the sea fowl love to congregate. To these islets, on favourable evenings, come the crows, and sit in sable parliament ; business despatched, they start into air as at a gun, and stream away through the sunset to their roosting-place in the Armadale woods. The shore supplies for me the place of books and companions. Of course Blavin and Cuchullin hills are the chief attractions, and I never weary watching them. In the morning they wear a great white caftan of mist ; but that lifts away before noon, and they stand with all their scars and passionate torrent-lines bare to the blue heavens ; with perhaps a solitary shoulder for a moment gleaming wet to the sunlight. After a while a vapour begins to steam up from their abysses, gathering itself into strange shapes, knotting and twisting itself like smoke ; while above, the terrible crests are now lost, now revealed, in a stream of flying rack. In an hour a wall of rain, grey as granite, opaque as iron, stands up from sea to heaven. The loch is roughening before the wind, and the islets, black dots a second ago, are patches of roaring foam. You hear

the fierce sound of its coming. The lashing tempest sweeps over you, and looking behind, up the long inland glen, you can see on the birch woods, and on the sides of the hills, driven on the wind, the white smoke of the rain. Though fierce as a charge of highland bayonets, these squalls are seldom of long duration, and you bless them when you creep from your shelter, for out comes the sun, and the birch woods are twinkling, and more intensely flash the levels of the sea, and at a stroke the clouds are scattered from the wet brow of Blavin, and to the whole a new element is added, the voice of the swollen stream as it rushes red over a hundred tiny cataracts, and roars river-broad into the sea, making turbid the azure. Then I have my amusements in this solitary place. The mountains are of course open, and this morning at dawn a roe swept past me like the wind, nose to the dewy ground, “tracking,” they call it here. Above all, I can wander on the ebbd beach. Hogg speaks of that—

“Undefined and mingled hum,  
Voice of the desert never dumb.”

But far more than the murmuring and insect air of the moorland, does the wet *chirk-chirking* of the living shore give one the idea of crowded and multitudinous life. Did the reader ever hunt razor-fish?—not sport like tiger-hunting, I admit ; yet it has its pleasures and excitements, and can kill a forenoon for an idle man agreeably. On the wet sands yonder the razor-fish are spouting like the fountains at Versailles on a fête day. The sly fellow sinks on discharging his watery *feu de joie*. If you are quickly after him through the sand, you catch him, and then comes the tug of war. Address and dexterity are required. If you pull vigorously, he slips out of his sheath—a “mother-naked” mollusc, and escapes. If you do your spiriting gently you drag him up to light, a long thin case, with a white fishy bulb protruding at one end like a root. Rinse him in sea-water, toss him into your basket, and plunge after another watery flash. These razor-

fish are excellent eating, the people say; and when used as bait, no fish that swims the ocean stream, cod, whiting, haddock, flat skate, broad-shouldered, crimson bream,—not the detested dog-fish himself, this summer swarming in every loch and becursed by every fisherman,—can keep himself off the hook, and in an hour your boat is laden with glittering spoil. Then, if you take your gun to the low islands—and you can go dry-shod at ebb of tide—you have your chance of sea-fowl. Gulls of all kinds are there, dookers and divers of every description; flocks of shy curlews, and specimens of a hundred tribes, to which my limited ornithological knowledge cannot furnish a name. The Solan goose yonder falls from heaven into the water like a meteor-stone. See the solitary scart, with long narrow wing and outstretched neck, shooting toward some distant promontory! Anon, high overhead, come wheeling a covey of lovely sea-swallows. You fire; one flutters down, never more to skim the horizon or to dip in the sea-sparkle. Lift it up; is it not beautiful? The wild, keen eye is closed, but you see the delicate slate-colour of the wings, and the long tail feathers white as the creaming foam. There is a stain of blood on the breast, hardly brighter than the scarlet of its beak and feet. Lay it down, for its companions are dashing round and round, uttering harsh cries of rage and sorrow; and, had you the heart, you could shoot them one by one. At ebb of tide wild-looking children, from turf-cabins on the hill side, come down to hunt shell-fish. Even now a troop is busy; how their shrill voices go the while! Old Effie, I see, is out to-day, quite a picturesque object, with her white cap and red shawl. With a tin can in one hand, an old reaping-hook in the other, she goes poking among the tangle. Let us see what sport she has had. She turns round at our salutation—very old, old almost as the worn rocks around. She might have been the wife of Wordsworth's "Leech-gatherer." Her can is sprawling with brown crabs; and opening her apron, she exhibits a large black and blue

lobster—a fellow such as she alone can capture. A queer woman is Effie, and an awsome. She is familiar with ghosts and apparitions. She can relate legends that have power over the superstitious blood, and with little coaxing will sing those wild Gaelic songs of hers—of dead lights on the sea, of fishing-boats going down in squalls, of unburied bodies tossing day and night upon the grey peaks of the waves, and of girls that pray God to lay them by the sides of their drowned lovers; although for them should never rise mass nor chaunt, and although their flesh should be torn asunder by the wild fishes of the sea.

Rain is my enemy here, and at this writing I am suffering siege. For three days this rickety dwelling has stood assault of wind and rain. Yesterday a blast breached the door, and the tement fluttered for a moment like an umbrella caught in a gust. All seemed lost, but the door was got to again, heavily barred across, and the enemy foiled. An entrance, however, had been effected; and that portion of the attacking column which I had imprisoned by my dexterous manœuvre, maddening itself into whirlwind, rushed up the chimney, scattering my turf fire as it went, and so escaped. Since that time the windy columns have retired to the gorges of the hills, where I hear them howl at intervals; and the only thing I am exposed to is the musketry of the rain. How viciously the small shot peppers the walls! Here must I wait till the cloudy armament breaks up. One's own mind is a dull companion in these circumstances. Sheridan—wont with his talk to brighten the table more than the champagne; whose mind was a phosphorescent sea, dark in its rest, every movement a flash of splendour—if cooped up here, begirt with this murky atmosphere, would be dull as a Lincoln fen unenlivened by a single will-o'-the-wisp. Books are the only refuge on a rainy day; but in Skye Bothies books are rare. To me, however, the gods have proved kind, for in my sore need I found on a shelf here two

volumes of the old *Monthly Review*, and have sauntered through these dingy literary catacombs with considerable satisfaction. What a strange set of old fogies the writers! To read them is like conversing with the antediluvians. Their opinions have fallen into disuse long ago, and resemble to-day the rusty armour and gim-cracks of a curiosity-shop. These essays and criticisms were thought brilliant, I suppose, when they appeared last century, and authors praised therein considered themselves rather handsome flies, preserved in pure critical amber for the inspection of posterity. The volumes were published, I notice, from 1790 to 1792, and exhibit a period of wonderful literary activity. Not to speak of novels, histories, travels, farces, tragedies, upwards of two hundred poems are brought to judgment. Plainly, these Monthly Reviewers worked hard, and on the whole, with spirit and deftness. A proper sense of the importance of their craft had these gentlemen; they laid down the law with great gravity, and from critical benches shook their awful wigs on offenders. How it all looks now! "Let us indulge ourselves with another extract," quoth one, "and contemplate once more the tear of grief before we are called upon to witness the tear of rapture." *Both* tears dried up long ago, as those that sparkled on a Pharaoh's cheek. Hear this other, stern as Rhadamanthus; behold Duty steeling itself against human weakness! "It grieves us to wound a young man's feelings; but our judgment must not be biassed by any plea whatsoever. Why will men apply for our opinion, when they know that we cannot be silent, and that we will not lie?" Listen to this prophet in Israel, one who has not bent the knee to Baal, and say if there is not a touch of hopeless pathos in him:—"Fine words do not make fine poems. Scarcely a month passes in which we are not obliged to issue this decree. But in these days of universal heresy, our decrees are no more respected than the Bulls of the Bishop of Rome." O that men would hear, that they would incline their hearts to wisdom! The

ghosts of the dim literary Hades are getting tiresome, and as I look up, lo! the rain has ceased from sheer fatigue: great white vapours are rising from the damp valleys; and, better than all, pleasant as Blucher's cannon on the evening of Waterloo, the sound of wheels on the boggy ground; and just when the stanch'd rain-clouds are burning into a sullen red at sunset, I have a visitor in my Bothy, and pleasant human intercourse.

Broadford Fair is a great event in the island. The little town lies on the margin of a curving bay, and under the shadow of a somewhat celebrated hill. On the crest of it is a cairn of stones, the burying-place of an ancient Scandinavian woman, tradition informs me, whose wish it was to be laid high up there, that she might sleep right in the pathway of the Norway wind. In a green glen, at its base, stand the ruins of the House of Corrichatachin, where Boswell had his share of four bowls of punch, and went to bed at five in the morning, and, awakening at noon with a severe headache, saw Dr. Johnson burst in upon him with the exclamation, "What, drunk yet!" "His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding," writes the penitent Bozzy, "so I was relieved a little." Broadford is a post-town of about a dozen houses, and is a place of great importance. If Portree is the London of Skye, Broadford is its Manchester. The markets, held every three months or so, take place on a patch of moorland about a mile from the village. Not only are cattle sold and cash exchanged for the same; but there a Skye farmer meets his relations, from the brother of his blood to his cousin forty times removed. To these meetings he is drawn, not only by his love of coin, but by his love of kindred, and—the *Broadford Mail* and the *Portree Advertiser* lying yet in the womb of time—by his love of gossip also. The market is the Skye-man's exchange, his family gathering, and his newspaper. From the deep sea of his solitude he comes up to breathe there, and, refreshed, sinks again. This

fair at Broadford I resolved to see. Starting early in the morning, my way for the most part lay through a desolation where nature seemed deteriorated, and at her worst. Winter could not possibly sadden the region; no spring could quicken it into flowers. The hills wear but for ornament the white streak of the torrent; the rocky soil clothes itself in heather to which the purple never comes. Even man, the miracle-worker, who transforms everything he touches, who has rescued a fertile Holland from the waves, who has reared a marble Venice from out salt lagunes and marshes, is defeated here. A turf hut, with smoke issuing from the roof, and a patch of sickly green around, which will ripen by November, is all that he has won from nature. Gradually, as I proceeded, the aspect of the country changed, began to exhibit traces of cultivation; and ere long, the red hill with the Norwegian woman's cairn a-top rose before me, suggesting Broadford and the close of the journey. The roads were filled with cattle, driven forward with oath and shout. Every now and then, a dog-cart came skirring along, and infinite the confusion, and loud the clamour of tongues, when one or other plunged into a herd of sheep, or skittish "three-year-olds." At the entrance to the fair, the horses were taken out of the vehicles, and left with a leathern thong tied round their forelegs to limp about in search of breakfast. As you advance, on either side of the road stand hordes of cattle, the wildest looking creatures, black, white, dun, and cream-coloured, with fells of hair hanging over their savage eyes, and graced with horns of preposterous dimensions. Horses neighed from their stakes, the owners looking out for customers. Sheep were there, too, in restless masses, scattering hither and thither like quicksilver, with dogs and men flying along their edges excited to the verge of insanity. What a hubbub of sound! What lowing and neighing! what bleating and barking! It was a novel sight, that rude, primeval traffic. Down in the hollow ground, tents had

been knocked up since dawn; there potatoes were being cooked for drovers who had been travelling all night; there, also, liquor could be had. To these places, I observed, contracting parties invariably repaired to solemnize a bargain. Booths ranged along the side of the road were plentifully furnished with confections, ribbons, and cheap jewellery; and as the morning wore on, around these the girls swarmed thickly, as bees round summer flowers. The fair was running its full career of bargain-making and consequent dram-drinking, rude flirtation, and meeting of friend with friend; when up the middle of the road, hustling the passengers, terrifying the cattle, came three misguided young gentlemen—medical students, I opined—engaged in botanical researches in these regions. Evidently they had been "dwellers in tents." One of them, gifted with a comic genius—his companions were desperately solemn—at one point of the road, threw back his coat, in emulation of Sambo when he brings down the applauses of the threepenny gallery, and executed a shuffle in front of a bewildered cow. Crummie backed and shied, bent on retreat. *He*, agile as a cork, bobbed up and down in her front, turn whither she would, with shouts and hideous grimaces, his companions standing by the while like mutes at a funeral. That feat accomplished, the trio staggered on, amid the derision and scornful laughter of the Gael. Lifting our eyes up out of the noise and confusion, there were the solitary mountain tops and the clear mirror of Broadford Bay, the opposite coast sleeping green in it with all its woods; and lo! the steamer from the South sliding in, with her red funnel, breaking the reflection with a tract of foam, and disturbing the far-off morning silence with the thunder of her paddles. By noon, a considerable stroke of business had been done. Hordes of bellowing cattle were being driven off toward Broadford, and drovers were rushing about in a wonderful manner, armed with tar-pot and stick, smearing their peculiar mark upon the shaggy hides of

their purchases. Rough-looking customers enough, these fellows, yet they want not means. Some of them, I am told, came here this morning with five hundred pounds in their pocket-books, and have spent every paper of it, and this day three months they will return with as large a sum. By three o'clock in the afternoon the place was deserted by cattle, and fun and business gathered round the booths and refreshment tents, the noise increasing every hour, and towards evening deepening into brawl and general combat.

During the last few weeks I have had opportunity of witnessing something of life as it passes in the Skye wildernesses, and have been struck with its self-containedness, not less than with its remoteness. A Skye family has everything within itself. The bare mountains yield them mutton, of a flavour and delicacy unknown in the south. The copses swarm with rabbits; and if a net is set over-night at the Black Island, there is abundance of fish to breakfast. The farmer grows his own corn, barley, and potatoes, digs his own peats, makes his own candles; he tans leather, spins cloth shaggy as a terrier's pile, and a hunchbacked artist on the place transforms the raw materials into boots or shepherd garments. Twice every year a huge hamper arrives from Glasgow, stuffed with all the little luxuries of house-keeping—tea, sugar, coffee, and the like. At more frequent intervals comes a ten-gallon cask from Greenock, whose contents can cunningly draw the icy fangs of a north-easter, or take the chill out of the clammy mists.

“What want they that a king should have?”

And once a week the *Inverness Courier*, like a window suddenly opened on the roaring sea, brings a murmur of the outer world, its politics, its business, its crimes, its literature, its whole multitudinous and unsleeping life, making the stillness yet more still. To the Isle's-man the dial face of the year is not artificially divided, as in cities, by parlia-

mentary session and recess, college terms or vacations, short and long, by the rising and sitting of courts of justice; nor yet, as in more fortunate soils, by imperceptible gradations of coloured light, the green flowery year deepening into the sunset of the October hollyhock, the slow reddening of burdened orchards, the slow yellowing of wheaten plains. Not by any of these, but by the higher and more affecting element of animal life, with its passions and instincts, its gladness and suffering; existence like our own, although in a lower key, and untouched by its solemn issues; the same music and wail, although struck on ruder and uncertain chords. To the Isle's-man, the year rises into interest when the hills, yet wet with melted snows, are pathetic with newly-yeaned lambs, and completes itself through the successive steps of weaning, fleecing, sorting, fattening, sale, final departure, and cash in pocket. The shepherd life is more interesting than the agricultural, inasmuch as it deals with a higher order of being; for I suppose—apart from considerations of profit—a couchant ewe, with her young one at her side, or a ram, “with wreathed horns superb,” cropping the herbage, is a more pleasing object to the æsthetic sense than a field of mangold-wurzel, flourishing ever so gloriously. The shepherd inhabits a mountain country, lives more completely in the open air, and is acquainted with all phenomena of storm and calm, the thunder-smoke coiling in the wind, the hawk hanging stationary in the breathless blue. He knows the faces of the hills, recognises the voices of the torrents as if they were children of his own, can unknit their intricate melody, as he lies with his dog beside him on the warm slope at noon, separating tone from tone, and giving this to iron crag, that to pebbly bottom. From long intercourse, every member of his flock wears to his eye its special individuality, and he recognises the countenance of a “wether” as he would the countenance of a human acquaintance. Sheep-farming is a picturesque occupation; and I think a cataract of sheep descending a hill-

side, now gathering into a mighty pool, now emptying itself in a rapid stream—the dogs, urged more by sagacity than by the shepherd's voice, flying along the edges, turning, guiding, changing the shape of the mass—one of the prettiest sights in the world. But the most affecting incident of shepherd life is the weaning of the lambs ;—affecting, because it reveals passions in the “fleecy fools,” the manifestation of which we are accustomed to consider ornamental in ourselves. From all the hills men and dogs drive the flocks down into a fold or *fank*, as it is called here, consisting of several chambers or compartments. Into these compartments the sheep are huddled, and then the separation takes place. The ewes are returned to the mountains, the lambs are driven away to some spot where the pasture is rich, and where they are watched day and night. Midnight comes with dews and stars ; the troop is couched peacefully as the cloudlets of a summer sky. Suddenly they are restless, ill at ease, goaded by some sore unknown want, and evince a disposition to scatter in every direction ; but the shepherds are wary, the dogs swift and sure, and after a little while the perturbation is allayed, and they rest again. Walk up now to the fank. The full moon is riding between the hills, filling the glen with lustre and floating mysterious glooms. Listen ! You hear it on every side of you, till it dies away in the silence of distance—the fleecy Rachel weeping for her children. The turf walls of the fank are in shadow, but something seems to be moving there. As you approach, it disappears with a quick, short bleat, and a hurry of tiny hooves. Wonderful mystery of instinct ! Affection all the more touching that it is so wrapt in darkness, hardly knowing its own meaning ! For nights and nights the creatures will be found haunting about these turfen walls, seeking the young that have been taken away.

But my chief delight here is my friend and neighbour, Mr. MacIan. He was a soldier in his youth : is now very old—ninety and odd, I should say. He would strike one with a sense of strange-

ness in a city, and among men of the present generation. Here, however, he creates no surprise ; he is a natural product of the region, like the red heather, or the bed of the dried torrent. He is a master of legendary lore. He knows the history of every considerable family in the island ; he circulates like sap through every genealogical tree ; he is an enthusiast in Gaelic poetry, and is fond of reciting compositions of native bards, his eyes lighted up, and his tongue moving glibly over the rugged clots of consonants. He has a servant cunning upon the pipes, and, dwelling there for a week, I heard Ronald often wandering near the house, solacing himself with their music ; now a plaintive love-song, now a coronach for chieftain borne to his grave, now a battle march, the notes of which, melancholy and monotonous at first, would all at once soar into a higher strain, and then hurry and madden as beating time to the footsteps of the charging clan. I am the fool of association ; and the tree under which a king has rested, the stone in which a banner was planted on the morning of some victorious or disastrous day, the house in which some great man first saw the light, are to me the sacredest things. This slight grey, keen-eyed man—the scabbard sorely frayed now, the blade sharp and bright as ever—gives me a thrill like an old coin with its half-obliterated effigy, a Druid stone on a moor, a stain of blood on the floor of a palace. He stands before me a living figure, and history groups itself behind by way of background. He sits at the same board with me, and yet he lifted Moore at Corunna, and saw the gallant dying eyes flash up with their last pleasure when the Highlanders charged past. He lay down to sleep in the light of Wellington's watch-fires in the gorges of the piny Pyrenees ; around him roared the death-thunders of Waterloo. There is a certain awfulness about very old men ; they are amongst us, but not of us. They crop out of the living soil and herbage of to-day, like rocky strata bearing marks of the glacier or the wave. Their roots strike deeper than ours, and



they draw sustenance from an earlier layer of soil. They are lonely amongst the young; they cannot form new friendships, and are willing to be gone. They feel the "sublime attractions of the grave;" for the soil of churchyards once flashed kind eyes on them, heard with them the chimes at midnight, sang and clashed the brimming goblet with them; and the present Tom and Harry are as nothing to the Tom and Harry that swaggered about and toasted the reigning belles seventy years ago. We are accustomed to lament the shortness of life; but it is wonderful how long it is notwithstanding. Often a single life, like a summer twilight, connects two historic days. Count back four lives, and King Charles is kneeling on the scaffold at Whitehall. To hear MacIan speak, one could not help thinking in this way. In a short run across the mainland with him this summer, we reached Culloden Moor. The old gentleman, with a mournful air—for he is a great Jacobite, and wears the prince's hair in a ring—pointed out the burial-grounds of the clans. Struck with his manner, I inquired how he came to know their red resting-places. As if hurt, he drew himself up, laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Those who put them in told me." Heavens, how a century and odd years collapsed, and the bloody field,—the battle smoke not yet cleared away, and where Cumberland's artillery told the clansmen sleeping in thickest swathes,—unrolled itself from the horizon down to my very feet! For a whole evening he will sit and speak of his London life; and I cannot help contrasting the young officer, who trod Bond-street with powder in his hair at the end of last century, with the old man living in the shadow of Blavin now.

Dwellers in cities have occasionally seen a house that has the reputation of being haunted, and heard a ghost story told. Most of them have knowledge of the trumpet blast that sounds when a member of the Airlie family is about to die. Some few may have heard of the Irish gentleman who, seated in the London

opera-house on the night his brother died, heard, above the clash of the orchestra and the passion of the singers, the shrill warning *keen* of the banshee—an evil omen always to him and his. City people laugh when these stories are told, even although the blood should run chill the while. Here, one is steeped in a ghostly atmosphere: men walk about here grieved with the second sight. There has been something weird and uncanny about the island for some centuries. Douglas, on the morning of Otterbourne, according to the ballad, was shaken unto superstitious fears:—

"But I hae dreamed a dreary dream,  
Beyond the Isle of Skye;  
I saw a dead man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I."

Then the island is full of strange legends of the Norwegian times and earlier—legends it might be worth Mr. Dasent's while to take note of, should he ever visit the rainy Hebrides. One such legend, concerning Ossian and his poems, struck me a good deal. Near Mr. MacIan's place is a ruined castle, a mere hollow shell of a building, Dunscaith by name, built in Fingalian days by the chieftain Cuchullin, and so called in honour of his wife. The pile crumbles over the sea on a rocky headland bearded by grey green lichens. The place is quite desolate, and seldom visited. The only sounds heard there are the sharp whistle of the salt breeze, the bleat of a strayed sheep, the cry of wheeling sea-birds. MacIan and myself sat one summer day on the ruined stair. The sea lay calm and bright beneath, its expanse broken only by a creeping sail. Across the loch rose the great red hill, in the shadow of which Boswell got drunk; on the top of which is perched the Scandinavian woman's cairn. And out of the bare blue heaven, down on the ragged fringe of the Coolin hills, flowed a great white vapour gathering in the sunlight in mighty fleece on fleece. The old gentleman was the narrator, and the legend goes as follows:—The castle was built by Cu-

chullin and his Fingalians in a single night. The chieftain had many retainers, was a great hunter, and terrible in war. Every night at feast the minstrel Ossian sang his exploits. Ossian, on one occasion, in wandering among the hills, was struck by sweet strains of music that seemed to issue from a green knoll on which the sun shone temptingly. He sat down to listen, and was lulled asleep by the melody. He had no sooner fallen asleep than the knoll opened, and he beheld the under-world of the fairies. That afternoon and the succeeding night he spent in revelry, and in the morning he was allowed to return. Again the music sounded, again the senses of the minstrel were steeped in forgetfulness. And on the sunny knoll he awoke a grey-haired man; for in one short fairy afternoon and evening, had been crowded a hundred of our human years. In his absence, the world had entirely changed, the Fingalians were extinct, and the dwarfish race, whom we call men, were possessors of the country. Longing for companionship, Ossian married the daughter of a shepherd, and in process of time a little girl was born to him. Years passed on, his wife died, and his daughter, woman grown now, married a pious man—for the people were Christianized by this time—called, from his love of psalmody, Peter of the Psalms. Ossian, blind with age, went to reside with his daughter and her husband. Peter was engaged all day in hunting, and when he came home at evening, and when the lamp was lighted, Ossian, sitting in a warm corner, was wont to recite the wonderful songs of his youth, and to celebrate the mighty battles and hunting feats of the big-boned Fingalians. To these songs Peter of the Psalms gave attentive ear, and, being something of a penman, carefully inscribed them in a book. One day Peter had been more than usually successful in the chase, and brought home on his shoulders the carcass of a huge stag. Of this stag a leg was dressed for supper, and when it was picked bare, Peter triumphantly inquired of Ossian, "In

the Fingalian days you speak about, killed you ever a stag so large as this one?" Ossian balanced the bone in his hand; then, sniffing intense disdain, replied, "This bone, big as you think it, could be dropped into the hollow of a Fingalian blackbird's leg." Peter of the Psalms, enraged at what he considered an unconceivable *crammer* on the part of his father-in-law, started up, swearing that he would not ruin his soul by preserving any more of his lying songs, and flung the volume in the fire; but his wife darted forward and snatched it up, half-charred, from the embers. At this conduct on the part of Peter, Ossian groaned in spirit and wished to die, that he might be saved from the envy and stupidities of the little people, whose minds were as stunted as their bodies. When he went to bed he implored his ancient gods—for he was a sad heathen—to resuscitate, if but for one hour, the hounds, the stags, and the blackbirds of his youth, that he might astonish and confound the unbelieving Peter. His prayers done, he fell on slumber, and just before dawn a weight upon his breast awoke him. To his great joy, he found that his prayers were answered, for upon his breast was couched his favourite hound. He spoke to it, and the faithful creature whimpered and licked his face. Swiftly he called his little grandson, and they went out with the hound. When they came to the top of an eminence, Ossian said, "Put your fingers in your ears, little one, else I will make you deaf for life." The boy put his fingers in his ears, and then Ossian whistled so loud that the whole world rang. He then asked the child if he saw anything. "O, such large deer!" said the child. "But a small herd, by the sound of it," said Ossian; "we will let that herd pass." Presently the child called out, "O, *such* large deer!" Ossian bent his ear to the ground to catch the sound of their coming, and then, as if satisfied, let slip the hound, who speedily tore down seven of the fattest. When the animals were skinned and laid in order, Ossian went towards a large lake, in the centre of which grew

a remarkable bunch of rushes. He waded into the lake, tore up the rushes, and brought to light the great Fingalian kettle, which had lain there for more than a century. Returning to their quarry, a fire was kindled; the kettle containing the seven carcasses was placed thereupon; and soon a most savoury smell was spread abroad upon all the winds. When the animals were stewed after the approved fashion of his ancestors, Ossian sat down to his repast. Now as, since his sojourn with the fairies, he had never enjoyed a sufficient meal, it was his custom to gather up the superfluous folds of his stomach by wooden splints, nine in number. As he now fed and expanded, splint after splint was thrown away, till at last, when the kettle was emptied, he lay down perfectly satisfied, and silent as ocean at the full of tide. Recovering himself, he gathered all the bones together—set fire to them, till the black smoke which arose darkened the heaven. "Little one," then said Ossian, "go up to the knoll and tell me if you see anything." "A great bird is flying hither," said the child; and immediately the great Fingalian blackbird alighted at the feet of Ossian, who at once caught and throttled it. The fowl was carried

home, and was in the evening dressed for supper. After it was devoured, Ossian called for the stag's thigh-bone which had been the original cause of quarrel, and, before the face of the astonished and convicted Peter of the Psalms, dropped it in the hollow of the blackbird's leg. Ossian died on the night of his triumph, and the only record of his songs is the volume which Peter in his rage threw into the fire, and from which, when half-consumed, it was rescued by his wife.

I am to stay with Mr. MacIan to-night. A wedding has taken place up among the hills, and the whole party have been asked to make a night of it. The mighty kitchen has been cleared for the occasion; torches are stuck up ready to be lighted; and I already hear the first mutterings of the bag-pipe's storm of sound. The old gentleman wears a look of brightness and hilarity, and vows that he will lead off the first reel with the bride. Everything is prepared; and even now the bridal party are coming down the steep hill road. I must go out to meet them. To-morrow I return to my bothy, to watch the sunny mists congregating on the crests of Blavin in radiant billow on billow, and on which the level heaven seems to lean.

## Der Tod als Freund.

A TRANSLATION OF THE PICTURE BY ALFRED RETHEL.

PATER NOSTER, QUI ES IN CÆLIS.

—Is the sun shining? I thought he set  
An hour ago:—but I forget:  
And I seem to feel from over the hill  
The red glow bathing my forehead still.

SANCTIFICETUR NOMEN TUUM.

Very quiet it seems to-night,  
Very quiet to left and right,  
And I know full well, though I cannot see,  
How the calmness falls over meadow and tree,  
And the carven pinnacles clear and high,  
How still they stand in the quiet sky.

## ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM.

I feel like a sick man praising God,  
 When his fever is spent, and he walks abroad,  
 And the peace that flows from all peaceful things  
 Wells fresh in the worn heart's shrunken springs,  
 Till his eyes o'erflow, and the world grows dim,  
 And he hushes the chords of his own weak hymn  
 To join in the silent psalmody  
 Floating up from the brooks, and fields, and sky  
 To the great good God, pouring down from above  
 Such wealth of glory, and peace, and love.

## FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA,

Yea, very quiet it seems to-night,  
 Very quiet to left and right.  
 Very quiet and very sweet!  
 I would die to-night if God thought meet!

## SICUT IN CÆLO, ITA IN TERRA.

Did I read it to-night, or long ago,  
 Of the blessed Eulalia's shroud of snow,  
 And the dove from her martyr lips that flew  
 With the girlish spirit so white and true?  
 Ay me, O God, Thou hast called to Thee  
 Full many a soul as white as she!  
 Ay, I tolled the bell but yesterday  
 For such an one in the twilight grey.  
 Was it yesterday?—I am very old,  
 And my eyes wax dim, and my blood grows cold,—  
 Is it forty years? There was snow on the ground,  
 That lay on my heart as the years rolled round;  
 But green is the churchyard now below,  
 And my heart is cold, but not with the snow.—

## PANEM QUOTIDIANUM DA NOBIS HODIE,

Is it a bird? Ay, chirp for thy crumbs,  
 Thou shalt have them, my child, when Tinè comes:  
 For there's something strange on my heart and brow,  
 And I cannot get up to serve thee now.

## ET REMITTE NOBIS DEBITA NOSTRA.

I do not think I am tolling the bell,  
 Yet surely I hear it knolling a knell:—  
 Is it Wolf? No, he never tolled so well!  
     Ha! old friend, is it thou?  
 'Tis kind to come thus to help me now,  
 For I feel almost too feeble to rise,  
 And it seems a labour to open my eyes.  
 Ah, well! You can toll even better than I!  
 But, who for? I forget, for so many die.  
 Yet, I thought when they told me, 'twas one I knew,  
 One near and dear, but I wot not who.

ET LIBERA NOS A MALO. AMEN.

Music is it? 'Tis many a year  
Since I heard the requiem sung so clear,—

DONA EIS, DONA EIS ÆTERNAM.

And hark to the organ, how calm and deep!  
Seven years I have heard it not, save in sleep.  
Oh, hearken! It never seemed so near!  
Is it she who singeth so sweet and clear?

SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA

TESTE DAVID CUM SIBYLLA?

Oh, to rise and join! If I could but see!  
Dear God!—NUNC DIMITTIS, DOMINE!

## VICTOR HUGO'S "LEGEND OF THE AGES."

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

THE publication of M. Victor Hugo's *Légende des Siècles* has been the great literary event of the year in France, as that of the *Idylls of the King* in England. In both instances, a volume of verse has sold to the number of thousands of copies in a few days. In both instances the work has been hailed by critics as the author's masterpiece. Nor are there wanting points of outward resemblance between the career of the two men. Each began his poetical life by an academic triumph. M. Victor Hugo, still a mere boy, was crowned a poetical victor at the "Floral Games" of Toulouse, that last flickering shadow of the poetical life of the middle ages. Mr. Tennyson won the prize for English poetry at his own university. Each, on taking his own course on the sea of publicity, became at once a butt to all the sarcasms of the critics of the day, a beacon for all the efforts of the writers of the morrow. Each fought his way right on, in the very teeth of the storm, till the yelping Scylla-hounds of criticism were left far behind, and each was acknowledged on all hands as the foremost poet of his time and country; and the one took his seat on the benches of the French Academy, and on those of

the House of Peers or the National Assembly, and the other became Poet Laureate, amid universal acclaim (save the hiss of one rival who durst not even sign his name), and lived to see his bust subscribed for as a chief honour and ornament of his old college.

But here the resemblance ceases. The one has gone on, to use an expression of his own, "fronting the dawn." He has sought the light more and more, till the light has streamed from him in turn. The other—how far willingly, how far helplessly, it would be premature to judge—has wandered away into twilight and darkness, till the broad calm sunlight seems a thing which he is incapable of perceiving, and the only notions of light he seems to possess are furnished, one would say, by the glare of footlights or the flashing lightning.

The man is a mighty man, no doubt. His fecundity is prodigious. Since the first publication of his *Odes et Ballades*, heaven knows how many volumes have proceeded from his pen! Whole masses of poetry; three or four novels; handfuls of dramatic pieces; volumes of essays; books of travel; political satire. On the very cover of this his last two-volume work are advertised, besides the

continuation of it, a volume of poetry, a novel, two dramas. And, with the exception of a portion of his earliest work above mentioned, the stamp of power is everywhere. Grace, indeed—a quality which eminently characterised many of his earlier pages,—has by this time almost disappeared. But, at fifty-seven years of age (M. Victor Hugo gives us the year of his birth in one of his pieces), the strength remains entire, exhibits itself more nakedly,—as in the musculature of some rugged old athlete, big-boned, spare of flesh, with sledge-hammer arms and a grip of iron. The very least instance of it, though prodigious in itself, is his mastery over that most rebellious instrument of human speech, the French Alexandrine. It is unimaginable how thoroughly he has broken it in to his will, bent it to every twist and turn of his thought. As to the language,—no Indian juggler ever worked his limbs into more fantastic impossibilities of shape and posture, than Victor Hugo his native French into impossible expressions and combinations. In fact, much of his French is no more French than Mr. Carlyle's English is English. But in either case the idiom remains, even when most extravagant, a racy, nervous, expressive dialect, admirably fitted to, and characteristic of, the user.

Different from Mr. Tennyson, who sends forth his verse without a word of preface, trusting that it shall explain and justify itself, M. Victor Hugo prefixes to his new work ten or eleven pages of preface, to tell us what it is and what it is not, and to bear witness of himself that "the intention of this book is good." "The unfolding of the human race into flower from age to age, man rising from darkness to the ideal, the paradisaic transfiguration of earth's hell, the slow and supreme incubation and birth of liberty, a right for this world, a responsibility for the other; a sort of religious hymn in a thousand stanzas, bearing in its inmost bosom a deep faith, on its summit a lofty prayer; the drama of creation lit up by the countenance of the Creator; such

"will be, when terminated, the poem as a whole, if God, master of human existences, will consent to it." As the powers of the mirror are exhibited by its least fragment, so is all Victor Hugo in this passage. The power of enumeration which it indicates, forms a staple element of his style. The self-sufficient testimony of the writer to his "deep faith" and "lofty prayers," is characteristic of the man who has repeatedly semi-deified himself in his poetry under the superbly arrogant name of "Olympio." The decorous bending to a God of mere power and light—a sort of gigantic live gas-burner to "the drama" of his creation, who has just will enough to light or put out this or that particular jet of human life that flares or flickers along the footboards,—shows us finally the secret of the poet's impotency, and why it is that, with powers in some respects gigantic, he has only succeeded in showing us, with a sort of colossal garrulity, a series of magic lantern slides from some "chambers of horrors," which he presumes to call the *Legend of the Ages*.

Let us beware, however, of judging the man, as we should beware of judging his verse, from our own insular point of view. English freedom, English reverence, the open Bible, have done more for the goodness of the best amongst us than we are mostly able to reckon. And so Victor Hugo is, to a great extent, the product of his age and country, where freedom, reverence, the Bible, are wanting alike. For none, who have not realized the fact by intimate Continental experience, can have any idea of the deadly effects of an habitual violation of the blessed marriage-tie between Reverence and Freedom,—sole eternal helpmeets each to each, whom God joined together, whom Romanism for ever puts asunder. None knows how the whole man becomes out of joint, when, being only taught to revere in a manner wholly irreverential, and to revere much which is wholly unworthy of reverence, he cannot think for himself without abjur-

ing the gods of his childhood ; he cannot continue to pray without forfeiting his rights as a man. Many thus pass through life literally without seeing God. The gross perversion of the doctrine of the Real Presence, which literally, for the numerical bulk of Romanists, identifies God with a bit of paste over which words of incantation have been mumbled, utterly incapacitates them from realizing Him in His personal divinity as the Loving Father, the Loving Son, the Spirit of Love. They have never been taught that He was near to them : on the contrary, that He was very far, with hosts of screens, pyxes, censers, priests, acolytes between. And so, when they do go in search of Him, it is only as a distant being, throned on some high Olympus or Mount Meru : or if, instead of going to Him, they seek to bring Him to them, it is not as a person, but as a thing ; as the "great all ;" at best, as the inter-fused spirit of the material mass. In a word, if we would judge of the ordinary run of writers sprung from the bosom of Romanism, we should view them as mere pagans, who happen to have a Christian mythology instead of a Greek or Sanscrit one. And thus, much of what in an Englishman would be wicked and intolerable blasphemy, becomes—fortunately for him—in a Frenchman a mere piece of rhetoric. He uses Christian myths just as Christians use Pagan,—without the least belief in them, but also without the least intention of offence.

The subject of M. Hugo's announced poem, of which the two volumes before us form part, is, he tells us, Man,—humanity under all its aspects. To its legendary aspects, as the title implies, this first work is consecrated. Its pieces are grouped under the following heads :—

1. *From Eve to Jesus.* 2. *Rome's Decline.* 3. *Islam.* 4. *The Christian Heroic Cycle.* 5. *Knight-errantry.* 6. *The Thrones of the East.* 7. *Italy ; Ratbert.* 8. *Sixteenth Century ; Renaissance.* 9. *The Rose of the Infanta.* 10. *The Inquisition.* 11. *The Song of the*

*Sea-Rovers.* 12. *Seventeenth Century ; the Mercenaries.* 13. *Now.* 14. *Twentieth Century.* 15. *Out of Time.*

The idea in itself is a grand one. To set forth in what legends, from age to age, from country to country, the longings and strivings of mankind for good and against evil have taken shape, is a subject, than which none can be nobler. But it requires, surely, to be treated with something of completeness and breadth. "From Eve to Jesus" more is needed than eight pieces more or less amplified and travestied from the Bible. The whole cycle of Hindu poetry, with its vast epics on the deeds of legendary heroes, might deserve a mention. The Polytheism of Greece and Rome, let alone that of Egypt, is merely caricatured in a picture of Rome in her degenerate days, dedicated "to the Lion of Androcles," as the only man among the men-monsters of the age. Still more astonishing is it to find no other trace of the vast chain of Christian ascetic legends, from Paul the Hermit to St. Francis, than a Mahomedan fable about Abu Bekr and St. John. The Edda is only alluded to in a couple of lines ; that magnificent later shoot from its stock, the Nibelungen Lied, finds never a mention. The Round Table and the Holy Grail, which form so characteristic a portion of the romantic fiction of the middle ages, are equally pretermitted, while the very Crusades, if I mistake not, are not named. Either, therefore, M. Victor Hugo has given us here but a few scraps of the real "Legend of the Ages," such as he has planned it, or he has taken but slender pains to work out his subject. His grand title is but the outer shell of a temple of legend ; within we find, as yet, little more than mere heaps of materials,—some, indeed, highly carved and polished, but none, except perhaps the "Christian Heroic Cycle" and "Knight-errantry" divisions, forming so much as one single compartment of his subject.

Having made these reserves as to what the work might seem to be and is not, let us endeavour to ascertain what

it is. Let it be premised that M. Victor Hugo does not write for English drawing-rooms, still less for girls and children. His present work contains many a passage which the husband will not read to his wife, nor the son to his mother: not designedly evil, but written with gross coarseness of language. With this reservation, and such as I have made before as to the view of Christianity which is taken by those who have simply grown out of Romanism without seeing beyond it, let us take, as familiar subjects, the first group of eight pieces, all but one from the Bible. One is, of course, paradisaic,—“*Le sacre de la femme.*” The idea, as generally with Victor Hugo, is a striking one, and one which I do not recollect to have seen treated before in poetry,—the hallowing of woman by maternity: all creation is shown to us prostrated in loving veneration before her on the day that she feels within her the first throb of motherhood. The next piece, “*Conscience,*” is no less striking. Cain in his flight sees everywhere an Eye open upon him. To hide it from him his sons lift up a tent, construct a wall of brass, build a vast city, place Cain in the centre within a stone tower. Has the Eye disappeared? No; it is yet there. Then he asks them to dig him a cave underground; but when he goes down into it “the Eye was in the tomb and gazed upon Cain.” Perhaps the image of Conscience as an outward eye is hardly quite a true one. But the whole conception is, nevertheless, very grand, and the briefness of the piece adds greatly to its effect. The third piece, “*Power equal to Goodness,*” is from Mussulman tradition. Iblis challenges God to produce a masterpiece, on this condition,—that each shall use the other’s materials to give life to them according to his own nature. Iblis, with the horse’s head, the antelope’s horns, the elephant’s eyes, the bull’s neck, and a number of other elements, by dint of all his efforts, produces only the locust. God takes from him the spider,

and by pouring light into body and legs, makes of them the sun and its beams.—“*The Lions*” will surprise many a reader. The subject is Daniel in the lions’ den; and we are favoured with the birth, parentage, and education of his companions. One is a lion of the sands, another of the forest, a third of the mountains, the fourth of the sea-coast. The last-named monster, we are told, had one night crushed with his teeth the three-barred gate of a town, and eaten up the whole population, so that when he returned to the shore, “Of the town and the people there remained but a “dream, . . . a few ghosts of walls beneath spectres of towers.” We are then treated to the deliberations of the lions concerning Daniel. The fourth lion—whospeaks pure Carlylese,—being familiar with abysmal depths and with eternity, tells them that Daniel comes from God. And the conclusion is, that the watcher, looking through the bars of the den, sees Daniel gazing towards the sky, while the lions lick his feet.

“Thou shalt not add thereto, or diminish aught therefrom.” How those words justify themselves in an instance like this! How M. Victor Hugo’s amplifications and exaggerations cramp the real grandeur of the story! How they empty all the true poetry out of it! What a poor close to it is the watchman peeping through the bars, as compared with Darius, after a sleepless night, going himself to the den, and crying “with a lamentable voice unto Daniel!”

The order of M. Victor Hugo’s book seems to be chronological. Yet, after dealing with Daniel, we find a quatrain, entitled “*The Temple,*” in which Aholiab and Bezaleel (whom the reader will perhaps scarcely recognise in “*Oliab*” and “*Beliseel*”) are represented as typifying respectively the “ideal,” and the “real”; then “*Boaz sleeping*”; then “*God invisible to the philosopher,*” in which we are surprised to discover—though the piece is rather a good one—Balaam and the ass. What have “the Ages” done to M. Victor Hugo that



their legends should be thus shuffled about? Another point will, no doubt, have struck the reader. So capricious, apparently, is this "Legend of the Ages," that, as we see in the foregoing selection, it omits most of the prominent subjects, to deal with the secondary ones. Resign yourself, if you please, to treat the Bible only as a quarry for legends, what would you choose out of it? Surely something else than Eden, the curse of Cain, Daniel, the Tabernacle, and Ruth with Boaz. The Deluge and Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, the passage of the Red Sea and the giving of the law on Sinai, Moses and Goliath, Solomon and his Temple, Elijah and the priests of Baal, Isaiah's or Ezekiel's vision, are subjects far more characteristic than the three last of M. Victor Hugo. It is true that, on the title-page, the book is headed "the small epics" (*les petites épopées*), implying "the great." It is just possible, therefore, that the greatest subjects may be reserved for a future volume; but if so, the result of thus wading backwards and forwards up and down the centuries, must be, one would think, fatal to the unity and symmetry of the work as a whole. Nor can one fail to observe that, even in his Daniel, M. Victor Hugo manages to miss the very point of the story,—the setting up of man as God, and Daniel's calm protest against the doing so. Darius's name is not even mentioned; Daniel is merely a righteous man thrown to the beasts.

On the whole, therefore, we cannot help feeling relieved at finding only one "legend" from the New Testament. Of his "First meeting of Christ with the grave," being, in fact, the raising of Lazarus, M. Victor Hugo boasts that it is "drawn, the author might say, translated, from the Gospel." It is, indeed, in many of its details, a literal transcript of the text. And yet, think of the utter incapacity to discern the real beauty of the Scriptures which is evinced by the man who, for those noble 9th and 10th verses of the 11th John, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" substitutes, apparently as an im-

provement, this speech of a mere vulgar wonder-worker:—"When a man has walked all the day in the sun, on a road without wells and without rivers, if he believes not, when the evening comes, he weeps, he cries, he is weary, he falls gasping on the ground; if he believes in me, let him pray,—he will at the same moment continue his journey with trebled strength"! Who does not feel that a passage like this may belong to the Koran or to the Golden Legend, not to the Gospel?

In the next piece, "Rome's Decline," one might well have wished for a thread of narration, or some of those individualizing details which are utterly out of place in the den of Daniel's lions. Instead of which, we have nothing but a long declamation, full of striking lines and images, on the subject of Roman degeneracy. M. Victor Hugo, in his Preface, takes to himself especial credit on the faithfulness of the picture; there is not, he says, "a detail which is not rigorously exact." Yet, when we find him assigning Lesbia to Tibullus, and Delia to Catullus, one is fain to ask whether it is sheer ignorance or capricious wilfulness which has thus interverted the well-known names; and, whether the one or the other, one is little tempted afterwards to assign a strict value to the ostentatious profusion of names and details which the writer lavishes on his middle-age subjects. The seeming or real confusion of the Assyrian and Babylonian monarchies, which occurs in a line of his Daniel,— "Nebuchadnezzar, who reigned in Assur," (apparently Assyria),—is another warning (among many) to the same effect, as well as the representing the masts of the "Great Eastern" as higher than St. Paul's!

I pass over the three pieces entitled "Islam," although the first, "The Year 9 of the Hegira," whilst disfigured by that wilful grossness to which I have before alluded, is nevertheless very striking, as a picture of the struggle in a man between the sense of his own vileness and that of a righteousness not his own, of which he has been made the instru-

ment, and gives, moreover, a fair insight into the good and the bad of Mahomedanism. The next two divisions, "The Christian Heroic Cycle," and "Knight-Errantry"—between which it is indeed difficult to distinguish, all the more so that the same personages figure sometimes in each,—are composed of a whole series of pieces, each striking in itself, and strikingly treated (the reader must forgive the recurrence of the epithet, which is *the* one most characteristic of the subject-matter), and yet extremely wearisome to read consecutively. First is "The Parricide." Canute in youth, unknown to all, has killed his almost imbecile father. He becomes a great, wise, prosperous king. He forgets his crime. At his death the Bishop of Aarhus and his priests sing praises to him over his grave, as sitting in glory in the heavens. At night the dead man leaves the tomb, sword in hand, proceeds to Mount Savo, where he cuts himself a winding-sheet of snow, and goes forth in the darkness in search of God. Suddenly he feels something fall on him; it is a drop of blood; then comes another, and another, and another, till they run down the white winding-sheet. He reaches at last a shut door, behind which hosannahs peal; but his winding-sheet is all red, he dares not enter; and ever since then he wanders about in the darkness, feeling at every step a drop of blood fall upon his head.—"Roland's Marriage" describes the five days' fight between Roland and Oliver in an island of the Rhone, neither obtaining the advantage, till at last Oliver offers his friendship and his sister to his opponent. The legends of chivalry almost invariably reproduce some conflict of this kind between two invincibles; and M. Victor Hugo has treated it with his usual vigour.—Finer, however, by far, is "Aymerillot." Charlemagne is returning from Roncevaux. From the summit of the Pyrenees he sees glittering afar the Saracen city of Narbonne. He invites all his captains in succession to go and take it. All make excuses and decline. The old emperor at last,

indignant, threatens to go himself. Hereupon a boy of twenty steps out from the ranks, and offers to take the place. Charles, radiant with joy, assents; and "on the morrow, Aymery took the town." The rough brevity of the conclusion is of great effect.—Passing over "Bivar" and its Cid, we come to a dreadful phantasmagoria, for it is difficult to call it otherwise, called "The day of Kings"—*i. e.* Twelfth-day, 6th January, 860. Four kings in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees have gone forth on a plundering expedition. Four cities are in flames. To the north, Pancho, king of Oloron, has set fire to Vich; to the south, Gil, king of Luz, and his brother, John, Duke of Cardona, to Girona; to the East, Ariscat, king of Aguas, to Lumbier; to the West, Gesufal the Cruel, king of Mount Jaxa, to Teruel. From these, devastation spreads far and wide, and a whole troop of brigand princelings emulate the atrocities of their betters. A leprous beggar, too hideous to be harmed, gives the moral of the scene, claiming fellowship for his rotten rags with the Pyrenees, since these harbour vermin, and those kings.

This piece is a fair exhibition of that which becomes more and more characteristic of the work as it proceeds. It is little more henceforth than a long record of the crimes of sovereigns, great and small. As was well observed by M. Montégut, in the *Deux Mondes*, the one personage who is everywhere present to M. Victor Hugo in history is the tyrant. One would say that a certain "Napoleon the Little," on whose paltriness and incapacity the poet has dwelt ere this complacently, viewed from the Channel Islands, casts a shadow so enormous as to spread over nearly the whole of time and space. Under such conditions, the development of humanity, even to a professed believer in "progress," is not likely to be pleasing, and M. Victor Hugo, in his Preface, accordingly warns us that "smiling pictures are rare" in his book, because "they are not frequent in history." And dark indeed may history

well be to one who sees not the finger, and hears not the word, of God in it. Such a man, if he have nevertheless within him in any degree a hunger and thirst after righteousness, a longing to see the evil overcome,—and honest enough to see that it *has* been overcome, more or less, in all ages,—has then no resource but to betake himself to what is very truly called "hero-worship." Men are erected into demi-gods in order to hide God. And so far as the course thus taken serves to bring out the free human element in history, in opposition to the fatal and mechanical one—to show that the events in mankind's great life are not only the products of dead forces, but the results also of living wills—a wonderful zest and charm is imparted to the work of such men, so long, at least, as they do not utterly mistake their hero. In the "Legend of the Ages," at all events, I am much mistaken if the reader does not find the interest centring mainly round M. Victor Hugo's two chosen heroes, Roland and Euvradnus. Let us, however, listen to the writer's conception of a hero:—

"The earth of old saw paladins wander; they flashed like sudden lightnings, then faded away, leaving on men's faces the dread and the gleam of their unlooked-for passing. They were, in those times of oppression, mourning, shame, . . . the spectres of honour, of right, of justice; they struck down crime as with thunderbolts, they buffeted vice on the cheek; you could see theft flee, imposture hesitate, treason turn pale, and all unjust, inhuman, usurped power become disconcerted, before those sinister judges of the sword. Woe to whosoever did evil!—one of those arms came forth out of darkness, with the cry, Thou shalt perish! Against mankind and before nature they attempted the adventure of sovereign equity. Ready for every work, always, everywhere, fierce, they were the knights of God. . . . Their lordship was guardian of the cottages. They were just, good, awful (*lugubres*), dark. Though

"guarded by them, though avenged by them, the people in their presence had the disquiet of the crowd before pale solitude: for one is afraid of those who walk dreaming whilst the north wind, plunging down from the heights of heaven, roars, and the rain pours its urn out in floods over their head, scarcely seen in the depths of the night-wrapped wood. They passed dreadful, dumb, masked in iron; some resembled infernal larvæ; their crests rose up ill-shapen on their helmets. One never knew whence these phantoms went forth; men said, 'Who are they? whence come they?'—'They are those who punish, those who judge, those who go.' . . . O the black riders! O the marchers without cease! Wherever gleamed the steel of their corslet—wherever one of them, calm and grave, appeared, resting his spear in the dark corner of the hall—wherever arose their colossal shadow—one felt the terror of unknown lands. This one comes from the Rhine, that one from the Cydnus. Behind them walked death, a bald skeleton. It seemed as if in the nostrils of their red mare one heard the noise of the sea or the forest; and it was of the four winds you had to ask if the passer-by were king of Alba or of Brittany, if he came from the plain or from the mountains, if he had triumphed over the Moor, or over the kennel of monstrous peoples that howl near the Nile—what town his arm had taken or saved—of what monster he had crushed the brood."

Enough, the reader will cry. The sombre grandeur of the picture none will deny. But it is nothing after all but a stage effect. Thank God! virtue in so repulsive a form never trod the earth, except upon the boards of the "Surrey" or the theatres of the Boulevards. Of course, the result of making the hero so unlovely must be to make whatever evil he has to overcome absolutely demoniacal. If you employ sepia for your sunlight, what pigment can suffice for your shadows?

From this point of view, the hideous

ness of the poet's stories becomes unavoidable, even in point of art. The iron of nearly ten years of exile has moreover, no doubt, entered into his soul. He looks out across the sea towards that France where he has enjoyed all the triumphs of his life, —a peer among peers, an academicien among academicians, a popular tribune among popular tribunes. But there too the thick darkness of imperial tyranny alone broods over the scene,—he can see nothing in the gloom but towering despots and crawling slaves. The more he looks, the more the darkness comes to him, enters into him, takes possession of heart and mind; he struggles with it in vain, and can only cry for the lightning to rend it, or long to hurl the thunderbolt with his own hand. And so amid the deepening gloom, his conception of righteousness comes mainly to be that of righteous vengeance only; on that alone he dwells and gloats, till his poetry becomes that of the shambles and the charnel house.

It is only thus that we can judge of such poems as "The Little King of Galicia and Eviradnus," which now offer themselves to us. Nothing can exceed the savage vigour of the first. In a valley inaccessible except by a narrow pass which a single man can defend, the ten Infants of Asturia are deliberating on the fate of their nephew, Nuno, King of Galicia, a boy of fifteen, entrusted to their care. They have carried him off from Compostella; shall they put him in a convent or throw him into a well? A knight passes; he asks what they are about. With a horse-laugh one of the brothers tells him the exact truth. He lifts his visor, says he is Roland, peer of France. The eldest tries to make him turn back by fair words, then by the offer of a territory. Roland places the child on his horse, and defends the entrance to the valley, whilst the King flees to Compostella, and swears before Christ and the Virgin to remember Roland, and to be "mild to the weak, loyal to the good, terrible to the traitor, just and helpful to all." Roland of course is victorious, kills nine out of the

ten Infants, and, his Durandal being broken, drives before him their men with stones.

In "Eviradnus," the knight-errant of that name (unknown till now to the critic) is already old, but vigorous still. According to the custom of Lusatia, Maud, the young marchioness, has come to pass a night in the old uninhabited tower of Corbus, where the dining-room walls are lined with long rows of equestrian figures in armour, representing all the predecessors of the ruling prince. Maud's domains are coveted by her two powerful neighbours, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Poland. She, young and gay, heedless of her danger, kindly to her subjects, friendly to letters, has recently received at her court, and taken into great favour, an unknown lute-player, and an equally unknown troubadour, tall Joss and little Zeno, who both pay court to her, and are now accompanying her to Corbus. She arrives, but before her arrival Eviradnus has taken his place as one of the armed statues. After being sung to and flattered by her favourites, she sinks to sleep. Joss and Zeno, who are in fact Emperor Sigismund and King Ladislaus, toss up as to who shall have the country, who the princess. Zeno-Ladislaus wins the latter, but magnanimously says that, as they are both in love with her, and would quarrel soon or late about her, it is better to get rid of her at once. They carry her towards a trap-door leading towards the *oubliettes*, when suddenly one of the statue-knights steps down from his horse towards them, calling them by their true names. They take him for Satan; for a time he lets them remain in their error, and pours forth upon them three or four pages of powerful declamation (which, of course, may well reach other emperors than him of Germany); but at last tells them frankly that he is Eviradnus, and shows them his "long, quiet white beard;" after which, as they are not in armour, he takes off himself his breast-plate. Of course, he disposes of both. Ladislaus tries to strike him with a

knife from behind ; Eviradnus strangles him. Sigismund has, meanwhile, got hold of the knight's sword ; whereupon the other, in his extremity, takes up Ladislaus-Zeno's small corpse, and belabours him with it till, in backing, Sigismund falls himself down the trap. Eviradnus flings his hideous club after him, shuts the trap, sees that not a drop of blood has been spilt anywhere, and, at Maud's awaking, asks of her, "with a sweet, friendly smile," if she has slept well ?

After this sample, the reader will probably excuse me for not unlocking to him the further chambers of horrors called "Zim Zizimi," "Sultan Mourad," and "Ratbert," though the idea of the second is striking, and the last is full of splendid detail. I come now to a piece in another style, and certainly, though stained with some of M. Victor Hugo's worst faults, and often wearisome, most original, whatever we may feel as to its bearing. It is termed "The Satyr," and forms the division termed "The Sixteenth Century—Renaissance—Paganism." Under forms borrowed from ancient mythology, it seems to indicate that the Renaissance is to be viewed as the triumphant protest of nature-worship against theology.

A satyr dwelt in Olympus, in the great wild-wood at the foot of the holy mount ; he lived there, hunting, dreaming amid the leafage, night and day pursuing there the vague white forms, unknown to all, the terror of all nature through his sensualism. Psyche, surprised by him, made complaint in the empyrean, and Hercules was sent to bring him by the ear before Jupiter. The description of the demi-brute introduced into the Olympian Court, though too long, is wonderful. All burst into laughter at the sight of the monster, who, nothing daunted, goes straight to Venus, and solicits her favours. The laughter of the gods becomes a tempest ; Jupiter tells the rascal that he deserves to be changed to marble, or imprisoned in a tree ; but that, having laughed, he forgives him, on condition that he will sing. The goat-foot replies that his

pipes are broken, through Hercules having trod upon them. Mercury lends him his flute, and he goes to sing behind a cloud. He sings nature with its horrors, nature with its life, nature with its secrets, till he flings the flute away, and sings on in turn the holiness of nature, of the tree, of the brute, of man. Phœbus offers him the lyre, which he takes, and stands up "with two resplendent depths in his eyes," while Venus, terrified, murmurs "Beautiful." Then he sings man, and the horrors of his destiny, and the possibilities of his future. The gods become anxious ; Jupiter is amazed. Still the satyr continues, prophesying the new birth of the Real, conqueror over evil. "Gods," he cries to them, "ye know not what the world is ; gods, ye have conquered, ye have not understood ; be the immortals, crush the beings of earth, reign ; when your measure is full, ye shall be replaced by that black last God whom man calls Enough." As he speaks, he becomes great and greater still ; greater than Polyphemus, than Typhon, than Titan (?), than Atlas. "A strange dawn whitened upon his face ; his hair was a forest ; streams, rivers, lakes, ran down from his deep haunches ; his two horns seemed Atlas and Caucasus ; the thunders surrounded him with dull noises ; the lyre became gigantic at his touch, sang, wept, growled, thundered, screamed ; the hurricanes were taken in its seven strings, as flies in doleful webs ; his terrible breast was full of stars." The future, he cries, is the spreading out into infinitude ; the Spirit penetrating the Thing from all sides ; all the evil comes "from the form of the gods." Place for the holy atom which burns or flows ! Place for the radiation of the universal soul ! A king is war, a god is night. Liberty, life, and faith on dogma destroyed ! Everywhere a light, everywhere a genius ! "Place for All ! I am Pan ! Jupiter, on thy knees."

The vigour and brilliancy of this Pantheistic dithyramb—in which the reader will easily recognise the trace of Hindoo mythology, in its pictures of

Krishna or Siva—so entirely eclipse what follows, that I shall now hurry on to the end of the book, merely pointing out in "the regiment of Baron Madruce," a powerful piece of declamation against Swiss mercenaryism, evidently not intended for the dead and gone of the seventeenth century. The three last divisions of the book are, "Now," "The Twentieth Century," and "Out of Time." Two of the four pieces composing the first are amongst the best in the book. One is a pleasing trait of General Hugo, the poet's father, very simply told. A wounded Spaniard was crying for drink as the General was passing, followed by his favourite hussar. The former hands over to the hussar a flask of rum, that he may give the wounded man drink (water, one might have thought, would have been better). As the hussar leans towards him, the man fires a pistol at the General, whose hat falls off, and whose horse starts aside. "'Give him to drink 'all the same,' said my father." Why this little narrative should be termed a "legend" it is difficult to say; and the same applies to the two following, "The Toad," a tale of childish cruelty and brute magnanimity which I pass over, as the story is repulsive, and the fact overlaid with words; and "The Poor." This, if it were not too long and too wordy still, would be the gem of the book—a masterpiece of simple pathos, told in the homeliest, and therefore the most powerful, style. A poor fisherman's wife is watching alone for her husband. The night is dark, the sea high. She goes out to look for him, when her eyes fall on a ruinous hut inhabited by a poor widow, whom her husband found lately ill. She goes in and finds her dead, with two little children asleep in a cradle beside her. Through the rain, she takes the children back under her cape, and then trembles to think what she has done. They have five children—her husband works so hard—and now she has added two more mouths for him to fill. Suddenly the door opens, and her husband makes his appearance, good-humoured but quite

luckless. Timidly she mentions the death of their neighbour, and the abandonment of the two children. The man becomes grave, scratches his head, wonders what they will ever do with seven children instead of five; he must drink water and work twice as hard. "Done. Go and fetch them. What's the matter?—art cross? Thou canst usually run faster." "See," said she, opening the curtains, "here they are." Thank God, every one who has dealt with the poor knows well that tales like these are not legends, but facts.

Let us overleap "Words in Trial-time"—a fine political oration if standing alone, but certainly in nowise legendary, and crushed by all that accompanies it,—to come to the three last pieces, the two first of which belong to the "twentieth century." One is entitled, "Pleine Mer," which under the circumstances we might render, "All Sea;" the other "Plein Ciel," which we might in like manner render, "All Heaven." Few would imagine the subject of the first. It is a night picture of the wrecked "Great Eastern," under its original name of "Leviathan," taken as a type of the old dead world of iron and fire and smoke. The ocean is deserted; not a sail, not a skiff to be seen. Has man, then, disappeared? Look up. The answer is in the next piece, "All Heaven." Aero-navigation has been achieved; and "when, after 6,000 years in the fatal way, undone suddenly by the invisible hand, Gravity, "bound to the foot of mankind, broke asunder, that chain was all chains in one! All flew away in man: fury, "hatred, illusions, brute force vanishing "at last, ignorance and error, misery and "hunger, the right divine of kings, false "gods Jewish or Guebre, lying, fraud, "mists, darkness, fell in powder with the "older destiny."

I have falsified and exaggerated nothing. Nor is the passage to be considered a momentary hallucination, since it is prefigured by a passage of the Satyr's song, which I have purposely avoided mentioning in its place, and which equally refers to the

overcoming of gravity as the crowning triumph of human progress. Such, then, is the deliberate conclusion of the book. Christ's Gospel, according to M. Victor Hugo, is worn out. In its place he presents us with a gospel of—balloons. The reader will no doubt excuse me after this, if I leave untold M. Victor Hugo's notions about "the trump of doom." It would be difficult for him to see in it, amidst M. Victor Hugo's sonorous amplifications, anything more than a very large penny whistle.

And this is what France, noble France, has come to, in the person of her greatest living poet! These are the utterances, not of the despot or the despot's lackeys, who stand with their foot on her neck, but of those who, from their honourable exile, protest the most earnestly against that despotism! What can one do but repeat with the prophet, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint"? If one did not believe that One is watching over the nation, who loves her and all other nations of men, His children, better than princes, or popes, or popular tribunes, what hope would there be? If one did not believe that, through the exhibition—such as that of M. Victor Hugo—of the utter emptiness and impotency of all efforts towards human advancement which are not based upon Christ's Gospel, God is preparing for a more thorough unveiling of that Gospel, what hope would there be?

But we do believe it; and therefore, when the first instinctive rising of disgust for the new gospel of aerostation has passed away, we can turn in sorrow and, not in scorn from the wreck of noble powers, wasting away amid the glare of their own destruction, which is the most prominent feature of the "Legend of the Ages." M. Victor Hugo has written many beautiful, some true, and some great things; but he has failed

to see of Whom he held his many marvellous gifts in trust. He has believed in himself, and not in God. He has sought to scale an outward heaven, not seeing that heaven was around him, if he would but let it in; and because the true spiritual heaven thus always fled his grasp, he has made for himself a gross material heaven,—such as he could reach in a balloon. And so he remains after all, in the untranslatable idiom of his own country, but "un grand poète manqué."

And yet pity, even for that balloon-heaven of the exiled poet. Do you not see that his heaven is France—is Paris? and that, as he tramps up and down his dull island home of to-day, without so much, if I recollect aright, as a theatre to enliven it, the vision of an "aerocaph," which should suppress passports and custom-houses, defy *gendarmes* and *mouchards*, and carry him straight where he would be, becomes an elysium for him? Such as that heaven is, may he soon attain it! and may the enjoyment of it lead him at last to seek and to find another!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The above paper was entirely written before I met with the *Saturday Review* critique on M. Hugo's work (Nov. 12, 1859). On many points, it will be seen, I agree with the reviewer. But I cannot forbear pointing out that he seems to have wholly misunderstood the conclusion of the book, and so missed the very climax of the writer's philosophy, in the "Universal-perfection-by-abolition-of-gravity-doctrine," as I might call it. Says the critic, after referring to the poem entitled "Pleine Mer": "If the further history of the world is 'to be taken literally, mankind disappears soon after its largest work of art.' Disappears? Ay, from the seas; but only to reappear in 'plein ciel', where the spherical copper aerocaph (the poet's own words) represents 'force allied to man', man, the 'proud coachman of the aerial car,' man, who 'takes his sceptre and throws away his staff.' A more singular overlooking by a critic of a writer's very plainly expressed meaning, I do not recollect.

## TIME AND LIFE: MR. DARWIN'S "ORIGIN OF SPECIES."

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S.

EVERYONE knows that that superficial film of the earth's substance, hardly ten miles thick, which is accessible to human investigation, is composed for the most part of beds or strata of stone, the consolidated muds and sands of former seas and lakes, which have been deposited one upon the other, and hence are the older the deeper they lie. These multitudinous strata present such resemblances and differences among themselves that they are capable of classification into groups or formations, and these formations again are brigaded together into still larger assemblages, called by the older geologists, primary, secondary, and tertiary; by the moderns, palæozoic, mesozoic, and cainozoic: the basis of the former nomenclature being the relative age of the groups of strata; that of the latter, the kinds of living forms contained in them.

Though but a film if compared with the total diameter of our planet, the total series of formations is vast indeed when measured by any human standard, and, as all action implies time, so are we compelled to regard these mineral masses as a measure of the time which has elapsed during their accumulation. The amount of the time which they represent is, of course, in the inverse proportion of the intensity of the forces which have been in operation. If, in the ancient world, mud and sand accumulated on sea-bottoms at tenfold their present rate, it is clear that a bed of mud or sand ten feet thick would have been formed then in the same time as a stratum of similar materials one foot thick would be formed now, and *vice versa*.

At the outset of his studies, therefore, the physical geologist had to choose between two hypotheses; either, throughout the ages which are represented by the accumulated strata, and which we may call *geologic time*, the forces of

nature have operated with much the same average intensity as at present, and hence the lapse of time which they represent must be something prodigious and inconceivable, or, in the primeval epochs, the natural powers were infinitely more intense than now, and hence the time through which they acted to produce the effects we see was comparatively short.

The earlier geologists adopted the latter view almost with one consent. For they had little knowledge of the present workings of nature, and they read the records of geologic time as a child reads the history of Rome or Greece, and fancies that antiquity was grand, heroic, and unlike the present because it is unlike his little experience of the present.

Even so the earlier observers were moved with wonder at the seeming contrast between the ancient and the present order of nature. The elemental forces seemed to have been grander and more energetic in primeval times. Upheaved and contorted, rifted and fissured, pierced by dykes of molten matter or worn away over vast areas by aqueous action, the older rocks appeared to bear witness to a state of things far different from that exhibited by the peaceful epoch on which the lot of man has fallen.

But by degrees thoughtful students of geology have been led to perceive that the earliest efforts of nature have been by no means the grandest. Alps and Andes are children of yesterday when compared with Snowdon and the Cumberland hills; and the so-called glacial epoch—that in which perhaps the most extensive physical changes of which any record remains occurred—is the last and the newest of the revolutions of the globe. And in proportion as physical geography—which is the geology of our own epoch—has grown into a science, and the present order of



nature has been ransacked to find what, *hibernicè*, we may call precedents for the phenomena of the past, so the apparent necessity of supposing the past to be widely different from the present has diminished.

The transporting power of the greatest deluge which can be imagined sinks into insignificance beside that of the slowly floating, slowly melting iceberg, or the glacier creeping along at its snail's pace of a yard a day. The study of the deltas of the Nile, the Ganges, and the Mississippi has taught us how slow is the wearing action of water, how vast its effects when time is allowed for its operation. The reefs of the Pacific, the deep-sea soundings of the Atlantic, show that it is to the slow-growing coral and to the imperceptible animalcule, which lives its brief space and then adds its tiny shell to the muddy cairn left by its brethren and ancestors, that we must look as the agents in the formation of limestone and chalk, and not to hypothetical oceans saturated with calcareous salts and suddenly depositing them.

And while the inquirer has thus learnt that existing forces—*give them time*—are competent to produce all the physical phenomena we meet with in the rocks, so, on the other side, the study of the marks left in the ancient strata by past physical actions shows that these were similar to those which now obtain. Ancient beaches are met with whose pebbles are like those found on modern shores; the hardened sea-sands of the oldest epochs show ripple-marks, such as may now be found on every sandy coast; nay, more, the pits left by ancient rain-drops prove that even in the very earliest ages, the "bow in the clouds" must have adorned the palæozoic firmament. So that if we could reverse the legend of the Seven Sleepers,—if we could sleep back through the past, and awake a million ages before our own epoch, in the midst of the earliest geologic times,—there is no reason to believe that sea, or sky, or the aspect of the land would warn us of the marvellous retrospection.

Such are the beliefs which modern physical geologists hold, or, at any rate, tend towards holding. But, in so doing, it is obvious that they by no means pre-judge the question, as to what the physical condition of the globe may have been before our chapters of its history begin, in what may be called (with that licence which is implied in the often-used term "prehistoric epoch") "pre-geologic time." The views indicated, in fact, are not only quite consistent with the hypothesis, that, in the still earlier period referred to, the condition of our world was very different; but they may be held by some to necessitate that hypothesis. The physical philosopher who is accurately acquainted with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and the precise character of the line which it traverses for a yard of its course, is necessitated by what he knows of the laws of nature to conclude that it came from a certain spot, whence it was impelled by a certain force, and that it has followed a certain trajectory. In like manner, the student of physical geology, who fully believes in the uniformity of the general condition of the earth through geologic time, may feel compelled by what he knows of causation, and by the general analogy of nature, to suppose that our solar system was once a nebulous mass, that it gradually condensed, that it broke up into that wonderful group of harmoniously rolling balls we call planets and satellites, and that then each of these underwent its appointed metamorphosis, until at last our own share of the cosmic vapour passed into that condition in which we first meet with definite records of its state, and in which it has since, with comparatively little change, remained.

The doctrine of uniformity and the doctrine of progression are, therefore, perfectly consistent; perhaps, indeed, they might be shown to be necessarily connected with one another.

If, however, the condition of the world, which has obtained throughout geologic time, is but the sequel to a vast series of changes which took place in

pregeologic time, then it seems not unlikely that the duration of this latter is to that of the former as the vast extent of geologic time is to the length of the brief epoch we call the historical period; and that even the oldest rocks are records of an epoch almost infinitely remote from that which could have witnessed the first shaping of our globe.

It is probable that no modern geologist would hesitate to admit the general validity of these reasonings when applied to the physics of his subject, whence it is the more remarkable that the moment the question changes from one of physics and chemistry to one of natural history, scientific opinions and the popular prejudices, which reflect them in a distorted form, undergo a sudden metamorphosis. Geologists and palæontologists write about the "beginning of life" and the "first-created forms of living beings," as if they were the most familiar things in the world; and even cautious writers seem to be on quite friendly terms with the "archetype" whereby the Creator was guided "amidst the crash of falling worlds." Just as it used to be imagined that the ancient universe was physically opposed to the present, so it is still widely assumed that the living population of our globe, whether animal or vegetable, in the older epochs, exhibited forms so strikingly contrasted with those which we see around us, that there is hardly anything in common between the two. It is constantly tacitly assumed that we have before us all the forms of life which have ever existed; and though the progress of knowledge, yearly and almost monthly, drives the defenders of that position from their ground, they entrench themselves in the new line of defences as if nothing had happened, and proclaim that the *new* beginning is the *real* beginning.

Without for an instant denying or endeavouring to soften down the considerable positive differences (the negative ones are met by another line of argument) which undoubtedly obtain

between the ancient and the modern worlds of life, we believe they have been vastly overstated and exaggerated, and this belief is based upon certain facts whose value does not seem to have been fully appreciated, though they have long been more or less completely known.

The multitudinous kinds of animals and plants, both recent and fossil, are, as is well known, arranged by zoologists and botanists, in accordance with their natural relations, into groups which receive the names of sub-kingdoms, classes, orders, families, genera and species. Now it is a most remarkable circumstance that, viewed on the great scale, living beings have differed so little throughout all geologic time that there is no sub-kingdom and no class wholly extinct or without living representatives.

If we descend to the smaller groups, we find that the number of orders of plants is about two hundred; and I have it on the best authority that not one of these is exclusively fossil; so that there is absolutely not a single extinct ordinal type of vegetable life; and it is not until we descend to the next group, or the families, that we find types which are wholly extinct. The number of orders of animals, on the other hand, may be reckoned at a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts, and of these, eight or nine have no living representatives. The proportion of extinct ordinal types of animals to the existing types, therefore, does not exceed seven per cent.—a marvellously small proportion when we consider the vastness of geologic time.

Another class of considerations—of a different kind, it is true, but tending in the same direction—seems to have been overlooked. Not only is it true that the general plan of construction of animals and plants has been the same in all recorded time as at present, but there are particular kinds of animals and plants which have existed throughout vast epochs, sometimes through the whole range of recorded time, with very little change. By reason of this persistency, the typical form of such a kind might be

called a "persistent type," in contradistinction to those types which have appeared for but a short time in the course of the world's history. Examples of these persistent types are abundant enough in both the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. The oldest group of plants with which we are well acquainted is that of whose remains coal is constituted ; and, so far as they can be identified, the carboniferous plants are ferns, or club-mosses, or coniferae, in many cases generically identical with those now living !

Among animals, instances of the same kind may be found in every sub-kingdom. The *Globigerina* of the Atlantic soundings is identical with that which occurs in the chalk ; and the casts of lower silurian *Foraminifera*, which Ehrenberg has recently described, seem to indicate the existence at that remote period of forms singularly like those which now exist. Among the corals, the palæozoic *Tabulata* are constructed on precisely the same type as the modern millepores ; and if we turn to molluscs, the most competent malacologists fail to discover any generic distinction between the *Cranidæ*, *Lingulæ*, and *Discinæ* of the silurian rocks and those which now live. Our existing *Nautilus* has its representative species in every great formation, from the oldest to the newest ; and *Loligo*, the squid of modern seas, appears in the lias, or at the bottom of the mesozoic series, in a form, at most, specifically different from its living congeners. In the great assemblage of annulose animals, the two highest classes, the insects and spider tribe, exhibit a wonderful persistency of type. The cockroaches of the carboniferous epoch are exceedingly similar to those which now run about our coal-cellars ; and its locusts, termites, and dragon-flies are closely allied to the members of the same groups which now chirrup about our fields, undermine our houses, or sail with swift grace about the banks of our sedgy pools. And, in like manner, the palæozoic scorpions can only be distinguished by the eye of a naturalist from the modern ones.

Finally, with respect to the *Vertebrata*, the same law holds good : certain types, such as those of the ganoid and placoid fishes, having persisted from the palæozoic epoch to the present time without a greater amount of deviation from the normal standard than that which is seen within the limits of the group as it now exists. Even among the *Reptilia*—the class which exhibits the largest proportion of entirely extinct forms of any—one type, that of the *Crocodylia*, has persisted from at least the commencement of the mesozoic epoch up to the present time with so much constancy, that the amount of change which it exhibits may fairly, in relation to the time which has elapsed, be called insignificant. And the imperfect knowledge we have of the ancient mammalian population of our earth leads to the belief that certain of its types, such as that of the *Marsupialia*, have persisted with correspondingly little change through a similar range of time.

Thus it would appear to be demonstrable, that, notwithstanding the great change which is exhibited by the animal population of the world as a whole, certain types have persisted comparatively without alteration, and the question arises, What bearing have such facts as these on our notions of the history of life through geological time ? The answer to this question would seem to depend on the view we take respecting the origin of species in general. If we assume that every species of animal and of plant was formed by a distinct act of creative power, and if the species which have incessantly succeeded one another were placed upon the globe by these separate acts, then the existence of persistent types is simply an unintelligible irregularity. Such assumption, however, is as unsupported by tradition or by Revelation as it is opposed by the analogy of the rest of the operations of nature ; and those who imagine that, by adopting any such hypothesis, they are strengthening the hands of the advocates of the letter of the Mosaic account, are simply mistaken. If, on the other hand, we adopt that hypothesis to which alone

the study of physiology lends any support—that hypothesis which, having struggled beyond the reach of those fatal supporters, the Telliameds and Vestigiaris, who so nearly caused its suffocation by wind in early infancy, is now winning at least the provisional assent of all the best thinkers of the day—the hypothesis that the forms or species of living beings, as we know them, have been produced by the gradual modification of pre-existing species—then the existence of persistent types seems to teach us much. Just as a small portion of a great curve appears straight, the apparent absence of change in direction of the line being the exponent of the vast extent of the whole, in proportion to the part we see ; so, if it be true that all living species are the result of the modification of other and simpler forms, the existence of these little altered persistent types, ranging through all geological time, must indicate that they are but the final terms of an enormous series of modifications, which had their being in the great lapse of pregeologic time, and are now perhaps for ever lost.

In other words, when rightly studied, the teachings of palæontology are at one with those of physical geology. Our farthest explorations carry us back but a little way above the mouth of the great river of Life : where it arose, and by what channels the noble tide has reached the point when it first breaks upon our view, is hidden from us.

The foregoing pages contain the substance of a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain many months ago, and of course long before the appearance of the remarkable work on the "Origin of Species," just published by Mr. Darwin, who arrives at very similar conclusions. Although, in one sense, I might fairly say that my own views have been arrived at independently, I do not know that I can claim any equitable right to property in them ; for it has long been my privilege to enjoy Mr. Darwin's friendship, and to profit by corresponding with him, and by, to some extent, becoming acquainted

with the workings of his singularly original and well-stored mind. It was in consequence of my knowledge of the general tenor of the researches in which Mr. Darwin had been so long engaged ; because I had the most complete confidence in his perseverance, his knowledge, and, above all things, his high-minded love of truth ; and, moreover, because I found that the better I became acquainted with the opinions of the best naturalists regarding the vexed question of species, the less fixed they seemed to be, and the more inclined they were to the hypothesis of gradual modification, that I ventured to speak as strongly as I have done in the final paragraphs of my discourse.

Thus, my daw having so many borrowed plumes, I see no impropriety in making a tail to this brief paper by taking another handful of feathers from Mr. Darwin ; endeavouring to point out in a few words, in fact, what, as I gather from the perusal of his book, his doctrines really are, and on what sort of basis they rest. And I do this the more willingly, as I observe that already the hastier sort of critics have begun, not to review my friend's book, but to howl over it in a manner which must tend greatly to distract the public mind.

No one will be better satisfied than I to see Mr. Darwin's book refuted, if any person be competent to perform that feat ; but I would suggest that refutation is retarded, not aided, by mere sarcastic misrepresentation. Every one who has studied cattle-breeding, or turned pigeon-fancier, or "pomologist," must have been struck by the extreme modifiability or plasticity of those kinds of animals and plants which have been subjected to such artificial conditions as are imposed by domestication. Breeds of dogs are more different from one another than are the dog and the wolf ; and the purely artificial races of pigeons, if their origin were unknown, would most assuredly be reckoned by naturalists as distinct species and even genera.

These breeds are always produced in the same way. The breeder selects a pair, one or other, or both, of which

present an indication of the peculiarity he wishes to perpetuate, and then selects from the offspring of them those which are most characteristic, rejecting the others. From the selected offspring he breeds again, and, taking the same precautions as before, repeats the process until he has obtained the precise degree of divergence from the primitive type at which he aimed.

If he now breeds from the variety thus established for some generations, taking care always to keep the stock pure, the tendency to produce this particular variety becomes more and more strongly hereditary; and it does not appear that there is any limit to the persistency of the race thus developed.

Men like Lamarck, apprehending these facts, and knowing that varieties comparable to those produced by the breeder are abundantly found in nature, and finding it impossible to discriminate in some cases between varieties and true species, could hardly fail to divine the possibility that species even the most distinct were, after all, only exceedingly persistent varieties, and that they had arisen by the modification of some common stock, just as it is with good reason believed that turnspits and greyhounds, carrier and tumbler pigeons, have arisen.

But there was a link wanting to complete the parallel. Where in nature was the analogue of the breeder to be found? How could that operation of selection, which is his essential function, be carried out by mere natural agencies? Lamarck did not value this problem; neither did he admit his impotence to solve it; but he guessed a solution. Now, guessing in science is a very hazardous proceeding, and Lamarck's reputation has suffered woefully for the absurdities into which his baseless suppositions led him.

Lamarck's conjectures, equipped with a new hat and stick, as Sir Walter Scott was wont to say of an old story renovated, formed the foundation of the biological speculations of the "Vestiges," a work which has done more harm to the progress of sound thought on these

matters than any that could be named; and, indeed, I mention it here simply for the purpose of denying that it has anything in common with what essentially characterises Mr. Darwin's work.

The peculiar feature of the latter is, in fact, that it professes to tell us what in nature takes the place of the breeder; what it is that favours the development of one variety into which a species may run, and checks that of another; and, finally, shows how this natural selection, as it is termed, may be the physical cause of the production of species by modification.

That which takes the place of the breeder and selector in nature is Death. In a most remarkable chapter, "On the Struggle for Existence," Mr. Darwin draws attention to the marvellous destruction of life which is constantly going on in nature. For every species of living thing, as for man, "*Eine Bresche ist ein jeder Tag.*"—Every species has its enemies; every species has to compete with others for the necessaries of existence; the weakest goes to the wall, and death is the penalty inflicted on all laggards and stragglers. Every variety to which a species may give rise is either worse or better adapted to surrounding circumstances than its parent. If worse, it cannot maintain itself against death, and speedily vanishes again. But if better adapted, it must, sooner or later, "improve" its progenitor from the face of the earth, and take its place. If circumstances change, the victor will be similarly supplanted by its own progeny; and thus, by the operation of natural causes, unlimited modification may in the lapse of long ages occur.

For an explanation of what I have here called vaguely "surrounding circumstances," and of why they continually change—for ample proof that the "struggle for existence" is a very great reality, and assuredly *tends* to exert the influence ascribed to it—I must refer to Mr. Darwin's book. I believe I have stated fairly the position upon which his whole theory must stand or fall; and it is not my purpose to anticipate a full review of his work. If it can be

proved that the process of natural selection, operating upon any species, can give rise to varieties of species so different from one another that none of our tests will distinguish them from true species, Mr. Darwin's hypothesis of the origin of species will take its place among the established theories of science, be its consequences whatever they may. If, on the other hand, Mr. Darwin has erred, either in fact or in reasoning, his fellow-workers will soon find out the weak points in his doctrines, and their

extinction by some nearer approximation to the truth will exemplify his own principle of natural selection.

In either case the question is one to be settled only by the painstaking, truth-loving investigation of skilled naturalists. It is the duty of the general public to await the result in patience; and, above all things, to discourage, as they would any other crimes, the attempt to enlist the prejudices of the ignorant, or the uncharitableness of the bigoted, on either side of the controversy.

### COLLOQUY OF THE ROUND TABLE.

*The Round Table met. Present—of the Brethren, only* SERIOUS WILLIAM *and* SIR JOHN; *but, with them,* MINOS JONES, ÆACUS BROWN, *and* RHADAMANTHUS ROBINSON, *as Inquisitors for the Public. ROBINSON in the chair, with his watch before him. Pipes, &c. as usual. Time 9.35. Enter small Printer's Devil in haste.*

*Robinson.* Well, boy! what news?

*Printer's Devil.* Oh, please sir, Mr. Newlight's door was shut, and a paper nailed on it, 'Letters and messages to be left with the Porter.' And Mr. Bidder and Mr. Smart, sir, they're gone out.

*Robinson.* And Mr. Mc Taggart? Did you find him where I sent you?

*Printer's Devil.* Yes, sir!

*Robinson.* Well, what did he say?

*Printer's Devil.* Please, sir, I couldn't understand the gentleman; so I left your note, and came away.

*Robinson.* Learn thy languages better, boy. Here's tuppence for thee. Vanish!

[*Exit Printer's Devil.*]

*Jones.* What a bore! Not one of them in but the Scot; and he exercises the discretion for which his nation is famous. It's already more than half an hour past their time for meeting. I did hope we should have had a rise out of two or three of them at least.

*Brown.* Every man of them knocked out of time first round, except their solemn President here, and this case-hardened member of a territorial aristocracy.

*Robinson.* Well, we must set to work with them. Stand forth, Serious Wil-

liam, President of the Round Table, or whatever they call you. You are accused of having got up a secret society here, in imitation of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Christopher North—thereby offending against the laws of taste and also of literary property. What say you for yourself? Answer first to the charge of impudence in daring to come after Christopher North.

*Serious William.* I will, though I don't recognise your right to question me. I say I had a perfect right to do what I did. The *Noctes Ambrosianæ*! What are these *Noctes*, I should like to know, but a repetition, that chances to be well known, of a form as old as time itself, having a hundred other notorious examples in life and literature, and, from its nature, common and imperishable. Do not men meet every day to talk; do they not eat and drink while they talk, ay, and (such is the eccentricity of custom) emit whiffs of whitish smoke from peculiar looking tubes? and can a set of men meet together, sit opposite to each other, exchange words and thoughts, nay silently gaze on each other, without becoming for the time a compound organism higher than the

individual—either a polar antagonism of factions, or a real and united Brotherhood? Grant that the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* were near at hand in my memory; what then? Because Christopher the Magnificent and his associates met thirty years ago in that dark, tall, old house which stood off Princes Street in Edinburgh, shall we not meet in our room of the Round Table under the sound of London bells? True, we have no Christopher among us to pour out in profusion those rich floods of thought unorganized, and of fancy all in riot, which, if power of concentration had been added to his other gifts, would have parted with much of that mere *sough* (as the Scotch would call it) which mars them, relaxes them, and blows them into weakness, like a giant's blinding hair—

*Jones.* Cut it short.

*Serious William.* And would have become compact battalions of poetry and sense, marching on for ever into the future of the British tongue. But, if after a smaller, at least after a tighter fashion, we, a totally different set of persons, may surely have our conversations too—not roaming so wildly; and, as we are less Scythian in our requisites for the palate (behold this modest table, and think of the Ambrosian suppers, the punch, and the tubs of oysters), so, it is to hoped, less Scythian in our modes of thought and speech,—a little more scrupulous perhaps, a little more measured, a little more careful after fairness, delicacy, and permanent truth.

*Jones.* No speechifying! Come to the point.

*Serious William.* I say, then, persons, time, and place are all different; and there is no right of proprietorship in a form which is as old essentially as the Platonic Dialogues.

*Robinson.* Umph! you may sit down. My brother-Inquisitors and I will consider what you have said. And now, Sir John, what have *you* to say for yourself as to *your* part in that same ridiculous Colloquy. The public expected better of *you*.

*Sir John.* What say I? Why that I shall kick up my heels whenever I please, and however I please, “despite of the devil and the *Brussels Gazette*,” and them “that sit in scorners’ chair,” as the old version has it.

*Robinson.* So you abjure the stool of repentance?

*Sir John.* Of course I do. I tell you, we had a good time of it, though some of the team were touched in the wind. But there was no whistle in that North Briton, mind you, whom they make such a howl about. I like to hear a man talk his mother tongue.

*Jones.* Baronet, Baronet! Thou didst talk, in that same mother tongue, awful platitudes, thou and the rest, who have not shown to-night; confess now.

*Sir John.* And if we did, you ought to be much obliged to us. Our very babbies are getting so scientific, it’s a mercy you ought to be thankful for, that there are six men left in London, who can meet and talk anything like good wholesome mother-twaddle. The directors of public taste ought to handle us tenderly, and keep us in cotton wool, as if we were the last of the Dodos.

*Brown.* My own belief is, that there was a deep-hidden meaning and beauty in it all. Even Jones may get to see it some day. But the eye can but see that which it brings with it the power of seeing.

*Jones.*

A primrose by the river’s brim,

A yellow primrose was to him,

’Twas that, and nothing more.

*Sir John.* And what more should it be? A green dragon?

*Robinson.* It’s shabby in the other fellows not to show, though.

*Sir John.* I’ll bet you a new hat the Scot turns up. He’s a die-hard, if ever I saw one.

*Robinson.* Well, in twenty minutes more it will be too late.

*Sir John.* Poor, raw-boned, perfervid Scot! I thought better of thee. Banish Bidder, banish Smart, banish Newlight; but oh, leave me my Taggart! Oh, Scot, why hast thou fled? thee at least I had hoped to behold again at the

scratch—seen round, blown up, driven over by youthful wits, but indomitable to the last—defying critics, water-drinkers, and all vain persons; standing undismayed on nature's funeral pile, thy back against the last post, labelled "God bless the Duke of Argyle." Alas, my Scot, my Scot! I say, I'm in the humour for fooling; and, as there seems no chance of a *Round Table* to-night, I'll join you Inquisitors for the nonce and we'll make a night of it.

*Brown.* That's a reasonable being. Let us vote the club defunct, and bury McTaggart in symbol of the same, in Serious William's sight. Sir John is in the fit mood to sing a dirge. Let's have McTaggart's funeral.

*Jones.* What'll we do for a corpus?

*Brown.* Here, the sofa mattress will do; is it not long, angular, and used to be sat upon?

*Jones.* Good, that'll do. Who'll find his shroud?

*Robinson.* There's an old cloak of somebody's hanging on the landing. I'll fetch it.

[ROBINSON disappears, and returns with a long, dark Inverness wrapper. They reverently fold the mattress, and prop it against the wall.]

*Sir John* (regarding the figure with his arms folded). Touching, isn't it! and has it all come to this? but his blest shade will forgive us when he sees that we wrap him in the wool of Caledonia.

*Brown.* He looks "unco gash," though, as he would say of himself were he alive. I say, he must have a head.

*Jones.* Heaven forbid! lest he begin to talk again.

*Sir John.* "Dear Tom, this brown jug" (he seizes on the largest Toby Philpot, turns the contents out, and the jug upside down, with an old wide-awake on it, and places it triumphantly on the corpse); don't you see a likeness?

*Robinson.* Enough! alas McTaggart! now let us take him up; one of us to each corner. We carry him four times round the table, stopping between each round.

[They lift the corpse gently, placing it on their shoulders, and pause. SERIOUS WILLIAM

who has sat down in a corner, looks on in contempt and melancholy.]

*Robinson.* Who begins the Coronach? Let your songs, my sons, be mournful, as befits the occasion.

*Sir John.* Jones, you've got his right leg—the place of honour; you begin.

*Jones.* Don't you think I know my place better than that? Strike up yourself, Bar'net. What are you in the Baronetage for?—go to.

[SIR JOHN in trying to punch JONES in the rib, gives the corpse a heave, which, passing down to the shoulders, disturbs the balance of the great jug and wide-awake. They topple over, and go to the ground with a crash.]

*Brown.* Thunder and turf! his head's broke. Oh, whililew! why did you die? What will we do?

*Robinson.* Bury him without. It is an appropriate though unpremeditated sacrifice, breaking the club's biggest jug on his beloved bier. Now, Baronet, obey orders, and strike up first. Right shoulders forward; slow march. Time.

[They march round, SIR JOHN beginning to chant.]

"Oh fairest flower, no sooner blown than blasted,

Soft silken primrose, fading timelessly—

Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted

Bleak winter's force . . . ."

*Robinson.* You blasphemous Baronet, 'ware Milton! A joke's a joke, and high jinks are high jinks, but we must draw the line somewhere.

*Sir John.* Oh, Capt'ing, as was our commander, I beg your honour's parding.

*Robinson.* 'Tis granted, Baronet beloved. Now heave ahead; parodies, if you like, but as you love me, my sons, be mournful.

[They march round again, SIR JOHN singing mournfully.]

"Brave tongue, to Scotia's brogue

Once so faithful and so true,

Would that every critic rogue

Were but half as quaint as you.

Thou hadst nought in thee of bully or of braggart;



Thou wast true cloth and no shoddy ;  
So henceforth we'll take to toddy,  
After burying of the body  
Of MacTaggart."

[After "fetching a pause" they march again,  
JONES singing.]

"Done to death by scorners' spleen  
Was the Scotch wut that here lies.  
Ye who start a magazine,

Let this warning make you wise ;  
So the 'wut' that tends to slumber  
Try not on in your first number.

Goddess of the whuskey bright,  
O avenge thy Scottish knight ;  
hose loss, with songs of wee,  
We, his mourners, staggering go.  
Spirits of the vat and still,  
Help us now our grief to kill !

Worthily, worthily.  
Muddle each critic's head ;  
Lie on his brain like lead,  
Heavily, heavily."

[They "fetch another pause," and march  
again, ROBINSON singing.]

"Up stories five MacTaggart lies ;  
Toddy-clouded are his eyes ;  
Spent is now that Scotchman stout—  
Dead his 'wut,' his pipe put out.  
Juster far had been thy need,  
Hadst thou tarried north of Tweed.  
Critics lean to crunch thee come ;—  
Hark ! now I hear them !—Fee, fo, fum !"

[They "fetch another pause," and march on  
the fourth and last round, BROWN chant-  
ing.]

"Oh, cursèd pen ! oh, cursèd wut !  
Hoary Taggart !  
Oh, happy thou whose mouth is shut,  
Hoary Taggart !  
Discreetly thou thy stick hast cut ;  
No longer still with weary fut,  
Hoary Taggart !  
Thou plungest on the stale old rut,  
Hoary Taggart !"

[As they face the door in the fourth round, it  
opens, and McTAGGART appears ; the four  
hurl the mattress on to him ; but, after dis-  
appearing for some seconds, the veritable  
head of McTAGGART rises again, serene  
though dishevelled, and he flounders into  
the room, disentangling his legs from the  
shroud.]

McTaggart. Heigh, sirs, what, fou'  
already, and it's but just chappit ten ?

Sir John ! Sir John, are these the ways  
o' our auncient aristocracy ? And you,  
Serious William, sittin' dumb and de-  
mented like a statue o' the Egyptian  
god, Pasht ! Are you a' fey ? What's  
come ower you ?

Sir John. Avaunt, Sathanas ! Be thou  
spirit from heaven or goblin damned, I  
bid thee avaunt !

Jones. You are washed out—put  
down ;—do you hear ?—we have just  
done burying you—down, down, down  
among the dead men—do you hear ?

Brown. Shake not thy gory locks at  
me ; thou canst not say I did it. My  
belief is that it was a youth with hair  
parted in mid-forehead.—But it's all  
true about your burial ; I carried your  
left arm myself.

Robinson. No good looking to me for  
comfort. You are dead and buried  
assuredly.

McTaggart. Save us ! ye're a' mad.  
Let me hae a pipe, and I'll no stan' out  
myself. I'll be as mad as ony o' you.

[He fills, and smokes, chanting.]

"Three Welshmen and a mouse,  
Heigh ho, ye weavers !  
Lived together in a house,  
Gentlemen and tailors !  
This mouse was seen upon a post,  
Heigh ho, ye weavers !  
Eating of a buttered toast,  
Gentlemen and tailors !  
This mouse fell sick, and he did die,  
Heigh ho, ye weavers !  
Of a cholic in his eye,  
Gentlemen and tailors !"

Sir John. Well, Mac, old fellow, do  
you know, I'm right glad to see you,  
after all. I was beginning to have my  
fears about your pluck.

Brown. So we were endeavouring to  
drown sorrow in melody when you un-  
expectedly came to time.

Jones. How can you face us after  
talking such havers as you did last  
month ?

Robinson. Silence, gentlemen ! This  
is a serious matter. Here is the chief  
culprit. Mr. McTaggart, we are Inqui-  
sitors on the part of the public, sent

here to overhaul this Round Table to which you belong. We have already interrogated Serious William and Sir John; and now is your turn. In the first place, what say you to your audacity in being born with such a crack-jaw name?

*McTaggart.* Good gracious! meaning me? What can ail ony body at my name? "McTaggart" is a good enough name; isn't it?

*Jones.* "'Tis harder, sirs, than Gordon, Colkitto, or Macdonnell, or Galasp; And would have made Quintilian stare and gasp."

*McTaggart.* Quintilian was a pernicketty auld wife, just like our Hugh Blair, that used to look through atween his legs at his ain image in a looking-glass to see how the tails o' his coat hung whenever he put on a new one, and that never did ony particuar service to the world that I ken o', in the way o' directin' its sense o' sound, except tellin' folk aye to begin their compositions wi' sma' sentences, and never to end their sentences wi' ony such sma' wordies as *to*, *of*, *for*, or *with*. I wunna bother you wi' Celtic etymologies; but I defy you, Englishman though you be, to hear my name without being carried awa' in imagination to some hill-side, a' rough wi' the agencies o' Nature and the scarts o' a thousand years, wi' white cairns on't, and cataracts comin' down its gullies, and birds o' wildness fleein' aboon 't. Man, my name carries you back to the primitive formations, and flaps over them, when you're there, like a red flag o' endless significance.

*Robinson.* Hold on, man: hold on. Quintilian shall stand thee in no stead; neither shall Hugh Blair profit thee this night. Do you think you are to be allowed to come to life again and show no sport?

*Brown.* Your name is the smallest matter. You are arraigned for a worse crime—for talking MacTaggartism; in other words, wut in an unintelligible dialect. How say you—guilty or not guilty?

*McTaggart.* Hoot! toot, lads; tak' care o' yoursels, tak' care o' yoursels.

I'm growin' angry at your nonsense. I'll tak' a joke frae onybody, and I'm a great friend to the passive; but I've a lot o' undeveloped pugnacity in me, and a great command o' language; and I gie you fair warnin' I'll be apt to McTaggart some o' you, if you come ower near me. Na! na! I'm no angry yet. I ken what you're drivin' at well enough. But, gentlemen, surely you're under a delusion about my dialect. Maybe, by way of philological entertainment to you, at a time when Dean Trench and other linguists are sae bent on collectin' queer words that they wad gie a guinea a-piece for them, and I might mak' my fortune by sellin' them, I may hae relapsed into the auld pairs o' my dictionary; but its weel kent among my friends that my language is like a tree ascending frae the gnarled roots that clasp the stanes and the yird (that's the Scotch) up through trunk and boughs, gradually diminishing but still strong (that's the common English), aye till the outermost bits o' twigs (that's the French) and the last leaves that shiver—as the phrase o' the artistic writers is—"against the ba-lue skyey" (that's the Italian). In fact, there never was a Scotchman that ever cam' out o' Scotland that lost the Scotch way o' speakin' except myself.

*Robinson.* Give us a specimen, then, by pleading, and making your defence in English.

[At this moment enter MR. BIDDER, MR. ERNEST NEWLIGHT, MR. LOFTUS SMART, and other Brethren of the Table, all laughing.]

*Sir John.* Well, you are pretty birds.

*Mr. Loftus Smart.* O, we knew all about it, and we left you and William in the lurch. We were not going to be badgered; and we knew you would get out of it somehow.

*Robinson.* Get out of it! that remains to be seen; we are just trying the chief culprit, and he is about to make his defence. If he gets off, you have some chance; if not, woe betide you! Prisoner, plead.

*McTaggart.* Reservin' to mysel' a'

objections to the jurisdiction, I plead not guilty, my lord; and now let me see the indictment.

(JONES hands him a copy of the "Saturday Review" article on "Dead Wut." SIR JOHN and BROWN chant to slow music while he reads it)—

Mourner, sad and lonely,  
Calm or deeply moved,  
Conscious of thy right  
To love and be beloved,  
Hold thy secret, hold it fast;  
Love shall come to thee at last.

See the frozen river!  
Still and cold it lies,  
Till, beneath the sun,  
It melts in gay surprise.  
Only pure and faithful be;  
Love shall surely come to thee.

*Amid the hush produced by this soothing ditty, MR. McTAGGART rises and begins his defence—the Inquisitor, and the whole Club listening in silence.*

MR. McTAGGART'S DISCOURSE ON "DEAD WUT" AND ITS SATURDAY REVIEWER.

GENTLEMEN,—A monument ought to be erected to Sydney Smith by those whom nature has made solemn, but who aim at jocosity on calculation, for having delivered so many rich jokes into the mind of England. "Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?" is a question totally inapplicable to him. Where are they? Why, where they should be, of course—still above ground, lively as ever, trying to set the table in a roar still, or animating review-articles. *Faber quisque suorum jocorum*, would be a very hard law for all of us, gentlemen. Wit, as well as soup, may be kept in tin cans; and it may be convenient to many to have a few cans of preserved wit by them in case of emergencies. Few private persons now-a-days can afford to have their own tanks of turtle.

The Sir Peter Laurie of the *Saturday Review*—the gentleman whose mission it is to sit on the literary bench and "put down" something every week—has opened a can of Sydney Smith's

wit for our especial benefit, as colloquists of the Round Table. The can was labelled "Sydney Smith's Joke about "Scotch Wut, warranted to keep in any "climate." Now, gentlemen, despite the label, I take the liberty to think that, as this particular can of preserved wit had been to the West Indies and back several times, and had in all probability been opened before and economically closed again, the contents were not very fresh. But, gentlemen, I go farther; and, with all my respect for Sydney Smith, I have my doubts as to the integrity of this one of his jokes at its first concoction.

Sydney Smith, gentlemen, was on the brink of a great discovery when he perceived a distinction between *Wit* and *Wut*; but he hurried over the matter too lightly. This may have been owing to the peculiar circumstances in which Wut was presented to him in the society of his Edinburgh friends. Gentlemen, both articles, to be appreciated and compared, must be studied in their essence as revealed in their best instances. So studying the matter, I assert, avow, maintain, and will be burnt at Charing Cross by a fanatical mob of the wits of London rather than renounce the opinion, that Wut is a higher, deeper, more human, more divine, more immortal thing than Wit. I am not here arguing in behalf of Scotland. Wut is but the Scottish name for a thing which is universal and which is not Wit. It is a geographical variety of what you in England call Humour; and, if Sydney Smith had used his opportunities, he would, through the profound study of this very pronounced variety of Humour so providentially thrust upon his observation, have arrived at that distinction between Wit and Humour which he laboured after and made such a mull of in his Lectures on Moral Philosophy. Gentlemen, there is Wut in England. All your greatest men have had Wut as well as Wit. It may be that the two qualities are distributed in unequal proportions between the two parts of the island; that the colossal genius of the Comic, bestriding the Tweed in the far

primeval age, and holding in the one hand Wut and in the other Wit, may have showered more of the one on the one side of the river, and more of the other on the other. It may be so: I won't say that it is.

Well, but the distinction? Gentlemen, spell the two words. Is not *I* at the heart of the one and *U* at the heart of the other; and is not the distinction between *I* and *U* the truest form of the most fundamental distinction known to the reason of man—the distinction between the Ego and the Non-Ego? The Wit, you see, is always thinking of himself; the Wut has his fellow-creatures always before him, and takes them into communion with him. Again, gentlemen, pronounce the two words. What a mere fillip of the tongue at its tip is *Wit*—soundless, sharp, and soulless; but, in pronouncing *Wut*, what depths of the being are stirred, and through what inner caverns of the man the receding echoes roll! Thus and a thousand ways else you may have it, gentlemen. What is the deeper, the larger thing of the two. Wit is the sharp action of the intellectual pincers; Wut is a general hilarious condition of the being, requiring heart as its essential, and capable of having any amount of intellectual exertion in association with it, from almost none at all—as when you call out, “Hillo, Sandy! is that you?” and Sandy and you laugh at the thought of it's being Sandy and your finding it out—up to the grandeurs of eternal speculation, where nothing can be found out, and you and Sandy flash fun in revenge.

I have admitted, gentlemen, that there may be any amount of intellectual exertion, from little to much, in association with Wut. I will farther admit that the presentability of Wut to the general public, standing outside the circle of its first appearance, does depend on the amount of intellectual exertion that there was in association with it within that circle, and that so, when by mishap our last colloquy was reported in print, and put forward by the reporter as Wut, our friend of the *Satur-*

*day Review*, not being under the reconciling influence of our ale and good fellowship, was entitled to sift our so-called Wut for its element of sense. But, gentlemen, I dispute his analysis; nay, from this specimen of his powers in the analytic line, I dispute his competency everlastingly for any such analysis.

Brother-colloquists, the *Saturday Reviewer* has fallen foul of you—of you, Serious William, and the rest of you. He has characterised what you say as “platitude” and “twaddle.” Now, any reviewer may have a pepper-box of such words by him, and may dust them over anything—even over an essay of Bacon's, if it comes before him anonymously. The only check is that people shall take the trouble, when they see the pepper going in this fashion, to examine for themselves, and either let the pepper rest where it has fallen, if they see cause, or blow it back in the critic's eyes if they don't. Gentlemen, I won't praise you to your faces; and I don't know whether it is your “first thoughts” or your “last thoughts” on subjects that you bring with you hither. I don't know that the human mind, especially under convivial conditions, ought to be expected to engage in conclusive reasoning, or the formation of definite decisions on all subjects. I don't think the mind was made solely to frame decisions; I think it was made to laugh, to wonder, to imagine, to contemplate, as well; and I have never seen that convivial meeting yet—dinner party or smoking party—which was much more than an element of rapid assertions on the faith of thought transacted far out of sight of the company then present, of contradictions or prolongations thereby suggested, of doubts, wonderings, and jostling half-conclusions. I don't see that you are likely, gentlemen, to supply the reviewer with worse matter of this sort than he has been accustomed to.

But it is chiefly of myself that the reviewer falls foul. Now, Inquisitors, it would ill become me to enter here upon an apologetic dissertation on McTaggart

and McTaggartism. Not only is the subject vast and intricate, but, in all good faith, I am not capable of it; for this reason, that, being a man of objective tendencies, I really don't know what I am. This I may venture to say, however, that I am not an idiot. There may be many men betwixt me and Solomon; but I am not an idiot. Our friend of the *Saturday Review* sets down my wut, as he will call it, as a simple case of "Hillo, Sandy! is that you?" He thinks I have acted from precalculation—that I stand here in London with my hand to my mouth, in speaking-trumpet fashion, and my face to the north, bawling out, over the Midland Counties and the Lake District, "Hillo, Sandy! is that you?" and that, pleased with the recognition, Sandy turns round and remits over the Lake District and the Midland Counties the encouraging response, "Weel bawled, Andrew!" Little knows our *Saturday* friend of Sandy, or what pleases him. Sandy is a proud fellow; and, if there is one thing he is more anxious to have thought of him than another, it is that he is losing his Scottish accent. Why, gentlemen, I have had private remonstrances from Sandy about the dialect in which I have ventured to address him and to represent him here! "Andrew," he has said to me, "you are a well-meaning fellow; but, for your credit and mine, be a little cautious in the way you address me before so many strangers. You know I don't say 'whuskey,' and I don't say 'contemporawneous'; why do you lead Englishmen to think that I do? My grandfather did, perhaps; but I don't, and you know I don't." To which my reply has been, "O you sinner, Sandy, where do you expect to go to? I know you are not in the habit of saying 'whuskey' and 'contemporawneous'; neither am I, for the matter of that; these are the days of 'Young Scotland,' when our old Doric is dying out; but do you mean to tell me that you can't relapse into the Doric when you like, and that, when you and I get into a corner, we don't relapse into

"the Doric, say 'whuskey' and 'contemporawneous,' revel in these archaic utterances as in a world of our own; and, in doing so, cut our connexion for the while with all the peddling present, and baptize our spirits afresh in the strength and the tempest of the large old mood? Sandy, I'm ashamed of you." To the gentleman who has led to this tiff between me and Sandy by holding up the word "contemporawneous," and saying, in his ignorance, "Behold how these Scots talk: when they are wutty they spell contemporaneous with a *w*," I would put the matter thus: "Can't you generalize your own practice, sir? Have you not written a whole article, the point of which consists in your borrowing Sydney Smith's joke, and writing *wut* for *wit*? Have you not in doing so recognised the principle of variation of meaning by alternative pronunciation? Can't you see, then, that every variation of sound, even in one and the same word, shifts the intellectual point of view, varies the *ensemble* of intellectual associations? Can't you see that 'contemporaneous' and 'contemporawneous' are not the same—that the one is the other broadened by a circumflex? Study the virtue of that *w*, and you will find it to consist in this, that when I say *contemporaneous* (which I can do when I like), I describe a clear ring round me, including a considerable extent of space; but, when I say *contemporawneous*, I describe a much wider ring, reaching farther into the obscure outskirts of the universe, and, even while I am doing so, pronounce a slow blessing with uplifted hands on all that contains, both men and cattle. And so with all my Scotticisms, duly investigated."

But, finally my "wut," as our friend calls it, is not only "Scotch wut," and therefore nought, but it is "dead wut," and therefore worse than nought. It is not, I think, for a gentleman whose own provision in the article of English soup is in the form of the tin cans of Sydney Smith's preserved concoction, to object

to Scotch hotch-potch, should it chance to come out of a tin can too. But let that pass. Gentlemen, look at me ! Am I like any human being you ever saw before — eyes, nose, forehead, mouth, hair, arms, legs, or figure ? I defy you to say I am, gentlemen, if you have the least skill in physiognomy. I wear no man's coat ; I walk in no man's shoes ; my foot is on the carpet of my adopted club ; and my name is McTaggart. The world has existed six thousand years, and there never was an Andrew McTaggart in it before me that I know of. The Ettrick Shepherd ! Pshaw, gentlemen ; I never saw the man ; he died in my young days, when I was busy with my mathematics ; and, though he was my fellow-countryman, can I help that ? Because there was once a man called the Ettrick Shepherd, shall there never be a man after him called Andrew McTaggart ? What is the world coming to ? Gentlemen, I have a seat at *your* Round Table, and that is enough. As for our friend, the Reviewer, I give him up as incapable of the sublime mystery of McTaggartism—not for his abuse of it (for time must be granted for a study like this), but for a more special reason. You remember, gentlemen, my pleading for whiskey at our meetings, derived from the fact of the contemporaneity of alcohol and tobacco, viewed in the light of the great McTaggartian principle, that “things contemporaneous are things consentaneous.” What can you make of a man who sits down gravely, and, with this principle of a new philosophy blazing before him in all its beautiful effulgence, actually meets it with a sentence like this, “That there is necessarily some more intimate connexion than that of unity of time between things happening at the same moment, is an observation equally intelligible and untrue” ? O gentlemen, is this the spirit in which to receive McTaggartian truth ? No ; he can never be my disciple ; I give him up. His whole conduct in the matter of our Colloquy has been too like that of the deaf muffin-man of St. John's Wood, abroad in the thunderstorm. The storm

was raging, the sky was leaden-coloured, the rain was falling in floods, the flashes of lightning were incessant, the roar of the thunder had scarce an interval ; still in the midst of this war of elements might be seen, by those who stood at the windows, the little muffin-man going his round, the sole moving figure without, tinkling his bell, thunder or no thunder, and repeating his cry of “Muffins, Muffins, Muffins.” So, just so, gentlemen, our friend the Reviewer walks through our Colloquy. The air overhead is charged with all that should awe the soul, brace the intelligence, and delight the fancy—with speculation, with poetry, with McTaggartism ; yet, under such a heaven, and through such an ether, does this singular person walk, with his eyes fixed on the ground, intent on his practical little purpose, and calling out “Dead Wut, Dead Wut, Dead Wut.”

[MR. MCTAGGART resumes his seat and pipe amid great applause from the whole Court—the Inquisitors refraining from joining with visible difficulty.]

*Robinson.* Gentlemen, you have heard the prisoner's defence, addressed partly to us, partly to his fellow-clubsmen : are you agreed on your verdict ?

*The other Inquisitors.* Not guilty ; and served 'em right.

*All the Court.* Hurrah ! hurrah !

*Robinson (to the other Inquisitors).* Well, the case against McTaggart having failed, I think we may depart from the others : we will go, gentlemen, and leave you ; but don't do it again.

[*The Inquisitors retire ; and the Club, greatly relieved, gather round the Table.*]

*Serious William.* I say, now that these fellows are gone, let us have a little quiet chat.

[*So they sat on, and talked of many things ; But the McTaggart uttered not a word. They talked of books ; and Mr. Bidder said The publications of the previous month Within the British Islands, counting from Middle October to November 15th, Had been exact three hundred and eighteen. From these a few were picked out for remark By those who had seen them or had seen them not— Kingsley's Miscellanies ; the new Gil Blas Issued by Bohm ; the Biglow Papers now Reprinted here ; Pallaske's Life of Schiller,*

*Translated by a Lady ; and a Life  
Of that Jew-Christian German, Schleiermacher,  
Also translated ; the Virginians  
Of kingly Thackeray done, and leaving him  
Free for large labours which the world expects ;  
Rumours there were and ominous whisperings  
Of the great bomb-shell book from Murray's  
press,*

*Threatening flagration in the common mind,  
And scientific warring not less loud  
Than that which followed the " Vestiges"—I  
mean*

*Charles Darwin's " Origin of Species  
By Natural Selection ;" in which words  
The author indicates this principle  
As principle-in-chief of all his work,  
That Nature is a progress of conditions  
Still tightening, tightening, tightening through  
the ages,*

*Growing more strict and difficult, and thus  
Strangling the worse breeds, and letting  
through*

*The finer, subtler, stronger, who escape  
Minus their clumsier parts, and modified  
On and still on for ever. Some one said,  
" Why, that's McTaggart's principle, which he  
Hinted, last Colloquy, when half jocose."  
Still the McTaggart uttered not a word.*

*Then, by some quaint connexion of ideas  
Not very palpable, arose a skirmish  
In the new controversy lately raised  
By Mr. Robert Chambers in his tract  
About the Scottish Ballads of the class  
Known as Romantic—whether they are old,  
As hitherto supposed ; or whether, as  
The tract shrewdly propounds, the antiquaries  
Have been befooled, and these same Ballads  
were*

*All written by a Lady Wardlaw, who  
Lived early in last century and died.  
( Be proud of her, last century, if 'tis so ;  
She is a credit to you, and you need it ! )  
But still McTaggart uttered not a word.  
Nay, when Sir John, nudging his neighbour's  
side,*

*Launched into ribaldry against the Scotch,  
Their land, their literature, and all their ways,  
Thinking to rouse McTaggart, and even said  
That Burns was overrated, and there was  
A bard of Dorsetshire just now who wrote  
Better than Burns and would be heard of yet,  
Still the McTaggart uttered not a word,  
But, being gazed at, raised one eye and  
winked.]*

*Serious William.* Here is a passage which I picked out of a leading article of the *Times* the other day as a happy curiosity in the way of literary summary—a sort of rapid eagle-flight round the globe due east, swooping down accurately on the peccant parts of it :—“ From every quarter of the “ globe we hear of nothing but wars “ and rumours of wars. The whole

“ Continent of Europe is under arms.  
“ The blood which flowed from the  
“ encounter of the two great military  
“ Empires of France and Austria is  
“ scarcely yet dry on the plains of  
“ Lombardy. The Kingdom of the  
“ two Sicilies, both in its continental  
“ and insular possessions, appears to be  
“ hesitating on the verge of rebellion.  
“ Spain, for the first time for some  
“ centuries, is again taking rank as an  
“ aggressive Power, and is threatening  
“ the Empire of Morocco with her  
“ armed hosts. Germany has placed  
“ herself on a war footing. Passing  
“ eastward, and leaving the Emperor  
“ Alexander to the task of emancipating  
“ his millions of serfs, we find the  
“ Turkish Sultan threatened with a con-  
“ spiracy, directed not only against his  
“ authority but his life. In Egypt the  
“ French agents are busily employed in  
“ struggling to elevate the bubble of  
“ the Suez Canal into the dignity of a  
“ *casus belli*. In British India, if we  
“ have substantially stamped out the  
“ Mutiny, we have to provide armed  
“ men for the defence of our Empire ;  
“ nay, to secure our very existence in  
“ that distant region. At this very  
“ moment we are directing our ships  
“ and troops against the Chinese Em-  
“ peror with his 300,000,000 of sub-  
“ jects ; and by the last intelligence  
“ General Harney was doing his best  
“ at St. Juan to embroil us with our  
“ friends of the United States.” There's  
a summary view of “ things contemporaneous ” for you.

*Mr. Ernest Newlight.* It must be partly the sensation of such an unusual number of contemporary terrestrial convulsions and difficulties that disposes people so manifestly at present to the belief that we are approaching the end of one of the prophetic cycles. But people forget that there may have been many past moments of history when men stood in the midst of a vaster contemporary turmoil that that which now surrounds us, great as it is—that our forefathers, for example, who lived close after the French Revolution, had to reconcile themselves to an extent of

contemporary surprise and agitation to which what excites *us* is child's play.

*Sir John.* Ours is bad enough, however—Italian matters and their chances, not to speak of the rest.

*Mr. Bidder.* It seems, from the resignation by Garibaldi of his command in Central Italy, that the most active and energetic Italian patriotism feels itself incompetent to do anything else at present than agree with Piedmont to wait for the results of a Congress. Annexation of the Duchies and the Romagna to Piedmont can hardly be one of these results : on *that* the French Emperor is probably determined. At most the formation of a new Central Italian state is to be looked for ; but against this and any other liberal settlement, however moderate, there will be all the strength of Austrian obstinacy. Garibaldi may be in request again soon. He seems to feel so himself when he talks of finding soon "some weapon or other" with which to serve Italy, and advises in the meantime the collection of "steel" and "gold."

*Mr. Ernest Newlight.* How sudden the recognition of Garibaldi in this country ! The whirligig of time does seem to bring about strange revenges, when a Tory English peer, like Lord Ellenborough, is seen stretching his hand across the Continent to clasp that of Garibaldi as the man to whom he wishes success, and whom he would aid, without asking questions, in every way he can. It would be curious to disinter some of the references to Garibaldi in the most influential English newspapers in 1849. They would contrast strangely with recent eulogies. Yet the man was essentially the same then as now. We might lay the lesson to heart.

*Sir John.* We have many lessons out of the present turmoil to lay to heart, and the chief of all I am glad to see we *have* laid to heart. That Rifle Corps movement may help to make a nation of us again. How it is spreading !

*Armstrong (a hitherto silent Brother).* I was at the "Working Men's College," in Great Ormond Street to-night. A rifle corps has been got up there of as fine

young fellows as you would wish to see, with one of their own number, a medalled Crimean serjeant and two years' student, for drill-master.

*Mr. Loftus Smart.* A working men's rifle corps is rather a novelty ; is it not ?

*Armstrong.* In Glasgow, you will see, there are two or three already, and, I believe, at Greenock. At Liverpool, several large establishments are organizing their men. In London, I hear of a large printing establishment rejoicing already in a boat club and a cricket club, not to speak of schools and lectures, which is about to do the same, and of an engineering firm which is likely to follow its example. One thing is clear, that the rifle movement can never be what it ought to be if the working classes do not enter into it. There are "swells" who would have nothing but gentlemen's rifle clubs ; and others who pronounce the whole thing a middle-class movement.

*Sir John.* A middle-class movement ! What the ——— dicky bird ! Is it to be the tradesman's or lawyer's privilege to shoot, and the working man's to be shot ?

*Mr. Bidder.* The expense of rifles and equipments, Sir John, goes very much against the working man.

*Sir John.* Well, and what do the Government give fifty per cent. of the rifles for, but to help to arm those who can't arm themselves ?

*Armstrong.* One thing is certain, that the mere armed and equipped rifle corps ought not to be the be-all and end-all of the movement anywhere. The drill of the corps should be made available for every decent fellow, well known in the neighbourhood, who is willing to learn it ; the range should be open to every decent fellow with a rifle in his hand, who is willing to subscribe a trifle towards it, whether the one or the other actually join the corps or not. In fact, there should be rifle *clubs* even where there are no rifle *corps* ; the corps should only be the central nucleus of the club.

*Mr. Bidder.* All very true still, and most desirable. But where is the working man to find time for drill ?



*Armstrong.* Every Saturday afternoon to begin with, of course, if the employers have but the merest spark of English feeling. That Saturday half-holiday would really be a great national institution. I know how deeply many of the working men regret that the builders did not aim at that, rather than at the nine hours.

*Mr. Bidder.* But do you think the working men really care for the rifle movement?

*Armstrong.* Do they really care for it? I know that the very best of them are looking to it as the thing above all others which is likely to draw classes nearer to each other, to extinguish altogether the mere agitator, the pot-house spouter. I know that working engineers are already scheming in their own strong, clear heads, improvements in our means of self-defence, such as the life-long handling of iron and brass can perhaps alone suggest.

*Mr. Loftus Smart.* Well, but after all, is there any danger of invasion?

*Armstrong.* Less than there was before the rifle corps movement began, and less every day it continues; and it will be less still, it is to be hoped, a month hence, after the Government scheme of a reserve naval volunteer force shall have come into action as well.

*Serious William.* The justification of all this movement towards the complete and permanent armament of the country is that it is essentially a peace movement—the only effective peace movement. The most intelligent Frenchmen themselves feel that England's arming is France's best safeguard. Oh for another Dibun, if only in the interests of peace!

*Mr. Loftus Smart.* We haven't had a patriotic song to-night, Sir John. Give us one before we go.

*Sir John.* Well, if you will chorus me, here goes one that will do.

### *King Ale.*

King Ale is a monarch of high renown:  
He reigns o'er land and sea,

With his pipe of clay and his mug so brown,  
And his sceptre of pewter tree.  
Every day in all the year,  
He holds his court, and he makes good cheer;  
One hour they sleep, his knights and he,  
And they drink the rest of the twenty-three,  
Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!

King Ale he sat on his oaken chair,  
Ruling his kingdoms three,  
And a fearful oath by his beard he swore,  
No heel taps there should be.  
"So poke the fire, and pass the jug,  
"And fill his majesty's royal mug:  
"Gadzooks! no flinching! body o' me!  
"For we'll make a night of it here,"  
said he,  
"Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!"

King Ale he sat by his blazing grate,  
A picture for to see!  
There came a knock to the palace gate,  
Rat tat, tat tat, tat tee!  
"Who the devil," King Ale, he swore,  
"Knocks like that at a gentleman's door?  
"Go, string him up—some two or three,  
"And when he is hung, come back to me,  
"Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!"

King Ale sat puffing his pipe again:  
Back came the knights in dree:  
"From Cobweb Castle he rides amain,  
"The Baron of Burgundie!  
"So gay a warrior ne'er was seen,  
"With his black jack-boots and his helm of green;  
"And he vows he'll hang on the nearest tree,  
"All who are caught in the kingdom three,  
"Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!"

Uprose King Ale from his merriment then,  
Uprose his courtiers free;

He swore at himself, and he swore at  
his men ;

And he swore at his kingdoms  
three,

“Fiddle-de-dee,” King Ale, he said,  
Flinging his mug at his chancellor’s  
head ;

So the courtiers all said, “Fiddle-  
de-dee !”

“A fig for the Baron of Burgundie !”  
Singing Ale, oh ! jolly King Ale !

What step is this at the chamber  
door ?

Accoutred cap-a-pie,

Who enters a-clanking down the floor ?

The Baron of Burgundie !

“You’re as drunk as a fiddler, Ale,”  
he said ;

“Carry this gentleman off to bed :

“*Tu* look after the kingdoms three,

“And we’ll have no more of your  
making free,”

Singing Ale, oh ! jolly King Ale !

King Ale he has eyed him o’er and  
o’er,

With his majestic e’e.

Crash ! down he goes on the polished  
floor,

The Baron of Burgundie !

Alas for his boots and his helm of  
green !

So piteous a sight was never seen ;

The blood through his neck came  
pouring free,

But they wiped him up that none  
should see.

Singing Ale, oh ! jolly King Ale !

And King Ale he sits with his foamy  
crown,

And reigns o’er land and sea,

And laughs to think how he tumbled  
down,

The Baron of Burgundie !

Every day in all the year,

He laughs, and he laughs, and he  
makes good cheer.

One hour they sleep, his knights  
and he,

And they drink the rest of the twenty-  
three.

Singing Ale, oh ! jolly King Ale !

*Sir John.* Friend McTaggart, what  
is the matter with you ? You have not  
spoken a word this last hour. What  
are you thinking of ?

*Mr. McTaggart.* I’m thinking about a  
dream I had the other night. I stood  
on a plain somewhere ; it was a dullish  
dark night ; and the stars were visible,  
but not bright. Suddenly, in one part  
of the heavens I saw what I thought a  
comet—a star with a luminous train of  
no great length slanting from it down-  
wards. As I was looking in sur-  
prise, lo, a wonder ! All the other stars,  
wherever I looked, had trains too,—no,  
not trains ; for, as I looked, I saw that  
it was the stars themselves dropping in  
burning beads from their places, like  
kindled threads that had been dipped in  
oil. Here, there, and everywhere, the sky  
was scored with these tracks of fiery  
tears falling from where the stars had  
been. Anon, these tracks of fire seemed  
to dance and waver confusedly, as if seen  
from a body itself unsteady ; and I be-  
came aware, O horror ! that the earth on  
which I stood was subject to a wild and  
awful motion. To and fro in the huge  
darkness between the opposite vaults of  
the dripping stars, its black bulk seemed  
to shog in vast fitful horizontal leaps of  
millions of miles each, still perceptibly  
sinking in the intermediate hollow of  
space. Somehow, after each bound,  
all its beings still clung to it ; but I  
knew it was the end of all things, and  
held my breath for the bound that  
should be final.

*Mr. Loftus Smart.* I’ll interpret ;  
I’ll interpret. Why, the dream, Mc-  
Taggart, is but a gigantic version of your  
muffin-man of St. John’s Wood. The  
“vaults of the dripping stars” are our  
last Colloquy ; and the dull, dark earth,  
swagging to and fro, and sinking, is  
the Saturday Reviewer in the act of  
reading it.

*Sir John.* Come, McTaggart, let’s go  
home together !

[*The Company breaks up.*]

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE WRITINGS OF LOUIS-NAPOLEON.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the winter of 1848-9—when Louis Napoleon had just been elected to the Presidency of the French Republic, and the attention of Europe was turned to him, with a feeling less of expectation of any great marvels to be accomplished by him in his new place than of wonder at the odd chances which had brought him so punctually to that place after a life of vagrancy spent in dreaming of it, and dashing at it in a manner thought ridiculous—it fell to the duty of the present writer, as one of his small occupations, to read through all the works of Louis-Napoleon then published and accessible, with a view to form some idea of the man such as might be expressed in print. The estimate by this means formed of the intellectual powers of the new President of the French Republic was not very high—so far from high, indeed, that the term “confused-headedness” was then used to indicate the impression which his writings had conveyed of his general intellectual style and character. There was discernible, it was true, a certain element of moral peculiarity in the writings, distinguishing them from writings in general—a certain heavy fanaticism, a certain opaque belief in Napoleonic destinies, and in the writer’s connexion with them, the combination of which even with inferior qualities of the purely intellectual kind might, in certain junctures, lead to modes of action benumbing

ordinary logic, and make a very formidable character. Of this, however, little account was taken at a time when the antecedents of the man were more picturesque than impressive, and when all that most people expected was that he would enjoy, more or less, his four years of Presidency, and then sink.

Subsequent events have very naturally led the writer to ask, for his own private satisfaction only (for, beyond that, the matter can signify little any way), whether the intellectual estimate formed of Louis-Napoleon from his published works eleven years ago may not have been erroneous. During these years the man’s career has been the wonder of the world. Holding the position which he had unexpectedly obtained, he fought for three years with all the practised politicians of France, becoming felt more and more as a personality whom they could neither subdue nor manage; then, as the period of his Presidency was expiring, he succeeded, by a *coup d’état*, followed by an appeal to the universal suffrage of the French people, in extending his Presidency for ten years, and silencing or expelling out of France the whole bevy of her professional politicians, except such as would work under him as ministers; then, within a year, by a new exercise of determination, and a new appeal to universal suffrage, he abolished his Presidency, and had himself promoted to the

Empire ; and from that time to this he has ruled in France with a strong hand, surrounded by an immense and obedient army, and so conducting himself somehow, that, even in that country of explosive temperaments and of interests in mutual conflict, no stir of opposition has touched him, and he sits aloft as on a rock. Nor is it solely this phenomenon of a remodification of France—of the conversion of this great nation in his hands into a compact body-politic regulated after a novel system of personal despotism based on dumb democratic sanction—that is presented for study in the last eleven years of Louis-Napoleon's life. What a part he has played, what a part he is playing, in the general politics of Europe, and of the rest of the world ! In comparison with this man, the once derided adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne, what are our own Palmerstons and Derbys ; what are the European Nesselrodes and Metternichs, in point of influence ? Mere politicians of the old school, whose secondary occupation it is to watch him, to circle round him in obsequious attitudes, to speak him fair in Parliaments and public documents by professing their profound respect for him, and, when they differ from him, to do so under the rose, and meet his strong and positive manifestations of purpose with their faint, uncertain, and very circuitous negatives ! On no throne on the earth is there a potentate who commands so large a circumference of the terrestrial gaze, or who can flash confusion and excitement so widely among the earth's populations in any geographical direction in which he may turn himself. Little wonder that the popular conclusion has been that for the accomplishment of all this there must have been, in addition to whatever else, a singularly deep, astute, subtle, and powerful brain. Little wonder that the common opinion is that, if the First Napoleon was the Julius Cæsar of the modern French Empire, speculative, original, grand, inventive, this Third Napoleon is at least its Augustus, secretive, calmly

intellectual and statesmanlike, with a touch, more than Augustan, of the soldier to boot. For, though these eleven years, when looked at in retrospect, are seen by us now as one whole, yet, for the man himself in actually transacting them and moving through them, they were an infinite series of small advances through a medium of varying circumstances. Each of the eleven years consisted of its three hundred and sixty-five days at least ; each of these days had its twenty-four hours ; and in each of these hours, when not asleep, the man had to be scheming or doing something, so as to get through the business of that hour, whatever it was. To have moved through so stiff and varying a medium so far successfully on the whole, must surely have required extraordinary qualities of the purely intellectual kind, as well as others ! Such, we say, is the general conclusion ; and the question is whether, now that the strong light of such a conclusion is cast upon the investigation of Louis-Napoleon's mind as it was to be inferred from his published writings at the time when he passed out of the earlier and vagrant period of his life into this its later period of fixed residence and steady universal splendour—the verdict of “confused-headedness” and the like, then pronounced by a critic dealing with matters too great for him, ought not to be retracted as erroneous, silly, and fact-confounded.

Now, to clear the ground, let it at once be admitted as undeniable that there can be no historical effect which has not been the result of causes adequate to its production, whether these can be ascertained or not. That Louis-Napoleon is where he is, and has done what he has done, are facts for which there must have been perfectly sufficient causes somewhere. The real question is, how much of the sum-total of the causes which have produced these effects is to be credited to Louis Napoleon's own character and genius, and how much to agencies lying out of himself. On these points, the French liberal writers, whom Louis-Napoleon has

flung down into positions where it is almost their sole remaining privilege to criticise him, are pretty unanimous. They trace great part of his success to causes lying out of himself—to the nature of the inheritance left him by the events of 1848; to the inextinguishable enthusiasm of the French nation for the name he bears; to the indifference of the commercial classes of France to political freedom so long as there is tolerable social order; to the uninstructed political stolidity of the rural population; to the mere repressive force of the clergy and the police; to the self-interest of hundreds of new men of more or less ability to whom the Napoleonic order of things is a California of gold, who would be smothered like diggers in their holes were that order of things to be subverted, and who, accordingly, lend their master all the force of their wits and energies to keep it permanent. As the common sense is still incredulous and sticks to it that there must be something extraordinary in the man himself over and above all that, the critics eke out their argument by having recourse to the ordinary distinction between character and intellect. "Yes," they say, "there is something extraordinary in him; but that something extraordinary is neither intellect, nor such moral qualification as was ever out of Pandemonium regarded as high or beneficent. To an intellect of the merely cunning order, add strong will, taciturnity, a sombre impenetrability of demeanour, considerable courage, and as complete an exemption from all accepted ethics as if the two tables of stone had been irrecoverably shattered on the old mountain, or as if another pair of tables, considerably different, had come to him from some hill elsewhere—and you certainly will have a very extraordinary man, who, in the midst of an ordinary world, and with muskets and cannon to aid him, will undoubtedly achieve surprising effects. A burglar, with big jaw, no conscientiousness, and large acquisitiveness and destructiveness, is an extraordinary man; place him in the middle

"of a crowd of Fénelons and Sir Isaac Newtons, and they would be as meek as nothings before such a mass of constitutional superiority; they would yield the empire to Big Jaw, and pay him black mail willingly for a modicum of meditative and mathematical liberty." To such strong language of men reasoning under the smart of personal irritation there is, of course, farther retort on the part of the cooler friends of common sense; and so on the controversy flounders into depths of the philosophy of character where sure principles are yet scarce.

It may serve as a small contribution to the controversy if, confining our attention to the evidence at hand in Louis-Napoleon's writings as to his general ability and the nature and worth of the ideas which he had in stock when events brought him to the French Presidency, we state the results of a reperusal of the writings in question, conducted, as impartially as possible, with a view to test the accuracy of a previous verdict which there seemed so much reason to suspect.

Louis-Napoleon's writings, enumerated in the order of their production, down to the time of his election to the Presidency, are as follows:—*Political Reveries*, written in 1832, when the author was in his twenty-fifth year, and residing with his mother, the ex-Queen Hortense, in Switzerland—the death of his elder brother and that of the Duc de Reichstadt (Napoleon II.) having recently devolved upon him whatever rights of succession to the French Empire might still be above ground; *Political and Military Considerations concerning Switzerland*, written in 1833, when the author was still a Swiss citizen; *Napoleonic Ideas*, dated from "Carlton Terrace, London," in July, 1839—the author, then in his thirty-second year, having, since his last publication, made his famous Strasbourg attempt, gone to America, returned to Switzerland, lost his mother there, and been expelled from Switzerland by Louis-Philippe's desire and driven for refuge to England; *The Napoleonic Idea*, written in London in

1840, as the first number of an intended monthly publication—a publication cut short, however, by the author's celebrated trip to Boulogne in the August of that year, his arrest, and his condemnation to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Ham; finally, a series of pamphlets and essays written by the Prince in the citadel of Ham, between his committal in 1840 and his escape back to England in May 1846—including *Historical Fragments* (or reflective jottings on the English History of the Seventeenth Century), an *Analysis of the Sugar Question* (being a pamphlet in favour of the cultivation and protection of native French or Beet Root Sugar, written in 1842), *Miscellanies* (or brief opinions on various subjects), a special essay *On the Extinction of Pauperism*, and an incomplete treatise *On the Past and the Future of Artillery*.

The first and most general impression as to Louis-Napoleon's character left on the mind by a perusal of these writings—which bring us down, it is to be remembered, to his forty-first year, when France received him back to become her master—is the singular strength of his hereditary conviction that it belonged to him, as one of the family of Napoleonidæ, to concern himself with subjects affecting the interests of nations and of the world as a whole. Every page of his writings, nay their very titles, breathe this conviction. The first Napoleon, in defining himself, used to declare that he was specially *un être politique*, “a being of the political order,” a man framed by nature for the apprehension of what was wrong or wanting or incongruous in the social arrangements of men, and for the rectification of such faults or wants or incongruities by adequate political inventions and combinations. It chanced that France was the immediate theatre given him for the exercise of his art, and here he worked most thoroughly and fondly; but his genius acknowledged no such geographical limits; and, from France as a base of operations, it was in his view to extend his inventive or rectifying agency over as wide a surface of the entire rotundity of the world, as the limited

powers of commissariat, transport of cannon, and effective intercommunication would enable him to take within his sway. He trained up the members of his family to be “political beings” under him—dotting them, as so many detached fragments of his own intellectual substance, among the peoples and tongues surrounding France. At last, when his empire collapsed, and the world chained him to the solitary sea-rock, the minor Napoleonidæ whom he had so dotted among the nations became outcasts and fugitives—debarred above all from the soil of France. A new breed of men, however, had been given to the world in these dispersed Napoleonidæ; and, even in their state of dispersion, there was not one of them who did not, whether he knew it or not, carry in his fibre a certain hereditary cosmopolitical virtue not belonging to other men. In one alone of them all did this notion become incarnate. While others of the scattered Bonapartes betook themselves to ornithology, or collected Etruscan vases, or studied Basque roots, it fell to Louis-Napoleon—especially after the deaths of his brother and cousin—to realize the fact that politics, and politics on the large scale, were his hereditary vocation. From his twenty-fifth year, if not earlier, we seem to hear him saying to himself:—“It belongs to me, as a member of “that family which the genius of one “extraordinary man raised out of its “original small connexions with the “single island of Corsica and planted in “France as a family of European, if not “actually of planetary relations and “consequence—it belongs to me as a “member of this family to be perpetually glancing over the earth, noting “all the more massive phenomena that “anywhere present themselves, forming “opinions as to their results and tendencies, offering these opinions to “the world, and endeavouring to regain “the position where the world shall “see me put them in practice.” On some such principle we see him acting throughout. Naturally beginning with France, we see him surveying the state of that country consequent upon the Revolution

of 1830, criticising the government of Louis-Philippe, and filling his mind with dreams of an order of things that should supersede it. Then, being in Switzerland, he cannot avoid studying the institutions of that country, and propounding a scheme of a new Helvetia. Driven to England, after the failure of his first attempt to obtain real power, he conducts himself as an Emperor out of office in the meantime, but sure to be "sent for"—having his little court of refugees about him; spending his mornings, as one of these *attachés* tells us, in "reading the journals and causing notes to be taken of "what interested him;" and gradually putting into systematic shape the "ideas" of which he held himself to be the executor. Caught at Boulogne in his second enterprise, and shut up for six years in a French fortress, he inhales there whatever information as to events in France and the rest of the world can reach him through the fortress-walls, exhaling his reflections thereupon in pamphlets, or deepening his studies in special parts of English history, or jotting down brief notes of his views on all subjects and sundry appertaining to the business of a statesman of the passing hour—colonies, the slave trade, the right of search, the recruiting-system, Spanish cabals, &c.—or, finally, elaborating his knowledge of that art of artillery which he justly regarded as the agency on which thinkers of his class must ultimately depend. Unless we mistake, it was at this time that he wrote a tract (not contained in the collection of his writings now before us) on the project of a canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans—as if any such alteration even of the physical arrangements of the globe as would result from making a cutting between the two continents of North and South America was a thing that ought to pass under his notice and receive his sanction.

It is but an extension of the same remark to say that Louis-Napoleon's writings give evidence of a strong belief that that art of government, or the imperial management of human beings

and their affairs, to which he conceived himself so specially called by the circumstances of his birth, was an art still required in the world. Herein, too, he followed his uncle; and herein he stood apart antagonistically from a tendency of belief which had been growing in the intellectual part of the world since his uncle's time. The notion of *laissez-faire*, *laissez-passer*—the notion that society would be best left to the operation of the natural tendencies of all its individuals moving among themselves with perfect freedom, or controlled only by such a small amount of government, in the shape of police, as might be necessary to check fraud and violence—this notion, derived more especially from the science of political economy, held most tenaciously by the minds whom this science has possessed and fostered, and recently expanded by some thinkers into a vast metaphysical definition of liberty, and an assertion that what men call government is a quantity which has been gradually diminishing in the world, is still diminishing, and will ultimately vanish—nothing of the sort is to be found in Louis-Napoleon's creed. The notion, indeed, is more English and American than French; and, if he had ever heard of it, he does not seem to have felt the necessity of formally repudiating a doctrine so manifestly incompatible with the whole tenor of his being, so ludicrously anti-Napoleonic. No; as the first Napoleon had arisen as if to contradict this idea in the moment of its formation—to govern men with a vengeance, to play with nations and the massive interests of men as with a substance as modifiable as clay, to spend his life in the issuing of decrees and the conception and execution of new political constructions—so human society remained still an endless field of experiment for men who had the proper art and the due position! "Monarchs, march at the head of the ideas of your age!" is one of the maxims in which Louis-Napoleon, as early as 1841, avowed the utter absence from his mind of the least tinge of that modern doctrine which declares that the government of

a country ought to be a mere policeman standing by with arms folded and seeing fair play; and throughout all his writings the contrary notion—the notion of government as a central power, directing, leading, dictating, educating, marshalling men, shouting its orders through their ranks, and rushing hither and thither to encourage the wavering and fell the disobedient—is present to a degree that might have made political economists and metaphysicians stand aghast.

It is still little more than a continuation to say, in the third place, that the intellectual stock in trade with which Louis-Napoleon proposed to enter on the great business of government, should he ever be called to it, were the ideas of his uncle. Not only is he never tired of proclaiming his undying veneration, his profound and boundless love for the great memory of the head of his race; but, with a carelessness of reputation for originality in which there is something chivalrous, he avows again and again that the views he brings forward are but revived Napoleonisms. The title “Napoleonian Ideas,” which he gave to the best known of his writings, might be applied to them all; and the motto which he prefixed to another of his writings, “Not only the ashes, but also the ideas of the Emperor, must be brought back,” is a summary description of his political belief.

So far we have attended only to certain characteristics of Louis-Napoleon which belong to the class of aims, desires, or constitutional predeterminations and tendencies, rather than to that of intellectual qualifications purely personal; and the amount of general ability, and the worth of the special ideas—Napoleonisms or not—discernible in his writings as associated with these vague aims, determinations, and constitutional appetites, have come but indirectly into notice.

On this head it is proper to avow at once that a reperusal of Louis-Napoleon's writings has enhanced the impression as to the intellectual powers of their author obtained at the time of

first reading them. Not that it yet seems that, as writings, they would take a rank at all high—that, if one did not know that their author was the master of many legions, one would be strongly arrested by them. Even with this knowledge to sharpen one's appreciation, the result with most readers would probably be an impression of intellectual sluggishness, qualified by a certain peculiarity preventing the total effect from being common-place—this peculiarity consisting in the unusual bigness of the objects reasoned about, the unusual conviction of a competency to reason about them, and the recurrence of certain notions not found in the ordinary repertory of contemporary beliefs. Compared with the political writings of many living Frenchmen, they would—but for the growl of the cannon that we now seem to hear imparting a factitious importance to their sentences—appear far from suggestive or instructive. In style, indeed, they have little of the luminousness, the rapid antithetical distinctness, the sense of the picturesque in expression, which characterizes French expository writing, and are more after the duller sort of commercial English pamphlet-writing, which plods on, having something to say, and manages to say it heavily somehow, with a lumpish tendency to eke out the statements of the text with pages of figures and statistics. With the writings and dictations of the first Napoleon—that astonishing medley of sagacious observations, high generalizations, incisive opinions, and flashing phrases of genius—the writings of his nephew will not bear a moment's comparison. It is poverty after plenty, thick-headedness after the very superabundance of intellect, the slow rumble of a cart without springs after the career of a war-chariot. And yet, on examination, a certain definite kind and amount of intellect is found to be at work in the writings. For one thing, there is no flummery or clap-trap in them—no saying of anything without some real meaning lying at the back of the mind at the moment. Again, here and there, there occurs an expression really lumi-



nous intellectually, or showing a touch of Napoleonic largeness of imagination. Moreover, a reader of the writings in their chronological order will observe a manifest increase of distinctness in the later as compared with the earlier. Finally, there is no mistake as to the fact that certain ideas, set forth by the author as his convictions, and offered by him without disguise as the Napoleonisms which ran in his blood, recur with a steadiness which gives a character of *weight* to the writings as a whole.

It was to France, of course, that Louis Napoleon's gaze was always chiefly directed; and it was with reference to that country that he expounded his views as to the nature and duties of government. Like his uncle, he rejects all *à priori* notions on this subject. "There is no more a governmental "formula for the happiness of nations," he says, "than there is a universal "panacea for curing all diseases;" and he quotes with approval the saying of Armand Carrel, "Every question of "political form has its data in the state "of society and nowhere else." Regarding as the true system of government, therefore, that set of forms and institutions which is in vital relation to the needs and uses of the nation to which it belongs, he supposes that there may have been aristocratic, monarchical, and democratic governments, "all good while they lasted," but sees only two real and natural governments in the world at present—that of Russia and that of the United States. As for France, Napoleon had solved the problem of the only true government for her. Since his fall the country had been blundering on in wretchedness and degradation. This wretchedness and degradation had reached its worst under the government of Louis-Philippe,—a government mean in principle, clutching at circumstance after circumstance to support itself, giving no certain sound, without one generous, or noble, or positive impulse in its own heart, and corrupting as much as it could all that was generous in the heart of France. Out of these depths there could be no deliverance

except by a return to the system of the Empire. Only by such a return could the two great causes which substantially divided the whole of France between them—that of Napoleon and that of the Republic—be reunited; and what might perish in the snap of their reunion would be but some petty interests, some schools and parties, having little to do with France in reality, which had maintained a noisy lodging for some thirty years in the comforts of the cleft. There was no contrariety between the Empire and the Republic, rightly understood. The great uncorrupted mass of the French people—*there* was the permanent soul of France, the origin of the sentiments and aspirations to which government should give translation, education, and aim; but to understand this mass, to represent it and be its executive, there must be a head. The head must feel its relation to the mass, must never cease to recognise this broad base of sympathy as the condition of its existence; but the communication between the head and the mass must not be of that incessant kind falsely considered essential by pedantic advocates of democracy and the sovereignty of the people, but rather an intermittent communication on great occasions, when the head, already recognised as truly representative, shall *propose*, and the mass shall limit itself to the right of *sanction*. "If the people were not to "limit themselves to the right of sanc- "tion, but to choose indifferently among "such an infinity of individuals and "codes its rules and laws, troubles "would be incessantly arising; for to "choose is to possess the right of the "initiative. Now, the initiative can "only be given to a deliberative power, "and numerous masses cannot delibe- "rate." This notion, thus once expressed in 1833, is repeated again and again. It, and the corresponding notion that the government in every country ought to be a positive agency marching at the head of the people, are the chief Napoleonic ideas. There is a good deal as to those institutions by which the head of the government ought to

be immediately surrounded—a good deal as to the constitution of a Senate and a Chamber of Representatives; a little also as to the Liberty of the Press; and many passages on Liberty in general, which might be quoted now with great effect as the words of the man at one time in contrast with his subsequent deeds. On the whole, however, one sees that though such things were discussed in accordance, perhaps, with the writer's real ideas at the time, they hang rather irrelevantly on the pegs of his system. The Emperor, or head of the state, judging for the people, and leading their civilization, surrounded by auxiliary institutions which may be variable, and availing himself of all talent with a perfect indifference to political antecedents—such is the substance of the scheme as it remains on the mind. Seeing how much in this scheme depends on the man that chances to be Emperor, it is interesting to add that Louis-Napoleon by no means thought that the empire must necessarily be hereditary. On the decease of an emperor, he would have his successor at least sanctioned by the people, and the nearest heir set aside, if a better successor could be found.

A government of the right kind having been restored in France, the whole internal policy of that government ought to be determined, according to Louis-Napoleon, by a perpetual recollection of its true office as the central political brain deliberating on the nation's wants, solving its problems, and leading its civilization. Government ought to look all abroad over the nation; take note of the state of all its interests—the agricultural, the manufacturing, the commercial, the educational, nay, even the scientific and literary; observe where encouragement is wanted, and administer it; frame regulations, appoint commissions, institute prizes, direct inquiries likely to lead to improvements in the arts, ordain public works and buildings, set up statues. Any detailed exposition of what might be done under such heads takes the form of a retrospective account

of what the First Napoleon had done in all departments, and of all that he had in his mind to do, if ever the cessation of war should leave his genius free to expend itself on the internal economy of France. It is needless to say that in all this Louis-Napoleon is and avows himself to be a Protectionist. What slight allusions he makes to the modern doctrine of Free Trade, amount precisely to such a disavowal of the supremacy of that doctrine as used to be made by British Protectionists; and, all through, it is the same spirit in different forms that pervades his views. In short, the figure which his writings suggest to the mind, as descriptive of the proper business of government, is that of a scientific farmer—an Alderman Mechi—first collecting and liquifying in a tank (by taxation) all the surplus fertilizing matter that his farm will yield, and then marching up and down his farm directing the precious liquid (*i.e.* the money), by the aid of a pipe and hose, not on the spots that have chiefly supplied it, but on the spots that seem most to require it.

Perhaps the only instance of great importance in which Louis-Napoleon outstepped the limits of his uncle's ideas in reference to internal administration, was in his proposition of a scheme for the extinction of pauperism. His uncle, indeed, had some scheme of this kind at the bottom of his budget which he never had leisure to fish up; but the scheme under notice may pass as Louis-Napoleon's own. A vast scheme it is. Now-a-days, when the terms "Socialism" and "Communism" are so bandied about, and it is thought sufficient, in lieu of all other discussion, to affix one or other of these terms to any practical proposal of bigger dimensions than usual, we would advise any one who is in want of a good whopping example of what in this sense might be called Socialism, to read the pamphlet *On the Extinction of Pauperism* published by the present Emperor of the French in 1844. The scheme propounded is one of agricultural colonies. Let the State decree that all the waste or uncul-

tivated lands in France be made over to the working men of France (estimated at twenty-five millions), as their joint property, as fast as they can acquire it, by paying to the present proprietors the little that the lands may, in any cases, be worth to them; let a sum of 300 millions of francs, or twelve millions sterling, be at once voted, to set the organization going; and let this organization consist of a system of agricultural colonies, or camps, distributed over the lands in question, in all parts of France—the working men first or permanently detached into these colonies consisting of those who prefer that mode of living, or who cannot find subsistence in private industry, but the proprietorship resting in the whole body of the working men of France, and all or any of them having the right to remove into these colonies on occasion, or to regard them as asylums for the recovery of their health by a few months of open-air exercise and agricultural labour. For the administration of this vast common property, let the twenty-five millions elect middlemen, at the rate of one for ten; let these middlemen and the working men together, elect directors; let the directors and the middlemen elect governors of colonies; and let these governors be in immediate relation to the Minister of the Interior, and meet him once a year in Paris. The result, Louis-Napoleon prophesies, would be not only the extinction of pauperism, but a profit entitling the scheme to the character of a “magnificent investment,” and an immense physical and moral amelioration of the bulk of the French people. Nay, there would be no limits to the extension of the scheme. All the waste lands of France once taken in, there might be detachments to Algeria, wildernesses in America might be bought, and out of what had once been the vacuum of French pauperism, there might be extracted wealth to overspread the world.

Turning to Louis-Napoleon’s notions of the foreign policy of France, we find these pervaded by the same spirit of positive action, as opposed to the spirit of non-intervention and *Laissez-faire*.

As the French Government ought to lead the French civilization, so ought the French civilization, through its government, to lead the other civilizations. “France is the arbiter of European civilization” is his maxim, as it was his uncle’s; and, apostrophizing France as a country degraded in her foreign, as well as in her domestic relations, by the government of Louis Philippe, he anticipates her future in these words, “Soon will the day come when they who govern thee must comprehend that thy part is to put, in all treaties, thy sword of Brennus in the scale of civilization.” Universally in the history of nations, he seems to think, a high-handed foreign policy has marked a period of internal greatness and prosperity. France, therefore, must have a large army, must cultivate the military spirit. Of Peace and War, as the one inherently good and the other inherently bad, he seems to take no note; nay, War, it might be inferred, might seem to him the more normal state of activity for a great nation—for “Peace is the result of difficulties overcome.” At all events, the notion of the war-spirit as hostile to material prosperity is not his. “The quantity of merchandise a country exports is always,” he says, “in direct proportion to the number of bullets she can send amongst her enemies when her honour and dignity require it.” Among the interpretations given by him of this principle that France is a country militant for her own honour and for civilization, it is worth noting that he contemplates for her an armed action in Italy. It is worth noting also—especially in these days when he is talked of as the chief friend of the English alliance—that he distinctly repudiates the notion that France should seek any permanent alliance with a foreign power, whether it be Russia or Great Britain. The English alliance is *not* a Napoleonic idea; the non-permanence of any alliance whatever is a Napoleonic idea.

Beyond what may be involved in this last statement, however, it cannot be said that Louis-Napoleon’s writings manifest any desire that France should attack

Great Britain. The phrase, "avenge Waterloo," occurs once or twice, but in a sentimental and general rather than a specific sense; and, whenever the author talks of England, it is with great respect—respect for her peculiar "aristocratic" system as natural to her, respect for her institutions and liberties as things also indigenous, respect even for her Protestantism, and respect for her history. The part of her history to which he has given most attention is the seventeenth century; and this period of her history interests him as furnishing a confirmation of his Napoleonic theories of the true relations between government and people. There were grand ideas in the English mind—ideas which Henry VIII. and Elizabeth had understood; then came the Stuarts, despicable to him as the Louis-Philippes of their century, misunderstanding and corrupting the nation within, and betraying its honour by pusillanimous truckling to foreign powers; there was the long agitation of a democratic revolution, followed by a military despotism and a Restoration of twenty-eight years; and only at the Revolution of 1688 was the true reconciliation effected. Curiously enough, Dutch William is Louis-Napoleon's great hero in English history. Even Lord Macaulay's appreciation of William's talents and services does not exceed Louis-Napoleon's. He likes even the private demeanour of the Dutchman. "He was frequently blamed," he says, "for 'his cold and distant manner to those whose interest he required; but 'William's great mind disdained popularity acquired by meanness.'" Respecting more recent English history, Louis-Napoleon has written less—at least of a kind that would throw light by anticipation on his views of the proper relations of France to Great Britain at the present hour. All that can be said on this head is that, if his writings do not prescribe war with Great Britain as a part of the necessary activity of France, they certainly leave the impression that he would be quite ready for such a war if he found occasion, and would make it with high

respect for us, but without compunction.

Assuming the foregoing appreciation of Louis-Napoleon from his writings prior to 1848 to be tolerably correct so far, we have him before us in his forty-first year as a man of certain large constitutional predeterminations or appetites for power, and possessing as his intellectual stock a certain limited number of ideas on political subjects held by him with a kind of lumbering tenacity, and distinguished from the ideas of the ordinary political schools by their consistently positive character, but otherwise not involving any great depth of reason, and for the most part radically, nay, sometimes outrageously, at variance with what passes as sound political philosophy. The question recurs, How can this man have attained his great success? Let his original accession to power be set aside as the sudden result of conditions in producing which he had no hand—first, the sweeping clear of France by a revolution, and, next, the outburst of the dormant Napoleonic enthusiasm in his favour, as soon as he presented himself; still, the subsequent eleven years of his rule are a sufficiently extraordinary phenomenon, with the causes of which his own personality does lie undoubtedly and very largely mixed up. How can such a personality have subsisted as the vital centre of such a historical development?

On this head we can conceive of three suppositions. In the first place, it may be said that there may have been a great deal more in Louis-Napoleon in the year 1848 than could be inferred from his writings. This is a supposition by which we do not place much store—believing, as we do, and holding it to be demonstrable both by reasoning and experience, that the writings or speeches of any man who has presented such things to the world in any sufficient quantity do always (to those who view them not in respect of their so-called "literary" merits, but in respect of the number, value, and variety of the propositions which they contain,

and the general force and clearness shown in the expression of them) afford the means of an exact measure of that man's intelligence relatively to other men. Secondly, it may be said that Louis-Napoleon has grown with his work—that, in the course of his eleven years of experience he has flung off much of his old creed, and filled the gaps with stronger matter. There is something in this; and a study of the mind of Napoleon III., as Emperor, from such authentic records as exist, might be very interesting; but, on the whole, the conviction is inevitable that, where there is evidence of what a man was in his forty-first year, the substance of the man is there revealed. Lastly, there is the supposition that, after all, big as Louis-Napoleon's success has been, it is of a nature to be explicable without regarding the man as intrinsically greater than we have found him—that at the heart of this huge cocoon of European political action for eleven years there may be but a moderately-sized organism—that Napoleon III. may be the Emperor of France, and, in the eyes of the world, the greatest potentate of his age, and yet not be the first, but a mighty way from the first, of contemporary human intelligences.

It is now an accepted belief with all persons of instructed understanding that men who have done much in the world in any department must have been fundamentally sincere themselves—that, as a recent French writer has expressed it, “notwithstanding the vain reputation of high political ability which people have so strangely tried to build up for dissimulation and even for hypocrisy, it is happily incontestable, both from universal experience and from the profound study of human nature, that a really superior man has never been able to exercise any powerful action on his fellows without being first intimately convinced himself.” So general is this notion now, that much of our recent most valuable historical literature has consisted in an application of it—in a systematic literary conspiracy (as it is sometimes irreverently called) to white-

wash one after another all the great blackguards of by-gone centuries. The notion being accepted as true, it seems impossible to deprive Louis Napoleon of his share of the benefit of it—to deny that, with whatever laxity he may have treated other people's *constitutions*, he must have been doggedly true to his own. But is sincerity to one's own views sufficient for success, apart from the consideration of the worth of these views, or their real truth? A man who firmly believed that he had discovered an aerostatic apparatus might try it from the top of a steeple; but, if the principle of his apparatus were unsound, would not nature let loose her permanent agencies on the flying folly, and would not the result be collapse and a broken neck? Accordingly, there has been a disposition to extend the maxim just stated, and to regard success on a large scale, as implying not only sincerity, but also *wisdom* proportioned to its amount. Yet in the department of political influence, this still goes against the popular grain. What saying more famous than that of Oxenstiern, “*Parvo regitur mundus intellectu*: The world is governed “by a small pinch of intellect”? How reconcile the relish for this saying with the contrary tendency of historical belief? To some extent the philosophy of those who regard all government as properly negative might come to our help. If Government, so regarded, is a constantly diminishing necessity in the world, then the quantity and quality of mind required for this kind of service may be constantly growing less and less considerable. Some such tendency, it may be said, is actually apparent in countries enjoying individual freedom. In such countries, it is not among the official persons that the highest intellect would be sought, or, if sought, would be found; the best intelligence—and especially intelligence of an inventive or speculative kind—is absorbed by other occupations. Sagacity, decisiveness, plenty of small intellectual coin, and above all industry, are what official politicians are supposed to require; and a man of large and comprehensive specu-

lative conclusions might be as much out of his place in ordinary political business as a Rothschild would be in an omnibus with nothing but a roll of thousand-pound notes wherewith to pay the conductor his fare. Be this as it may, there are surely occasions, it may be argued, in the history of countries when the higher order of intelligence is required for their government—when no man not regulating his actions by large, sound, and deep intellectual conclusions could keep his ground. The condition of France since 1848, it may be further argued, has presented such an occasion. The intelligence that has succeeded for eleven years in holding its ground *there* cannot have been the mere pinch that Oxenstiern speaks of! Now, so far the examination of Louis-Napoleon's writings might bear out this view. There is a certain bigness in his ideas distinguishing them from those of ordinary politicians. The probability is that he possesses at least as much of the immediate faculty of working state-craft as Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, or any of our ablest routine-politicians; while of that larger kind of faculty which consists of big speculative conceptions kept in stock, of deep-lying blocks of belief or of intention, he certainly possesses, if not a quantity extraordinary in itself, at least more than can be claimed for Lords Palmerston and Derby, or than, in fact, these two noblemen would know what to do with, if they had it. A Louis-Napoleon, in a British Cabinet, would be voted a political fanatic, a dreamer of dull big dreams. In France, since 1848, however, such a man has been in an element more suited for his kind of intelligence. Whether the fact is creditable to the country or not, mere bigness of political conception there has had a certain value, a certain power to subdue and lead. But bigness of political conception is not necessarily wisdom; and as the biggest aerostatic apparatus would collapse if not constructed on sound principles, so, it may be said, the biggest political conceptions would surely collapse in eleven years if not owned by nature during that time

as passable truths. There is a difference, however, between the two cases. In the one case the element to which the adventurer commits himself is one the laws of which are few, simple, known, and fixed; in the other, the element is vast, variable, and complex, composed of stuff itself variable—of the wishes, wants, passions, nay even the fallacies and ignorance of men. And here we see a source of power for Louis-Napoleon in that consistent *positiveness* of his ideas which we have noted as their chief characteristic. Where there is uncertainty or anarchy, there Will itself becomes a fountain of law. If, as some hold, the positive theory of government belongs, as such, to a backward stage of civilization, then, according to their view, the announcement and practice of that theory of government may yet command large constituencies of the human race, precisely because they know no better—more especially if that theory shall define itself, as in Louis-Napoleon's case, as the interpretation and execution of the desires of these same constituencies. How far the success of Louis-Napoleon's government is to be accounted for on this principle, that it is and avows itself to be *the interpretation and execution of the instincts of multitudinous ignorance*, we will not farther discuss; much less the other questions which we can conceive arising out of the discussion—to wit, whether such a theory of government has any claims to be considered the true one; and whether, if it has not, any other positive theory of government of better claims can be announced instead, or the negative theory must be left in possession of the field. One lesson, at least, we may learn from Louis-Napoleon's success; and that is that Imperialism, or positive government of any kind whatever, may still be a formidable thing in the world, and consequently that our conclusions as to what is possible in modern politics in any part of the earth may be a great deal too cut and dry. As if to teach this lesson to our speculative politicians, the last eleven years have been one con-

tinued burst of historical surprises ; and one use of Louis-Napoleon and his success may be to teach our dogmatists not to be so very confident about things. It may be possible also to recognise in him and his reign a more direct utility. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* ; and may not a continent, composed of Austrias and Papacies, be somewhat bettered—receive a shaking even in the direction of Liberty—from all this Napoleonic experimentation ?

Whatever may be the conclusion as to the causes of Louis-Napoleon's success, and whatever of good, immediate or ultimate, may be discerned in his career by Political Science, or by Hope, Faith, and Charity, his is not the personality, his is not the activity which Great Britain, seeking instruction in her own beliefs, her own institutions, her own past history, can regard as worthy of her worship, or can see approaching herself or any part of the earth in which she takes interest without feeling her whole being rising in oppugnancy, her nerve and muscle straining their utmost to throw it

back. But more than this may be necessary. As that morality is a poor one which consists merely in a few rules what *not* to do, and as that activity always is but second-rate which consists only in negating other people's errors, so Great Britain may be bound, sooner or later, if it falls to her to resist Louis-Napoleon, to do so not by simply observing him, and biting at the heels of his policy, but by exhibiting in her own actions a nobler and more commanding cosmopolitical spirit. Some consciousness of this seems to be dawning upon us ; and in the year that is beginning we may see it increase. What is the Volunteer Movement but the mind of the nation gathering courage and consolidation for whatever may lie before it, and, in the very act of securing for self-defence, getting rid of those causes of pusillanimity which might compel even a conscientious nation, through prudence, to a policy of truckling non-offensiveness, and pitch her standard of duty miserably low ?

## TOM BROWN AT OXFORD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

### CHAPTER VII.

#### AN EXPLOSION.

OUR hero soon began to feel that he was contracting his first serious college friendship. The great, strong, badly-dressed, badly-appointed servitor, who seemed almost at the same time utterly reckless of and nervously alive to the opinion of all around him, with his bursts of womanly tenderness and Berserkir rage, alternating like the storms and sunshine of a July day on a high moorland, his keen sense of humour and appreciation of all the good things of this life, the use and enjoyment of which he was so steadily denying himself from high principle, had from the first seized powerfully on all Tom's sym-

pathies, and was daily gaining more hold upon him.

‡ Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends ; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, I take it, the power of going out of oneself, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and living (in St. Paul's sense) in another man.

But even to him who has the gift, it is often a great puzzle to find out whether a man is really a friend or not. The following is recommended as a test in the case of any man about whom you are not quite sure ; especially if he should happen to have more of this world's goods, either in the shape of talents, rank, money, or what not, than you :—

Fancy the man stripped stark naked of everything in the world, except an old pair of trousers and a shirt, for decency's sake, without even a name to him, and dropped down in the middle of Holborn or Piccadilly. Would you go up to him then and there, and lead him out from amongst the cabs and omnibuses, and take him to your own home, and feed him, and clothe him, and stand by him against all the world, to your last sovereign and your last leg of mutton? If you wouldn't do this, you have no right to call him by the sacred name of friend. If you would, the odds are that he would do the same by you, and you may count yourself a rich man. For I reckon that, were friendship expressible by, or convertible into, current coin of the realm, one such friend would be worth to a man at least 100,000*l.* How many millionaires are there in England? I can't even guess; but more by a good many, I fear, than there are men who have ten real friends. But friendship is not so expressible or convertible. It is more precious than wisdom; and wisdom "cannot be gotten for gold, nor shall rubies be mentioned in comparison thereof." Not all the riches that ever came out of earth and sea are worth the assurance of one such real abiding friendship in your heart of hearts.

But for the worth of a friendship commonly so called—meaning thereby a sentiment founded on the good dinners, good stories, opera stalls, and days' shooting you have gotten or hope to get out of a man, the snug things in his gift, and his powers of procuring enjoyment of one kind or another to your miserable body or intellect—why, such a friendship as that is to be appraised easily enough if you find it worth your while; but you'll have to pay your pound of flesh for it one way or another—you may take your oath of that. If you follow my advice, you will take a 10*l.* note down, and retire to your crust of bread and liberty.

So, as I was saying, Tom was rapidly falling into friendship with Hardy. He was not bound hand and foot and carried

away captive till some months later; but he was already getting deeper in the toils.

One evening he found himself as usual at Hardy's door about eight o'clock. The oak was open, but he got no answer when he knocked at the inner door. Nevertheless he entered, having quite got over all shyness or ceremony by this time. The room was empty, but two tumblers and the black bottle stood on the table, and the kettle was hissing away on the hob. "Ah," thought Tom, "he expects me, I see;" So he turned his back to the fire and made himself at home. A quarter of an hour passed, and still Hardy did not return. "Never knew him out so long before at this time of night," thought Tom. "Perhaps he's at some party. I hope so. It would do him a deal of good; and I know he might go out if he liked. Next term see if I won't make him more sociable. It's a stupid custom that freshmen don't give parties in their first term, or I'd do it at once. Why won't he be more sociable? No, after all, sociable isn't the word; he's a very sociable fellow at bottom. What in the world is it that he wants?"

And so Tom balanced himself on the two hind legs of one of the Windsor chairs, and betook himself to pondering what it was exactly which ought to be added to Hardy, to make him an unexceptionable object of hero-worship; when the man himself came suddenly into the room, slamming his oak behind him, and casting his cap and gown fiercely on to the sofa, before he noticed our hero.

Tom jumped up at once. "My dear fellow, what's the matter?" he said; "I'm sorry I came in; shall I go?"

"No—don't go—sit down," said Hardy abruptly; and then began to smoke fast without saying another word.

Tom waited a few minutes watching him, and then broke silence again,—

"I am sure something is the matter, Hardy; you look dreadfully put out—what is it?"

"What is it?" said Hardy bitterly;



"oh, nothing at all—nothing at all; a gentle lesson to servitors as to the duties of their position; not pleasant, perhaps, for a youngster to swallow, but I ought to be used to such things at any rate by this time. I beg your pardon for seeming put out."

"Do tell me what it is," said Tom. "I'm sure I am very sorry for anything which annoys you."

"I believe you are," said Hardy, looking at him, "and I'm much obliged to you for it. What do you think of that fellow Chanter's offering Smith, the junior servitor, a boy just come up, a bribe of ten pounds to prick him in at chapel when he isn't there?"

"The dirty blackguard," said Tom; "by Jove, he ought to be cut. He will be cut, won't he? You don't mean that he really did offer him the money?"

"I do," said Hardy, "and the poor little fellow came here after hall to ask me what he should do, with tears in his eyes."

"Chanter ought to be horsewhipped in quad," said Tom. "I will go and call on Smith directly. What did you do?"

"Why, as soon as I could master myself enough not to lay hands on him," said Hardy, "I went across to his rooms where he was entertaining a select party, and just gave him his choice between writing an abject apology then and there to my dictation, or having the whole business laid before the Principal to-morrow morning. He chose the former alternative, and I made him write such a letter as I don't think he will forget in a hurry."

"That's good," said Tom; "but he ought to have been horsewhipped too. It makes one's fingers itch to think of it. However, Smith's all right now."

"All right!" said Hardy bitterly. "I don't know what you call 'all right.' Probably the boy's self-respect is hurt for life. You can't salve over this sort of thing with an apology plaster."

"Well, I hope it isn't so bad as that," said Tom.

"Wait till you've tried it yourself," said Hardy. "I'll tell you what it is;

one or two things of this sort—and I've seen many more than that in my time—sink down into you, and leave marks like a red-hot iron."

"But, Hardy now, really, did you ever know a bribe offered before?" said Tom.

Hardy thought for a moment. "No," he said, "I can't say that I have; but things as bad, or nearly as bad, often." He paused a minute, and then went on: "I tell you, if it were not for my dear old father, who would break his heart over it, I would cut the whole concern to-morrow. I've been near doing it twenty times, and enlisting in a good regiment."

"Would it be any better there, though?" said Tom gently, for he felt that he was in a magazine.

"Better! yes, it must be better," said Hardy; "at any rate the youngsters there are marchers and fighters; besides, one would be in the ranks and know one's place. Here one is by way of being a gentleman—God save the mark! A young officer, be he never such a fop or profligate, must take his turn at guard, and carry his life in his hand all over the world, wherever he is sent, or he has to leave the service. Service!—yes, that's the word; that's what makes every young red-coat respectable, though he mayn't think it. He is serving his Queen, his country—the devil, too, perhaps—very likely—but still the other in some sort. He is bound to it, sworn to it, must do it; more or less. But a youngster up here with health, strength, and heaps of money—bound to no earthly service, and choosing that of the devil and his own lusts, because some service or other he must have—I want to know where else under the sun you can see such a sight as that?"

Tom mumbled something to the effect that it was by no means necessary that men at Oxford, either rich or poor, need embark in the service which he had alluded to; which remark, however, only seemed to add fuel to the fire. For Hardy now rose from his chair, and began striding up and down the room, his right arm behind his back, the hand

gripping his left elbow, his left hand brought round in front close to his body, and holding the bowl of his pipe, from which he was blowing off clouds in puffs like an engine just starting with a heavy train. The attitude was one of a man painfully trying to curb himself. His eyes burnt like coals under his deep brows. The man altogether looked awful, and Tom felt particularly uncomfortable and puzzled. After a turn or two, Hardy burst out again—

“And who are they, I should like to know, these fellows who dare to offer bribes to gentlemen? How do they live? What do they do for themselves or for this University? By Heaven, they are ruining themselves body and soul, and making this place, which was meant for the training of learned and brave and righteous Englishmen, a lie and a snare. And who tries to stop them? Here and there a don is doing his work like a man; the rest are either washing their hands of the business, and spending their time in looking after those who don't want looking after, and cramming those who would be better without the cramming, or else standing by, cap in hand, and shouting, ‘Oh young men of large fortune and great connexions! you future dispensers of the good things of this realm! come to our colleges, and all shall be made pleasant!’ and the shout is taken up by undergraduates, and tradesmen, and horse-dealers, and cricket-cads, and dog-fanciers, ‘Come to us, and us,’ and us, and we will be your toadies!’ Let them, let them toady and cringe to their precious idols, till they bring this noble old place down about their ears. Down it will come, down it must come, for down it ought to come, if it can find nothing better to worship than rank, money, and intellect. But to live in the place and love it too, and see all this going on, and groan and writhe under it, and not be able—”

At this point in his speech, Hardy came to the turning point in his march at the farther end of the room, just opposite his crockery cupboard; but, instead of turning as usual, he paused,

let go the hold on his left elbow, poised himself for a moment to get a purchase, and then dashed his right fist full against one of the panels. Crash went the slight deal boards, as if struck with a sledge-hammer, and crash went glass and crockery behind. Tom jumped to his feet; in doubt whether an assault on him would not follow; but the fit was over, and Hardy looked round at him, with a rueful and deprecating face. For a moment Tom tried to look solemn and heroic, as befitted the occasion; but, somehow, the sudden contrast flashed on him, and sent him off, before he could think about it, into a roar of laughter, ending in a violent fit of coughing; for in his excitement he had swallowed a mouthful of smoke. Hardy, after holding out for a moment, gave in to the humour of the thing, and the appealing look passed into a smile, and the smile into a laugh, as he turned towards his damaged cupboard, and began opening it carefully in a legitimate manner.

“I say, old fellow,” said Tom, coming up, “I should think you must find it an expensive amusement; do you often walk into your cupboards like that?”

“You see, Brown, I'm naturally a man of a very quick temper.”

“So it seems;” said Tom, “but doesn't it hurt your knuckles? I should have something softer put up for me if I were you; your bolster, with a velvet cap on it, or a Doctor of Divinity's gown now.”

“You be hanged,” said Hardy, as he disengaged the last splinter, and gently opened the ill-used cupboard door. “Oh, thunder and turf, look here,” he went on, as the state of affairs inside disclosed itself to his view, “how many times have I told that thief George never to put anything on this side of my cupboard! Two tumblers smashed to bits, and I've only four in the world. Lucky we'd got those two out on the table.”

“And here's a great piece out of the sugar basin, you see,” said Tom, holding up the broken article, “and, let me see, one cup, and three saucers gone to glory.”

“Well, it's lucky it's no worse,” said Hardy, peering over his shoulder; “I

had a lot of odd saucers, and there's enough left to last my time. Never mind the smash, let's sit down again and be reasonable."

Tom sat down in high good humour. He felt himself more on an equality with his host than he had done before, and even thought he might venture on a little mild expostulation or lecturing. But while he was considering how to improve the occasion, Hardy began himself.

"I shouldn't get so furious, Brown, if I didn't care about the place so much. I can't bear to think of it as a sort of learning machine in which I am to grind for three years to get certain degrees which I want. No—this place, and Cambridge, and our great schools are the heart of dear old England. Did you ever read Secretary Cook's address to the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, &c., in 1636—more critical times, perhaps, even than ours? No? Well, listen, then;" and he went to his bookcase, took down a book, and read: "'The very truth is, that all 'wise princes respect the welfare of their 'estates, and consider that schools and 'universities are (as in the body) the 'noble and vital parts, which being vigorous and sound, send good blood and 'active spirits into the veins and arteries, 'which cause health and strength; or, if 'feeble or ill-affected, corrupt all the vital 'parts; whereupon grow diseases, and in 'the end, death itself.' A low standard up here for ten years may corrupt half the parishes in the kingdom."

"That's true," said Tom, "but—"

"Yes, and so one has a right to be jealous for Oxford. Every Englishman ought to be."

"But I really think, Hardy, that you're unreasonable," said Tom, who had no mind to be done out of his chance of lecturing his host.

"I'm very quick tempered," said Hardy, "as I told you just now."

"But you're not fair on the fast set up here. They can't help being rich men, after all."

"No, so one oughtn't to expect them to be going through the eyes of needles, I suppose. But do you mean to say

you ever heard of a more dirty black-guard business than this?" said Hardy; "he ought to be expelled the University."

"I admit that," said Tom; "but it was only one of them, you know. I don't believe there's another man in the set who would have done it."

"Well, I hope not," said Hardy; "I may be hard on them—as you say, they can't help being rich. But now, I don't want you to think me a violent one-sided fanatic; shall I tell you some of my experiences up here—some passages from the life of a servitor?"

"Do," said Tom, "I should like nothing so well."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HARDY'S HISTORY.

On the whole I think it will put my readers in a better position for understanding my story, if I take this early opportunity of making them better acquainted with Hardy. So I have put together at once a connected sketch of his life, which Tom picked up bit by bit from him, on the night of the broken cupboard and afterwards, as their friendship went on ripening; and as it is always best to let a man speak for himself, Hardy shall tell his own tale, without comment. So let us fancy ourselves in the room described in Chapter V., sitting in a Windsor chair, on the opposite side of the fire to Hardy, and bent with our whole wills on knowing, understanding, throwing ourselves into the life of, and sympathising with, the strange granite block of humanity, who sits in the fellow Windsor chair, and speaks as follows:—

"My father is an old commander in the Royal Navy. He was a second cousin of Nelson's Hardy, and that, I believe, was what led him into the navy, for he had no interest whatever of his own. It was a visit which Nelson's Hardy, then a young lieutenant, paid to his relative, my grandfather, which decided my father, he has told me; but he always had a strong bent to the sea, though he was a boy of very studious habits.

“However, those were times when brave men who knew and loved their profession couldn't be overlooked, and my dear old father fought his way up step by step—not very fast certainly, but still fast enough to keep him in heart about his chances in life. I could show you the accounts of some of the affairs he was in in James's History, which you see up on my shelf there, or I could tell them you myself; but I hope some day you will know him, and then you will hear them in perfection.

“My father was made commander towards the end of the war, and got a ship in which he sailed with a convoy of merchantmen from Bristol. It was the last voyage he ever made in active service; but the Admiralty were so well satisfied with his conduct in it that they kept his ship in commission two years after peace was declared. And well they might be, for in the Spanish main he fought an action which lasted, on and off, for two days, with a French sloop of war, and a privateer, which he always thought was an American, either of which ought to have been a match for him. But he had been with Vincent in the *Arrow*, and was not likely to think much of such small odds as that. At any rate he beat them off, and not a prize could either of them make out of his convoy, though I believe his ship was never fit for anything afterwards, and was broken up as soon as she was out of commission. We have got her compasses, and the old flag which flew at the peak through the whole voyage, at home now. It was my father's own flag, and his fancy to have it always flying. More than half the men were killed, or badly hit—the dear old father amongst the rest. A ball took off part of his knee-cap, and he had to fight the last six hours of the action sitting in a chair on the quarter-deck; but he says it made the men fight better than when he was about among them, seeing him sitting there sucking oranges.

“Well, he came home with a stiff leg. The Bristol merchants gave him the freedom of the city in a gold box, and a splendidly-mounted sword with

an inscription on the blade, which hangs over the mantel-piece at home. When I first left home, I asked him to give me his old service sword, which used to hang by the other, and he gave it me at once, though I was only a lad of seventeen, as he would give me his right eye, dear old father, which is the only one he has now; the other he lost from a cutlass-wound in a boarding party. There it hangs, and those are his epaulettes in the tin case. They used to lie under my pillow before I had a room of my own, and many a cowardly, down-hearted fit have they helped to pull me through, Brown; and many a mean act have they helped to hinder me from doing. There they are always; and the sight of them brings home the dear old man to me as nothing else does, hardly even his letters. I must be a great scoundrel to go very wrong with such a father.

“Let's see—where was I? Oh, yes; I remember. Well, my father got his box and sword, and some very handsome letters from several great men. We have them all in a book at home, and I know them by heart. The ones he values most are from Collingwood, and his old Captain, Vincent, and from his cousin, Nelson's Hardy, who didn't come off much better himself after the war than my father; for my poor old father never got another ship. For some time he went up every year to London, and was always, he says, very kindly received by the people in power, and often dined with one and another Lord of the Admiralty who had been an old messmate. But he was longing for employment; and it used to prey on him while he was in his prime to feel year after year slipping away, and he still without a ship. But why should I abuse people, and think it hard when he doesn't? ‘You see, Jack,’ he said to me the last time we spoke about it, ‘after all, I was a battered old hulk, lame and half blind. So was Nelson, you'll say; but every man isn't a Nelson, my boy. And though I might think I could con or fight a ship as well as ever, I can't say other folk who didn't know me

were wrong for not agreeing with me. Would you now, Jack, appoint a lame and blind man to command your ship, if you had one?' But he left off applying for work soon after he was fifty (I just remember the time), for he began to doubt then whether he was quite so fit to command a small vessel as a younger man; and, though he had a much better chance after that of getting a ship (for William IV. came to the throne, who knew all about him), he never went near the Admiralty again. 'God forbid,' he said, 'that his Majesty should take me if there's a better man to be had.'

"But I have forgotten to tell you how I came into the world, and am telling you my father's story instead of my own. You seem to like hearing about it though, and you can't understand one without the other. However, when my father was made commander, he married, and bought, with his prize-money and savings, a cottage and piece of land, in a village on the south coast, where he left his wife when he went on his last voyage. They had waited some years, for neither of them had any money; but there never were two people who wanted it less, or did more good without it to all who came near them. They had a hard time of it, too, for my father had to go on half-pay; and a commander's half-pay isn't much to live upon and keep a family. For they had a family; three, besides me; but they are all gone. And my mother, too; she died when I was quite a boy, and left him and me alone; and since then I have never known what a woman's love is, for I have no near relations; and a man with such prospects as mine had better keep down all—however, there's no need to go into my notions; I won't wander any more if I can help it.

"I know my father was very poor when my mother died, and I think (though he never told me so) that he had mortgaged our cottage, and was very near having to sell it at one time. The expenses of my mother's illness had been very heavy; I know a good deal of the best furniture

was sold—all, indeed, except a handsome arm-chair, and a little work-table of my mother's. She used to sit in the chair, in her last illness, on our lawn, and watch the sunsets. And he sat by her, and watched her, and sometimes read the Bible to her; while I played about with a big black dog we had then, named Vincent, after my father's old captain; or with Burt, his old boatswain, who came with his wife to live with my father before I can recollect, and lives with us still. He did everything in the garden and about the house; and in the house, too, when his wife was ill, for he can turn his hand to anything, like most old salts. It was he who rigged up the mast and weathercock on the lawn, and used to let me run up the old flag on Sundays, and on my father's wedding-day, and on the anniversary of his action, and of Vincent's action in the *Arrow*.

"After my mother's death my father sent away all the servants, for the boatswain and his wife are more like friends. I was wrong to say that no woman has loved me since my mother's death, for I believe dear old Nanny loves me as if I were her own child. My father, after this, used to sit silent for hours together, doing nothing but look over the sea; but, except for that, was not much changed. After a short time he took to teaching me to read, and from that time I never was away from him for an hour, except when I was asleep, until I went out into the world.

"As I told you, my father was naturally fond of study. He had kept up the little Latin he had learnt as a boy, and had always been reading whatever he could lay his hands on; so that I couldn't have had a better tutor. They were no lessons to me, particularly the geography ones; for there was no part of the world's sea-coast that he did not know, and could tell me what it and the people who lived there were like; and often when Burt happened to come in at such times, and heard what my father was talking about, he would give us some of his adventures and ideas of geography, which were very queer indeed.

“When I was nearly ten, a new vicar came. He was about my father’s age, and a widower, like him; only he had no child. Like him, too, he had no private fortune, and the living is a very poor one. He soon became very intimate with us, and made my father his churchwarden; and, after being present at some of our lessons, volunteered to teach me Greek, which, he said, it was time I should begin to learn. This was a great relief to my father, who had bought a Greek grammar and dictionary, and a delectus, some time before; and I could see him often, dear old father, with his glass in his eye, puzzling away over them when I was playing, or reading Cook’s voyages, for it had grown up to be the wish of his heart that I should be a scholar, and should go into orders. So he was going to teach me Greek himself, for there was no one in the parish except the Vicar who knew a word of anything but English—so that he could not have got me a tutor, and the thought of sending me to school had never crossed his mind, even if he could have afforded to do either. My father only sat by at the Greek lessons, and took no part; but first he began to put in a word here and there, and then would repeat words and sentences himself, and look over my book while I construed, and very soon was just as regular a pupil of the Vicar’s as I.

“The Vicar was for the most part very proud of his pupils, and the kindest of masters; but every now and then he used to be hard on my father, which made me furious, though he never seemed to mind it. I used to make mistakes on purpose at those times to show that I was worse than he at any rate. But this only happened after we had had a political discussion at dinner; for we dined at three, and took to our Greek afterwards, to suit the Vicar’s time, who was generally a guest. My father is a Tory, of course, as you may guess, and the Vicar was a Liberal, of a very mild sort, as I have since thought; ‘a Whig of ’88,’ he used to call himself. But he was in favour of the Reform Bill, which was enough for my father, who

lectured him about loyalty, and opening the flood-gates to revolution; and used to call up old Burt from the kitchen, where he was smoking his pipe, and ask him what he used to think of the Radicals on board ship; and Burt’s regular reply was—

“‘Skulks, yer honour, regular skulks. I wouldn’t give the twist of a fiddler’s elbow for all the lot of ’em as ever pretended to handle a swab, or hand a topsail.’

“The Vicar always tried to argue, but, as Burt and I were the only audience, my father was always triumphant; only he took it out of us afterwards at the Greek. Often I used to think, when they were reading history, and talking about the characters, that my father was much the most liberal of the two.

“About this time he bought a small half-decked boat of ten tons, for he and Burt agreed that I ought to learn to handle a boat, although I was not to go to sea; and when they got the Vicar in the boat on the summer evenings (for he was always ready for a sail, though he was a very bad sailor), I believe they used to steer as near the wind as possible, and get into short chopping seas on purpose. But I don’t think he was ever frightened, though he used sometimes to be very ill.

“And so I went on, learning all I could from my father, and the Vicar, and old Burt, till I was sixteen. By that time I had begun to think for myself; and I had made up my mind that it was time I should do something. No boy ever wanted to leave home less, I believe; but I saw that I must make a move if I was ever to be what my father wished me to be. So I spoke to the Vicar, and he quite agreed with me, and made inquiries amongst his acquaintance; and so, before I was seventeen, I was offered the place of under-master in a commercial school, about twenty miles from home. The Vicar brought the offer, and my father was very angry at first; but we talked him over, and so I took the situation.

“And I am very glad I did, although there were many drawbacks. The salary

was 35*l.* a year, and for that I had to drill all the boys in English, and arithmetic, and Latin, and to teach the Greek grammar to the five or six who paid extra to learn it. Out of school I had to be always with them, and was responsible for the discipline. It was weary work very often, and what seemed the worst part of it, at the time, to me was the trade spirit which leavened the whole of the establishment. The master and owner of the school, who was a keen vulgar man, but always civil enough to me, thought of nothing but what would pay. And this seemed to be what filled the school. Fathers sent their boys, because the place was so practical, and nothing was taught (except as extras) which was not to be of so-called real use to the boys in the world. We had our work quite clearly laid down for us; and it was, not to put the boys in the way of getting real knowledge or understanding, or any of the things Solomon talks about; but to put them in the way of getting on.

"I spent three years at that school, and in that time I grounded myself pretty well in Latin and Greek—better, I believe, than I should have done if I had been at a first-rate school myself; and I hope I did the boys some good, and taught some of them that cunning was not the best quality to start in life with. And I was not often very unhappy, for I could always look forward to my holidays with my father.

"However, I own that I never was better pleased than one Christmas, when the Vicar came over to our cottage, and brought with him a letter from the Principal of St. Ambrose College, Oxford, appointing me to a servitorship. My father was even more delighted than I, and that evening produced a bottle of old rum, which was part of his ship's stock, and had gone all through his action, and been in his cellar ever since. And we three in the parlour, and old Burt and his wife in the kitchen, finished it that night; the boatswain, I must own, taking the lion's share. The Vicar took occasion, in the course of the evening, to hint that it was only poor

men who took these places at the University; and that I might find some inconvenience, and suffer some annoyance, by not being exactly in the same position as other men. But my dear old father would not hear of it; I was now going to be amongst the very pick of English gentlemen—what could it matter whether I had money or not? That was the last thing which real gentlemen thought of. Besides, why was I to be so very poor? he should be able to allow me whatever would be necessary to make me comfortable. 'But, Jack,' he said suddenly, later in the evening, 'one meets low fellows everywhere. You have met them, I know, often at that confounded school, and will meet them again. Never you be ashamed of your poverty, my boy.' I promised readily enough, for I didn't think I could be more tried in that way than I had been already. I had lived for three years amongst people whose class notoriously measured all things by a money standard; now that was all over, I thought. It's easy making promises in the dark. The Vicar, however, would not let the matter rest; so we resolved ourselves into a Committee of Ways and Means, and my father engaged to lay before us an exact statement of his affairs next day. I went to the door with the Vicar, and he told me to come and see him in the morning.

"I half guessed what he wanted to see me for. He knew all my father's affairs perfectly well, and wished to prepare me for what was to come in the evening. 'Your father,' he said, 'is one of the most liberal men I have ever met; he is almost the only person who gives anything to the schools and other charities in this parish, and he gives to the utmost. You would not wish him, I know, to cut off these gifts, which bring the highest reward with them, when they are made in the spirit in which he makes them. Then he is getting old, and you would never like him to deny himself the comforts (and few enough they are) which he is used to. He has nothing but his half-pay, —*l.* a year, to live on; and out of that he pays

—l. a year for insurance; for he has insured his life, that you may have something besides the cottage and land when he dies. I only tell you this, that you may know the facts beforehand. I am sure you would never take a penny from him if you could help it. But he won't be happy unless he makes you some allowance; and he can do it without crippling himself. He has been paying off an old mortgage on his property here for many years, by instalments of 40*l.* a-year, and the last was paid last Michaelmas, so that it will not inconvenience him to make you that allowance. Now, you will not be able to live properly upon that up at Oxford, even as a servitor. I speak to you now, my dear Jack, as your oldest friend (except Burt), and you must allow me the privilege of an old friend. I have more than I want, and I propose to make up your allowance at Oxford to 80*l.* a year, and upon that I think you may manage to get on. Now, it will not be quite candid, but I think, under the circumstances, we shall be justified in representing to your father that 40*l.* a year will be ample for him to allow you. You see what I mean?

"I remember almost word for word what the Vicar said, for it is not often in one's life that one meets with this sort of friend. At first I thanked him, but refused to take anything from him. I had saved enough, I said, to carry me through Oxford. But he would not be put off, and I found that his heart was as much set on making me an allowance himself as on saving my father. So I agreed to take 25*l.* a year from him.

"When we met again in the evening to hear my father's statement, it was as good as a play to see the dear old man with his spectacles on, and his papers before him, proving in some wonderful way, and without making the least misstatement, that he could easily allow me at least 80*l.* or 100*l.* a year. I believe it cost the Vicar some twinges of conscience to persuade him that all I should want would be 40*l.* a year; and it was very hard work, but at last we succeeded, and it was so settled. During the next three

weeks the preparations for my start occupied us all. The Vicar looked out all his old classics, which he insisted that I should take. There they stand on that middle shelf—all well bound, you see, and many of them old college prizes. My father made an expedition to the nearest town, and came back with a large new portmanteau and hat-box, and the next day the leading tailor came over to fit me out with new clothes. In fact, if I had not resisted stoutly I should have come to college with half the contents of the cottage, and Burt as a valet; for the old boatswain was as bad as the other two. But I compromised the matter with him by accepting his pocket compass, and the picture of the brig which hangs there; the two things, next to his old wife, which he values, I believe, most in the world.

"Well, it is now two years last October since I came to Oxford as a servitor; so you see I have pretty nearly finished my time here. I was more than twenty then; much older, as you know, than most freshmen. I dare say it was partly owing to the difference in age, and partly to the fact that I knew no one when I came up, but mostly to my own bad management and odd temper, that I did not get on better than I have done with the men here. Sometimes I think that our college is a bad specimen, for I have made several friends amongst out-college men. At any rate, the fact is, as you have no doubt found out—and I hope I haven't tried at all to conceal it—that I am out of the pale, as it were. In fact, with the exception of one of the tutors, and one man who was a freshman with me, I do not know a man in college except as a mere speaking acquaintance.

"I had been rather thrown off my balance I think at the change in my life, for at first I made a great fool of myself. I had believed too readily what my father had said, and thought that at Oxford I should see no more of what I had been used to. Here I thought that the last thing a man would be valued by would be the length of his purse, and that no one would look down upon me because I performed some services to



the college in return for my keep, instead of paying for it in money.

"Yes, I made a great fool of myself, no doubt of that; and what is worse, I broke my promise to my father—I often *was* ashamed of my poverty, and tried at first to hide it, for somehow the spirit of the place carried me along with it. I couldn't help wishing to be thought of and treated as an equal by the men. It's a very bitter thing for a proud, shy, sensitive fellow, as I am by nature, to have to bear the sort of assumption and insolence one meets with. I furnished my rooms well, and dressed well. Ah! you may stare; but this is not the furniture I started with; I sold it all when I came to my senses, and put in this tumble-down second-hand stuff, and I have worn out my fine clothes. I know I'm not well dressed now. (Tom nodded ready acquiescence to this position.) Yes, though I still wince a little now and then—a good deal oftener than I like—I don't carry any false colours. I can't quite conquer the feeling of shame (for shame it is, I am afraid), but at any rate I don't try to hide my poverty any longer, I haven't for these eighteen months. I have a grim sort of pleasure in pushing it in everybody's face. (Tom assented with a smile, remembering how excessively uncomfortable Hardy had made him by this little peculiarity the first time he was in his rooms.) The first thing which opened my eyes a little was the conduct of the tradesmen. My bills all came in within a week of the delivery of the furniture and clothes; some of them wouldn't leave the things without payment. I was very angry and vexed; not at the bills, for I had my savings, which were much more than enough to pay for everything. But I knew that these same tradesmen never thought of asking for payment under a year, oftener two, from other men. Well, it was a lesson. Credit for gentlemen commoners, ready-money dealings with servitors! I owe the Oxford tradesmen much for that lesson. If they would only treat every man who comes up as a servitor, it would save a deal of misery.

"My cure was completed by much

higher folk, though. I can't go through the whole treatment, but will give you a specimen or two of the doses, giving precedence (as is the way here) to those administered by the highest in rank. I got them from all sorts of people, but none did me more good than the lords' pills. Amongst other ways of getting on, I took to sparring, which was then very much in vogue. I am a good hand at it, and very fond of it, so that it wasn't altogether flunkeyism, I'm glad to think. In my second term two or three fighting men came down from London, and gave a benefit at the weirs. I was there, and set to with one of them. We were well matched, and both of us did our very best; and when we had had our turn we drew down the house, as they say. Several young tufts and others of the faster men came up to me afterwards and complimented me. They did the same by the professional, but it didn't occur to me at the time that they put us both in the same category.

"I am free to own that I was really pleased two days afterwards, when a most elaborate flunkey brought a card to my door inscribed, 'The Viscount Philippine, Ch. Ch., at home to-night, eight o'clock—sparring.' Luckily I made a light dinner, and went sharp to time into Christ Church. The porter directed me to the noble Viscount's rooms; they were most splendid certainly—first-floor rooms in Peckwater. I was shown into the large room, which was magnificently furnished and lighted. A good space was cleared in the centre; there were all sorts of bottles and glasses on the sideboard. There might have been twelve or fourteen men present, almost all in tufts or gentlemen-commoners' caps. One or two of our college I recognised. The fighting man was also there, stripped for sparring, which none of the rest were. It was plain that the sport had not begun; I think he was doing some trick of strength as I came in. My noble host came forward with a nod, and asked me if I would take anything, and, when I declined, said, 'Then will you put on the gloves?' I looked at him rather surprised, and

thought it an odd way to treat the only stranger in his own rooms. However, I stripped, put on the gloves, and one of the others came forward to tie them for me. While he was doing it I heard my host say to the man, 'A five-pound note, mind, if you do it within the quarter-of-an-hour.' 'Only half-minute time then, my lord,' he answered. The man who was tying my gloves said, in a low voice, 'Be steady, don't give him a chance to knock you down.' It flashed across me in a moment now why I was there; but it was too late to draw back, so we stood up and began sparring. I played very steadily and light at first, to see whether my suspicions were well founded, and in two minutes I was satisfied. My opponent tried every dodge to bring on a rally, and when he was foiled, I could see that he was shifting his glove. I stopped and insisted that his gloves should be tied, and then we went on again.

"I kept on the defensive. The man was in bad training, and luckily I had the advantage by an inch or so in length of arm. Before five minutes were over, I had caught enough of the bystanders' remarks to know that my noble host had betted a pony that I should be knocked down in a quarter-of-an-hour. My one object now was to make him lose his money. My opponent did his utmost for his patron, and fairly winded himself in his efforts to get at me. He had to call time twice himself. I said not a word; my turn would come, I knew, if I could keep on my legs, and of this I had little fear. I held myself together, made no attack, and my length of arm gave me the advantage in every counter. It was all I could do, though, to keep clear of his rushes as the time drew on. On he came time after time, careless of guarding, and he was full as good a man as I. 'Time's up; it's past the quarter.' 'No, by Jove, half a minute yet; now's your time,' said my noble host to his man, who answered by a last rush. I met him as before with a steady counter, but this time my blow got home under his chin, and he staggered, lost his footing, and went fairly over on to his back.

"Most of the bystanders seemed delighted, and some of them hurried towards me. But I tore off the gloves, flung them on the ground, and turned to my host. I could hardly speak, but I made an effort, and said quickly, 'You have brought a stranger to your rooms, and have tried to make him fight for your amusement; now I tell you it is a blackguard act of yours—an act which no gentleman would have done.' My noble host made no remark. I threw on my coat and waistcoat, and then turned to the rest and said, '*Gentlemen* would not have stood by and seen it done.' I went up to the sideboard, uncorked a bottle of champagne, and half filled a tumbler before a word was spoken. Then one of the visitors stepped forward and said, 'Mr. Hardy, I hope you won't go; there has been a mistake; we did not know of this. I am sure many of us are very sorry for what has occurred; stay and look on, we will all of us spar.' I looked at him, and then at my host, to see whether the latter joined in the apology. Not he; he was doing the dignified sulky, and most of the rest seemed to me to be with him. 'Will any of you spar with me?' I said tauntingly, tossing off the champagne. 'Certainly,' the new speaker said directly, 'if you wish it, and are not too tired. I will spar with you myself; you will, won't you, James?' and he turned to one of the other men. If any of them had backed him by a word I should probably have stayed. Several of them, I learnt afterwards, would have liked to have done so, but it was an awkward scene to interfere in. I stopped a moment, and then said with a sneer, 'You're too small, and none of the other gentlemen seem inclined to offer.'

"I saw that I had hurt him, and felt pleased at the moment that I had done so. I was now ready to start, and I could not think of anything more unpleasant to say at the moment; so I went up to my antagonist, who was standing with the gloves on still, not quite knowing what to be at, and held out my hand. 'I can shake hands with you at any rate,' I said; 'you only did what

you were paid for in the regular way of business, and you did your best.' He looked rather sheepish, but held out his gloved hand, which I shook. 'Now I have the honour to wish you all a very good evening;' and so I left the place and got home to my own rooms, and sat down there with several new ideas in my head. On the whole the lesson was not a very bitter one, for I felt that I had had the best of the game. The only thing I really was sorry for, was my own insolence to the man who had come forward as a peacemaker. I had remarked his face before. I don't know how it is with you, but I can never help looking at a tuft—the gold tassel draws one's eyes somehow: and then it's an awful position, after all, for mere boys to be placed in. So I knew his face before that day, though I had only seen him two or three times in the street. Now it was much more clearly impressed on my mind; and I called it up and looked it over, half hoping that I should detect something to justify me to myself, but without success. However, I got the whole affair pretty well out of my head by bedtime.

'While I was at breakfast the next morning, my scout came in with a face of the most ludicrous importance, and quite a deferential manner. I declare I don't think he has ever got back since that day to his original free-and-easy swagger. He laid a card on my table, paused a moment, and then said, 'His ludship is houtsid waitin', sir.'

'I had had enough of lords' cards; and the scene of yesterday rose painfully before me as I threw the card into the fire without looking at it, and said, 'Tell him I am engaged.'

'My scout, with something like a shudder at my audacity, replied, 'His ludship told me to say, sir, as his bis'nness was very particular, so hif you was engaged he would call again in half an hour.'

'Tell him to come in, then, if he won't take a civil hint.' I felt sure who it would be, but hardly knew whether to be pleased or annoyed, when in another minute the door opened, and in

walked the peacemaker. I don't know which of us was most embarrassed; he walked straight up to me without lifting his eyes, and held out his hand, saying, 'I hope, Mr. Hardy, you will shake hands with me now.'

'Certainly, my lord,' I said, taking his hand; 'I am sorry for what I said to you yesterday, when my blood was up.'

'You said no more than we deserved,' he answered, twirling his cap by the long gold tassel; 'I could not be comfortable without coming to assure you again myself, that neither I, nor, I believe, half the men in Phillipine's rooms yesterday, knew anything of the bet. I really cannot tell you how annoyed I have been about it.'

'I assured him that he might make himself quite easy, and then remained standing, expecting him to go, and not knowing exactly what to say further. But he begged me to go on with my breakfast, and sat down, and then asked me to give him a cup of tea, as he had not breakfasted. So in a few minutes we were sitting opposite one another over tea and bread and butter, for he didn't ask for and I didn't offer anything else. It was rather a trying meal, for each of us was doing all he could to make out the other. I only hope I was as pleasant as he was. After breakfast he went, and I thought the acquaintance was probably at an end; he had done all that a gentleman need have done, and had well-nigh healed a raw place in my mental skin.

'But I was mistaken. Without intruding himself on me, he managed somehow or another to keep on building up the acquaintance little by little. For some time I looked out very jealously for any patronizing airs, and even after I was convinced that he had nothing of the sort in him, avoided him as much as I could, though he was the most pleasant and best-informed man I knew. However, we became intimate, and I saw a good deal of him, in a quiet way, at his own rooms. I wouldn't go to his parties, and asked him not to come to me here, for my horror of being thought a

tuft-hunter had become almost a disease. He was not so old as I, but he was just leaving the University, for he had come up early, and lords' sons are allowed to go out in two years;—I suppose because the authorities think they will do less harm here in two than three years;—but it is somewhat hard on poor men, who have to earn their bread, to see such a privilege given to those who want it least. When he left, he made me promise to go and pay him a visit—which I did in the long vacation, at a splendid place up in the North, and enjoyed myself more than I care to own. His father, who is quite worthy of his son, and all his family, were as kind as people could be. Well, amongst other folk I met there a young sprig of nobility who was coming up here the next term. He had been brought up abroad, and I suppose knew very few men of his own age in England. Well, he was not a bad style of boy, but rather too demonstrative, and not strong-headed. He took to me wonderfully, was delighted to hear that I was up at Oxford, and talked constantly of how much we should see of one another. As it happened, I was almost the first man he met when he got off the coach at the 'Angel,' at the beginning of his first term. He almost embraced me, and nothing would serve but I must dine with him at the inn, and we spent the evening together, and parted dear friends. Two days afterwards we met in the street; he was with two other youngsters, and gave me a polished and distant bow; in another week he passed me as if we had never met.

"I don't blame him, poor boy. My only wonder is, that any of them ever get through this place without being thoroughly spoilt. From Vice-Chancellor down to scout's boy, the whole of Oxford seems to be in league to turn their heads, even if they come up with them set on straight, which toadying servants take care shall never happen if they can hinder it. The only men who would do them good up here, both dons and undergraduates, keep out of their way, very naturally. Gentlemen-com-

moners have a little better chance, though not much, and seem to me to be worse than the tufts, and to furnish most of their toadies.

"Well, are you tired of my railing? I daresay I am rabid about it all. Only it does go to my heart to think what this place might be, and what it is. I see I needn't give you any more of my experience.

"You'll understand now some of the things that have puzzled you about me. Oh! I know they did; you needn't look apologetic. I don't wonder, or blame you. I am a very queer bird for the perch I have lit on; I know that as well as anybody. The only wonder is that you ever took the trouble to try to lime me. Now have another glass of toddy. Why! it is near twelve. I must have one pipe and turn in. No Aristophanes to-night."

## CHAPTER IX.

### "A BROWN BAIT."

Tom's little exaltation in his own eyes consequent on the cupboard smashing escapade of his friend was not to last long. Not a week had elapsed before he himself arrived suddenly in Hardy's room in as furious a state of mind as the other had so lately been in, allowing for the difference of the men. Hardy looked up from his books and exclaimed:—

"What's the matter? where have you been to-night? You look fierce enough to sit for a portrait of Sanguinoso Volcanoni, the bandit."

"Been!" said Tom, sitting down on the spare Windsor chair, which he usually occupied, so hard as to make it crack again; "been! I've been to a wine party at Hendon's. Do you know any of that set?"

"No, except Grey, who came into residence in the same term with me; we have been reading for degree together. You must have seen him here sometimes in the evenings."

"Yes, I remember; the fellow with a stiff neck, who won't look you in the face."

"Ay, but he is a sterling man at the bottom, I can tell you."

"Well, he wasn't there. You don't know any of the rest?"

"No."

"And never went to any of their parties?"

"No."

"You've had no loss, I can tell you," said Tom, pleased that the ground was clear for him. "I never was amongst such a set of waspish, dogmatical, overbearing fellows in my life."

"Why, what in the name of fortune have they been doing to you? How did you fall among such Philistines?"

"I'm such an easy fool, you see," said Tom, "I go off directly with any fellow that asks me; fast or slow, it's all the same. I never think twice about the matter, and, generally, I like all the fellows I meet, and enjoy everything; but just catch me at another of their stuck-up wines, that's all."

"But you won't tell me what's the matter?"

"Well, I don't know why Hendon should have asked me. He can't think me a likely card for a convert, I should think. At any rate, he asked me to wine, and I went as usual. Everything was in capital style (it don't seem to be any part of their creed, mind you, to drink bad wine), and awfully gentlemanly and decorous."

"Yes, that's aggravating, I admit. It would have been in better taste, of course, if they had been a little black-guard and indecorous. No doubt, too, one has a right to expect bad wine at Oxford. Well?"

Hardy spoke so gravely, that Tom had to look across at him for half a minute. Then he went on with a grin.

"There was a piano in one corner, and muslin curtains—I give you my word, muslin curtains, besides the stuff ones."

"You don't say so?" said Hardy; "put up, no doubt, to insult you. No wonder you looked so furious when you came in. Anything else?"

"Let me see—yes—I counted three sorts of scents on the mantel-piece,

besides eau de Cologne. But I could have stood it all well enough if it hadn't been for their talk. From one thing to another they got to cathedrals, and one of them called St. Paul's 'a disgrace to a Christian city.' I couldn't stand that, you know. I was always bred to respect St. Paul's; weren't you?"

"My education in that line was neglected," said Hardy, gravely. "And so you took up the cudgels for St. Paul's?"

"Yes, I plumped out that St. Paul's was the finest cathedral in England. You'd have thought I had said that lying was one of the cardinal virtues—one or two just treated me to a sort of pitying sneer, but my neighbours were down upon me with a vengeance. I stuck to my text though, and they drove me into saying I liked the Ratcliffe more than any building in Oxford; which I don't believe I do, now I come to think of it. So when they couldn't get me to budge for their talk, they took to telling me that everybody who knew anything about church architecture was against me—of course meaning that I knew nothing about it—for the matter of that, I don't mean to say that I do"—Tom paused; it had suddenly occurred to him that there might be some reason in the rough handling he had got.

"But what did you say to the authorities?" said Hardy, who was greatly amused.

"Said I didn't care a straw for them," said Tom; "there was no right or wrong in the matter, and I had as good a right to my opinion as Pugin—or whatever his name is—and the rest."

"What heresy!" said Hardy, laughing; "you caught it for that, I suppose?"

"Didn't I! They made such a noise over it, that the men at the other end of the table stopped talking (they were all freshmen at our end), and when they found what was up, one of the older ones took me in hand, and I got a lecture about the middle ages, and the monks. I said I thought England was well rid of the monks; and then we got on to Protestantism, and fasting, and apostolic succession, and passive obedience, and I don't know what all!

I only know I was tired enough of it before coffee came; but I couldn't go, you know, with all of them on me at once, could I?"

"Of course not; you were like the 6,000 unconquerable British infantry at Albuera. You held your position by sheer fighting, suffering fearful loss."

"Well," said Tom laughing, for he had talked himself into good humour again, "I dare say I talked a deal of nonsense; and, when I come to think it over, a good deal of what some of them said had something in it. I should like to hear it again quietly; but there were others sneering and giving themselves airs, and that puts a fellow's back up."

"Yes," said Hardy, "a good many of the weakest and vainest men who come up take to this sort of thing now. They can do nothing themselves, and get a sort of platform by going in for the High Church business from which to look down on their neighbours."

"That's just what I thought," said Tom; "they tried to push mother Church, mother Church, down my throat at every turn. I'm as fond of the Church as any of them, but I don't want to be jumping up on her back every minute, like a sickly chicken getting on the old hen's back to warm his feet whenever the ground is cold, and fancying himself taller than all the rest of the brood."

"You were unlucky," said Hardy; "there are some very fine fellows amongst them."

"Well, I haven't seen much of them," said Tom, "and I don't want to see any more, for it seems to me all a Gothic-mouldings and man-millinery business."

"You won't think so when you've been up a little longer," said Hardy, getting up to make tea, which operation he had hardly commenced, when a knock came at the door, and in answer to Hardy's "Come in," a slight shy man appeared, who hesitated, and seemed inclined to go when he saw that Hardy was not alone.

"Oh, come in, and have a cup of tea, Grey. You know Brown, I think?" said Hardy, looking round from the fire,

where he was filling his teapot, to watch Tom's reception of the new comer.

Our hero took his feet down, drew himself up and made a solemn bow, which Grey returned, and then sidled nervously on to a chair and looked very uncomfortable. However, in another minute Hardy came to the rescue and began pouring out the tea. He was evidently tickled at the idea of confronting Tom so soon with another of his enemies. Tom saw this, and put on a cool and majestic manner in consequence, which evidently increased the discomfort of Grey's seat, and kept Hardy on the edge of an abyss of laughter. In fact, he had to ease himself by talking of other indifferent matters and laughing at nothing. Tom had never seen him in this sort of humour before, and couldn't help enjoying it, though he felt that it was partly at his own expense. However, when Hardy once just approached the subject of the wine party, Tom bristled up so quickly, and Grey looked so meekly wretched, though he knew nothing of what was coming, that Hardy suddenly changed the subject, and turning to Grey said—

"What have you been doing the last fortnight? You haven't been here once. I've been obliged to get on with my Aristotle without you."

"I'm very sorry indeed, but I haven't been able to come," said Grey, looking sideways at Hardy, and then at Tom, who sat regarding the wall, supremely indifferent.

"Well, I've finished my Ethics," said Hardy; "can't you come in to-morrow night to talk them over? I suppose you're through them too?"

"No, really," said Grey, "I haven't been able to look at them since the last time I was here."

"You must take care," said Hardy. "The new examiners are all for science and history; it won't do for you to go in trusting to your scholarship."

"I hope to make it up in the Easter vacation," said Grey.

"You'll have enough to do, then," said Hardy; "but how is it you've dropped astern so?"

"Why the fact is," said Grey, hesitatingly, "that the curate of St. Peter's has set up some night-schools, and wanted some help. So I have been doing what I could to help him; and really," looking at his watch, "I must be going. I only wanted to tell you how it was I didn't come now."

Hardy looked at Tom, who was taken rather aback by this announcement, and began to look less haughtily at the wall. He even condescended to take a short glance at his neighbour.

"It's unlucky," said Hardy; "but do you teach every night?"

"Yes," said Grey. "I used to do my science and history at night, you know; but I find that teaching takes so much out of me, that I'm only fit for bed now. However, I'm so glad I've told you. I have wanted to do it for some time. And if you would let me come in for an hour directly after hall, instead of later, I think I could still manage that."

"Of course," said Hardy; "come when you like. But it's rather hard to take you away every night, so near the examinations."

"It is my own wish," said Grey. "I should have been very glad if it hadn't happened just now; but as it has, I must do the best I can."

"Well, but I should like to help you. Can't I take a night or two off your hands?"

"No!" said Tom, fired with a sudden enthusiasm; "it will be as bad for you, Hardy. It can't want much scholarship to teach there. Let me go. I'll take two nights a week, if you'll let me."

"Oh, thank you," said Grey; "but I don't know how my friend might like it. That is—I mean," he said, getting very red, "it's very kind of you, only I'm used to it; and—and they rely on me. But I really must go; good night;" and Grey went off in confusion.

As soon as the door had fairly closed, Hardy could stand it no longer, and lay back in his chair laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. Tom, wholly unable to appreciate the joke, sat looking at him with perfect gravity.

"What can there be in your look, Brown," said Hardy when he could speak again, "to frighten Grey so? Did you see what a fright he was in at once, at the idea of turning you into the night-schools? There must be some lurking Protestantism in your face somewhere, which I hadn't detected."

"I don't believe he was frightened at me a bit. He wouldn't have you either, remember," said Tom.

"Well, at any rate, that don't look as if it were all mere Gothic mouldings and man-millinery, does it?" said Hardy.

Tom sipped his tea and considered.

"One can't help admiring him, do you know, for it," he said. "Do you think he is really thrown back now in his own reading by this teaching?"

"I'm sure of it. He is such a quiet fellow, that nothing else is likely to draw him off reading; and I can see that he doesn't get on as he used, day by day. Unless he makes it up somehow, he won't get his first."

"He don't seem to like the teaching work much," said Tom.

"Quite the contrary, as far as I can see."

"Then it is a very fine thing of him," said Tom.

"And you retract your man-millinery dictum, so far as he is concerned?"

"Yes, that I do, heartily; but not as to the set in general."

"Well, they don't suit me either; but, on the whole, they are wanted, at any rate, in this college. Even the worst of them is making some sort of protest for self-denial and against self-indulgence, which is nowhere more needed than here."

"A nice sort of protest—muslin curtains, a piano, and thirty-four claret."

"Oh, you've no right to count Hendon among them; he has only a little hankering after mediævalism, and thinks the whole thing gentlemanly."

"I only know the whole clamjamfery of them were there, and didn't seem to protest much."

"Brown, you're a bigot. I should never have thought you would have been so furious against any set of fellows. I begin to smell Arnold."

"No, you don't. He never spoke to me against anybody."

"Hallo! It was the Rugby atmosphere, then, I suppose. But I tell you they are the only men in this college who are making that protest, whatever their motives may be."

"What do you say to yourself, old fellow?"

"Nonsense! I never deny myself any pleasure that I can afford, if it isn't wrong in itself, and doesn't hinder any one else. I can tell you I'm as fond of fine things and good living as you."

"If it isn't wrong, and you can afford it, and it don't hurt anybody! Just so; well, then, mustn't it be right for you to have? You wouldn't have it put under your nose, I suppose, just for you to smell at it, and let it alone?"

"Yes; I know all that. I've been over it all often enough, and there's truth in it. But, mind you, it's rather slippery ground, especially for a freshman; and there's a great deal to be said on the other side—I mean, for denying oneself just for the sake of the self-denial."

"Well, they don't deny themselves the pleasure of looking at a fellow as if he were a Turk, because he likes St. Paul's better than Westminster Abbey."

"How that snubbing you got at the Ecclesiological wine-party seems to rankle—There now! don't bristle up like a hedgehog. I'll never mention that unfortunate wine again. I saw the eight come in to-day. You are keeping much better time; but there is a weak place or two forward."

"Yes," said Tom, delighted to change the subject, "I find it awfully hard to pull up to Jervis' stroke. Do you think I shall ever get to it?"

"Of course you will. Why, you have only been pulling behind him a dozen times or so, and his is the most trying stroke on the river. You quicken a little on it; but I didn't mean you. Two and five are the blots in the boat."

"You think so?" said Tom, much

relieved. "So does Miller, I can see. It's so provoking—Drysdale is to pull two in the races next term, and Blake seven, and then Diogenes will go to five. He's obliged to pull seven now, because Blake won't come down this term; no more will Drysdale. They say there will be plenty of time after Easter."

"It's a great pity," said Hardy.

"Isn't it?" said Tom; "and it makes Miller so savage. He walks into us all as if it were our faults. Do you think he's a good coxswain?"

"First rate on most points, but rather too sharp-tongued. You can't get a man's best out of him without a little praise."

"Yes, that's just it; he puts one's back up," said Tom. "But the Captain is a splendid fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes; but a little too easy, at least with men like Blake and Drysdale. He ought to make them train or turn them out."

"But whom could he get? There's nobody else. If you would pull now—why shouldn't you? I'm sure it would make us all right."

"I don't subscribe to the club," said Hardy; "I wish I had, for I should like to have pulled with you and behind Jervis this year."

"Do let me tell the Captain," said Tom; "I'm sure he'd manage it somehow."

"I'm afraid it's too late," said Hardy; "I cut myself off from everything of the sort two years ago, and I'm beginning to think I was a fool for my pains."

Nothing more was said on the subject at the time, but Tom went away in great spirits at having drawn this confession out of Hardy—the more so, perhaps, because he flattered himself that he had had something to say to the change in his friend. From this time he set himself to work on the problem of getting Hardy into the racing boat of St. Ambrose's College.

*To be continued.*



## SEA DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A CITY clerk, but gently born and bred ;  
 His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—  
 One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old :  
 They, thinking that her clear germander eye  
 Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,  
 Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea :  
 For which his gains were dock'd, however small :  
 His gains were small, and hard his work ; besides,  
 Their slender household fortunes (for the man  
 Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,  
 Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep :  
 And oft, when sitting all alone, his face  
 Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,  
 And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,  
 To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine.  
 Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,  
 All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,  
 At close of day ; slept, woke, and went the next,  
 The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,  
 To chapel ; where a heated pulpiteer,  
 Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,  
 Announced the coming doom, and fulminated  
 Against the scarlet woman and her creed :  
 For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd  
 ' Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held  
 The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself  
 Were that great Angel ; ' Thus with violence  
 Shall Babylon be cast into the sea ;  
 Then comes the close.' The gentle-hearted wife  
 Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world ;

He at his own : but when the wordy storm  
 Had ended, forth they moved and paced the sand,  
 Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,  
 Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed  
 (The sootflake of so many a summer still  
 Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.  
 So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,  
 Lingered about the thymy promontories,  
 Until the sails were darken'd in the west  
 And rosed in the east : then homeward and to bed :  
 Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope  
 Haunting a holy text, and still to that  
 Returning, as the bird returns, at night,  
 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,'  
 Said, 'Love, forgive him :' but he did not speak ;  
 And silenced by that silence lay the wife,  
 Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,  
 And musing on the little lives of men,  
 And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide  
 Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks  
 Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,  
 And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell  
 In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon  
 Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs  
 Heard thro' the living roar. At this the babe,  
 Their Margaret cradled near them, wail'd and woke  
 The mother, and the father suddenly cried,  
 'A wreck, a wreck !' then turn'd, and groaning said,

'Forgive ! How many will say, "forgive," and find  
 A sort of absolution in the sound  
 To hate a little longer ! No ; the sin  
 That neither God nor man can well forgive,  
 Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.  
 It is not true that second thoughts are best,  
 But first, and third, which are a riper first ;  
 Too ripe, too late ! they come too late for use.  
 Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast  
 Something divine to warn them of their foes :  
 And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,  
 Said, "trust him not ;" but after, when I came  
 To know him more, I lost it, knew him less ;  
 Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity ;

Sat at his table ; drank his costly wines ;  
 Made more and more allowance for his talk ;  
 Went further, fool ! and trusted him with all,  
 All my poor scrapings from a dozen years  
 Of dust and deskwork : there is no such mine,  
 None ; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,  
 Not making. Ruin'd ! ruin'd ! the sea roars  
 Ruin : a fearful night !'

'Not fearful ; fair,'  
 Said the good wife, 'if every star in heaven  
 Can make it fair : you do but hear the tide.  
 Had you ill dreams ?'

'O yes,' he said, 'I dream'd  
 Of such a tide swelling toward the land,  
 And I from out the boundless outer deep  
 Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one  
 Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.  
 I thought the motion of the boundless deep  
 Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it  
 In darkness : then I saw one lovely star  
 Larger and larger. "What a world," I thought,  
 "To live in !" but in moving on I found  
 Only the landward exit of the cave,  
 Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond :  
 And near the light a giant woman sat,  
 All over earthy, like a piece of earth,  
 A pickaxe in her hand : then out I slipt  
 Into a land all sun and blossom, trees  
 As high as heaven, and every bird that sings :  
 And here the night-light flickering in my eyes  
 Awoke me.'

'That was then your dream,' she said,  
 'Not sad, but sweet.'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he,  
 'And mused upon it, drifting up the stream  
 In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced  
 The broken vision ; for I dream'd that still  
 The motion of the great deep bore me on,  
 And that the woman walk'd upon the brink :  
 I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it :  
 "It came," she said, "by working in the mines :"

O then to ask her of my shares, I thought ;  
 And ask'd ; but not a word ; she shook her head.  
 And then the motion of the current ceas'd,  
 And there was rolling thunder ; and we reach'd  
 A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns ;  
 But she with her strong feet up the steep hill  
 Trod out a path : I follow'd ; and at top  
 She pointed seaward : there a fleet of glass,  
 That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,  
 Sailing along before a gloomy cloud  
 That not one moment ceased to thunder, past  
 In sunshine : right across its track there lay,  
 Down in the water, a long reef of gold,  
 Or what seem'd gold : and I was glad at first  
 To think that in our often-ransack'd world  
 Still so much gold was left ; and then I fear'd  
 Lest that gay navy there should splinter on it,  
 And fearing waved my arm to warn them off ;  
 An idle signal, for the brittle fleet  
 (I thought I could have died to save it) near'd,  
 Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke,  
 I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see  
 My dream was Life ; the woman honest Work ;  
 And my poor venture but a fleet of glass  
 Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort him,  
 'You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke  
 The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it ;  
 And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream :  
 A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.'

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband ; 'yesterday  
 I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd  
 That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.  
 Like her, he shook his head. "Show me the books !"  
 He dodged me with a long and loose account.  
 "The books, the books !" but he, he could not wait,  
 Bound on a matter he of life and death :  
 When the great Books (see Daniel seven, the tenth)  
 Were open'd, I should find he meant me well ;  
 And then began to bloat himself, and ooze  
 All over with the fat affectionate smile  
 That makes the widow lean. My dearest friend,  
 Have faith, have faith ! We live by faith," said he ;

"And all things work together for the good  
 Of those"—it makes me sick to quote him—last  
 Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went:  
 I stood like one that had received a blow :  
 I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,  
 A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,  
 A curse in his God-bless-you : then my eyes  
 Pursued him down the street, and far away,  
 Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,  
 Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
 And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.'

'Was he so bound, poor soul?' said the good wife ;  
 'So are we all : but do not call him, love,  
 Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.  
 His gain is loss ; for he that wrongs his friend  
 Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about  
 A silent court of justice in his breast,  
 Himself the judge and jury, and himself  
 The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd :  
 And that drags down his life : then comes what comes  
 Hereafter : and he meant, he said he meant,  
 Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well.'

" "With all his conscience and one eye askew" —  
 Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn  
 A man is likewise counsel for himself,  
 Too often, in that silent court of yours—  
 "With all his conscience and one-eye askew,  
 So false, he partly took himself for true ;  
 Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,  
 Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye ;  
 Who, never naming God except for gain,  
 So never took that useful name in vain ;  
 Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,  
 And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged ;  
 And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest  
 Arising, did his holy oily best,  
 Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,  
 To spread the word by which himself had thriven."  
 How like you this old satire ?'

'Nay,' she said,  
 'I loathe it : he had never kindly heart,  
 Nor ever cared to better his own kind,'

Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.  
But will you hear my dream, for I had one  
That altogether went to music? still,  
It awed me. Well—I dream'd that round the north  
A light, a belt of luminous vapour, lay,  
And ever in it a low musical note  
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge  
Of breaker came from out the belt, and still  
Grew with the growing note, and when the note  
Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs  
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that  
Which lived within the belt) by which I saw  
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,  
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,  
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,  
One after one: and then the great ridge drew,  
Lessening to the lessening music, back,  
And past into the belt and swell'd again  
To music: ever when it broke I saw  
The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall;  
Then from the gaps of ruin which it left  
Came men and women in dark clusters round,  
Some crying, "Set them up! they shall not fall!"  
And others "Let them lie, for they have fall'n."  
And still they strove and wrangled: and I grieved  
In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find  
Their wildest wailings never out of tune  
With that sweet note; and ever when their shrieks  
Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave  
Returning, tho' none mark'd it, on the crowd  
Broke, mix'd with awful light, and show'd their eyes  
Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away  
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,  
To the waste deeps together: and I fixt  
My wistful eyes on two fair images,  
Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars,—  
The Virgin Mother standing with her child  
High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—  
Till she began to totter, and the child  
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry  
Which mix'd with little Margaret's, and I woke,  
And my dream awed me:—well—but what are dreams?  
Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,  
And mine but from the crying of a child.'

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this tide's roar, and his,  
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,  
And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms  
(Altho' I grant but little music there)  
Went both to make your dream : but were there such  
A music, harmonizing our wild cries,  
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,  
Why, that would make our Passions far too like  
The discords dear to the musician. No—  
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven :  
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune  
With nothing but the Devil !'

' "True" indeed !

One of our town, but later by an hour  
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore ;  
While you were running down the sands, and made  
The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,  
Good man, to please the child : she brought strange news.  
I would not tell you then to spoil your day,  
But he, at whom you rail so much, is dead.'

'Dead? who is dead?'

'The man your eye pursued.  
A little after you had parted with him,  
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease.'

'Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he  
To die of? dead!'

'Ah, dearest, if there be  
A devil in man, there is an angel too,  
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,  
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice  
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.  
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep  
Without her "little birdie?" well then, sleep,  
And I will sing you "birdie."'

Saying this,  
The woman half turn'd round from him she loved,  
Left him one hand, and reaching through the night,  
Her other, found (for it was close beside)

And half embraced the basket cradle-head  
 With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough  
 That moving moves the nest and nestling, sway'd  
 The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does little birdie say  
 In her nest at peep of day?  
 Let me fly, says little birdie,  
 Mother, let me fly away.  
 Birdie, rest a little longer,  
 Till the little wings are stronger.  
 So she rests a little longer,  
 Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
 In her bed at peep of day?  
 Baby says, like little birdie,  
 Let me rise and fly away.  
 Baby, sleep a little longer,  
 Till the little limbs are stronger.  
 If she sleeps a little longer,  
 Baby too shall fly away.

'She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.  
 He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.  
 He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear,  
 And I shall sleep the sounder!'

Then the man,  
 'His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.  
 Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:  
 I do forgive him!'

'Thanks, my love,' she said,  
 'Your own will be the sweeter,' and they slept.



## THE LATE DR. GEORGE WILSON, OF EDINBURGH.

BY THE REV. JOHN CAIRNS, D.D.

WHEN the name of Dr. George Wilson appeared in the first number of this Magazine in connexion with a paper ranging in his own original and delightful way over all styles from genial humour to pathetic solemnity, it little occurred to any reader that the latter strain was prophetic, and that before another issue he should be numbered with the dead. A melancholy interest now attaches to this last production of its gifted author's mind; and we claim the privilege of paying a special tribute of regret and sorrow to his memory. It is difficult to estimate the whole extent of the blank made by his removal in the scientific, literary, and Christian world. Ours shall be the humbler office of recording a few leading incidents in his too short career, and of sketching rapidly the more salient features of his character and genius. The simplest recital will reveal a life as truly heroic as his writings have been brilliant and attractive.

George Wilson was born at Edinburgh, on the 21st of February, 1818. He had a twin brother of fine promise, who was cut off in opening manhood. The family into which he was born was the abode of Christian virtue, and of refined taste and culture; but its members could be started in life with little other inheritance than a good name and liberal education. At a public educational meeting held in Edinburgh some years ago, George Wilson gratefully commemorated the resolve of his father to give him the best possible education; and these efforts were more than seconded by the energy of his mother, to whose qualities of mind and heart the sacredness of living grief forbids more than a brief allusion. Under this roof were reared with George Wilson an elder brother,—Dr. Daniel Wilson, of University College, Toronto, the well-known Scottish archæologist,—and three sisters,

two of whom survive [five of the family died in infancy], as also a family of cousins, orphan children of the Rev. John Russell, minister of the parish of Muthil, in Perthshire. In pursuance of his parents' resolution, George Wilson attended till fifteen the High School of Edinburgh, where he not only distinguished himself in his classes, but formed one of a little society meeting at his home, which published a manuscript weekly newspaper. His inherent love of literature broke out in verse as well as prose, his first effusion being in the form of an address of thanks by a butterfly to himself for having rescued it from drowning in a pool of water. The tender heart which was afterwards to plead so earnestly with medical students against the cruelty of reckless vivisection was here revealed; and many other touching instances of humanity, noble in a child, and associated with much forethought and self-denial, could be recited. Natural science was at this time his favourite study; and he selected the profession of medicine, with no view to practice, but as an introduction to physical research. He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1833, and completed the usual medical studies by graduation in 1839. Four years were spent by him as a medical apprentice in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh; and having meanwhile turned the bent of his genius towards chemistry, he prosecuted this study for eighteen months under Mr. Kenneth Kemp, whose praise he loved to repeat, in the laboratory of Professor Christison, and afterwards for six months as assistant to Professor Graham, now Master of the Mint, in London. Here his future eminence was recognised; and it happened that many years afterwards he was reminded by Dr. Livingstone that that great traveller and himself had been contemporaries in the same laboratory.

On his return to Edinburgh, his chief associates were his fellow students, Samuel Brown, Edward Forbes, and John Goodsir; and in the company of these original minds he prosecuted with intense eagerness not only chemistry, but the cognate sciences. Ardent in temperament, buoyant with youth, and elastic in body as in mind, with gay humour, keen repartee, flashing fancy, and profuse literary as well as scientific faculty, under the presidency of a clear judgment and a strong will, he seemed formed to cut his way to the rapid eminence and brilliant success after which he eagerly panted. A totally different path was marked out for him; and in this contrast lies the moral interest and pathos of his life. Over-exertion in a pedestrian excursion with one of his cousins,—a student of the brightest promise, too soon eclipsed,—brought on a severe illness, under the depressing influence of which his first course of lectures, in 1840, was to himself fraught with much weariness and exhaustion. The shadow of disease deepened; and for eighteen months his struggle was to ward off death. His life was saved by partial amputation of the left foot, leaving him thus permanently lame, and with his whole system shattered beyond recovery. Extraordinary physical courage sustained him in this agony [it was before the days of chloroform]; and he deliberately resolved to undergo the operation, with hardly the knowledge of a single relative. But he had found a better resource than stoical endurance; and whoever reads his deeply touching narrative of the life of Dr. John Reid, will recognise the vivid lines of an autobiography painted on another canvas. For him, too, Christian faith—the noblest and purest—rose amid the dark and terrible shadows of suffering; and after a tedious and imperfect convalescence, he came forth with a spirit strengthened from heaven to bear the life-long burden of a feeble body, and to accept life on the most disadvantageous terms as a blessed and divine ministry. The inward man had gained infinitely

more than the outward man had lost; and, with all his originally noble qualities exalted, there was found a humility, a gentleness, a patience, a self-forgetfulness, and a dedication of life to Christian ends and uses, which henceforth made every place and work sacred.

He resumed his lectures on chemistry in 1842, with all the ardour of his first choice, and calmly faced the hard and tedious ascent which was before him. The elasticity of his mind and the brightness of his humour returned; pupils gathered; and his voice began to be heard beyond the lecture-room in the arena of scientific debate. He became an authority in the controversy which distracted Edinburgh in 1843 as to the validity of Dr. Samuel Brown's processes for "the transmutation of carbon into silicon." His first appeal on Dr. Brown's side attracted the notice of Lord Jeffrey, who became his fast friend; and when in the following year he narrated to his class the laborious experiments which compelled him to change his view of Dr. Brown's success, he had the presence of Dr. Chalmers and Sir William Hamilton. Lectures to working men in the School of Arts, and to pupils in the Veterinary College, were added in 1844 to his prelections in the School of Medicine; and by and by, the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh supplied an additional public, beyond the student circle, capable of appreciating his mastery of exposition and experiment, his rich fancy, and his skill in imparting to science human warmth and tenderness. His reputation was diffused by a series of essays in the *British Quarterly Review*, begun in 1845, and continued till 1849, which are in point of style as successful as anything he ever wrote. The paper on Chemistry and Natural Theology boldly grapples with the difficulty arising from the presence of evil as well as good in the manifestations of design, and contains a vivid reflection of his own experience of suffering; while the scientific memoirs on Dalton, Cavendish, Black, Priestley, Wollaston, and Boyle show a range of reading and a power of eluci-

dation not often combined in the treatment of any science. Only a chemist can speak critically of his original papers, published from 1839 onwards in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, and other societies; but to a non-professional eye their great research is apparent, and not less the good taste which dictated a total absence of the ornaments of fancy or eloquence so liberally employed in more popular discussions. An elementary Text-Book in Chemistry, published in 1850, soon reached a very wide circulation; and in 1851 the Cavendish Society employed him to write the life of Cavendish, which he executed with a fine biographical instinct, and at the same time the vigour of scientific inquiry into the controverted discovery of the composition of water. The struggle of lecturing, however, still continued; and in addition to necessary labours, he subjected his feeble frame to others merely honorary or philanthropic, such as addresses to medical students on the spirit in which they should prosecute their studies, and on the sacredness of medicine as a profession. No door of entrance opened for him into any university, from his inability to take with a good conscience the requisite test; and the unfairness of that arrangement, which he helped so much to reform, was never more strikingly illustrated than by the exclusion of a man whose religious belief embraced the whole vital substance of the Scottish confession, and who daily translated it into action. Meanwhile, his researches on "Colour-Blindness," published in 1852-3, extended his reputation, containing not only original discoveries, but applications of science to the safety of human life. After fifteen years of extra-academical labour, the Government at length recognised his services by founding an Industrial Museum of which he was appointed Director, and creating for him the Chair of Technology in the University of Edinburgh. When afterwards the Chemistry Chair in the same University—the highest post of the kind in Scotland—was, by universal consent, within his

reach, he preferred, at the strong instance of Government, to remain in his first position. The conflict of life seemed over, or only maintained in the zeal and energy with which he subjected the wide range of arts and manufactures to fresh study for the purpose of instruction, or in the glowing and earnest strain of occasional lectures, in which he summoned all public bodies to help him in the work of making the national institution over which he presided worthy of the age, and a fitting watch-tower of civilization and philanthropy. Unexpected embarrassments and delays arose year after year; and they were only beginning to be surmounted, and some reward presented in no remote future for his incessant anxieties and labours in connexion with this enterprise, when the summons suddenly came that called him away. His health had been for years so utterly broken, that, in his own words, he was "resigned to live," rather than to die. Bleeding from the lungs was frequent; and blisters, so long indispensable to his freedom from pain, he called, with his unconquerable gaiety of heart, his "bosom-friends." Yet his death came with the shock of a surprise, so full was his life of visible work, and of public appearances that seemed to himself and others surrounded with every association of light and gladness. The end of such a life was in harmony with its course, full of that peace which had been his strength in every labour, and his stay in every trial. He died on the 22d November, 1859, and was interred in the Old Calton burying-ground, having received the honour of a public funeral, with singular testimonies of respect from all classes. Scotland could ill afford such a loss; and there was something rare and touching in the homage with which Edinburgh—the least demonstrative of cities—followed him to the grave.

No sketch of his personal qualities will be recognised by his intimate friends as full and adequate. An overflowing benignity and geniality of nature, at once tender and playful, and which opened the hearts of men like sunshine,

were united to a manly decision and loftiness of moral aim, which inspired unflinching respect, and, in the graver passages of his life, reverential admiration. Perfect in all the courtesies of society, and able to delight the most refined circles with his exquisite wit and knowledge, he could turn with still greater relish to correspond with children, or to enjoy the wonder of some ragged city mission audience at a voluntary scientific lecture. A more pure and unselfish nature never struggled under the burden of philanthropy; and his visits to the sick and suffering, and appeals and speeches on behalf of the ignorant and neglected, were only limited by the fragility of a body which they perpetually overtaken. This tribute is due to the man before we speak of the philosopher, for to him knowledge—dear for its own sake—was ever dearer as the handmaid of love.

The time has not yet come to measure his scientific work—to separate it from that of other labourers, and to imprint on it the stamp of his name. Here, at least, it cannot be done by one who has no call to such an office, or fitness for it. Men of science will do justice to one who spent weary days and nights in judging of the discoveries of others, without ever parading or asserting his own. The strength of the scientific faculty within him could be seen without any special acquaintance with his own department; and this lay more, perhaps, in wide, clear views, searching analysis, and sagacious induction, than in the sudden and rapid guesses and combinations which might have been expected from a preponderant fancy. He had vigour of judgment in such degree as to counterbalance this tendency; and hence, one of the most vivid of expositors was one of the most cautious of reasoners and sober of critics.

His gifts of exposition and illustration were perfectly wonderful. A scientific clearness of conception and expression hardly to be surpassed, with fulness of knowledge, ranging over a vast surface of inquiry, were in him combined with a freshness of fancy

that seized on the most unexpected analogies and contrasts; an exuberant humour that gave zest and relief to the hardest and gravest subjects; and a high strain of moral eloquence that linked every topic with man's joys, and sorrows, and deep, enduring interests. It would not be easy to name examples of exposition more admirable and delightful than his statement of the atomic theory, in his paper on "John Dalton," his various essays on "The Electric Telegraph," and his "Five Gateways of Knowledge." His most hasty occasional lectures run into shapes of inimitable grace and beauty, extracted often by the plastic hand of the artist from the most intractable materials. One great charm of all his writings is their radical simplicity and truthfulness. The eyes of science precede and guide everywhere the wings of fancy. No original scientific man, with so much of the genius of the poet, had ever so little of the exaggeration of the rhapsodist.

The effort of his life was to render science at once more human and more divine. His heart was strung throughout in sympathy with the touching prayers of the *Novum Organon*, that all science may become a healing art; and his last public office was regarded by him with special affection, as ministering to industrial progress and happiness. He sought, however, not less to link science with religion; and that not so much with the cold and comparatively unsatisfactory results of natural theology, as with the warmth and life of the Christian faith. No scientific writer of our day has so habitually and lovingly quoted the Bible, from his essay on Dalton, whom he represents as proving that God literally "weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," down to his last paper, which closes with remarking the identity of Professor Thomson's astronomical proof of the evanescence of the heavens with the words of the 102d Psalm. He hoped to live to write a "Religio Chemicæ," corresponding to Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," and em-

bracing, amongst other topics of discussion, the doctrine of the resurrection.

His life—bright with rare virtues—was the only "Religio Chemicæ" given him to finish. This was higher than the contemplated work, or all which preceded. To have moved amidst the altitudes and solitudes of science with a humble and loving heart; to have spoken out words on the sacredness of medicine as a profession and scientific life in general, more lofty than have almost been heard even from the pulpit, and to have illustrated them in practice; to have enforced the subjection of all knowledge to one Name, the highest in earth and heaven; to have conquered

by faith in a life-long struggle with pain and suffering; and to have wrought out the work of the day placidly and devoutly till the night came;—these, in any, and especially in the leaders of science, are processes and results greater than can be described in the transactions of any society, or preserved in any museum. The last published words of George Wilson—"It is the writer "that shall be immortal, not the writing"—are now the best consolation to the wide circle who lament his sudden departure and unaccomplished aims, and the strongest incentive to pursue and aspire after the same Christian immortality.

## AMERICAN HUMOROUS POETRY.<sup>1</sup>

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

IF the mirror-holding power of observation, freaked with jest, and existing only in an atmosphere of pathetic thought, be true humour, then the Americans, although eminently a humorous people, seem to show least of it in their poetry. We can find no more than three writers who have any pretension to the title of humorous poets. They are Holmes, Saxe, and Lowell. It would appear that, being heirs with ourselves in the works of Chaucer, Shakespere, Butler, and Pope, and co-partners in possession of those masterpieces which have sustained the character of the older country in what is really almost a national peculiarity, they have rested content to share with us; for even of these three, but one, the last, can be considered as an eminently

national and original writer of the kind in question.

There are, indeed, amongst the American poets many who, like weakly exotics, seem to be kept warm in ethic stoves, and toasted over slow fires of sentimentality. Most of these delicate seedlings will vanish with the progress of a national literature. How great the promise of that is, let the historians and men of science be quoted as examples. It must be patent to every one how much American poetry in general comes short in manliness and "muscularity." Even the majority of their prose writers fail in this respect, and their humourists are even more remarkably deficient. Of these, Poe, the most notable of the men of inventive faculty, failed almost entirely as a humourist, not so much from the want of power, but from being more strongly attracted to the dramatic and picturesque element of tale-writing, wherein he has hardly a rival for wealth of invention of a peculiar order. Parts of these tales, which we need not further name, will support our estimate of him as an uncultivated rather than a barren humourist. Hawthorne is a genuine

<sup>1</sup> Poems of John G. Saxe. Third Edition. Boston, U.S.: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1851.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Sampson Low, Son, and Co. London: 1858.

O. W. Holmes's Poetical Works. Routledge and Co. London: 1852.

The Biglow Papers. By J. R. Lowell. Trübner and Co. London: 1859.

humourist, for the "House of the Seven Gables" is, despite the brooding nightmare that hangs over the story, replete with humour and grim fun. We exclude Judge Haliburton from the category of American humourists, simply because there is a deeper dash of the Englishman than the Statesman in his works, and a good deal of broad mother-wit (a thing very distinct from humour), which alone would put him out of the list, especially as we propose to treat of humorous poetic rather than of prose writing. Irving is out of our subject in point of time.

A great work makes a class by itself; and we cannot forbear taking the "Biglow Papers" as a type of pure and genuine American poetry, very simply and strongly national; indeed, in this intense character of nationality the excellence of the book consists, and therein lies the chance that it shall become a book, in the truest sense of the word—a thing that shall remain, and be a picture or reflecting mirror to the future of the times that exist around us. Without, of course, instituting anything like a comparison, we may remind the reader that the best works yet produced have had this character of nationality as one of their chief points. How intensely Greek is Homer, how Eastern the Scriptures, how much of the Italian of the middle ages would be lost to us with Dante! Who would interest us in the Spaniard of the sixteenth century if "Don Quixote" were lost? Could any other corner of the earth have produced Burns than that angle of Scotland—south Scotland, be it noted—which was his birthplace? Our interest in a whole people will lie with a great writer; and we are much mistaken if the "Biglow Papers" do not tell the future more about the souls and lives of Americans of the middle of the nineteenth century than any State-paper that may survive in the Capitol or the Record Chamber of New York. Let not the reader cry out, "Why all this fuss about a book of humorous poems?" To this we must reply, that the pen which wrote a phrase such as this, when speaking of

a private soldier's share of glory, is no plaything:—

"Ef you should multiply by ten the  
portion o' the brav'st one,  
You wouldn't git more'n half enough  
to speak of on a grave-stun;  
We git the licks,—*we're jest the grist  
thet's put into war's hoppers*;  
Leftenants is the lowest grade thet  
helps pick up the coppers."

Thus premising our conviction of the importance of national individuality in a poem, we will consider the works of the two poets before named, John G. Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. A very short examination will deprive them of much of the above quality, and allow us to do justice to their merits in other respects. In America, Saxe is probably the most popular humourist, and his volume of "Poems" has there reached three or four editions. This may be accounted for partly from a certain scholastic elegance and finish of style they possess, and still more through the very scope and generality of treatment in which he indulges; for no man feels himself hit when a whole class is attacked, and the blows which are distributed over the whole body politic cause but little wincing. The most important of his works is "Progress: a Satire" on the moral and political condition of the States; and from this a brief quotation will display the style of the writer, suggest to English readers the source of that style, and illustrate our remark on the want of directness discernible in the application of his wit. The subject is a *fracas* in Congress.

"Here rural Chathams, eager to attest  
The 'growing greatness of the mighty  
West,'

To make the plainest proposition clear,  
Crack Priscian's head, and Mr. Speaker's ear;

Then closing up, in one terrific shout  
Pour all their 'wild cats' furiously  
about!

Here lawless boors with ruffian bullies  
vie,

Who last shall give the rude, insulting  
'lie';

While 'Order! order!' loud the  
 chairman calls,  
 And echoing 'Order!' every member  
 bawls;  
 Till, rising high in rancorous debate,  
 And higher still in fierce envenomed  
 hate,  
 Retorted blows the scene of riot  
 crown,  
 And big Lycurgus knocks the lesser  
 down!"

This is unexceptionable English, and "very neat verses," but, after all, contains no more than many a newspaper report on such incidents. "The Proud Miss Macbride"—a palpable imitation of Hood, by the way—contains a witty and neatly expressed rebuke to snobbish pride of blood. The remainder of the volume painfully suggests the inspiration of Hood and Pope. The subjects are chiefly didactic, and sentimental in treatment. The best long poem is "The Times;" but as this presents few salient points, we shall quote no farther.

There is more nationality in the works of Holmes. His most notable volume, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is so deeply imbued with poetic thought, and indeed interspersed with verse, that we may treat it as a book of poetry. It possesses a keen, clear, sly style, and humour slides through the entire work, oftentimes too occult and continuous for quotation, yet subtle and fine enough to mark the genius of the writer to be more on a par with our own old humourists than anything we have met with in modern American works. The plot of the book is novel, presenting to us the lucubrations of a cultivated and thoughtful man delivered conversationally at the breakfast-table of a boarding-house, and containing some vivid hits at character in the personages who surround him. He treats of a variety of themes, and is especially rich in literary life and men. Thus:—

"I never saw an author in my life—  
 "saving, perhaps, one—that did not  
 "purr as audibly as a full-grown do-  
 "mestic cat (*Felis Catus*, LINN.), on  
 "having his fur smoothed in the right  
 "way by a skilful hand. But let me

"give you a caution. Be very careful  
 "how you tell an author that he is *droll*.  
 "Ten to one he will hate you; and, if  
 "he does, be sure he can do you a mis-  
 "chief, and very probably will. Say  
 "you *cried* over his romance or his  
 "verses, and he will love you and send  
 "you a copy. You can laugh over that  
 "as much as you like—in private."

Holmes has some royal ideas on the subject of reading by deputy; for after premising that society is a strong solution of books—"It draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength of tea-leaves. If I were a prince I would hire, or buy, a literary tea-pot, in which I would steep all the leaves of new books that promise well. I would have a person whose sole business should be to read day and night, and talk to me when I wanted him to." This book contains some witty sarcasms that are almost Swiftean in intensity and vigour. Its geniality, finish, and elegance of style, render it just what the title suggests—a companion for the breakfast-table; and so far as these qualities pertain to easy-chair sentiment, we know no volume more fitted to facilitate digestion. Neither intellect nor memory are taxed severely; and it would be difficult to find anything very exciting in its graceful flow of fancies and balanced words. The verses are so little humorous that we may look for that quality in the prose alone.

There is more vigour in the volume entitled "The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes," wherein, if we recognise the inspiration of Pope in the writings of Saxe, is equally discernible the polished and more nervous style of Dryden, which has been adopted more successfully than is the case with the former poet. Parts of his "Terpsichore" are not unworthy even of that master hand. Thus, in the following example he is satirizing the puerile imitators of the German transcendentalists:—

"A weak eclectic, groping vague and  
 dim,  
 Whose every scruple is a half-starved  
 whim,

Blind as a mole, and curious as a  
lynx,  
Who rides a beetle, which he styles a  
sphinx.  
And, O what questions asked in club-  
foot rhyme,  
Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-  
mute Time!  
Here babbling 'Insight' shouts in  
Nature's ears  
His last conundrum of the orbs and  
spheres;  
There Self-inspection sucks his little  
thumb,  
With 'Whence am I?' and, 'Where-  
fore did I come?'

"Astrea" and "Urania" are two powerful humorous satires on the vices of civilized life, far more special in their application to American society than those of Saxe, although not remarkably national in their modes of thought and expression. We shall pass a number of lyrics which are tasteful, to quote from the "Music Grinders" some lively verses upon the Italian torture-men:—

"You think they are crusaders, sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
And break the legs of Time.  
But hark, the air again is still,  
The music all is ground,  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound."

We now come to a consideration of Lowell's remarkable work, in which a comparison with "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is inevitable, as the only other contemporaneous American book of humour. The last is rather a string of ingenuities quaintly put together on a novel plan, than a thorough-going book directed to a positive end. The "Biglow Papers" is singularly direct and purposeful, aiming vigorously at the great vices of Transatlantic society—the slave-trade, corrupt election practices, stump orators, and other rank

growths which develop themselves in such communities. A fidgety hankering after war is the strong reprobation of Lowell. Nor is much of the satire inapplicable to our own country, when dealt at the follies and crimes of civilized society. The reader at once perceives the manliness of the book, wherein Hudibrastic Lowell stands drum-major of American satire, a stalwart, stern, earnest figure, cat-o'-nine-tails in hand, who, before laying on, draws his fingers through the thongs and balances the handle; and we can well conceive the getting together of the disobedient, the impudent, and the other stupidities who merit the lash;—would we could hear the screams of the culprits!

The main attack being directed at the slave trade, the republication of this book in England is well timed when the question of compulsory labour is getting sophisticated, and one of the grandest things our country has done is like to be filched away. For we shall ever consider the payment of twenty millions sterling by the last generation, as well as the efforts made by ourselves, for the extinction of slavery, to be one of the grandest things done by this country. Talk of fighting for an idea, why we have fought for half a century for this idea; besides, every one likes fighting for its own sake, but who likes paying for its own sake, and how many other nations among men would pay half a year's income for an idea?

The extraordinary vigour, intensity, and diversity displayed in this remarkable work is without parallel in the language since "Hudibras" appeared, and between the last and the "Biglow Papers" there is much in common in style; for a marked delight in idiomatic terms and forms of speech, as well as quaint and racy thoughts, is noticeable, and to a certain extent the same scope of illustrative reading has been employed in both. The selfishness and greediness of Hudibras has some resemblance to that of the immortal Birdofredom Sawin,—a totally new character whom Lowell has created, as original in his way as Becky Sharp was in hers. The humour of



both Lowell and Butler is mainly in the ironic vein, and in both is trenchant as a sword-cut. One of the remarkable qualities of these books is the creation of such entirely novel characters, and in this Lowell is quite equal to the Englishman. Individuality and truth of portraiture, those grand elements of fiction, are to be found in abundance in the Biglow Papers, from the personages who introduce the nine poems to the reader, to the varied characters who appear in their progress. A word on these ushers of the text. The most approximating to us is one Columbus Nye, "pastor of a church in Bungtown Corner," a very indolent individual, who in ten lines informs us that his friend, the Rev. Homer Wilbur, suffering from illness, requests him to see the book through the press, which he judiciously does by printing everything. The Rev. H. Wilbur is a pedantic but clear-headed old gentleman, strong in morality, to whom Hosea Biglow, the author, submits the poems with a view to their publication; and he, feeling more of a call to deal with the subject than his friend Nye, edits them, appending reflections and illustrations which at times are as humorous and pregnant as the poetical outpourings of Hosea himself. Wilbur rightly leaves the provincialisms of the Yankee dialect in which the latter are composed, untouched; so we get them in their native raciness, admirably contrasted with the operose and scholastic lucubrations of the parson.

The provincialisms are quaint but never coarse, nor is the free and daring manner in which the author deals with Scriptural personages ever irreverent or inappropriate. The reader must be miserably straitlaced indeed who finds irreverence in this extract from Hosea's first letter, an outpouring against unjust war:—

"Taint your eppyletts an' feathers  
 Make the thing a grain more right;  
 'Taint your follering your bell-  
 wethers  
 Will excuse ye in His sight;

Ef you take a sword an' dror it,  
 An' go stick a feller thru',  
 Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,  
 God'll send the bill to you."

Besides the persons who jointly introduce the book, we have the father of Hosea, one Ezekiel Biglow, who enclosed the first of his son's productions to the editor of the *Boston Courier*, with a letter provocative of the broadest grins. In so managing his subject Lowell has the opportunity of putting before us, one after another, new individualizations, and displays his power of portraiture to admiration. This old Ezekiel is a "cute" agriculturist, seventy-six years old "cum next tater digging," and who says for himself, "thair aint no wheres "a kitting spryer 'n I be;" despite which astuteness, he admits himself never to have heard of such a person as "Simplex Mundishes"—his son's mis-hearing of the Horatian hemistich applied by Parson Wilbur to the style of the poem in question, as an apology for its publication in the Yankee dialect; an apology utterly needless from us on introducing the following lamentation over the subserviency of the Northern States to the Southern in the matter of the slave trade.

"We begin to think it's nater  
 To take sarse and not be riled;—  
 Who'd expect to see a tater  
 All on eend at bein' biled?"

This point will introduce the subjects to which Hosea Biglow and Parson Wilbur have applied the lash of their wit. The political events and personages descanted upon are now some years past away; many of the latter are dead, and a great change has taken place in the course of the former. That subserviency to which we alluded no longer exists, and the feelings of the Northern States upon the great point of slavery are allowed their utterance, or break out in flashes of fire, such as the late Harper's Ferry affair, which will one day cause a settlement of the vexed question. Notwithstanding that some of the themes

the author has chosen are thus obsolete, there is need of very small knowledge of American politics on the part of any reader to enter into the spirit of the book, and most fully enjoy its raciest wit. An election squabble is one of the most ephemeral of human affairs, and the name of Palfrey has been forgotten on this side of the water, but there was a time when it was familiar in our mouths; and now it may be recalled to English readers by Lowell's fourth poem, which expresses the opinions of Increase D. O'Phace, Esq. "delivered at "an extrumperty caucus in State Street, "and reported by Hosea Biglow," wherein the orator avows his indignation at the conduct of Mr. Palfrey, Member of Congress for Massachusetts, in refusing to vote for a Whig Speaker, he having been elected by the Whig interest. It requires no knowledge of that incident, to enjoy the wit of this message of wrath against Mr. Palfrey's principles, which is put into the mouth of the time-server, D. O'Phace.

"What wuz ther in them from this vote  
to pervent him?  
A marcifful Providunce fashioned us  
holler  
O' purpose thet we might our prin-  
ciples swaller;  
It can hold any quantity on 'em, the  
belly can,  
An' bring 'em up ready for use like  
the pelican."

No more is required to enjoy the satire of the time-server's apology for turning his coat, which follows, when he pleads the laws of supply and demand, by asserting—

"—*thet everythin' 's nothin'*  
*except by position,*  
Ez, fer instance, that rubber-trees fust  
began bearin'  
Wen p'littickle conschunces come into  
wearin';—  
That the fears of a monkey, whose  
holt chanced to fail,  
Drawed the vertibry out to a prehen-  
sile tail."

This is an application of the develop-  
ment theory that was not contemplated  
by the author of "Vestiges of Creation."  
The whole of this poem is full of pun-  
gent humour and powerful satire on  
election morality and manners, from the  
passage which describes the passion of  
stump-orators to "let off the speeches  
they're ferful 'ill spile," which speeches  
contain the conventional tropes about  
Plymouth Rock, the American Eagle,  
etc., to the effect of the same upon  
the people who—

"March in percessions, and git up  
hooraws,  
An' tramp thru the mud for the good  
o' the cause,  
An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin'  
the prophecies,  
Wen they're only jest changin' the  
holders of offices"—

until the stump-orator himself, moved  
by the sound of his own voice, and  
carried away by his devotion to humbug,  
forgets himself, and talks a mad rhapsody  
in favour of the Mexican war, which  
may not be, he says, the thing most pleas-  
ing to God, but

"It makes us thought highly on *else-*  
*where* abroad ;"  
and he calculates the effect of the same  
upon the European nations, picturing  
how the Russian black eagle would look  
blue, and shake both his heads, "Wen  
he hears o' Monteery"; and how our  
own Queen would be thus engaged :

"—In the Tower Victory sets,  
all in a fluster,  
When she heard of the skirmish of  
Cherry Buster."

As an example of Lowell's power of  
individualization, we cannot do better  
than quote the character of Birdofredum  
Sawin. He is an idle scamp who had  
enlisted in the Mexican expedition, and  
thus relates his disappointment :—

"—I wish thet I wuz funder ;  
Ninence a day for killin' folks come  
kind o' low for murder."

After a moan over the changed demeanour of the "military ossifers," who are not so civil in Mexico as at home, he closes the letter with—

"Wal, taint no use a jawin ;  
I'm safe enlisted fer the war. Yourn  
Birdofredum Sawin."

This hero appears again in the eighth poem, at least what is left of him does ; for the loss of one leg, one eye, four fingers of his right and the whole of his left arm, to say nothing of six broken ribs, leaves him minus some important elements. Of a cheerful spirit, despite these little shortcomings, he makes the most of what remains with the reflection, "I aint so 'xpensive now to keep ez wut I used to be," and desires Hosea to convey that comfort to his wife at home, whose existence is recalled to him by the vain effort to count on his lost fingers how many ribs had been broken. The loss of the leg brings him comfort, as the liquor can't get into the new wooden one as it would into the old ; and,

"—Besides, a feller couldn't beg  
A greater blessin' then to hev one  
ollers sober peg."

Moreover,

"— The leg thet's wooden  
Can be took off an' sot away wenever  
there's a puddin'."

Mere accidental losses like these do not affect his equanimity so much as the shaking fever, ague, he got from the atrocious "clymit." But even therein is this merciful consideration—

"It's reggilar employment, though, an'  
thet aint thought to harm one,  
Nor't aint so tiresome ez it wuz with  
t'other leg an' arm on."

These substantial losses discourage his hopes of the unsubstantial item glory, and he gives this up as the perquisite of the officers (while the privates get "jest the murder") ; and looking round for  
No. 3.

employment for the remainde carcass, resolves to start in can'idatin' line," and offers himself in the first case as President of the United States, for which he conceives himself particularly qualified by his dismemberment, and still more so by a total want of principles. To what end the author directed this attack it is needless to say. The occasion has passed away ; and while we can be content to enjoy his broad humour and perfect realization of character, it will be well to forget the veiled personality in which he indulges. After all, the general tendency of the work is so noble, that we must allow weight to an ironical apology for such personalities which appears in another part of the book—

"I'm willin' a man should go toll-  
able strong  
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer that  
kind o' wrong  
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits  
pitied,  
Because it's a crime no one never  
committed ;  
But he musn't be hard on partickler  
sins,  
'Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's  
own shins."

After laying special stress upon these non-qualifications, the former of which he judges from experience of a recent date to be effective as an appeal to the popular fancy, Birdofredum says :—

"Then you can call me 'Timbertoes'—  
that's wut the people likes ;  
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with  
phrases sech as strikes ;"

and irresistible "to that valocable class o' men who look thru brandy-toddy."

Another indispensable qualification is the ownership of negroes, and this difficulty he proposes to vanquish by the assistance of his friends, who "might raise funds enough for me to buy a low-priced baby."

The ninth poem is a letter from Birdo-

fredum, in which he gives his reasons for avoiding to divide popular enthusiasm with General Taylor in the presidential elections on a system which looks very like turning himself inside out. One conviction remains unchanged, and that is respecting the destiny and perfect fitness of the "niggers" for slavery. A little bit of personal experience had made him confident. It was this: desiring to possess that qualification for office, a slave, he went into the bush with a gun, proposing to catch a runaway; after a journey he came upon a hut where were "as many as six woolly-headed cubs," whom at first he thought of shooting, but is deterred by the reflection of "how temptin' all on 'em would look upon an auction-stand." The return of the father makes him also a captive. (All this part is admirably described). Elated with his prizes, Sawin starts for home. Noon finds him tired, so he sits "under a magnoly tree;" unstraps his wooden leg, and "supposin' all wuz safe"—

"I made my darkies all set down around me in a ring,

An' sot an' kin' o' ciphered up how much the lot would bring."

This blissful picture was not destined to be realized, for while he was thus absorbed in contemplation, Pompey came behind him and seized the wooden leg, thus disabling his captor, who was compelled to become prisoner in turn, giving up the weapons.

"At fust I put my foot right down an' swore I wouldn't budge.

'Jest ez you choose,' sez he, quite cool; 'either be shot or trudge.'

So this black-hearted monster took an' act'ly druv me back

Along the very footmarks o' my happy mornin' track,

An' kep' me pris'ner 'bout six months, an' worked me, tu, like sin,

Till I hed gut his corn an' his Carliny taters in;

He made me larn him readin' tu (although the crittur saw

How much it hirt my morril sense to act agin the law),

So 'st he could read a Bible he'd gut; an' axed ef I could pint  
The north star out; but there I put his nose some out o' jint,  
For I weeled roun' about sou' west, an' lookin' up a bit,  
Picked out a middlin' shiny one, an' toll him thät wuz it.  
Fin'ly he took me to the door, an' giving me a kick,  
Sez, 'Ef you know wuts best fer ye, be off, now, double quick;  
The winter-time's a comin' on, an', though I gut ye cheap,  
You're so darned lazy, I don't think you're hardly wuth your keep;  
Besides, the childrin's growin' up, an' you aint jest the model  
I'd like to hev 'em immertate, an' so you'd better toddle!"

With bitter reflections on the nature of slaves, Birdofredum closes his letter, and we shall leave him thus dissatisfied with his experiment in catching a Tartar.

"The Pious Editor's Creed" is the last of these poems we shall notice, and contains the convictions of one of those whom the Rev. Homer Wilbur, in his prelection to the verses—which by the way is a splendid lay sermon—says is the type of the Yankee editor. His political and moral creed is one of selfishness and greed.

"I DU believe in Freedom's cause,  
Ez fur away ez Paris is;  
I love to see her stick her claws  
In them infurnal Pharisees;  
It's wal enough agin a king,  
To dror resolves and triggers,  
But libbaty's a kind o' thing  
Thet don't agree with niggers."

The fifth stanza states an opinion, for the working of which some of the reports of our Government Commissions afford examples enough in this country. We need not enlarge upon its bitter humour.

"I DU believe in special ways,  
O' prayin' and convartin';  
The bread comes back in many days  
An' buttered, tu, for sartin' ;—

I mean in preyin' till one busts  
 On wut the party chooses,  
 An' in convartin' public trusts  
 To very privit uses."

"What John P. Robinson Thinks," is so characteristic of that we before referred to respecting Lowell's use of Scripture, and so perfectly humorous in itself, that we shall quote a portion. J. P. Robinson is a country lawyer who is leading his neighbours by the nose. The speaker is divided between allegiance to this worthy and habitual respect for Parson Wilbur.

"Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd  
 in his life  
 Thet th' Apostles rigged out in  
 their swaller-tailed coats  
 An' marched round in front of a drum  
 an' a rifle,  
 To git some on 'em office, an' some  
 on 'em votes ;

But John P.

Robinson he  
 Sez they didn't know everythin' down  
 in Judee."

With this we shall close our examination of this most pungently humorous and deep-meaning book, commending it as a perfect mine of wit. The reader will find no work coming from America so absolutely humorous and at the same time pathetic and full of purpose. As far as the adoption of the Yankee dialect goes, Lowell is of course not original. He is slightly indebted to "Major J. Downing's Letters," by Mr. Davis, a merchant of New York, which book appeared in 1834, ran through very many editions, and was republished here in 1835, by Murray. This book is a powerful satire in prose, on the management of the banking affairs, &c., of the United States, from which was borrowed the name, but no more, of Ezekiel Biglow.

## ON THE SUBJECT OF CLOTHES :

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN ;" A "LIFE FOR A LIFE," &c.

MY sight not being so good as it was, my granddaughter is in the habit of reading the *Times* aloud to me daily. Possibly, this is not always a labour of love, I being a rather fidgety listener, nor, at the same time, one of those conceited old persons who consider that to minister unto them is to the young a privilege invaluable. There have been times when, perceiving Netty's bright eye wander, and her voice drop into a monotonous absent tone, I have inly sighed over those inevitable infirmities which render each generation in its turn dependent on the succeeding one ; times when it would have been easier to me to get up a peevish "There, that will do," and forfeit my own undeniable pleasure, than thus to make a martyr of my little girl. But then, few can have lived to my length of days without being taught the blessedness of not only labours of love, but labours of duty ;

and I am glad, even at the cost of some personal pain, to see my grandchild learning this lesson after me ; conquering her natural laziness, accommodating the frivolous tastes of youth to the prosy likings of old age, and acquiring, even in so small a thing as the reading of a newspaper, that habit of self-control and self-abnegation which we women have to practise, with or against our will, to the end of our lives.

So, after going steadily through the leading articles—by the way, what a curious fact of modern intellectual advance is that page of *Times* leaders, thought out with infinite labour, compiled with surpassing skill, influencing the whole world's destinies one day, to become the next mere waste paper—after this, I said to Netty, "Now, my dear, I leave the choice to you ; read anything that you consider amusing."

"Amusing!" As if she doubted

whether anything in the *Times* could come under that head. But shortly her countenance cleared. " 'An American Bridal Trousseau,' will that do, Grannie dear ? "

I nodded, and she began to read.

" 'Extraordinary Marriage Ceremony. Cuban Don—Young Lady of New York. Will no doubt amuse English ladies.' Why, I declare, it's a list of her clothes ! And such a quantity ; only hear :—  
 ' One blue silk, ruffled to the waist ;  
 ' one green and white double skirt, trimmed with black lace ; one light blue silk chintz, flowers down the skirt, trimmed with deep fringe to match ; one steel-coloured silk, with purple velvet flowers, trimmed with wide bands of purple velvet, edged with black lace ; a surplus waist trimmed to match the skirt ; one Swiss dress, the skirt formed with clusters of ruffles and tucks, the waist to match ; one white Swiss muslin dress, five flounces, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace ; one white Swiss dress skirt, with three flounces, three ruffles on each flounce, pink riband underneath ; one Swiss dress tucked to the waist ; six dresses of poplin, merino, and Ottoman velvet ; ' "

" Stop, stop ! let us take breath, child. Poplin, merino, Ottoman velvet ; and how many more was it ? Swiss muslin, silk chintz, and something with a ' surplus waist,' whatever that may be."

" Indeed, I don't know, Grandmamma," laughed the child ; " though you do think me such an extravagant young lady. Not so bad as this one, any how. O, O, O ! Just listen : ' Eighteen street dresses, of rich, plain, and figured silks, double skirt and two flounces ; also moiré antique, made in the newest and most fashionable style ; twelve afternoon dresses, consisting of grenadines, organdies and tissue, all varied in styles of making ; twelve evening dresses, one pink embossed velvet, trimmed with the richest point de Venise ; one white silk tunic dress, skirt embroidered and trimmed with blonde lace ; one pearl-coloured silk, double skirt, with bouquets of em-

' bossed velvet ; three white crape dresses, ornamented with bunches of raised flowers ; three white tulle dresses, with coloured polka spots of floss silk, to be worn over white silk skirts ; six dinner dresses, one white silk embroidered with gold ; one pink moiré antique, very elegant side stripes ; one blue silk, with lace flounces ; one amber silk, with black lace tunic dress ; one black moiré antique, trimmed with velvet and lace ; one white moiré antique, with puffings of illusion, and the sleeves made in Princess Clothilde style ; twelve muslin dresses, made with flounces and simple ruffles ; ' "

" That's a mercy, girl. I began to think the only ' simple' article the lady possessed was her husband."

" Grandmamma ; how funny you are ! Well, will you hear to the end ? "

" Certainly. One is not often blessed with such valuable and extensive information. Besides, my dear, it may be of use to you when the Prince comes."

(This is the name by which we have always been accustomed to talk openly of Netty's possible, doubtless *she* thinks certain, lover and husband. Consequently, to no ignorant lady's-maid or silly young playfellow, but to her sage old grandmother, has my child confided her ideas and intentions on this important subject, including the imaginary portrait, physical and mental, of " the Prince," what she expects of him, and what she means to be towards him. Also, in no small degree, what they are both to be towards their revered grandmamma. Poor little Netty, she little knows how seldom is any dream fulfilled ! Yet, if never any more than a dream, better a pure than a base, a high than a low, a wise than a foolish one.)

" When the Prince comes," said the little maid, drawing herself up with all the dignity of sixteen ; " I hope I shall think a great deal more of him than of my wedding, and that he will think more of me than of my wedding clothes."

" Very well. Now, go on."

She did so ; and I here cut it out of the newspaper entire, lengthy as the paragraph is, to prove that I have not garbled a line ; that I do “nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice,” with regard to this young American bride, whose name is not given, and of whom I know no more than the man in the moon :—

“Three riding habits, one black Canton crape, trimmed with velvet buttons ; one green merino, English style ; one black cloth, trimmed with velvet ; three opera cloaks, one white merino double cape, elegantly embroidered and trimmed with rich tassels ; one white cashmere, trimmed with blue and white plaid plush ; one grenadine, with riband quilling ; twenty-four pairs of varied coloured satin slippers, richly embroidered ; twelve pairs of white satin and kid slippers, plain ; twelve pairs of white satin and kid slippers, trimmed with riband ; six pairs of mouse-embroidered slippers, one pair of kid India mouse, embroidered ; one green and grey chenille, embroidered ; one purple and black silk, embroidered ; two pairs of brown Morocco plain French, all made à la *Turque* ; six pairs of slippers, variously embroidered in various colours for the toilet ; twelve pairs of silk and satin Français, dress, habit, and walking gaiters ; six pairs of walking and winter gaiters, double soles ; six street bonnets, made of the most *recherché* Swiss straws, trimmed with handsome riband ; one opera bonnet, made of white lace and long fancy marabout feathers ; one black and white royal velvet bonnet, trimmed with cluster of pink roses, intermingled with black velvet leaves ; six rich head dresses, consisting of chenille, pearl and gold, and other rich materials ; six sets of hairpins, of coral, turquoise, pearl, and gold ornaments ; six brettel capes of white tulle, trimmed in various styles of fancy velvet, chenille, and riband ; one Bruxelles point appliqué cape, trimmed with puffings of illusion and riband ; one dozen of French embroidered handker-

chiefs, with initials richly embroidered in the corner ; one dozen of real point lace handkerchiefs ; one dozen of pure lace handkerchiefs ; one dozen of pine-apple handkerchiefs, embroidered and trimmed with lace ; one dozen of fancy illusion sleeves for evening dresses, made flowing à la *favorite* ; two dozens of glove tops to match sleeves ; one pair of glove tops of point d’Alençon, trimmed with orange blossoms ; six sets of fancy wristlets, made of velvet and laces ; six French parasols, made of the most magnificent embossed velvet, with rich Chinese carved handles ; also three coquette parasols, simple and elegant ; twelve pairs of open-worked and embroidered China silk hose ; twenty-four pairs plain silk hose ; twelve pairs Balmoral hose ; twelve pairs of Paris thread hose, open-worked ; twelve pairs of Paris thread hose, plain ; twenty-four pairs of rich French embroidered elastics ; twelve pairs of China silk under-vests ; twelve dozens of French kid gloves, of various colours ; twelve pairs of gauntlets, buckskin and kid ; twelve pairs of travelling gloves, gauntlet tops. The trousseau lace dress was the exact pattern of that used by the Princess Clothilde at the selection of the Empress Eugénie, having been reproduced in Europe expressly for this occasion. The lace is point plat, point aiguille, Chantilly, and Brussels—in fact, a combination of the most valuable lace known. Among the handkerchiefs were two of point d’Alençon lace, valued at 200 dollars each, and one Valenciennes, worth 250 dollars, the richest ever imported.”

Ending, my granddaughter regarded me with a puzzled air—“Well ?”

“Well, my dear ?”

“What do you think about it all ?”

“I was thinking what a contrast all these gowns are to the one the lady must some day, may any day, put on—plain white, ‘frilled,’ probably, but still plain enough ; since after her first dressing, or rather being dressed, in it, no one will ever care to look at it or her any more.”

Netty started — “Grandmamma, you don’t mean a *shroud* ?”

“Why not, child?—when, flounce and furlbelow as we may, we shall all want a shroud some time.”

“But it is so dreadful.”

“Not when one approaches as near to the time of wearing it as I do. Nor, at any age, is it half so dreadful to think of oneself, or of any fair body one loves, wrapped up in this garment,—as I wrapped your mother up when you were still a baby,—as to think of it decked out like that young creature whose ‘trousseau’ forms a feature in the public newspapers. She apparently comes to her husband so buried in ‘clothes’ that he must feel, poor man, as if he had married a walking linen-draper’s shop instead of a flesh and blood woman, with a heart and a brain, a sweet human body, and a responsible immortal soul;—ask yourself, would you wish to be so married, Netty, my dear?”

A toss of the curls, a flash of the indignant young eyes—

“Grannie, I’d rather be married like—like—Patient Griseldis !”

Suggesting that, out of the region of romance, Griseldis’ costume might be, to say the least of it, cold—I nevertheless cordially agreed with my little girl, as a matter of principle. And I half sighed, remembering what was said to me about forty years ago, when I came, with only three gowns, one on and two off, a moderate store of linen, and five golden guineas in my pocket, to the tender arms that would have taken me without a rag in my trunk, or a penny in my purse—ay, and been proud of it too! I did not tell Netty her grandfather’s exact words;—but when she questioned, I gave her a full description of the costume in which I walked down the aisle of that village church with young Doctor Waterhouse—my dear husband that was then, —and is now, though his tablet has been in the said church aisle for twenty-two years.

When Netty was gone to her music lesson, I sat thinking—you hardly know how much we old folk enjoy thinking; the mere act of running over mentally

times, places, people and things—moralizing upon past, present, and future, and evolving out of this undisturbed quietude of meditation that wisdom which is supposed to be the peculiar quality of old age. May I be allowed to take it for granted, therefore, that I am a little wiser than my neighbours, if only because I have more opportunity than they to ponder over what comes into my head during the long solitudes that any age may have, but old age must have? A solitude that ripens thought, smooths down prejudice, disposes to kindness and charity, and, I trust, gradually brings the individual nearer to that wide-eyed calm of vision with which, we believe, we shall all one day behold all things.

I could not get her out of my head—this New York belle, with her innumerable quantity of clothes. For, disguise them as you will into “dresses,” “costumes,” “toilettes,” they all resolve themselves into mere “clothes”—used for the covering and convenience of this perishable machine of bone, muscle, sinew, and flesh—the temporary habitation of that “ego”—the true “me” of us all. One is tempted to inquire, viewing with the mind’s eye such a mountain of millinery, what had become of this infinitesimal “me”—the real woman whom the Cuban gentleman married? If it were not crushed altogether out of identity by this fearful superincumbent weight—the weight—vide *Times*—of 16,400 dollars’ worth of clothes?

The result of my thoughts is, if an old woman may speak her mind, rather serious: on this as well as the other side of the Atlantic. For, not to lay the whole burden on our Yankee sister—poor girl, how do I know that she may not be at heart as innocent a child as my Netty?—here is a paragraph I cut out of another paper—headed—“*Dress at Compiègne.*”

“Four toilettes a day are about the “general requirement, though there are “days when only three are necessary; “the invitations are for eight days, and “no lady is expected ever to be seen “twice wearing the same gown. Count “up this, and you will find an average of



"thirty-two toilettes to be carried to the Court. Suppose a female *invitée* to have a daughter or two with her, you come at once to ninety or ninety-six dresses! Now, the average of these gowns will be 250 francs (10*l.*), and you reach for each person the figure of 300*l.* or 320*l.*; if two persons, 640*l.*; if three, 960*l.*"

And all for one week's clothes!!

Far be it from me to undervalue dress. I am neither Quaker, Puritan, nor devotee. I think there is not a straw to choose between the monk of old, whose washing days occurred about twice a lifetime, and the modern "saint," who imagines he glorifies God by means of a ragged shirt and a dirty pocket-handkerchief; they are both equal, and equal fools. Scarcely less so is the "religious" woman who makes it a matter of conscience to hide or neutralize every physical beauty with which Nature has endowed her; as if He, who "so clothes the grass of the field" that even the meanest forms of his handiwork are lovely beyond all our poor imitating, were displeased at our delighting ourselves in that wherein He must delight continually. As if "Nature" and "grace" were two opposite attributes, and there could be any beauty in this world which did not proceed direct from God.

No; beauty is a blessing; and everything that innocently adds thereto is a blessing likewise, otherwise we should never have advanced from fig-leaves and beasts' skins to that harmony of form and colour which we call good "dress," particularly as applied to women. From the peach-cheeked baby, smiling from behind her clouds of cambric, or her swansdown and Cashmere—fair as a rose-bud "with all its sweetest leaves yet folded"—to the picturesque old lady with her silver-grey or rich black silks, her delicate laces and her snowy lawns—there is nothing more charming, more satisfactory to eye and heart, than a well-dressed woman. Or man either. We need not revive the satire of Sartor Resartus, to picture what a ridiculous figure some of our honourable and digni-

fied friends would cut on solemn occasions, such as a Lord Mayor's Show, a University procession, or a royal opening of Parliament, if condemned to strut therein after the fashion of their ancestors, simply and airily attired in a wolf-skin, a blanket, or a little woad and red ochre, and a necklace of beads,—to be quite convinced of the immense advantages of clothes.

No; whatever Netty may think when I check her occasional outbursts of linen-drapery splendour, I do not undervalue dress either in theory or practice; nor, to the latest hour of conscious volition, shall she ever see her grandmother looking one whit uglier than old age compels me to look. But every virtue may be exaggerated into a vice; and I often think the ever-increasing luxury of this century is carrying to a dangerous extreme a woman's right of making herself charming by means of self-adornment.

First, it seems to me that the variety exacted by fashion is a great evil. Formerly, our ancestresses used to dress richly, handsomely; but it was in a solid, useful style of handsomeness. Gowns were not made for a month or a year; they were meant to last half a lifetime, or, perhaps, two lifetimes; for they frequently descended from mother to daughter. The stuffs which composed them were correspondingly substantial; I have a fragment of my grandmother's wedding-dress—stripes of pale satin and white velvet, with painted flowers—which might have gone through every generation from her to Netty without being worn out. This permanence of costume, both as to form and material, besides saving a world of time and trouble, must have given a certain solidity to female tastes very different from the love of flimsy change which is necessarily caused by the ever-shifting fashions and showy cheapnesses of our day. I may have an old woman's prejudice in favour of the grave rather than the gay; but Netty never takes me with her to choose her "summer dresses," that amidst all the glittering display I do not heave a sigh for the rich dark

satins of my youth, that "stood alone," as dressmakers say—fell into folds, like a picture; and from month to month, and year to year, were never taken out of the drawer without seeming to dart from every inch of their glossy surface the faithful smile of an old friend—"Here I am, just as good as ever; I can't wear out."

Looking the other day at the exquisite architecture, without as within, of Westminster Abbey, and thinking what infinite pains must have been bestowed upon even every square yard, I could not but contrast that century-grown, grand old building, in which each builder, founder, or workman was content to execute his small fragment, add it to the slowly-advancing magnificent whole, and, unnoted, perish;—I could not, I say, help contrasting this with the Sydenham glass palace, the wonder of our modern day; but fifty years hence, where will it be? No less the difference between those queenly costumes made permanent on canvas or in illuminated missals—rich, sweeping, majestic; conveying, not the impression of a gown with a woman inside it, or a woman used as a peg whereon to hang a variety of gowns, but a woman whose gown becomes a portion of herself—a half invisible yet important adjunct of her own grace, sweetness, or dignity, though it would never strike one to criticise it as fashionable or unfashionable: certainly never to ask the address of her mantua-maker.

And this, it appears to me, is the limit at which expensive dress becomes, in every rank and degree, first a folly and then a sin—namely, when the woman is absorbed in, and secondary to, the clothes. When the planning of them, the deciding about them, and the varying them, occupy so much of her time or attention that dress assumes an importance *per se*, and she consequently, in all circumstances and societies, is taught to think less of what she is than of how she is attired. This, without distinction of station or wealth;—for the maid-servant, sitting up of nights to put a founce to her barège gown, or stick

artificial flowers under her tiny bonnet, is just as culpable as the Empress Eugénie, wearing and exacting four new *toilettes* per diem. And equally does one grieve to contemplate the American belle, taking out of her youthful love-dreamings, or her solemn meditations on the state which, as *Juliet* says,

"Well thou knowest, is full of cross and sin"—

the time required merely to choose and order those fourscore dresses, which, granted that she is rich enough to afford them, she can never possibly wear out before fashion changes. Lucky will be her lady's-maid, or maids, for she must require as many "dressers" as a royal personage; and lucky the New York buyers of cast-off garments for years to come.

Then—the packing! Even should the "Cuban don" travel in the style of a hidalgo, he cannot fail to be occasionally encumbered by the multiplicity of boxes which accompany his fair lady. And arrived at home—if he may hope for such a word—will it not take an entire suite of rooms in which to stow away that fearful amount of finery. "My love," we can imagine the poor gentleman saying, when fairly distracted by the goodly array, "get rid of it anywhere you like; I don't care; I married *you*, and not your clothes."

A sentiment not uncommon to the male species. If women who are supposed to dress to please this sex did but know how much valuable exertion in that line is entirely thrown away upon them—how little they care for "white tulle with coloured polka spots"—"moiré antique with puffings of illusion,"—a poor illusion, indeed,—and how indifferent they are to the respective merits of "*point plat*," "*point aiguille*," Brussels and Valenciennes! Even in his most rapturous moment of admiration, a man is sure to say, generalizing, "How lovely you look!" never, "What a sweet pretty dress you have on!"—The *tout ensemble* is all he notices. Most likely, he will approve more of your neat gingham or snowy muslin—or per-

haps your rich dark silk with a bright ribbon that catches his eye and pleases his sense of colour—than he will for your *toilette* most “*soignée*,” with all its extravagance of trimmings and ornaments. Especially if he sees upon you that ornament which all the milliners cannot sell, nor all the beauties buy—“a meek and quiet spirit,” which is, in the sight not only of God but man, “of great price.”

“My poor New York bride,” moralized I; “I wonder if, among your innumerable ornaments, you have ever dreamed of counting *that!*”

Viewed in this mood, the clothes question becomes a serious thing. It is not merely whether or no a lady is justified in spending so much money upon dress alone—or even the corresponding point, whether or no such ultra expense on costume be “good for trade.” It becomes less a social and political than a moral question. Even though this extravagant personal luxury be temporarily beneficial to commerce, to countenance it is most assuredly “doing evil that good may come;” injuring fatally the aggregate morals of a country, and lowering its standard of ideal right—the first step in its decadence and ultimate degradation. For what sort of men and women are likely to grow up from the children of a generation which has its pocket-handkerchiefs of “point d’Alençon, valued at 200 dollars each, and “Valenciennes, worth 250 dollars—the “richest ever imported”? O, my sisters over the water, these were not the sort of brides who became Cornelias, Volumnias, and mothers of the Gracchi!

Perhaps there was some foundation in the cry set up and laughed down, a while ago, that the terrible commercial crisis of 1857 was caused by the extravagance of women’s dress, especially American women. Even with us here, many prudent, practical young fellows, not too deeply smitten to feel “all for love, and the world well lost,” yet secretly craving for home, and its comforts and respectabilities, and acute enough to see that a bachelor is never worth half so much, either to himself, society, or the State,

as a man who is “married and settled,” may yet often be deterred from that salutary duty by—what? A vague dread of their wives’ clothes.

Not quite without reason. No wonder that when he comes home from the blaze of an evening party to his Temple chambers or the snug solitudes of his Fellow’s den, the worthy gentleman shivers inwardly at the idea of converting himself into a modern Orestes, haunted by winged Eumenides of milliners’ bills—of having a large proportion of his hard-earned family income frittered away in “loves of laces,” “exquisite ribbons,” and all the fantasies of female dress which a man’s more solid taste generally sets down at once as “rubbish.” In which, not seldom, he is quite correct.

Women’s modern propensities in this line might advantageously be restrained. It is frequently not the dress which costs so much as its extras; which rarely add to the effect, but often quite destroy that classic breadth and unity which, to my old-fashioned eyes, is one of the greatest charms in any costume. It is astonishing how much may be saved in the year by this simple rule, Never buy fripperies.

I have one more word to say, and then I have done.

A woman should always remember that her clothes should be in expense and quantity proportioned to her own circumstances, and not those of her neighbour. The mingling of classes is good—that is, the frequent association of those persons who in effect form one and the same class, being alike in tastes, sympathies, moral purpose, and mental calibre,—however various be their degrees of annual income, worldly station, profession, trade, or unemployed leisure. Provided always that the one meeting-point, which likewise can alone be the fair point of rivalry, lies in themselves and not their externals. How can I, who have but 200*l.* a-year, dress like my friend Mrs. Jones, who has 2000*l.*?—but is that any reason why I, who am, I hope, as true a gentlewoman as she is, should eschew her very pleasant society, or, out of mere cowardice, ruin

myself by mimicking her in the matter of clothes!—Nothing is so fatal as the ever-increasing habit that I notice, of each class dressing, or attempting to dress, in a style equal to the class above it—the maid imitating her mistress, the young shop-girl the woman of fortune, and so on. Even mothers of families one sees continually falling into this error, and wearing gowns, shawls, &c., that must of necessity have pinched the family income for many a day. My dear ladies, will you not see that a good daily joint of meat on your table is far more conducive to the health and happiness of those sitting round it, than the handsomest silk gown placed at the head of it? that a good, well-paid domestic servant (and you cannot expect a good one unless well-paid) is of more worth to you and yours, in absolute comfort, than the very grandest of milliners or dress-makers?

I have lived long, my dears, and worn out a considerable quantity of linen-drapery in my time; but I can fearlessly assert that, at every age, as a young girl at home, a matron in her own house, and an old lady free to spend her income in her own way—the one economy which I have always found safest to practise, as being least harmful to oneself, and least annoying to other people, was—“clothes.” And I shall try, if possible, to teach it to my granddaughter. Not that mean

economy which hides poor materials by a tawdry “making-up”—disguising cheap silks, coarse linen, and flimsy muslin by a quantity of false lace, sham jewellery, dirty ribbons, and *un-natural* flowers,—but that quiet independence with which, believing that the woman herself is superior to anything she wears, we just wear fearlessly what suits our taste and our pocket—paying a due regard to colours, fashions, freshness, and cleanliness—but never vexing ourselves about immaterial items, and as happy in a dress of last year’s fashion as if we had at command the whole establishment of the renowned Jane Clarke, who, they say,—but for the credit of womanhood I hope it is untrue,—ordered herself to be buried in a point lace shroud.

Ay, as I reminded my little Netty—we must all come to this last garment. To an old woman—who never will put off her black gown except for that white one—the matter of clothes seems often a very trivial thing, hardly worth, indeed, the prosy dissertation I have been led to give upon it. Let us only so clothe ourselves, that this frail body of ours, while it does last, may not be displeasing in the sight of those who love us; and let us so use it in this life that in the life to come it may be found worthy to be “clothed upon” with its Maker’s own glorious immortality.

### SCIENTIFIC HOAXES.

SITTING down, in all gravity, to define our term, we found it not so easy as we expected to say what a *hoax* is. The learned have discussed the word in that first of *What-nots*, the *Notes and Queries*; and the suggestion of Tillotson seems to find most favour, namely, that *Hocus-pocus*, from the first word of which *hoax* is a corruption, was itself a corruption of the *Hoc est corpus* of the mass. But definition by etymology is digging at the foundation of a house to find out the name of the tenant. What then is a *hoax*, on none but above-ground considerations?

Is it a successful attempt to deceive, without any motive but fun? This would throw out a very famous instance, De Foe’s story of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, written to sell Drelincourt on Death. That precise circumstantiality—inimitably narrated—of the washed silk gown in which the dead lady appeared to the living one who did not know that her friend had had her gown washed, convinced all the ladies, not only that the story was true, but that the evidence was for them alone to judge of. Come now, don’t *you* pretend to know about washed silk, said a lady to

her husband, when he laughed at the ghost.

Again, do the intention and the success constitute the hoax, even though the story should happen to be true? When Flamsteed was pestered by an old woman to know where her lost bundle of linen was, he drew a square in a circle, and, after pondering the diagram, pronounced that the stars said it was in a certain ditch—and there it was found, to the horror of the poor Astronomer-Royal, who could in no wise persuade his client that it was all luck. We believe it to be the law that a person who on April-fool day speaks the truth by accident, intending to deceive, is himself ruled to be the fool. Again, Pons, the comet finder, wrote to his friend Baron Zach, in despair, saying that the comets were all gone, and that he had not had one for many months. Zach, who was a sly joker, an astronomical Voltaire, wrote back that *he* had seen the sun clear of spots for just as long a time; but that his friend might be sure that the comets and the spots would return together. And so he, Zach as aforesaid, lived quietly on in the happiness of having quizzed a friend: but his placid enjoyment became quite a sensation when, a few months afterwards, Pons wrote again in triumphant rapture to tell him that he was quite right, for that there had come two large spots on the sun and a comet the next evening. Suppose it should turn out that the spots *have* some connexion with comets. Who would have supposed they have anything to do with the magnetic state of the earth? And yet this is proved, and, as Dogberry says, will go near to be thought so shortly. Should solar spots and comets be in some concatenation accordingly, which was hoaxed, Zach or Pons?

Perhaps a hoax must be a deception supported by evidence such as the hoaxee thinks he can appreciate, or wishes to appear to understand, showing willingness to be himself a voucher for the accuracy of the statement. Accordingly, the editor of a newspaper who publishes a letter from a correspondent is not

fairly hoaxed, unless he add some assent. When Sheridan completed the Greek sentence brought against him, which the country members had cheered, because it came on the right side, and put them down by telling them that the passage ought to have been continued to the end, and giving them a screed of Irish and asking them what they said to *that*—the country gentlemen were fairly hoaxed. And so was the editor of the morning paper, when Mr. Goulburn was a candidate for Cambridge, and was sneered at for want of science, and defended by the journalist in question. Wicked wranglers made him print that the charge was notoriously false, for that Mr. Goulburn was well known to be the author of a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the accurate rectification of a circular arc, and the discoverer of the equation of the lunar caustic—a great problem in nautical astronomy. Had the wags said that he had *squared the circle*, they would have been detected immediately: but the professional skill of the phrase, “the accurate rectification of a circular arc,” put them beyond discovery. And the *lunar caustic* too! We can imagine the editor rather in two minds about the good faith of his correspondents,—going to one of his books of reference to clear away the doubt about the caustic which actually and physically burns the fingers,—finding out that a caustic is a curve formed by the ultimate intersections of reflected or refracted rays—and blessing himself that he did not reject science upon vulgar appearances, like the inquisitors.

A hoax may be produced by a remark upon any circumstance which the person addressed must take in the wrong sense. A young gentleman of superfluous aspiring power was demonstrating a proposition in a university lecture-room: “let A B,” said he, “be produced to L.”—“Not quite so far, Mr. —,” said the tutor: to the utter bewilderment of the pupil, whose intention it was not to take any liberty with Euclid’s permission to lengthen a straight line *indefinitely*. Again, when to the re-

mark, "I thought this room was larger than it is," it was answered by some one, "If that were the case, it would be smaller than it is"—this, though logical consequence, was nothing but a hoax on the speaker's meaning, and puzzled him much.

We are glad that we are not bound to find out very precisely the essence of a hoax, and still more that we have not to point out the shades of meaning which separate the hoax, the hum, the bam, the flam, and the bite. Taking it to emerge from our preliminary inquiries that a hoax is a hoax, our affair is with the scientific hoax, intelligibly divisible into that which a man of science plays upon his brethren, and that which he plays upon the world at large.

When a naturalist, either by visiting such spots of earth as are still out of the way, or by his good fortune, finds a very queer plant or animal, he is forthwith accused of *inventing* his game: the word not being used in its old sense of *discovery*, but in its modern sense of *creation*: that is to say, what would have been called *poetic licence*, if *this* word had kept its meaning. As soon as the creature is found to sin against preconception, the great (mis?) guiding spirit—*à priori* by name—who furnishes philosophers with their omniscience *pro re natâ*, whispers that no such thing *can be*, and forthwith there is a charge of hoax. Sometimes the opponent spirit—*à posteriori* they call him—produces a specimen. This Manichæan contest may go on a long time: and it is really difficult to say who is right.

It is otherwise when a mathematical hoax is attempted. For these same mathematics possess the peculiar property of being as definitely wrong, when they are wrong, as they are definitely right when they are right. An error can have its results predicted with as much certainty as a truth. There was an astronomer in the last century, otherwise a worthy and useful man, who had, as we may say, a desire to drive his own comet: he wanted one all to himself. Accordingly, he published his discovery, original observations, deduced orbit,

prediction of return, all right, regular, and formal. The astronomers were thoroughly hoaxed. But some of the more curious, on closely examining his places and his orbit, found, to their excessive astonishment, not only that the places would not give *the* orbit, but that they would not give any orbit whatever. They disagreed with one another to an extent which prevented any imaginable ellipse from taking them all in with any moderate degree of nearness. There was no possible way out of this except one: the astronomer must have chosen his orbit at pleasure, have calculated the places at which a comet ought to be in that orbit at certain times, committing some error in the figures, and then have hoaxed the world by making his process stand topsy-turvy, representing his calculated places as observations, and his orbit as a deduction. A certain astronomer set himself to be the detective policeman: and his sagacity discovered by trial that the asserted places could be exactly deduced from the orbit, on the supposition that one particular logarithm had been taken out wrongly, and used with one and the same error throughout. This is not exactly what astronomers now call determining the *probable error*, but it is a problem which seems to come under the name, and of a variety which is not likely to occur again.

The heavens themselves have been charged with hoaxes. When Leverrier and Adams predicted a planet by calculation, it was gravely asserted in some quarters that the planet which showed itself very near the place which had been calculated was not *the* planet, but another, which had clandestinely and improperly got into the neighbourhood of the true body. The disposition to suspect hoax is stronger than the disposition to hoax. Who was it who first announced that the classical writings of Greece and Rome were one huge hoax, perpetrated by the monks in what the announcer would be as little or less inclined than Dr. Maitland to call the dark ages? Certainly the middle ages did perpetrate one or two things of the kind; as the poem "De Vetula," attri-

buted to Ovid, probably written in the thirteenth century. The hoaxer made Ovid talk of *algebra*, then known by name, and made him insinuate that nothing except want of room prevented him from writing on the subject. As few persons have heard of and fewer seen this production, we quote the lines—and very Ovidian they are, to be sure !

Sed quia de Ludis fiebat sermo, quid illo

Pulchrius esse potest exercitio numerorum,

Quo divinantur numeri plerique per unum

Ignoti notum, sicut ludunt apud Indos, Ludum dicentes Algebra, Almucrabalæque ?

Inter arithmeticos ludos pulcherrimus hic est

Ludus, arithmeticae praxis : descriptio cujus

Plus caperet quam sufficiat totus liber iste.

Which may be translated as follows :—

Seeing that games are talked of, what can be

Finer than that same exercise of numbers,

By which a set of numbers are inferred

Through one that's known—which game its Indian players

Name Algebra and Almucrabala ?

'Mid games of arithmetic 'tis the first ; 'Tis arithmetic's praxis : to describe it

Would take more space than all this bulky book.

*Almucrabala*, attributed to Ovid, is as sweet a hoax as we remember : the old name of algebra—for the modern name much resembles *hocus pocus* shortened into *hoax*—was *al geber e al moka-bala*, restoration and reduction. This is a sufficient answer to those who say that *algebra* is a corruption of *all gibberish* ; and indeed the word has been seriously derived from Geber, the Arabian astronomer, who has been erected into an inventor.

The occurrence which has called forth all the preceding jumble of remarks is

the republication, in the United States, of a clever hoax which had decided success. It is now reprinted under the title of "The Moon Hoax." When, five and twenty years ago, Sir John Herschel made his astronomical voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, there soon appeared in a New York paper a very detailed account of plants, brutes, and men, discovered on the surface of the moon. This tract was either first published, or republished, in France and in French. The whole purported to be taken from the supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* ; but when a reprint was made in England, this reference was judiciously omitted. There was no author's name to the original work, we believe ; certainly none to the English reprint. In the recent reprint the title-page has the name of Richard Adams Locke. Whether this be a pseudonym or not we do not know ; we proceed to state all we have heard about the authorship, premising that we do not vouch for a syllable of it.

At the time of perpetration, the hoax was attributed to the late M. Nicollet ; and a recent edition of Gorton's Dictionary makes this attribution in positive terms. Nicollet was a French astronomer, employed in the Paris Observatory ; he was patronised by Polignac and Laplace, and was a strong legitimist. After 1830 he fled to America. There he wrote this hoax, somewhat leaning to a desire to raise the wind, but also, it is said, to take in Arago, who he knew would open his ears. And there were those who said that Arago did receive it, to the extent at least of regarding it with eager curiosity, and talking of it everywhere. How much of this is true we know not : we publish it because we should like to know what is really said about the authorship in the United States. We are sure that it was written by some person not only familiar with science, but with European science and *savans*. Nicollet was an able man, known out of France ; he was, for instance, an associate of our Astronomical Society.

With the reprint are given the con-

temporary testimonies of American journals. To the pure all things are pure; to the hoaxed all things are hoaxes. Are these opinions to be relied upon as true quotations? Unless the appendix be another hoax, the imposition was first palmed upon a newspaper, which it deceived, and many others after it. One of the followers said: "Sir John Herschel has added a stock of knowledge to the present age which will immortalize his name, and place it high in the page of science." But the original hoaxer printed the following:—

"Consummate ignorance is always incredulous to the higher order of scientific discoveries, because it cannot possibly comprehend them. Its mental thorax is quite capacious enough to swallow any dogmas, however great, that are given upon the authority of names; but it strains most perilously to receive the great truths of reason and science. We scarcely ever knew a very ignorant person who would believe in the existence of those myriads of invisible beings which inhabit a drop of water and every grain of dust, until he had actually beheld them through the microscope by which they are developed. Yet these very persons will readily believe in the divinity of Matthias the prophet, and in the most improbable credenda of extravagant systems of faith. The *Journal of Commerce*, for instance, says it cannot believe in these great discoveries of Dr. Herschel, yet it believes and defends the innocence of the murderer Avery. Those who in a former age imprisoned Galileo for asserting his great discoveries with the telescope, and determined upon sentencing him to be burnt alive (!), nevertheless believed that Simon Magus actually flew in the air by the aid of the devil, and that when that aid was withdrawn he fell to the ground and broke his neck. Happily, however, those who impudently or ignorantly deny the great discoveries of Herschel, are chiefly to be found among those whose faith, or

whose scepticism, would never be received as a guide for the opinions of other men."

We shall now give a slight detail of these discoveries upon which, as the introduction says, man "may now fold the zodiac round him with a loftier consciousness of his mental supremacy." Sir John Herschel, in conversation with Sir David Brewster, started the idea of a transfusion of artificial light through the focal object of vision: that is, the image formed by the object glass of the telescope. Sir David demurred, and Sir John continued to ask why the illuminated microscope, say the oxy-hydrogen, might not be applied. "Sir David sprang from his chair in an ecstasy of conviction, and leaping half way to the ceiling, exclaimed, Thou art the man." After this cogent illustration of the proverb that great wits jump, the "co-operative philosophers" proceeded to make experiments. The Duke of Sussex subscribed 10,000*l.*; and the King, after being assured that the results would promote navigation, did better still, for he gave—*carte blanche*. Sir John Herschel (part of the hoax) was sent out to the Cape at the desire of the English, French, and Austrian Governments, to observe the transits of Mercury, which are especially valuable (another part) in lunar observations of longitude. He took out with him a lens of several tons, Dr. Andrew Grant, Lieut. Drummond (!), and a large party of mechanics. We pass over the structure of his instruments, which is minutely given, and proceed to the account of the discoveries. The first thing seen was basaltic rock profusely covered with the *Papaver Rhæas*, or rose-poppy; then came fields, and trees, and beaches, and tides, and everything but animals; then amethyst mountains and verdant valleys; then animals like bisons; then a unicorn-goat; then pelicans, cranes, &c. But still no men, though plenty of sheep for mutton. At last they saw some winged creatures alight upon the plain. "They were first noticed by Dr. Herschel, who exclaimed, Now, gentlemen, my



"theories against your proofs, which you have often found a pretty even bet, we have here something worth looking at. I was confident that if ever we found beings in human shape, it would be in this longitude, and that they would be provided by their Creator with some extraordinary powers of locomotion." And men they turned out to be. "In general symmetry of body and limbs they were infinitely superior to the orang-otang: so much so, that, but for their long wings, Lieutenant Drummond said they would look as well on a parade-ground as some of the old cockney militia." These wings were like those of bats, and the creature was christened on the spot the *Vespertilio-homo*, or man-bat. Their ways of conducting themselves were unpublischably singular, so that details were reserved for *Dr. Herschel's* great work; but several Episcopal, Wesleyan, and other ministers—it seems the show was not fit for the laity—were allowed a peep, under condition of secrecy. The mere details of the hoax have no great interest, unless we could give them at such length as to allow the scientific reader to enjoy the general goodness of the description, and the power of scientific idiom thus applied.

Sir John Herschel went to the Cape at his own expense, and for his own purposes; he is understood to have refused the pecuniary indemnification which the Government offered him on his return. His great work has since appeared, but not a trace of living creatures in the moon is to be found in it. It is for those who choose, to suspect that he really saw these wonders, sent them to America to try the pulse of the English public by a circuit which would not compromise him, and finally kept them to himself when he found no hope of being believed. It would be a rich finish to the whole hoax if a small sect should be found to maintain this.

The idea of looking into what the man in the moon is about has of course been entertained ever since the invention of the telescope; we have even heard that a proposal was made to com-

municate with the Lunarian men of science. It was suggested—the men of science in the moon being assumed—to plant on some enormous flat open country in the heart of Africa—access to which was also taken for granted—magnificent rows of trees, representing the diagram of the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid. Nothing was wanted except a space about as big as an English county on which trees could grow, but on which they had not grown, and telescopes in the moon good enough, however it might be managed, to see through our atmosphere. When the lunar philosophers became aware what we were at, and were certified that we terrestrials were up to the square of the hypotenuse, they were to answer by rigging up some other diagram, in such material as they found best adapted. But, perhaps, despising us as no doubt they do—if, indeed, they admit the possibility of such beings—they would have treated our diagram as a mere freak of nature.

Are we ever to discover organized bodies in the moon? If there be none there, probably not: we say this because discovery is not always limited to what there is to discover. But if the moon really abound with life, the increase of optical means may show it. From the naked eye to Lord Rosse's telescope is probably a great deal more than half the whole way. Let the time come, if it be to come, when the first creature with a will of his own is seen jumping, swimming, or walking upon the moon, and he will certainly be voted a creation of the observer's brain. The people who will not look, or looking will not see, or seeing will not confess, were not a species limited to the day of Galileo. But in the mean time, what are plain people to do in a country in which accounts like this hoax are circulated with every appearance of authenticity? In the present case any one will say that they ought to have waited till they saw Sir John Herschel's declaration: but then it is easily answered, that if the hoaxter had known such a thing would be wanted, nothing would have been more

easy than to affix the requisite signature. What can we do but return to the opinion of an old sage :—

Periculosum est credere et non credere.

Or, more at large, in English :—

'Tis unsafe to believe, and unsafe not.  
Belief in the step-dame brought Hippolitus to rot ;

Unbelief in Cassandra sent Ilion to pot.

Look out sharp for the truth over every spot,

Lest your silly noddle should make a bad shot.

In such a case as the one before us, the ridicule which falls upon the hoaxes turns entirely upon the plain, intelligible, unscientific character of the asserted facts. Sir John Herschel is reported as saying that the man in the moon has a bat's wings! Let it turn out that he said no such thing, and how we do laugh! But is there nothing which Sir John Herschel—or others, if not he, for in truth we know nothing of his opinions on the point—has stated or implied, in reference to the moon, as a thing known by men, and which is of quite as specific a character as the bat's wings? Examine well the discussion about the plurality of worlds, and see if it do not contain the postulate, very positively reasoned from, that the planets consist of matter having the same chemical qualities as the matter of our earth. The moon has no atmosphere: Why? Because any of our atmospheric materials would give appearances, or prevent appearances, which are not seen, or are seen, in the moon. But may there be an atmosphere consisting of a gas which we have not, and which, from its qualities, we cannot have? Oh no!—law of parsimony—law of analogy—law of confusion between “we do not know that there is” and “we know that there is not”—law of “We'll call you *unphilosophical* if you allow the possibility of the moon having a spoonful of anything but what we have here!” It would be a good thing

if we could say to the philosopher what Hotspur said to his wife when, meaning to be very satirical, he paid her the following compliment :—

Thou wilt not tell that which thou dost not know,  
And thus far may we trust thee.

The problem of lunar chemistry, of lunar inhabitants, and of all that is lunar except light, gravitation, tides, and queer mountains and hollows, requires to be treated with a large infusion of the caution which the following consideration may suggest. We have the proverb that the second blow begins a fray; we want the proverb that the second instance begins an induction. So long as we have only one example, knowledge of resemblance or difference has not commenced. Because lunar matter gravitates, and reflects and polarizes light, we assume that the various elements of lunar matter are those, and no others, which are found on our globe. Nay, even those who argue against the assumption of lunar and planetary inhabitants, and who show a full sense of the great negative argument—that we know nothing about it—will also attempt something positive on their own side, founded on some such assumption as the chemical unity of all the bodies in our system. The inference from ignorance, the contrary of knowledge, to the *knowledge of the contrary*, is a mode of proceeding which much resembles the fallacy of a certain old story :—

“I say,” said a worthy fellow to his friend, “do you know that — said you were not fit to clean his shoes?” “Did he?” was the reply, “I hope you defended me.” “Yes; that I did!” “Well, how did you do it?” “Of course I said you were!” Now, *mutato nomine*, &c. :—“What do you think — says? he says there are men in the moon with bat's wings.” “Does he? I hope you checked his presumption.” “I did, indeed!” “Well, and how?” “Of course I said there were no such things!” A. De M.

WHEWELL'S "PLATONIC DIALOGUES FOR ENGLISH READERS."<sup>1</sup>

OF all the famous men of ancient Athens, the one whose life, character, and physiognomy still fascinate the memory of the human race most strongly, is Socrates. He was the son of Sophroniscus, an Athenian sculptor, and of Phænarete, a midwife; and his life extended from B.C. 468 to B.C. 399. So far as he had a profession, it was that of a sculptor; but his life was spent in a manner peculiar to himself. "Socrates," says Dr. Whewell, "was a private Athenian citizen, who like other citizens had served in various public offices; served too as a soldier and served well; and whose favourite and constant employment it was to spend his time in the streets, in the market-place, in the open shops, wherever the Athenians lounged and gossiped. There he got hold of one person after another, and questioned and cross-questioned him, and argued with him in the most pertinacious and unsparing manner. His appearance gave point to his copious and eager speech. His countenance was plain, amounting to grotesque, but vigorous, vivacious, and good-humoured in a striking degree; his nose was flat, his mouth wide, his lips large, his forehead broad, with strong arches of wrinkles over each eyebrow, giving him a look of humorous earnestness; his figure solid but ungraceful, and his dress of the plainest materials. Why should the elegant and fastidious gentlemen of Athens care to listen to the talk of such a garrulous oddity of the streets?" Simply because his talk was such as to make them listen to him. The most famous description of it is that put into the mouth of his disciple Alcibiades in the *Symposium* of Plato. Alcibiades is represented as coming drunk into a company

where Socrates is present, and bursting forth in his praises. "Gentlemen, unless I were a great deal too drunk, I would tell you on oath how I have been affected and am affected even now by the discourses of this man. When I hear Pericles, and other orators, I think indeed that they speak well, but I never had such a feeling of disturbance, my soul was never made to feel so indignant with itself, as if it were in a state of slavery, as it does when I listen to Socrates. By him I am often so affected that life seems not tolerable to me if I am to continue as I am." In the continuation of the same Dialogue, Alcibiades gives additional particulars as to the nature of Socrates's talk. "So strange is the character of this man, both in himself and his discourses, that no one will by searching discover any man approaching near to him, either among those living now or those of the olden time. Should any one hear his discourses, they will appear to be very ridiculous at first; with such rough nouns and verbs, as with the hide of a Satyr, do they envelop externally his meaning. For he speaks of panniered asses, and of copper-smiths, and leather-cutters and tanners, and he appears to be always saying the same things upon the same subjects; so that whoever has neither skill nor sense will laugh at his words. But he who beholds his discourses when opened up, and gets within them, will find, in the first place, that they alone of all discourses possess an internal meaning, and, in the next place, that they are most divine, and hold the most numerous images of virtue, and extend to the farthest point, or rather to everything, which it is fitting for a man to consider who intends to become accomplished and good." What Alcibiades is here made to say seems to have been but a version of the general impression. All Athens knew Socrates. The greatest men in Athens were in relations

<sup>1</sup> The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers. By William Whewell, D.D. Vol. I. Dialogues of the Socratic School, and Dialogues referring to the Trial and Death of Socrates. Macmillan & Co. 1859.

with him ; and, in the end, he had a retinue of admiring disciples, chiefly young men—some of whom became illustrious in public life, while others devoted themselves to that life of philosophy or the pursuit of speculative and practical wisdom of which he had made them enamoured. His own teaching was partly negative—consisting in a systematic tearing down, by a remorseless method of cross-examination, of all that his hearers supposed they knew ; a systematic emptying of the mind of every one who came near him of all its most cherished opinions as so much mere phraseology picked up at random and incapable of standing the test of reason. Thus the first great effect of his teaching was to beget a habit of *scepticism*, in the original sense of that word—of doubt as to everything supposed to be known ; nay, of uncertainty whether anything could be really known. When Socrates was pronounced by the oracle at Delphi to be "the wisest of men," he himself interpreted this to mean that, resembling other men in knowing nothing, he was wiser than they only in knowing that he knew nothing. That, notwithstanding this, there was a large positive element in his teaching—that he did not only unsettle men's minds, but threw into them, in their state of perturbation, notions and sentiments which knit them up again, and made them stronger, manlier and more noble—rests on abundant evidence. Indeed, there seemed to be two parts in the man—one grotesque, humorous, homely and sarcastic, which made him followed as an interesting oddity ; the other supernatural and awful, converting laughter or mere intellectual delight into fear or reverence. This double aspect of the man is recognised in all the stories of him. He had an extraordinary tolerance—associating alike with all kinds of men, the openly dissolute as well as the respectable ; or, if he had a preference, showing it for those who might be described by the word "genial," as being, despite vices or other drawbacks, the most hopeful human subjects. He never willingly went beyond the walls of

Athens—professing jocularly that, if any one wanted to get him out into the country, the only way was to begin a *logos* or discourse with him, and then walk backwards, like a roper, keeping up the argument till the country was reached. He was the hardiest of men, and could endure fatigue, or hunger, or cold, better than anybody else. Habitually temperate, he could, on occasion, drink more than the most practised toper, and remain the only sober person in the company. His courage, both physical and moral, was talked of as wonderful ; and it was one of the stories of Alcibiades how once, in a forced retreat, Socrates had conducted himself so deliberately, and withdrawn, looking quietly backwards to the pursuers, with a countenance of such unmistakeable meaning that they saw even afar off that whoever touched that man would have a Tartar to deal with. Then he was liable to strange fits of absence or reverie. Once, when out on a campaign, he was seen to stand, rapt and motionless, in the same spot in front of the camp, for twenty-four hours, thinking of something. All day the soldiers watched him, and all through the cold of next night ; and only at sunrise did he come to himself, look about, and walk off. Moreover, it was known that he himself believed that in one respect he was an abnormal person—in respect, namely, that he had a demon attending him, warning him by a prophetic voice, when he himself or any of those about him intended to do anything which would end ill ; but never thrusting him forward. This consciousness of something abnormal in his constitution, had consequences described in language very like that of modern mesmerism. His intellectual influence, it was said, was strongest with many when they were in his presence ; it was strongest of all when they actually touched him ; and, when they remained away from him for some time, the virtue seemed to die out of them. These, and a thousand other stories, had made Socrates for many years the most remarkable character in Athens and in all Greece, when (B. C. 399) a feeling against

him, which had been long growing in certain classes of the citizens, took the form of a public accusation of disrespect to the gods and of corrupting the Athenian youth, and he was condemned to death. His conduct in his last hours was worthy of his whole preceding life ; and, long after he was dead, those who remembered him would speak of him as "of all the men whom they had known "the best, the wisest, and the most just."

Socrates left no writings ; and all our knowledge of the man and of his teaching is derived from the writings of others. In the first place, there were memoirs or reminiscences of the ordinary kind—actual accounts of the man and his conversation, prepared from recollection, or from notes taken at the time after the Boswell fashion. Of this kind are the memoirs by Xenophon, respecting which the most competent opinion is that they are a faithful and affectionate representation of Socrates, by a man who understood him only in part. Of a very different kind from such memoirs are the so-called Socratic Dialogues, or dialogues in which Socrates figures as the chief speaker ; which form of literature, though it may have begun in actual memoir or reminiscence, and though actual reminiscence was always mixed up with it, became gradually a sort of normal form of philosophical writing among the followers of Socrates, as if on the understanding that it was a just compliment to the man who had originated philosophy, to retain him in imaginary life as the vehicle of the best philosophical opinion, and so represent all progress in speculation as Socrates still philosophising. Of this species of literature, by far the greatest practitioner, if not the real inventor, was Plato.

Long a disciple of Socrates, Plato was in his thirtieth year at the time of his master's death, and was prevented from being present on that occasion only by illness. He lived more than fifty years afterwards, in Athens or elsewhere, teaching philosophy, or applying it in large affairs in which he was consulted, and dying, at the age of eighty-one,

B. C. 347—at which time Aristotle, who had been his pupil, was thirty-seven years old, and far on in a philosophy of his own. All the voluminous writings which Plato left, with scarce an exception, were in that form of Socratic Dialogue which we have described—imaginary conversations of real persons, with Socrates figuring in the midst, and with reminiscence intermixed. Hence arises a very difficult question respecting these Dialogues—the question, how much in them is Socrates, and how much in them is Plato. On the whole, the conclusion seems to be that—while the character of Socrates and many of the facts of his life are given in them with all the faithfulness of biography, but with a depth of biographic power far beyond what Xenophon possessed,—yet the sum-total of the matter is so far from a mere exposition of what Socrates taught, so much a development of it and superaddition to it by an independent intellect at once magnificently speculative and sumptuously poetical, that Socrates, invested with such new associations, comes before us inevitably as an idealized Socrates, and it requires Xenophon's help and a process of disentanglement to get back to the real one. We have to fancy Plato in his youth as the most splendid intellect in contact with Socrates, interested in him, and following him about, not rapturously, but reverently, and with a kind of large inquisitive composure. As the dramatic faculty is strong in him, he occupies himself even then in composing Dialogues in which the conversations of Socrates are partly represented, partly worked out and expanded—one of which, at least, Socrates is said to have seen. The habit, once formed, was kept up ; and, though he survived Socrates for half a century, saw changes and revolutions in the Greek world, and went on filling his mind with new experience and masses of new acquisition to be involved in his speculative system, yet he wrote nothing, or almost nothing, except as Socratic Dialogue. What he did leave in this form is such that, even after the largest deduction

that on any supposition could be made on behalf of Socrates as his teacher, the whole world has agreed to regard him as a man possessing a most consummate faculty of literary genius—as one of the most splendid practitioners of universal human speech that have lived, and as unquestionably the master of the richest and sublimest style of extant Greek prose. Nor is this all. Every man, said Coleridge, is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian; which was a lax way of saying that there are and have been but two Philosophies in the world, which are eternally reproducing themselves, and of one or the other of which every man is an adherent, whether he knows it or not. The one of these refers all knowledge to Sense, recognises no certainty which does not come from the world of experience, makes Matter the original, and sees all existence as but Matter whirling through Time and assuming changes; the other refers all to Thought, realizes an eternal unseen world of Ideas, makes Mind or Will or Divinity the original, and traces in the very structure of human nature principles, rules, or recollections, derived from its supernatural connexion, and by which it grips, understands and pervenates experience. Of this last Philosophy Plato, with all allowance for his Polytheistic phraseology and images, is considered the noblest uninspired expounder—the man who has argued it most thoroughly, and expressed it in the most gorgeous and beautiful symbolisms. Hence the adjective "Platonic," applied to this day as descriptive of a certain highly-elevated mode of thought, and of a certain order of minds which have at all times been notable in the world—that order of minds of which Michael Angelo, Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, and Wordsworth are well-known types. Respecting many men of this order it is known that they drank so deeply of Plato as, even to call themselves Platonists. It is known also that there have been marked eras of the revival of Platonism in the intellectual world, and that these eras have exhibited certain strong and peculiar characteristics.

Only of late years, and, indeed, chiefly since the publication of Mr. Bohn's cheap edition of a literal English translation of Plato's works, have English readers had easy opportunity of becoming acquainted for themselves with these celebrated writings. The effect, however, has been already very perceptible. Plato in any kind of English has been a boon so highly appreciated by many to whom it was new, that, if Keats's famous sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" were turned into a sonnet "On First Looking into Bohn's Plato," it would not exaggerate their wonder or their sense of obligation. Following up what has been done, and improving on it by presenting Plato in a shape adapted to a still wider class of the English public, and with scholarly accompaniments and in a style of translation which even those who know Plato in existing versions will find fitted to deepen their knowledge of him and make it more pointed and accurate, Dr. Whewell has sent forth the first volume of an intended edition of "The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers." The plan of the work is that of arranging the Dialogues in groups according to their chronological order in relation to Plato's mind. To make this plan possible, Dr. Whewell has had to come to conclusions for himself on the difficult questions of the chronology of the Dialogues and the rate and the amount of the Platonic development of the Socratic doctrine. In some of these conclusions he differs from previous authorities, and especially from the recent German commentators. Let it be assumed, however, that he is in the main right, and the result for the public is excellent. In the present volume two groups of the Dialogues are disposed of—the first containing *Laches*, *Charmides*, *Lysis*, *The Rivals*, *The First Alcibiades*, *The Second Alcibiades*, *Theages*, and *Clitophon*, associated together as "Dialogues of the Socratic School," under the idea that they were written, for the most part, while Socrates was alive, and present the Socratic Philosophy as first apprehended and digested by Plato;

the second containing *Meno*, *Euthyphro*, *The Apology of Socrates*, *Crito*, and *Phædo*, associated together as "Dialogues Referring to the Trial and "Death of Socrates" under the idea that they were written at or about the time of these events, as an appeal to the Greeks on behalf of Socrates and a historical monument to his memory. To each of the Dialogues here enumerated there is prefixed a brief Introduction, explaining its tenor and the circumstances which gave rise to it; then follows the Dialogue itself, presented partly in abstract, partly in very clear and racy translation, with critical remarks interspersed—what is translated being distin-

guished from the rest by quotation-marks; and then at the end of each Dialogue is appended a brief statement of the reasons determining the place given to the Dialogue, with answers to objections. In the scheme and in its execution so far Dr. Whewell has done a good service. If, with such facilities afforded them, English readers of ordinary capacity of either sex do not find these celebrated writings to their taste—writings which, apart from the deeper and more solemn value of their matter, are "as good as a play" for rich and varied biographical, historical, and dramatic interest—it must be because their tastes in reading need improvement.

## MOROCCO AND NORTHERN AFRICA :

SKETCH OF THEIR HISTORY FROM ROMAN TIMES TO THE PRESENT.

BY THE REV. J. W. BLAKESLEY.

WHENEVER some unexpected turn of good fortune happens to restore the impoverished descendant of an ancient family to a position of ease, it is almost invariably found that he at once launches out into a career of extravagance which speedily brings him back to his old life of shifts and embarrassment. A similar fate seems to be now impending over Spain. No sooner have her finances recovered something like a healthy condition, and her creditors ceased to plague her with their reproaches, than she has thought proper to enter upon a career of ambition which will most likely render her last state worse than the first. Invasion of Africa, pregnant with misfortune to her in her palmy days, is now repeated on a splendid scale, to terminate, in all probability, in calamity and disgrace. If it were possible to gain wisdom by the experience of others, the result of the French conquest of Algeria might have served as a warning. The occupation of that unenviable acquisition has probably cost the victors not less than sixty millions sterling up to the present time, and there is no near prospect of any diminution in the necessary expenditure. But Morocco would undoubtedly prove more difficult to con-

quer as well as more expensive to retain, than the French acquisitions, the largest part of which,—and singularly enough the most valuable—cost comparatively few sacrifices either of men or money. The cereal products of this portion,—the eastern province, of which Constantine (the Cirta of the times of Jugurtha) is the capital,—have increased to such a point that it is no longer necessary to import wheat from Europe to maintain the population of the others. Yet this result was not attained till the year before last, and it still remains, with the exception of a slight increase in the culture of olives and silk-worms, the sole material trophy which France has to show in return for all her expenditure of blood and treasure.

In the case of Morocco, the very causes which have operated to bring the present war upon the Emperor, will act as a hindrance to the invaders in their attempt to strike any decisive blow. The condition of the country is but little above the state of anarchy, and its physical configuration is such, that a small army would be unable to hold any considerable portion of it, while a large one would starve.

If the reader will cast his eye upon

any map of Northern Africa, he will observe a double line of mountains to which the name of Atlas has been given, marked as running in a general direction E.N.E. from about the 29° of latitude on the Atlantic seaboard to Cape Blanco in the Mediterranean, the northern extremity of the bay of Tunis. This apparent double-chain, of which the French conquest of Algeria has for the first time permitted any considerable part to be carefully examined, is, in reality, throughout the easternmost half of its extent, a highly elevated plateau, buttressed by mountains on both its northern and southern side, the former being the steeper. Between it and the Mediterranean lies a series of plains of varying extent, generally of great fertility, but cut off from all facility of land communication with one another, by steep off-shoots from the main range which run down into the sea. Immediately on the south side a rim of descending plateaux forms the frame-work of the great sandy desert of Africa extending from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, which is only interrupted by the thin line of the valley of the Nile. The elevated plains between the two edges just described are very cold in the winter, the snow lying on them for two or three months with but little interruption, while, at the same time, their southern latitude makes them extremely hot in the summer. Their soil is mainly a carbonate of lime, but this is interspersed with vast tracts of sand strongly impregnated with salt, and producing in the spring a herbage in which wormwood predominates. After the snows melt in March, the whole of the plains become rapidly covered with a profuse vegetation, and the surface of the country is populous with camps of scattered fractions of the nomad tribes, who come up from their winter quarters in the Sahara to take advantage of the fresh food which nature is furnishing to their flocks and herds. The traveller is struck with the picturesque sight of long strings of camels, some with their young by their side, others carrying the women of the tribe and the tents which are to be

pitched when the grazing ground belonging to their owners is reached. After the camp is formed, the sheep and goats are led out every morning to eat the herbage down. They set about it in the most methodical manner, drawn up in a long line like an army advancing in battle array, and leaving nothing behind them as they move slowly forwards. At night-fall they are assembled together within a large circle formed by the tents of the tribe, the intervals being filled up with pack-saddles of the camels, or sometimes, especially when the neighbouring ruins of an ancient town furnish materials, with piled stones. This arrangement is for the sake of protection against wild animals, or nightly marauders, theft holding the same place in the popular code of these nomads that it did in the Spartan.

About eighty miles east of the meridian of Gibraltar, the mountainous edges of the Atlas plateau unite, and an entirely new character attaches to its continuation westwards. The elevated plains, which in some places have reached the breadth of 150 or 200 miles, are succeeded by mountain masses, of an altitude exceeding that which is attained by the ranges in any other part of North Africa, with the exception, perhaps, of the Aurès. From the highest valleys springs the stream, which, under the native name of Molochat—preserved to this day in the slightly modified form of Wadi Mulouga—formed the eastern boundary of Mauritania Tingitana in the time of the Roman geographers. Between it and the Tafna, which runs into the Mediterranean through French territory, is a mountain region inhabited by tribes of the aboriginal African race (generically called Berbers), who own an allegiance which is little more than nominal, some to the French, and some to the Emperor of Morocco. It was against the Beni-Znassen, the principal tribe among the latter, that the late expedition under Generals Martimprey and Durrieux, was undertaken; and some idea may be formed of the difficulty of operating in this country from the circumstance, that although both these



officers are notoriously men of consummate ability, the submission of Oujda, the market town, as it may be called, of the tribe, a very few miles from the French frontier, was not effected without the loss of more than 2,000 men by cholera alone, during the single month over which the operations extended.

From nearly the same region of the Atlas as the Mulouga, flows the Wadi Sebou, in a direction at right angles to the former, passing nearly under the walls of Fez, the northern capital of the Emperor, and falling into the Atlantic at Mehedieh. The range of mountains, which form the southern watershed of the valley of the Sebou, constitute an almost impassable barrier between the two halves of the empire; of which the northernmost is the rhomboidal space intercepted between the watershed just mentioned, and the Wadi Mulouga; and the southernmost an irregular triangle, of which this watershed, the seaboard of the Atlantic, and the prolongation of the Atlas in a S.W. direction, constitute the three sides. In this latter half lies the southern capital, Morocco; and so entirely are the two portions of the country separated from each other by physical obstacles, that in passing from one of his capitals to the other, the Emperor makes a circuit of twice the direct distance between the two, descending to the coast of the Atlantic, and proceeding along it for more than a hundred miles before turning again towards the interior. So little power does the government possess, that any more direct course would probably expose his *cortège* to attacks from the rude tribes through which he would have to pass; although they all the while acknowledge him as their sovereign.

In early times, the Carthaginians appear to have possessed factories along the coast of the Atlantic to a considerable distance to the south; but all these disappeared with the power of the mother state. In the time of Julius Cæsar the whole of the commercial civilization of the western part of Africa was extinguished. An attempt to revive it began under the reign of

his successor. Augustus founded three colonies for the sake of the trade on the Atlantic. The first, Julia Constantia, twenty-five Roman miles to the south of Tangier, was a small settlement carved out of the territory of the native chiefs of Zeilis (a name of which a trace remains in the modern Arzilla). The second, Julia Campestris, was founded on the site of the native town, Babba. It was forty miles inland from the mouth of the river Wadi el Kous, which runs into the Atlantic at El Arash. The third, Banasa Valentia, perhaps a military position, was seventy-five miles from El Arash, and on the banks of a great river, the Subur. Thirty-five miles off this was a town called by the Romans Volubile, reputed to be equidistant from the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; and beyond this point, Roman commerce never extended into the interior. The Emperor Claudius established a new Roman colony at Tangier, and another at the embouchure of the river Kous; but so completely were all these settlements merely regarded as outlying factories of the Spanish trade, that the citizens of Julia Constantia are expressly stated to have been obliged to carry on their law-suits in the Spanish courts. This was probably the case with the other settlements; and thus may be explained the otherwise remarkable circumstance, that in the division of the African provinces in the time of the Emperor Theodosius, Mauritania Tingitana formed only a part of the Spanish province of Bœtica. Between Tingis (Tangier), and Rusadir—which was probably situated a little to the east of Cape Tres Forças—there was no land communication known to the Romans. The mountainous coast of the intervening space was occupied then, as it is now, by a race of hardy mountaineers of the aboriginal African race, cultivating the recesses of their rocky fortresses by hard labour, and eking out their scanty subsistence by the proceeds of wrecking and piracy. This is the race to which both the Riff pirates and the assailants of Ceuta belong; and it is their castigation which is the avowed object of the

present Spanish expedition. The authority of the Emperor of Morocco is about as much respected in this region, as that of the English law-courts was in Alsatia, in the time of the Stuarts.

The same aboriginal people has maintained itself in the masses of the Atlas, where the power of the Emperor is absolutely null; and the communication between Fez and the date-producing oases of Tafilat is altogether under their control. Their chiefs, through whose territory the caravans pass, treat the merchants very much as the mediæval barons on the Rhine did the market-boats which floated down that stream. Transit dues are enforced wherever there is an excuse for levying them, and throughout the whole of the domain, under the same jurisdiction, the cavalcade is forced to accept the company of a member of the tribe. When clear of the Atlas, the traveller is subjected to the same process of extortion under the name of protection, at the hands of other tribes in the Sahara, of which some still belong to the original African race, although the greater part in this particular region are Arabs. On the other hand, there are large numbers of the aborigines in the plain of Sous, and the neighbourhood of Taroudant, where they lead the life of herdsmen, and are not, like the inhabitants of the Riff and of the valleys of the Atlas peaks, cultivators of the soil. Taking the whole of the empire of Morocco, the latest calculations make the Arab population to consist of no more than three millions, out of a total of nearly eight, the remainder consisting (with the exception of a sprinkling of Jews) of a people who mainly inhabited the same localities, spoke as their mother tongue the same language, and practised the same modes of life when Carthage was founded.

An outline of the events which have affected the fortunes of Northern Africa since the days when it was full of Christian Churches, will perhaps be acceptable to the reader. We will make the attempt to furnish him with one, only premising that, except

for a few determinate points, the historical materials are very scanty, and sometimes wanting for centuries together. St. Augustine gives us a lively and detailed picture of his own times, and Procopius a contemporaneous sketch of a century later; but after him there occurs a gap of nearly 300 years, before the Arabian writers come in with the new order of things, and carry us down into the region of modern history.

In the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era, Africa, so far as the Romans were concerned with it, was divided into six provinces, one of which, Mauritania Tingitana, was, as we have observed above, altogether insulated from the rest, and civilly connected with Spain. Of the others, taking them in order from west to east, the first was Mauritania Cæsariensis, so called from its principal town and port, Julia Cæsarea (the modern Cherchell). It extended along the coast from the mouth of the Mulouga to the valley of the Wadi Sahel, at the mouth of which formerly stood Salda, a Roman colony of great importance from its port. Salda however itself belonged to the next division, Mauritania Sitifensis, of which Sitifis, the modern Sétif, a town high up in the mountains, was the capital. This was a military colony; Mars was the patron deity of the settlement; and it appears from inscriptions found there, that a considerable portion of the population consisted of aborigines. The coast-limit of Mauritania Sitifensis was the mouth of the river Ampsaga, the Wadi el Kebir, which runs through the town of Constantine in a ravine of many hundred feet in depth, although in some parts only five or six yards across. Constantine itself (or Cirta, as it was generally called, even after its restoration by the first Christian emperor) was the capital of the next division, Numidia, which extended eastward as nearly as possible to the present boundary between the French possessions and the beylik of Tunis. Next to Numidia came the Proconsular province, to which the name of Africa was properly restricted, and after that, Byza-

cium. These two, although by far the smallest in area, were the most important as regards their produce. The former was nearly identical in extent with the rich valley of the Bagradas, the modern Majerda; the latter with the eastern slope of the mass of hills which runs out into the Dakhil Bashir—the promontory which bounds the Bay of Tunis to the east. The remaining division of Africa, Tripolis, was, at the time of which we are now speaking, sadly fallen from its former wealth.

The division just described was altogether the reverse of an arbitrary one. It is determined by the natural features of the country. The proconsular province with Byzacium correspond to the territory of Carthage in the palmy days of that city. This was very generally cultivated like a garden, being extremely well supplied with water—the first essential of fertility in Northern Africa. An inscription found at Tysdrus shows that water was in that city even laid on to private houses; and the astonishment of Regulus's soldiers at the sumptuous mansions and gardens of the Carthaginian merchants all along the line of the army's march,—a state of things which could not exist without artificial irrigation,—was such as might be excited in the breasts of a regiment of Zouaves quartered in the villas of Roehampton. From Carthage, subsequently to the time of Hadrian, the fleets which supplied Rome with corn used to set sail; and the greater part of this necessary supply was grown in the proconsular province and that of Byzacium. Numidia, although less fertile than these, had been likewise rendered by Massinissa a corn-growing country; and it, too, had its natural outlet at Hippo Regius (the modern Bona). So had Mauritania Sitifensis at Salda (the modern Boujie). Julia Cæsarea (Cherchell) is not an obvious outlet for the produce of the province named after it, but it was extremely important to the Romans as a military position.

But although the Roman dominion extended over so much of Africa as is comprised in the French province

of Algeria, and the beylik of Tunis; and although extensive Roman remains exist to this day in many parts of this area, it would be a mistake to suppose either any great displacement of the native population, or that Christianity was the predominating religion of the country. This idea has come to be entertained mainly from the circumstance that the literary civilization of the country, at least subsequently to the times of Jugurtha, was exclusively Roman; so that all we directly learn of Africa is from Latin writers, who looked at everything from a Roman point of view, and exclusively with a regard to Roman interests. But how very inadequate an idea would be formed by our descendants of the native races of the Indian peninsula, if all they had to guide them was an account of the conquest of the country by the English, together with a collection of the reports of the Missionary Societies? Yet this is, in effect, very much the kind of materials from which we have all obtained our ideas of Roman Africa. Every English scholar who visits the country goes there with anticipations of what he is to find formed from the study of the ecclesiastical writers, and it is some time before he becomes fully aware how much allowance has to be made for their peculiar position. Even the learned and acute Dean Milman says that, "on the whole, Christianity might seem more completely the religion of the people in Africa than in any other part of the Roman empire." He is mainly induced to this judgment by the large number of bishops who were collected in the conference at Carthage, on the occasion of the Donatist disputes. But the bishoprics of the African Church corresponded more to modern incumbencies than anything else; and both the orthodox and the schismatical party, at the conference, reproached each other with appointing bishops in insignificant places, "in vills and hamlets," with the object of increasing the majority in favour of their own views. The whole number of sees mentioned by name, amounts to 133 in the Proconsular Pro-

vince, 135 in that of Byzacium, 152 in Numidia, 133 in Mauritania Cæsariensis, including a few from Mauritania Tingitana, and 46 in Mauritania Sitifensis. Besides these, there are seventy-eight of which it is doubtful to which province they should be assigned, and five from the province of Tripolis. Many of them were demonstrably mere villages, and some of them show by their name that they owed their existence to a military outpost. Wherever their site can be identified they are found to lie upon the great routes of communication, and the several ecclesiastical provinces to be coincident with the commercial circuits. If, now, these be followed up under the guidance of the Antonine and Theodosian Itineraries, a curious phenomenon presents itself. A series of stations, each of which appears from the lists of the ecclesiastical writers to be a bishop's see, is every now and then broken by a succession of names of places where there was no Christian Church; and in all these cases it is found that the latter lie in a country which, at the present day, is filled with the aboriginal population, and from its inaccessible character is likely at all times to have furnished them with a safe retreat. Thus, for instance, from Cartenna (the modern Tenez) every station along the coast, eastwards, was a bishop's see as far as Boujie. But between that place and Cullu (the modern Collo) there was none, the route passing through a mountainous region inhabited by Kabyles, as the Berbers of the coast are called. A similar break, and under precisely the same circumstances, is found between Philippeville (the ancient Rusicada) and Bona. Each of these was a bishop's see, the latter that of St. Augustine himself; but the interval between the two is now occupied by Kabyles, and was so in the time of the bishop of Hippo, as he himself informs us. It likewise appears from some passages in his writings, that while his own congregation were ignorant of the language of the natives, these could not comprehend the Latin of the bishop; and that he was, on occasions when his duties

brought him into contact with them, obliged to make use of an interpreter. Altogether, the circumstances of the case were not very dissimilar from those of the present time under the French occupation, except that the natives were more reconciled to their rulers, and these had acquired their footing before the country had been desolated by centuries of anarchy. A strong military force was habitually maintained in important positions, such as Theveste, commanding the valley of the Bagradas, Lambesis (where the French Penitentiary has been erected), Cirta, Setifis, and Julia Cæsarea. Arrangements were entered into with the native chiefs, who in some instances are found to have accepted Roman dignities—just as in the present day they have the decoration of the Legion of Honour from the French—and even to have adopted Roman names; and by their agency the country was governed with tolerable advantage to Rome, although not without occasional revolts on the part of individual tribes against the imperial authority. The traffic between the interior and the coast followed certain definite tracks, sometimes passing through districts where the native tribes received the commodities, became responsible for their safe transit, and finally delivered them up into the hands of the consignees. The conduct of the native commerce, of course, necessitated the settlement of Roman traders in many places,—although several of these, by their name, show that they are of native origin; and of such merchants, of the government officials, and the agents of wealthy Romans who possessed large landed property in the country, the non-military Latin population appears to have been made up. The rude aborigines, living in the condition of serfs in the plains and of small agriculturists in the mountains, and speaking a language which was without a literature, and unrecognised either by the army, the law courts, or the Church, could not appear to the civilized Roman as anything better than a mere mass of men, destined for no other purpose than

that of producing the fruits of the earth, and swelling the number of races which obeyed the sway of the rulers of the world. That even of the Latin population of the towns the Christians formed a very small part, appears to follow from the vast proportion of Pagan tumularly stones, compared with those upon which any Christian symbols appear. As far as Algeria is concerned, it may be doubted whether, out of the great numbers which have come to light in all parts of the country to which the French have had access, more than four or five per cent. can by any possibility be regarded as Christian. And even this small fraction must not be taken as representing the proportion of Christians to the whole population, but only to that portion of it which spoke Latin.

But immediately after the persecution of Diocletian, conversions became very much more frequent, and in the time of Augustine the cause of Christianity received what appeared to be a great impulse in the strong support of the Roman officials. Augustine himself was by far the ablest man of his time, and his influence in high quarters procured the adoption of his views by most of the great functionaries in Africa. The perusal of his writings leaves the impression that he despaired of sustaining social order by any other machinery than that of a Christian Theocracy. There was, indeed, much to favour this view, irrespectively of the common delusion shared by him that the end of the world was approaching. The general turpitude of the magistrates stood in glaring contrast to the character of the clergy, to whom the people continually appealed as arbitrators in civil cases. Paganism was obviously falling to pieces. The votaries of Jupiter and Juno, of Vesta and Venus, became fewer and less zealous. Many of them were drawn away at this time to the worship of certain native deities; others, probably the great majority, became indifferent to any religious creed whatever. The domains attached to the Pagan temples were alienated with the connivance of the magistrate, whose religious zeal in

some cases, or whose avarice in others, led him to regard the transaction with complacency. One obstacle alone seemed to stand in the way of the consummation to which all things were hastening,—the schism of the Donatists.

This community, which owed its origin to the indignation inspired by the supposed unworthy conduct of a Catholic bishop at the time of the persecution of Diocletian, had, during the first century of its existence, come to assume an attitude of irreconcilable hostility to the Church. The succumbing to the dread of persecution,—the crime imputed, although, as afterwards appeared, without sufficient evidence, to the bishop in question,—had inspired so much horror at the time, that the mere suffering of persecution, irrespectively of the cause, became in the common estimation of the party the true test of godliness. Wild in their fanaticism, the Donatists repudiated all connexion with the members of the Church which did not share their fury. They rejected their sacraments and disowned their orders, rebaptizing all converts to their own opinion, and, wherever they obtained possession of a Catholic church, purifying the altar as if it had been polluted, before using it for the celebration of the Holy Communion. They had appealed to the Italian bishops, and over and over again to the Emperor Constantine; and in every instance had received an adverse decision. But this ill-fortune only served to aggravate their hostility towards their adversaries, who, nevertheless, long bore with them, and abstained from any attempt to use force in return for the acts of violence and outrage to which the members of the Church—especially the clergy and the converts from Donatism—were habitually subjected. Augustine distinguished himself for a long time by a spirit of conciliation and tolerance worthy of the most enlightened times. But unhappily he, too, at last gave in to the narrow-minded policy of his brother bishops. Beginning with invoking the influence of wealthy members of the orthodox party over their Donatist serfs, he ultimately appears as

the formal defender of the cruel penal laws of Theodosius. No doubt the practice of toleration towards such insane zealots as the Donatists was not an easy virtue, any more than it is at this day towards Irish ultramontanists. So ardent was their thirst for any sort of martyrdom, that before the promulgation of the penal laws, of the Emperors, they sought it by wilfully intruding in crowds into the pagan temples during the celebration of a festival, not (says Augustine naively) in order to break the idols to pieces, but to be destroyed themselves by the idol-worshippers. They would attack the Roman judicial functionaries in their circuits as brigands, in order to bring capital punishment upon their own heads on the spot. Self-murder was habitual with them, the most favourite forms being self-cremation or leaping from a precipice. Probably in these cases their desire was to make it appear that they had been driven to suicide in order to preserve themselves from the pollution of contact with the Catholics.

But the Donatist schism is chiefly interesting to us on the present occasion from its political bearings. Its history explains, what otherwise would be entirely inexplicable, the extraordinary success of the Vandal invasion, which, in its results, put an end for ever to civilization and Christianity in North Africa. The Donatist party had spread especially among the native population. Its tenets harmonised singularly with the fervid temperament of the African blood; and its voluntary martyrdoms were little more than a new version of the Moloch-sacrifices to which in times of excitement the Phœnician races eagerly resorted. It was the south of Numidia,—the mountain mass, that is, of the Aurès and the southern edge of the Atlas plateau,—that was the stronghold of the schism. Now this is the path which the Vandal invaders took. Crossing over from Spain to Tangier, they found a race identical with that inhabiting the regions just mentioned, and sympathising with it in hatred of the Roman rule, which now, since the penal legislation of Gratian and Theodosius, was

identified with the cause of the much-hated Catholic Church. In the Berber language of the present day, the same word (*Troumi*) is used to denote Roman and Christian; and the Vandal expedition was at once a revolt of aboriginal serfs against conquerors, a foray of rude mountaineers and herdsmen upon mercantile intruders, and a holy war between religious fanatics and what was regarded by them as an apostate communion. Except for the aid of the native population, it would have been perfectly impossible for the Vandals to have advanced as they did, as far as Hippo, without meeting a check. But it was easy enough for them in a friendly country to prepare to strike a blow in the enemy's vulnerable quarter. Debouching by way of Oujda into the Atlas plateau, they moved through the elevated plains by the same lines which Abd el Kader afterwards took, their host continually increasing by new accessions of strength, swept along the track, still thickly studded with the ruins of Roman cities, under the flanks of the Aurès, by Lambesis, Tamugadi, and Theveste (Tebessa), and found no adequate resistance till they reached Hippo. That city fell, Carthage soon followed, and the Roman dominion in Africa was ended for more than a century.

The recapture of Carthage by Belisarius, and the partial re-establishment of the power of the Byzantine emperors in Barbary, is familiar to everyone from the narrative of Gibbon. But it is not amiss to remark that the remains of antiquity which belong to the Byzantine period, indicate that most of the wealth and prosperity of the country had passed away in the interval. It was the policy of the Vandal conquerors to crush the commercial interest, which was identified with the supremacy of Rome. The walls of the flourishing cities were pulled down, those of Carthage (as the seat of government) being alone preserved. The ports on the coast no longer served as the havens for merchantmen, but as harbours for corsairs which pillaged the coasts of Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. Many of the cities

were entirely dismantled, and the conduits which supplied them with water destroyed. The clumsy and partial restoration of some of these after the Byzantine reconquest contrasts with the effective arrangements which before existed, no less significantly than the architecture of the Byzantines does with the grand forms and solid masonry exhibited in the ruins belonging to the third and fourth centuries.

The principle upon which the Vandal dynasty governed the country was a feudal one as regards its own immediate followers—the successful soldiers who had shared in the invasion. The confiscated lands of Roman citizens, and probably also the domains of the towns, were parcelled out among them on a military tenure. The native chiefs readily transferred their allegiance to the new power, and received at the hands of Genseric and his successors the same insignia of investiture which they had been accustomed to seek from the emperor,—a silver rod, a head-dress of silver of peculiar shape (of which the turban is, perhaps, the modern representative), a white chlamys fastened with a gold buckle on the right shoulder, an embroidered burnous, and sandals inlaid with gold. The lower classes were encouraged in the practice of piracy, to which their adventurous spirit naturally inclined them, and which, as it was exercised against the commerce of their old Roman enemies, gratified their hatred while it filled their purses. Although the rapid success of Belisarius produced a sudden panic, and a momentary defection of aboriginal chiefs on a large scale took place, yet it is quite clear, from the general tenor of Procopius's narrative, that, on the whole, the "Moorish" population (by which he means the natives of the mountains and the interior) were strongly identified in feeling with the reigning Vandal dynasty; while, on the other hand, this latter was bitterly hated by the "Libyans," the relics of the mixed commercial population, surviving in the towns of the coast, who remained orthodox Christians, while

Arianism generally prevailed among the others. This division it was which, in fact, ultimately determined the expedition under Belisarius, who set out on his voyage as upon a holy war, and was received with open arms by the "Libyans" when he reached Africa. But, brilliant as the success of the Byzantine general was, and excellently as it was followed up by the administration of his successor Solomon, the footing of the Roman imperial power in the country was never properly recovered. At the time of Justinian's death the whole of Mauritania, with the exception of Julia Cæsarea, remained in the power of the "Moors"; and though this town was itself Roman, it could only be approached by sea, the native tribes prohibiting all access to it by land. West of it, the Byzantines did not possess a foot of ground, and with the exception of Hippo and Carthage, no other port of any importance throughout the whole extent of the coast. A certain traffic continued to be carried on with the interior, for coins of Heraclius, and even of Constans II., are now found in the oases of the Zab; but this does not prove that the trade in which they were used was in the hands of Roman subjects. It may be fairly assumed that, at the time of the next great turning-point in African history, the whole of Barbary, as well as the skirts of the neighbouring desert, was overspread with a population mainly aboriginal, mixed in varying proportions with Vandals and other immigrant invaders, and with the descendants of fugitive slaves, to whom, for many generations, the inaccessible parts of the country must have constituted an asylum. Here and there still existed remnants of the early Greek, the Roman, and the more recent Byzantine commercial traders; but the bulk of the inhabitants were of the primitive race which the first adventurers from Hellas found upon the shores at which they touched. That they were partially Christianized is certain; but, from the reasons assigned above, it seems likely that their faith was much more generally inherited from Donatists or Vandal Arians, than

from the orthodox Churches. And they were most undoubtedly cut off from that habitual participation in the civilization of Europe which was enjoyed in the times before the Vandal conquest.

It was under these circumstances that the Arabian invasion of Africa took place in the middle of the seventh century of the Christian era, three years after the capture of Egypt by Amrou. The details of it are in the highest degree uncertain, for they rest upon authorities of which none are less than 400 years later, and which there are next to no means of checking. The slightest possible sketch, therefore, of the alleged train of events, will be sufficient to bridge over for the reader the chasm between the ancient and the modern times. It seems evident that the first inroads, which extended only to Tripoli and the eastern part of the beylik of Tunis, were more of the nature of forays than a regular invasion. The Roman towns still existing readily submitted to the brigand invaders, and bought an exemption from pillage at their hands. But in the fifty-fifth year of the Hedjra, Okba, the governor of Egypt, formed the plan of a settlement with a view to permanent occupation of the country. He determined to build a city which should be the future capital of Africa. Where Kairwan afterwards arose, there was at that time a forest, full of the most venomous reptiles and savage wild beasts. But Okba, like St. Patrick, exorcised these occupants of the site on which he had fixed, and, invoked in the name of the prophet, they withdrew at once far away into the desert, and left the new-comers to take possession. Like the thaumaturgic legends of the early Christian missionaries, this story probably indicates the commencement of a regular system of conversion attending on conquest; and, in fact, from this time forward the progress of Islam begins to be noted. Okba pressed on, taking the edge of the Atlas plateau—just as the Vandals had done when coming in the opposite direction,—into the empire of Morocco, and actually reached the coast of the Atlantic, both

on the borders of the desert and at Tangier and Ceuta. But this expedition appears to have been intended as a *reconnaissance* only. On his way out, Lambesis (which was therefore still standing) refused to open its gates to him, and he was in too great haste to besiege it. The Christians (both *Romans* and Berbers) of the vicinity took refuge in the mountains of the Aurès; and on Okba's return from the West, he was attacked by a Berber chief, named Ksila, defeated and slain. Ksila followed up his success by taking Kairwan; but was soon after himself defeated by a fresh army, and the Berber insurrection put down.

A new attempt was made to resist the invader in the seventy-fourth year of the Hedjra, by Kahina, a sort of African Boadicea, and, like Ksila, a chieftain of the Aurès. This heroine deserves mention on two accounts. She totally defeated Hassan, the Arabian general, who had destroyed Carthage; and she initiated a bold policy which, if it had been fully carried out, might possibly have altered the fortunes of North Africa. It was to destroy the yet remaining cities, and the cultivation in their neighbourhood, and thus deprive the invader both of the booty which attracted him, and of the resources which enabled him to form a permanent settlement. The policy proposed by Kahina was precisely the same as that adopted by Abd el Kader in the latter part of his struggle with the French, although in a different part of the country. Both schemes failed, as was not unlikely from the sacrifices which were demanded. The inhabitants of the cities of the Aurès preferred to join the invader against their exacting ally, just as many of the tribes in the vicinity of Oran submitted to the French, rather than obey the stern commands of the Emir to withdraw into the desert. Kahina was defeated and slain, and a colony of 20,000 Berbers, converted to the faith of Islam, transported to the territory of Morocco. The Arabian conquest now progressed steadily. The date country of Tafilat and the plain of Sous were occupied.



The conquerors pushed on to the north by the coast of the Atlantic and took Tangier, passed over into Spain, and even crossed the Pyrenees, and advanced as far as Carcasson in the south of France. At the expiration of the first century of the Hedjra, North Africa was completely subdued; far the greater part of the native population had embraced the Mahometan religion, and the rest were under tribute more or less severe.

But half a century later than this apparent triumph a reaction began. The native race gradually recovered their power, mainly owing to the dissensions of the conquerors. Identity of religion had favoured a mixture of blood, while the reverence paid to the prophet procured from all the recognition of his personal descendants, as possessing a paramount claim to their obedience. About the beginning of the 10th century,—in accordance, as it was said, with a prophecy that after 300 years from the rise of Islam the sun should rise in the west,—the whole of North Africa was united under one command, and all the high ports of government held by Berbers, although the supreme power was in the hands of an Arab, Obeid Allah, with the title of Commander of the Faithful. Fifty years afterwards a Berber force, sent by a successor of this individual, under the command of a Greek in his service, succeeded in temporarily occupying Egypt and taking Cairo. Soon after this we find a Berber chief, Yousouf-ben-Ziri-ben-Menad, invested with authority over all Africa except Tripoli, although in the character of a vassal of the Caliph at Cairo; but his son became the founder of an independent kingdom, of which Boujje was the capital; and of a dynasty that lasted 150 years. Another branch of the same family established itself at Tunis; and a third regal house, also belonging to a Berber tribe, reigned at Fez.

This must be considered as the most flourishing era of the Berber race since the commencement of the historical times; and it seems not unlikely that the general conversion to the faith of

Islam, by producing a greater cohesion between the several tribes, was the proximate cause of their comparative prosperity. To this time is possibly to be attributed the massive masonry of the old walls of Tlemsen, and of the Mansourah in the neighbourhood of that city, as well as similar remains in the neighbourhood of Mostaganem. But the race never seems to have attained a native literature, or any original excellence in art. Even in their palmiest days, the Berber civilization cannot have been above the standard of the Turks of the present time. They cultivated the soil admirably,—for it is to them, not to the nomad Arabs, that the irrigating system of Barbary and Spain is due,—they traded with the interior of Africa, and (if we may judge from exotic words in their language) also with the Italian republics of the middle ages, through their ports on the north coast, as their ancestors had done with the Greeks before the time of Solon. But if religion had furnished them with a bond of union, fanaticism soon burst it asunder. The old Christian feud between Catholics and Donatists was paralleled by the Mahometan one between Sunnites and Shiites, and with similar disastrous effects. At Fez the population (belonging to the tribe of Zenata) were Shiites; at Boujje they were Sunnites. At Tunis both parties existed, but the Sunnites predominated, and in the year 1017, a St. Bartholomew massacre was perpetrated there, and the rival sect almost annihilated.

The Emir of Tunis a few years afterwards followed up this step by renouncing his allegiance to the Shiite caliph of Egypt. And now followed the last great change in the condition of Northern Africa. The Egyptian caliph, stung both by the personal insult and by indignation at the oppression of his co-religionists, induced the Arab tribes, then established in the deserts of Upper Egypt, to invade the countries of the West, encouraging them to the enterprize by the formal cession of the province of Barca, and by a bounty of a dinar a-head to all who should take part in the invasion.

A flood of savage barbarians responded to the appeal, while at the same time a Berber tribe of Sunnites burst into Morocco from the south-west, and Roger, King of Sicily, assisted by the Arabs, ravaged the northern coast of Barbary. It is unnecessary to trace in detail the advance of the invaders. By the middle of the twelfth century the whole of the province of Constantine between Collo and the capital, was in their possession, and wherever they went, they carried fire and sword before them. In this work of destruction they were assisted by some of the Berber tribes, who belonged to the Shiite sect. Other Arab hordes pushed on to the west, and established themselves in that part of Morocco called Dukkala. About the beginning of the thirteenth century, the native race began again to make head; but by this time religious dissensions had effectually precluded any permanent union, and although during the next 300 years individual tribes acquired from time to time predominant power like those of the Israelites, (during the period comprised in the Book of Judges), the character of the whole interval can only be described as one of absolute anarchy. Tunis, Fez, and Tlemsen, became temporarily centres of power, and the first at one time was considered the metropolis of Islam. The native race, as a whole, asserted its superiority to the Asiatic invaders, but the mutual jealousy of its chiefs induced them often to make common cause with the tribes of the latter against some hated rival. The Arabs did not fail to take advantage of this disunion, and during the fifteenth and first half of the sixteenth century, their revolts against the chiefs of the native race became more constant and more successful. At last, in the year 1535, Tunis was taken by Charles V. of Spain, with their assistance, and 70,000 of its inhabitants put to the sword; the Arabs, in their cruelty to their co-religionists, throwing into the shade the fury of the Christian victors. The capture

of Tunis was the finishing stroke to all native power, and since that period the Turks in Algiers, and the Sheriffs in Morocco, have been the only representatives of regular government in Barbary.

The senseless proceedings of the present Spanish Government seem almost to have been adopted for the express purpose of organizing into something like compactness the chaotic elements of this turbulent population. The only point which all the tribes, Arab or Berber, have in common, is a fanatical regard for their religion; and this is exactly the principle to which the invaders have forced them to appeal. Berbers or Arabs, Sunnites or Shiites, all are willing to join in the issue which has been so gratuitously raised; and it is not impossible that if the new Emperor of Morocco be a man of genius, he may convert the temporary union resulting from the present exigency into a permanent bond. That the Spaniards will succeed in producing any impression upon Morocco by operations directed from the northern coast, is extremely improbable; and an attack in any other quarter will require far greater preparation than has yet been made. If the war should assume such proportions as to become decisive of the fate of the empire in either one way or the other, a fresh European complication is not unlikely to result. England would certainly not be content to see Spain powerful on both sides of the Straits; while, on the other hand, any great success on the part of the Moors would not fail to light up the flames of rebellion throughout Algeria, and thus bring France into the arena. Whichever way the eye turns, the political horizon at the present time looks overclouded and menacing, and confirms the wisdom of the resolution which the people of England have taken to put their own shores into a condition to brave the worst contingency.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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L O R D M A C A U L A Y.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

THE suggestion that Lord Macaulay should be buried in Westminster Abbey, from whomsoever it proceeded, was at once hailed as a right and reasonable one by the English public. The national cemetery is to preserve the remains of those who have done any considerable work for the nation, who in any period have acted upon its mind, or represented its mind. The Dean and Chapter do not constitute a tribunal for judging what the form or quality of their influence has been, whether it has originated with them or has belonged to their circumstances, whether it is to last for all time or is limited to a particular time. They are not to pronounce on the right of this or that person to canonization, or to hear what an *Advocatus Diaboli* has to allege against him. They are merely to register facts which cannot be gainsayed. I say this, distinctly remembering that the Abbey is not a mausoleum, but a Christian church. Because it is that, it should contain a record of the men upon whom God has bestowed any remarkable gifts for the use of their generation; it should refer the powers with which men are endowed to their right source. It cannot bear any better witness against the misuse of them than this.

No doubt the functionaries of the Cathedral may have been thankful that in this instance no possible pretext could have been found for remonstrating  
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against the honour, and that the reasons for bestowing it were so undeniable. Since no one charge has ever been brought against the personal or the political life of Lord Macaulay; since a circle of distinguished and irreproachable men called him friend; since, with strong Whig convictions, he was singularly free from asperity or unfairness towards men of the opposite school, and in his very latest Essay did signal justice to the memory of its favourite hero; since his accomplishments were most various, his memory vast, his scholarship real; since he did not betake himself to literature because he had failed as an orator or a statesman, but that he might make the powers which he had proved himself to possess in both capacities more generally and permanently useful; it would be difficult to conceive any one whose right to rest among the distinguished Englishmen of other days could be less easily or less fairly questioned.

I have said that this dignity ought to be conceded without any previous attempt to weigh the merits of a great man against his defects, the benefits which he may have conferred upon his country against any possible mischiefs which may have accompanied those benefits. It is equally obvious that it cannot preclude such an inquiry, or be assumed as in any degree prejudging the result of it. Nevertheless, it seems to me that we are taking the wisest as well

as the most graceful course if we resolve to give an account to ourselves of the good which we fancy we have gained from any man whom his contemporaries have delighted to honour before we make conjectures about the evil. Our credits and debts may be balanced hereafter. It is surely better and safer to be grateful before we complain, if it was only because the complaints themselves, supposing it is necessary to make any, become more intelligible by the contrast.

I cannot read Lord Macaulay's SPEECHES without feeling that they are more than mere brilliant compositions, such as every one will at once allow them to be. They are, I conceive, documents of very great value for that important portion of English history which is included between the latter years of George IV.'s reign, and the commencement of the reign of Queen Victoria. What questions were occupying people then, how they were viewed by those who were most in sympathy with the feelings and movements of the time, we learn from these speeches more than from any of those that were delivered by older men of his own side or of the other side, by the more advanced Liberals amongst his contemporaries, by those whom the House of Commons might regard as more accomplished debaters, by those who may be hereafter thought of as possessing a more philosophical insight or foresight. He appears to have had just that combination of knowledge of the past and sympathy with the present which enabled him to exhibit the middle-class movement in its most agreeable, historical, reasonable form, to bring the old aristocratical Whiggism into conformity with it, to hold it forth as the great protection against the perils which might be threatening from any other quarter. I do not say what M. Guizot and others may have been doing at the same time in France for this end and in this direction. But in England, I apprehend, no one will be found who has made and will make that particular form of thought and feeling which belongs to the crisis of the Reform Bill,

so intelligible as Lord Macaulay—not only to persons who agree with his conclusions, but to those who, on one ground or other, dissent from them.

There was danger that a man taking up such a position would have cherished a merely cold balancing intellect, out of which no powerful eloquence can ever come. The passionate impulses which were urging men's minds during the Reform Bill agitation, might have saved any one who was still young from this peril. Lord Macaulay owed his deliverance from it, I think, also, to another cause, which ought never to be forgotten in estimating his influence upon his time. It is a great thing for a man to inherit a cause, to be quickened by the traditions of his infancy when he is likely to be cooled by the society into which he falls in his manhood. Lord Macaulay's first public appearance was at an anti-slavery meeting. It is impossible not to trace the effect of his early convictions upon that subject in all his after parliamentary discourses, though they might have no direct reference to Negroes. They gave that moral purpose to what would otherwise have been merely skilful intellectual efforts, which alone invests such efforts with any real power, which makes the contemplation of them even enduring when the temporary excitement which provoked them has passed away. The Whig politicians may have boasted that they had brought over a man from the ranks of the Saints to serve in their own ranks. They did not know how much more effectually he fought for them from the training he had received in the other camp.

Lord Macaulay began with a speech on slavery. One of his latest speeches, and the one which for the mere winning of votes is perhaps unparalleled in parliamentary history, was made in defending the privilege of the Master of the Rolls to sit in the House of Commons. The descent from a cause in which three Continents are interested to one which can have little more than an antiquarian interest for any one but the able judge whose seat was under discussion, is

significant, I conceive, of several things. The ability of Lord Macaulay was greater in the last period of his House of Commons' displays than in the first. His faculties were matured, the circle of his knowledge was wider. But the latter period had ceased to be *his* period as a statesman. All those questions which were raised by the year 1848, questions affecting the most practical details of existence, questions reaching into the very depths of social and personal life, were not his questions. The plummets which had been sufficient for the "three Days" and the Reform Bill, evidently failed in this new emergency. It ought to be received as another proof of Lord Macaulay's wisdom, that he understood clearly that he ought not to venture upon these, that he should be using his talent to far better purpose if he discoursed about the seat of the Master of the Rolls. Such sound judgment is itself a sign of his completeness within his own sphere. May not those young statesmen who must grapple with the subjects with which he felt that he was not intended to grapple, profit by his silence even more than they could by his speech? Will they not understand that something more is required from them than was possible even for the ablest of their predecessors? Will they think that they can be to the next time even as much as he has been to this, if they merely give themselves to cold speculations on the one hand, or to the most painful and praiseworthy diligence in details on the other? Do they not want more study of principles, more enthusiasm than were in him, that they may not be crushed under the weight both of speculations and details, that they may become neither metaphysicians nor plodders, but serious, warm-hearted, hopeful men?

The compositions of Lord Macaulay to which I have alluded, would never recall that illustrious Whig of the eighteenth century beside whose monument his remains are laid. His *ESSAYS* make us think of Addison, though at first they rather suggest the amazing difference

between the two men and the two periods. The *Spectator* and the *Edinburgh Review*—what two works in the same language were ever so utterly unlike? Nor is the contrast only between the founders of that celebrated journal or its Scotch contributors, who introduced such a new and dashing style of writing, and the most quiet, graceful, idiomatic of all Englishmen. It was scarcely less strong between him and the vigorous young man who revived an interest in the work when it was falling into decrepitude. Much as Lord Macaulay admired Addison, he had far too good sense to attempt an imitation of the forms of his thought, when he knew that in spirit they were so widely apart, and belonged to such dissimilar times. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which Lord Macaulay was influenced by his predecessor, and influenced, I conceive, most beneficially. The *Edinburgh Review* had established the *We* ascendancy more completely than it had ever been established before. The great talent and vivacity of the writers, of Lord Jeffrey and Sydney Smith especially, caused them to be recognised by degrees as individual men. As they became better known in other spheres of work, the veil grew every day more transparent. Still it *was* a veil. And the use of the *We* was more and more regarded as exceedingly clever, connected with a set of cant phrases which were appropriate to Reviews, and which young writers were eager to adopt. Ever and anon ridiculous contradictions mingled with this affectation. When the roar of the lion very much affrighted the ladies, Bottom the Weaver and Snug the Joiner had to announce that they were not lions at all, and meant no harm. Still there were too many reasons which made the disguise both agreeable and convenient for private and party uses, not to ensure its continuance. Many who had no such motives for concealment really shrank from what seemed to them the impertinence of the *I*, though they had often cause to confess afterwards that they had been guilty of impertinences under the cover of the *We*, which made

them profoundly ashamed when they were roused to a sense of their personal responsibility.

Lord Macaulay did very much to overthrow *Wedom*. From the moment that he began to write in the *Edinburgh Review*, he was recognised as a distinct person. No one set the least store by his plural. As long as he was half a boy, he had an evident pleasure in using it. When he became a man, and contrasted such language with that of the great writers of England, he must have perceived how far more genuine the *I* of the *Spectator* was. His articles might be published before or after those of Lord Jeffrey, of Sydney Smith, of Sir James Stephen. The appearance of all with the names of the authors was an indication of the same feeling, a confession of the same fact. The anonymous covering had worn itself out; the Review phraseology, being always artificial, had now become powerless. In many quarters it would still be prized; in some it might be still even desirable. But it was the figment of another time, which, if it was ever serviceable for good ends, had nearly done its work. These writers did not say that it should be dispensed with in the *newspaper*. They were, I conceive, witnesses that for the *Review* or the *Magazine* it is practically obsolete.

I believe I am doing no injustice to Lord Macaulay's Essays in fixing upon the general absence of reviewing cant as one of their best characteristics. Their positive merits are closely connected with that negative one. The writer is not one of a *clique* which holds itself bound to denounce all writers who transgress certain conventional canons of taste. If he succumbs to some of the traditional hates of the Review, he rebels against others. Southey's transgressions in his earliest and latest phases of opinion against the Whig standard of orthodoxy could not be forgiven; but Lord Macaulay has courage to avow himself almost a Wordsworthian: evidently regarding Jeffrey's balls as spent and harmless. I do not say that he belongs to another school of criticism

from the Review; but I cannot help thinking he has prepared the way for another. Evidently there is no stopping where he stopped. Criticism must become an altogether different thing from that which it has been under the *We* sceptre, if that sceptre is broken. It is not the substitution of the singular number for the plural, of Christian name and surname for anonymous authority, which will make us just to our contemporaries or to the times gone by. Lord Macaulay had the merit that he dealt with the one and the other much in the same way. He was not at all harder upon Bentham than he was upon Bacon. But he did bring the habits of the Reviewer to bear upon both. In the presence of both he was the judge, not the learner. We ought not to copy him. We ought to learn from *him* all we can; not to set ourselves up to judge and condemn him. Then we shall find that there are a great many things which he does not teach us at all, and some which he would hinder us from learning. In general we shall be thankful to him for the persons he has taught us to respect and appreciate; not at all thankful to him where he has taught us to disparage and to dislike. For just so far as he has done this, he has helped to deprive us of our standard; so that if he praises any persons more than they deserve, or for qualities which do not deserve praise, we are unable to correct him; our judgment has become the mere tool of his.

Every one would consider it a fall to speak of the *Cato* after the *Spectator*: it is scarcely less a fall to speak of Lord Macaulay's BALLADS after his Essays. Still one cannot help admiring the judiciousness which chose that kind of poetry wherein an orator was capable of making an impression, avoiding all forms of poetry that demand the faculty divine in its higher sense. If he could not reach Addison's excellence in prose, he could escape his great error in attempting a drama or an epic. He had, no doubt, his age, and the severer demands which it makes upon those

who wander into these regions, in part to thank for this abstinence. But it is not every man with ambition and strong consciousness of power who finds out what he is capable of, even if his contemporaries have ever such severe rules and enforce them ever so strictly. Whether it was right or not to connect the romantic forms with the legends of ancient Rome, we must all, I should think, be glad to possess those rattling and spirited songs. They have contributed to the enjoyment of young readers, and they appear to show that there was a youthful heart in the writer.

And now, finally, about the HISTORY. What has that done for us? what may it do? We may ask this question in a vague sort of way, understanding by the word "us" all people except ourselves; trying to speculate upon the influence which the book may have exerted or may exert hereafter on that which we call *the public*. I do not take the words in that sense. I find in myself a great pleasure in reading this history; I suppose it is a pleasure of the same kind with that which other readers experience, and which has caused so many thousand copies of it to be circulated. If I give account to myself as well as I can of this satisfaction, I may also discover the secret of the *dissatisfaction* which I am conscious of, and which I suspect is as little peculiar, and may interpret some of the grumblings which our countrymen mingle with this, as they are wont to do with their other, feasts. I cannot attribute my agreeable sensations when I am looking over Lord Macaulay's narrative, merely to the vivacity of the style. Hume's is as transparent a medium for transmitting thoughts to the mind, and yet I suffer a certain annoyance when I read a chapter of Hume, which is wholly absent in the other case. It costs me an effort to do justice to the ability of Hume, great and evident as that is, whereas the homage to Lord Macaulay is altogether natural and spontaneous. I conclude, therefore, that I am more *en rapport* on some ground or other with the historian of the nineteenth than with

him of the eighteenth century. Nor is it hard to discover why. Macaulay accepts much of what we have been slowly learning in the period since Hume's day. Those whom the sceptic thought merely ridiculous, are owned by his successor as men of real power and worth. Bunyan from a fanatic becomes a man of genius. All who disgusted the serene indifference of the older time, are assumed as having done a great work for ours. It is just to this point that we have most of us come by different routes; and the historian who goes along with us, if he has not a fourth of Lord Macaulay's talent, is inevitably a favourite. He would not, however, be a favourite long, if he merely affected this state of feeling out of deference to a general opinion. In Macaulay it was not the least affected or assumed. That advantage of education to which I have alluded in speaking of his political career, is even a more striking element in his success as an historian. He brought feelings with him which no man merely formed in a Whig school could have possessed. They were no doubt tempered by the atmosphere of that school, stripped of all disreputable vehemence, turned into a graceful and not too condescending patronage of the uncourtly men whom we are bidden to admire. But all the homage which is withdrawn from them is in fact paid to us. We feel how very good we are for liking these good people, whose weaknesses we nevertheless see through and are free from. The historian does not mean to flatter us, but he does flatter us in the most delicate fashion. We are all sensible of it, and return his compliments in gratitude and respect.

This respect and gratitude dispose us to receive his portraits of those persons of whom we know less, or about whom we are more indifferent, with little questioning. It is always pleasant to surrender ourselves to an author when we feel we can do it safely. And into whose hands can we yield ourselves more safely than to one who evidently knows his subject so well; who speaks with such clearness and decision; who states the grounds of his judgments in a manner so intelligible to all of us; who appears to

examine every action by a strict moral rule, and yet by one which is not too high for us, which we can all recognise, which, in fact, is deduced for the most part from habits and practices where-with respectable people in our century are in general conformity? What a sense of virtue and dignity it confers on us to feel that the statesmen, lawyers, divines, generals, of a former age are all brought to our bar, and that we can, through the mouth of a most learned and impartial judge, pronounce our sentence upon their shortcomings and misdoings!

I do not myself think that these reasons would be sufficient to explain the gratification which Macaulay affords us,—no, nor that all his great accomplishments would—if there had not been one character in his History which is set before us for our admiration, and not for our criticism. The reader of Lord Macaulay thanks him for his portrait of William III. on quite another ground from that on which he thanks him either for his Bunyan or his Marlborough. He feels that the historian looked up to *this* person as above himself, as possessing something of a gigantic and mysterious character. It is a real service to mankind, that the cold dry Dutchman of our boyish imagination should have acquired these new proportions and this richer colouring. If some dark features are kept hidden, if one evil deed is treated with the skill of a special-pleader rather than the fidelity of an earnest inquirer, one may easily forget such offences in consideration of the cordial attachment which the writer has conceived for his subject, and which in a measure he imparts to us. And this is an attachment which, though directed to the hero whom all Whigs would wish to extol, no mere Whig of Brookes's, not Charles James Fox, nor Lord John Russell, could possibly have felt. Lord Macaulay could perceive that the real sublimity of William's character lay in his predestinarian faith, in his acknowledgment of an eternal Will which was directing his purposes and movements. To them this faith would only have seemed one of the re-

pulsive qualities of his mind, which ought to be overlooked because he had saved the British Constitution.

The importance of William's character to Macaulay's History, should make us deplore less, I conceive, the lost decades of that History. The book is more complete now than it could have been if it had been continued to the French Revolution. It derives a dramatic unity from the presence of the Prince of Orange, which it must have lost in the eighteenth century. Brilliant pictures there might have been in that century, such as we already have in the Essays, of particular men; but I do not see what could have connected those men together, or have given us the feeling that they were anything but actors, playing their parts and leaving the stage because others were waiting to fill it; what could have made us aware that the life of a Nation is a continuous life, and that there are permanent principles which bind the ages into one.

That Macaulay gives us so little help in realizing this sense of continuance, in discovering what that is which lasts on amidst all changes, is, I apprehend, the secret of the dissatisfaction which I said had been experienced by readers who were as ready as any to acknowledge how much pleasure he had afforded them. The Tudor times, as they present themselves to us in Mr. Froude's narrative, make us understand what the power of the Sovereign has been in English history; how in the exercise of that power the nation has recognised what is precious, divine, conservative of its liberties, helpful to reformation, more to be cared for than all sects and opinions. In the Stuart period, as Mr. Carlyle sets it forth, there rises up the vision of a kingdom of God which Independents, Quakers, Fifth Monarchy men are all seeking for, which Cromwell devotes all his spiritual energies and his great practical sagacity to substantiate. Each of these conceptions is assuredly imperfect. That which is strongest in the first seems weakest in the subsequent period. If Mr. Carlyle is right,



the highest object which it is possible for man to set before him, melted into thin air when Richard took the place of Oliver. We want some one to tell us what there is in common between these two apparently contradictory eras, and whether what Cromwell believed to be everlasting was dependent upon his not being stabbed. On such points as these Lord Macaulay tells us nothing. The facts upon which his contemporaries grounded their observations, were scarcely facts to him, or only such facts as could be accounted for in the simplest way and without any trouble. But if we ignore them or account for them in that way when we meet with them in the records of the past, what are we to do when they confront us in the experience of the present? These problems are not of yesterday but of to-day; they encounter us in every newspaper. Papal allocutions, imperial letters, all force them upon us. The solution must be sought, not that our theories may be more exact and complete, but that our practice may not be confused and monstrous.

My conclusion, then, is this. There was a remarkable harmony in the mind and purposes of Lord Macaulay. As statesman, critic, poet, historian, he exhibited the same character; he was working for the same ends. He could estimate with great sagacity, and state with exquisite clearness and force, what those changes in the government of the country are which the popular feeling demands and which cannot be denied. He could joyfully acknowledge the value of reforms which the toils and unpopularity of previous thinkers and doers had made inevitable. He could give us the most satisfactory arguments

for believing that our time was better and happier than any that had preceded it. He could convince us to our great comfort, as no one else could, what sound standards for measuring events and characters we have attained. He could imitate in stirring and admirable verses those songs which had expressed the beliefs and feelings of a previous generation.

The tribute, then, that we, one and all, rendered to his abilities whilst he was amongst us, great as it may have been, was not marvellous. To after-times he will tell, better than all his contemporaries, what we thought of ourselves. We owed him all honours of sepulture, because so much is buried with him. He did all that he undertook to do perfectly. He has left no germs of thought to be developed hereafter. He defended no truths which were disputed in his own time, and which the experience of after-times may vindicate. His fields have been fought gallantly, his palms have been won. Let the young men of our day assure themselves that they cannot fight *those* fields or win *those* palms. If they try to copy him, they will copy badly, and they will dwarf their own souls in the effort. They must not affect contentment with all they see around them, for they feel discontent. They must not try to be complete, for their best strength lies in their aspirations after something which they have not reached. May God prevent their discontent from wasting itself in complaints of their time or of other men! May God give their aspirations an object that will satisfy them! Whatever Lord Macaulay may have done or may do for them, this, assuredly, he has not done and will not do.

## TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

## CHAPTER X.

## SUMMER TERM.

How many spots in life are there which will bear comparison with the beginning of our second term at the University? So far as external circumstances are concerned, it seems hard to know what a man could find to ask for at that period of his life, if a fairy godmother were to alight in his rooms and offer him the usual three wishes. The sailor who had asked for "all the grog in the world," and "all the baccy in the world," was indeed driven to "a little more baccy" as his third requisition; but, at any rate, his two first requisitions were to some extent grounded on what he held to be substantial wants; he felt himself actually limited in the matters of grog and tobacco. The condition which Jack would have been in as a wisher, if he had been started on his quest with the assurance that his utmost desires in the direction of alcohol and narcotics were already provided for, and must be left out of the question, is the only one affording a pretty exact parallel to the case we are considering. In our second term we are no longer freshmen, and begin to feel ourselves at home, while both "smalls" and "greats" are sufficiently distant to be altogether ignored if we are that way inclined, or to be looked forward to with confidence that the game is in our own hands if we are reading men. Our financial position—unless we have exercised rare ingenuity in involving ourselves—is all that heart can desire; we have ample allowances paid in quarterly to the University bankers without thought or trouble of ours, and our credit is at its zenith. It is a part of our recognised duty to repay the hospitality we have received as freshmen; and all men will be sure to come to our first parties, to see how we do the

thing; it will be our own faults if we do not keep them in future. We have not had time to injure our characters to any material extent with the authorities of our own college, or of the university. Our spirits are never likely to be higher, or our digestions better. These and many other comforts and advantages environ the fortunate youth returning to Oxford after his first vacation; thrice fortunate however, if, as happened in our hero's case, it is Easter term to which he is returning; for that Easter term, with the four days' vacation, and little Trinity term at the end of it, is surely the cream of the Oxford year. Then, even in this our stern northern climate, the sun is beginning to have power, the days have lengthened out, great-coats are unnecessary at morning chapel, and the miseries of numbed hands and shivering skins no longer accompany every pull on the river and canter on Bullingdon. In Christ Church meadows and the college gardens the birds are making sweet music in the tall elms: you may almost hear the thick grass growing, and the buds on tree and shrub are changing from brown, red, or purple, to emerald green under your eyes; the glorious old city is putting on her best looks and bursting out into laughter and song. In a few weeks the races begin, and Cowley marsh will be alive with white tents and joyous cricketers. A quick ear, on the towing-path by the Gut, may feast at one time on those three sweet sounds, the thud thud of the eight-oar, the crack of the rifles at the weirs, and the click of the bat on the Magdalen ground. And then Commemoration rises in the background with its clouds of fair visitors, and visions of excursions to Woodstock and Nuneham in the summer days—of windows open on to the old quadrangles in the long still evenings, through which silver laughter and

strains of sweet music, not made by man, steal out and puzzle the old celibate jackdaws peering down from the battlements with heads on one side. To crown all, long vacation, beginning with the run to Henley regatta, or up to town to see the match with Cambridge at Lord's, and taste some of the sweets of the season, before starting on some pleasant tour or reading party, or dropping back into the quiet pleasures of English country life! Surely, the lot of young Englishmen who frequent our universities is cast in pleasant places; the country has a right to expect something from those for whom she finds such a life as this in the years when enjoyment is keenest.

Tom was certainly alive to the advantages of the situation, and entered on his kingdom without any kind of scruple. He was very glad to find things so pleasant, and quite resolved to make the best he could of them. Then he was in a particularly good humour with himself; for, in deference to the advice of Hardy, he had actually fixed on the books which he should send in for his little-go examination before going down for the Easter vacation, and had read them through at home, devoting an hour or two almost daily to this laudable occupation. So he felt himself entitled to take things easily on his return. He had brought back with him two large hampers of good sound wine, a gift from his father, who had a horror of letting his son set before his friends the fire-water which is generally sold to the undergraduate. Tom found that his father's notions of the rate of consumption prevalent in the university were wild in the extreme. "In his time," the squire said, "eleven men came to his first wine party, and he had opened nineteen bottles of port for them. He was very glad to hear that the habits of the place had changed so much for the better; and as Tom wouldn't want nearly so much wine, he should have it out of an older bin." Accordingly the port which Tom employed the first hour after his return in stacking carefully away in his cellar had been more than twelve years in bottle, and

he thought with unmixed satisfaction of the pleasing effect it would have on Jervis and Miller, and the one or two other men who knew good wine from bad, and guided public opinion on the subject, and of the social importance which he would soon attain to from the reputation of giving good wine.

The idea of entertaining, of being hospitable, is a pleasant and fascinating one to most young men; but the act soon gets to be a bore to all but a few curiously constituted individuals. With these hospitality becomes first a passion and then a faith—a faith the practice of which, in the cases of some of its professors, reminds one strongly of the hints on such subjects scattered about the New Testament. Most of us, I fear, feel, when our friends leave us, a certain sort of satisfaction, not unlike that of paying a bill; they have been done for, and can't expect anything more for a long time. Such thoughts never occur to your really hospitable man. Long years of narrow means cannot hinder him from keeping open house for whoever wants to come to him, and setting the best of everything before all comers. He has no notion of giving you anything but the best he can command, if it be only fresh porter from the nearest mews. He asks himself not, "Ought I to invite A or B? do I owe him anything?" but, "Would A or B like to come here?" Give me these men's houses for real enjoyment, though you never get anything very choice there,—(how can a man produce old wine who gives his oldest every day?)—seldom much elbow room or orderly arrangement. The high arts of gastronomy and scientific drinking, so much valued in our highly civilized community, are wholly unheeded by him, are altogether above him, are cultivated in fact by quite another set, who have very little of the genuine spirit of hospitality in them; from whose tables, should one by chance happen upon them, one rises certainly with a feeling of satisfaction and expansion, chiefly physical, so far as I can judge, but entirely with-

out that expansion of heart which one gets at the scramble of the hospitable man. So that we are driven to remark, even in such every-day matters as these, that it is the invisible, the spiritual, which after all gives value and reality even to dinners; and, with Solomon, to prefer to the most touching *dinner Russe*, the dinner of herbs where love is, though I trust that neither we nor Solomon should object to well-dressed cutlets with our salad, if they happened to be going.

Readers will scarcely need to be told that one of the first things Tom did, after depositing his luggage and unpacking his wine, was to call at Hardy's rooms, where he found his friend deep as usual in his books, the hard-worked atlases and dictionaries of all sorts taking up more space than ever. After the first hearty greetings, Tom occupied his old place with much satisfaction.

"How long have you been up, old fellow?" he began; "you look quite settled."

"I only went home for a week. Well, what have you been doing in the vacation?"

"Oh, there was nothing much going on; so, amongst other things, I've floored my little-go work."

"Bravo! you'll find the comfort of it now. I hardly thought you would take to the grind so easily."

"It's pleasant enough for a spurt," said Tom; "but I shall never manage a horrid perpetual grind like yours. But what in the world have you been doing to your walls?"

Tom might well ask, for the corners of Hardy's room were covered with sheets of paper of different sizes, pasted against the wall in groups. In the line of sight from about the height of four to six feet, there was scarcely an inch of the original paper visible, and round each centre group there were outlying patches and streamers, stretching towards floor or ceiling, or away nearly to the bookcases or fireplace.

"Well, don't you think it a great improvement on the old paper?" said Hardy. "I shall be out of rooms next

term, and it will be a hint to the College that the rooms want papering. You're no judge of such matters, or I should ask you whether you don't see great artistic taste in the arrangement."

"Why, they're nothing but maps, and lists of names and dates," said Tom, who had got up to examine the decorations. "And what in the world are all these queer pins for?" he went on, pulling a strong pin with a large red sealing-wax head out of the map nearest to him.

"Hallo! take care there; what are you about?" shouted Hardy, getting up and hastening to the corner. "Why, you irreverent beggar, those pins are the famous statesmen and warriors of Greece and Rome."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't know I was in such august company;" saying which, Tom proceeded to stick the red-headed pin back into the wall.

"Now, just look at that," said Hardy, taking the pin out from the place where Tom had stuck it. "Pretty doings there would be amongst them with your management. This pin is Brasidas; you've taken him away from Naupactus, where he was watching the eleven Athenian galleys anchored under the temple of Apollo, and struck him down right in the middle of the Pnyx, where he will be instantly torn in pieces by a ruthless and reckless Jacobin mob. You call yourself a Tory indeed! However, 'twas always the same with you Tories; calculating, cruel, and jealous. Use your leaders up, and throw them over—that's the golden rule of aristocracies."

"Hang Brasidas," said Tom, laughing; "stick him back at Naupactus again. Here, which is Cleon? The scoundrel! give me hold of him, and I'll put him in a hot berth."

"That's he, with the yellow head. Let him alone, I tell you, or all will be hopeless confusion when Grey comes for his lecture. We're only in the third year of the war."

"I like your chaff about Tories sacrificing their great men," said Tom, putting his hands in his pockets to avoid

temptation. "How about your precious democracy, old fellow? Which is Socrates?"

"Here, the dear old boy!—this pin with the great grey head, in the middle of Athens, you see. I pride myself on my Athens. Here's the Piræus and the long walls, and the hill of Mars. Isn't it as good as a picture?"

"Well, it *is* better than most maps, I think," said Tom; "but you're not going to slip out so easily. I want to know whether your pet democracy did or did not murder Socrates."

"I'm not bound to defend democracies. But look at my pins. It may be the natural fondness of a parent, but I declare they seem to me to have a great deal of character, considering the material. You'll guess them at once, I'm sure, if you mark the colour and shape of the wax. This one now, for instance, who is he?"

"Alcibiades," answered Tom, doubtfully.

"Alcibiades!" shouted Hardy; "you fresh from Rugby, and not know your Thucydides better than that? There's Alcibiades, that little purple-headed, foppish pin, by Socrates. This rusty-coloured one is that respectable old stick-in-the-mud, Nicias."

"Well, but you've made Alcibiades nearly the smallest of the whole lot," said Tom.

"So he was, to my mind," said Hardy; "just the sort of insolent young ruffian whom I should have liked to buy at my price, and sell at his own. He must have been very like some of our gentlemen-commoners, with the addition of brains."

"I should really think, though," said Tom, "it must be a capital plan for making you remember the history."

"It is, I flatter myself. I've long had the idea, but I should never have worked it out and found the value of it but for Grey. I invented it to coach him in his history. You see we are in the Grecian corner. Over there is the Roman. You'll find Livy and Tacitus worked out there, just as Herodotus and Thucydides are here; and the pins are

stuck for the Second Punic War, where we are just now. I shouldn't wonder if Grey got his first, after all, he's picking up so quick in my corners; and says he never forgets any set of events when he has pricked them out with the pins."

"Is he working at that school still?" asked Tom.

"Yes, as hard as ever. He didn't go down for the vacation, and I really believe it was because the curate told him the school would go wrong if he went away."

"It's very plucky of him, but I do think he's a great fool not to knock it off now till he has passed, don't you?"

"No," said Hardy; "he is getting more good there than he can ever get in the schools, though I hope he'll do well in them too."

"Well, I hope so; for he deserves it. And now, Hardy, to change the subject, I'm going to give my first wine next Thursday; and here's the first card which has gone out for it. You'll promise me to come, now, won't you?"

"What a hurry you're in," said Hardy, taking the card, which he put on his mantelpiece, after examining it.

"But you'll promise to come, now?"

"I'm very hard at work; I can't be sure."

"You needn't stay above half an hour. I've brought back some famous wine from the governor's cellar; and I want so to get you and Jervis together. He is sure to come."

"Why, that's the bell for chapel beginning already," said Hardy; "I had no notion it was so late. I must be off, to put the new servitor up to his work. Will you come in after Hall?"

"Yes, if you will come to me next Thursday."

"We'll talk about it. But mind you come to-night; for you'll find me working Grey in the Punic Wars, and will see how the pins act. I'm very proud of my show."

And so Hardy went off to chapel, and Tom to Drysdale's rooms, not at all satisfied that he had made Hardy safe. He found Drysdale lolling on his sofa, as usual, and fondling Jack. He had

just arrived, and his servant and the scout were unpacking his portmanteaus. He seemed pleased to see Tom, but looked languid and used up.

"Where have you been this vacation?" said Tom; "you look seedy."

"You may say that," said Drysdale. "Here, William, get out a bottle of Schiedam. Have a taste of bitters? there's nothing like it to set one's digestion right."

"No, thank'ee," said Tom, rejecting the glass which William proffered him; "my appetite don't want improving."

"You're lucky, then," said Drysdale. "Ah, that's the right stuff! I feel better already."

"But where have you been?"

"Oh, in the little village. It's no use being in the country at this time of year. I just went up to Limmer's, and there I stuck, with two or three more, till to-day."

"I can't stand London for more than a week," said Tom. "What did you do all day?"

"We hadn't much to say to daylight," said Drysdale. "What with theatres, and sparring-cribs, and the Coal-hole and Cider-cellars, and a little play in St. James's Street now and then, one wasn't up to early rising. However, I was better than the rest, for I had generally breakfasted by two o'clock."

"No wonder you look seedy. You'd much better have been in the country."

"I should have been more in pocket, at any rate," said Drysdale. "By Jove, how it runs away with the ready! I'm fairly cleaned out; and if I haven't luck at van John, I'll be hanged if I know how I'm to get through term. But, look here, here's a bundle of the newest songs—first-rate, some of them." And he threw some papers across to Tom, who glanced at them without being at all edified.

"You're going to pull regularly, I hope, this term, Drysdale?"

"Yes, I think so; it's a cheap amusement, and I want a little training for a change."

"That's all right."

"I've brought down some dresses for

our gipsy business, by the way. I didn't forget that. Is Blake back?"

"I don't know," said Tom; "but we sha'n't have time before the races."

"Well, afterwards will do; though the days oughtn't to be too long. I'm all for a little darkness in masquerading."

"There's five o'clock striking. Are you going to dine in Hall?"

"No; I shall go to the Mitre, and get a broil."

"Then I'm off. Let's see,—will you come and wine with me next Thursday?"

"Yes; only send us a card, 'to remind.'"

"All right!" said Tom, and went off to Hall, feeling dissatisfied and uncomfortable about his fast friend, for whom he had a sincere regard.

After Hall, Tom made a short round amongst his acquaintance; and then, giving himself up to the strongest attraction, returned to Hardy's rooms, comforting himself with the thought that it really must be an act of Christian charity to take such a terrible reader off his books for once in a way, when his conscience pricked him for intruding on Hardy during his hours of work. He found Grey there, who was getting up his Roman history, under Hardy's guidance; and the two were working the pins on the maps and lists in the Roman corner when Tom arrived. He begged them not to stop, and very soon was as much interested in what they were doing as if he also were going into the schools in May; for Hardy had a way of throwing life into what he was talking about, and, like many men with strong opinions and passionate natures, either carried his hearers off their legs and away with him altogether, or roused every spark of combativeness in them. The latter was the effect which his lecture on the Punic Wars had on Tom. He made several protests as Hardy went on; but Grey's anxious looks kept him from going fairly into action, till Hardy stuck the black pin, which represented Scipio, triumphantly in the middle of Carthage, and, turning round, said, "And now for some tea, Grey, before you have to turn out."

Tom opened fire while the tea was brewing.

"You couldn't say anything bad enough about aristocracies this morning, Hardy, and now to-night you are crowing over the success of the heaviest and cruelest oligarchy that ever lived, and praising them up to the skies."

"Hullo! here's a breeze!" said Hardy, smiling; "but I rejoice, oh, Brown! in that they thrashed the Carthaginians, and not, as you seem to think, in that they, being aristocrats, thrashed the Carthaginians; for oligarchs they were not at this time."

"At any rate they answer to the Spartans in the struggle, and the Carthaginians to the Athenians; and yet all your sympathies are with the Romans to-night in the Punic Wars, though they were with the Athenians before dinner."

"I deny your position. The Carthaginians were nothing but a great trading aristocracy—with a glorious family or two, I grant you, like that of Hannibal, but, on the whole, a dirty, bargain-driving, buy-cheap-and-sell-dear aristocracy—of whom the world was well rid. They like the Athenians indeed! Why just look what the two peoples have left behind them—"

"Yes," interrupted Tom, "but we only know the Carthaginians through the reports of their destroyers. Your heroes trampled them out with hoofs of iron."

"Do you think the Roman hoof could have trampled out their Homer if they ever had one?" said Hardy; "the Romans conquered Greece too, remember."

"But Greece was never so near beating them."

"True. But I hold to my point. Carthage was the mother of all hucksters, compassing sea and land to sell her wares."

"And no bad line of life for a nation. At least Englishmen ought to think so."

"No they ought not; at least if 'Punica fides' is to be the rule of trade. Selling any amount of Brum-

magem wares never did nation or man much good and never will. Eh, Grey?"

Grey winced at being appealed to, but remarked that he hoped the Church would yet be able to save England from sharing the fate of Tyre and Carthage, the great trading nations of the old world: and then, swallowing his tea, and looking as if he had been caught robbing a hen-roost, he made a sudden exit, and hurried away out of College to the night-school.

"What a pity he is so odd and shy," said Tom; "I should so like to know more of him."

"It is a pity. He is much better when he is alone with me. I think he has heard from some of the set that you are a furious Protestant, and sees an immense amount of stiffneckedness in you."

"But about England and Carthage," said Tom, shirking the subject of his own peculiarities; "you don't really think us like them? It gave me a turn to hear you translating 'Punica fides' into Brummagem wares just now."

"I think that successful trade is our rock ahead. The devil who holds new markets and twenty per cent. profits in his gift is the devil that England has most to fear from. 'Because of unrighteous dealings, and riches gotten by deceit, the kingdom is translated from one people to another,' said the wise man. Think of that opium war the other day: I don't believe we can get over many more such businesses as that. Grey falls back on the Church, you see, to save the nation; but the Church he dreams of will never do it. Is there any that can? There *must* be surely, or we have believed a lie. But this work of making trade righteous, of Christianizing trade, looks like the very hardest the Gospel has ever had to take in hand—in England at any rate."

Hardy spoke slowly and doubtfully, and paused as if asking for Tom's opinion.

"I never heard it put in that way. I know very little of politics or the state of England. But come, now; the putting down the slave-trade and com-

pensating our planters, *that* shows that we are not sold to the trade devil yet surely."

"I don't think we are. No, thank God, there are plenty of signs that we are likely to make a good fight of it yet."

They talked together for another hour, drawing their chairs round to the fire, and looking dreamily into the embers, as is the wont of men who are throwing out suggestions, and helping one another to think, rather than arguing. At the end of that time Tom left Hardy to his books, and went away laden with several new ideas, one of the clearest of which was that he was awfully ignorant of the contemporary history of his own country, and that it was the thing of all others which he ought to be best informed in, and thinking most about. So, being of an impetuous turn of mind, he went straight to his rooms to commence his new study, where, after diligent hunting, the only food of the kind he required which turned up was the last number of *Bell's Life* from the pocket of his greatcoat. Upon this he fell to work, in default of anything better, and was soon deep in the P.R. column, which was full of interesting speculations as to the chances of Bungaree in his forthcoming campaign against the British middle-weights. By the time he had skimmed through the well-known sheets, he was satisfied that the columns of his old acquaintance were not the place, except in the police reports, where much could be learnt about the present state or future prospects of England. Then, the first evening of term being a restless time, he wandered out again, and before long landed, as his custom was, at Drysdale's door.

On entering the room he found Drysdale and Blake alone together, the former looking more serious than Tom had ever seen him before. As for Blake, the restless haggard expression sat more heavily than ever on his face, marring its beauty, and almost making it impossible to look on without a shudder. It was clear that they changed the subject of their talk abruptly on his entrance ;

so Tom looked anywhere except straight before him as he was greeting Blake. He really felt very sorry for him at the moment. However, in another five minutes, he was in fits of laughter over Blake's description of the conversation between himself and the coachman who had driven the Glo'ster day-mail by which he had come up : in which conversation, nevertheless, when Tom came to think it over and try to repeat it afterwards, the most facetious parts seemed to be the "sez he's" and "sez I's" with which Jehu larded his stories ; so he gave up the attempt, wondering what he could have found in it to laugh at.

"By the way, Blake," said Drysdale, "how about our excursion into Berkshire masquerading this term ? Are you game ?"

"Not exactly," said Blake ; "I really must make the most of such time as I have left, if I'm to go into the schools this term."

"If there's one thing which spoils Oxford, it is those schools," said Drysdale ; "they get in the way of everything. I ought to be going up for smalls myself next term, and I haven't opened a book yet, and don't mean. Follow a good example, old fellow, you're cock-sure of your first, everybody knows."

"I wish everybody would back his opinion, and give me a shade of odds. Why, I have scarcely thought of my history."

"Why the d—l should they make such a fuss about history ? One knows perfectly well that those old blackguard heathens were no better than they should be ; and what good it can do to lumber one's head with who their grandmothers were, and what they ate, and when and where and why they had their stupid brains knocked out, I can't see for the life of me."

"Excellently well put. Where did you pick up such sound views, Drysdale ? But you're not examiner yet, and on the whole I must rub up my history somehow. I wish I knew how to do it."



"Can't you put on a coach?" said Drysdale.

"I have one on, but history is his weak point," said Blake.

"I think I can help you," said Tom. "I've just been hearing a lecture in Roman history, and one that won't be so easy to forget as most;" and he went on to explain Hardy's plans, to which Blake listened eagerly.

"Capital!" he said, when Tom had finished. "In whose rooms did you say they are?"

"In Hardy's, and he works at them every night with Grey."

"That's the queer big servitor, his particular pal," put in Drysdale; "there's no accounting for tastes."

"You don't know him," retorted Tom; "and the less you say about him the better."

"I know he wears highlows and short flannels, and—"

"Would you mind asking Hardy to let me come to his lectures?" interrupted Blake, averting the strong language which was rising to Tom's lips. "I think they seem just the things I want. I shouldn't like to offer to pay him, unless you think—"

"I'm quite sure," interrupted Tom, "that he won't take anything. I will ask him to-morrow whether he will let you come, and he's such a kind good fellow that I'm almost sure he will."

"I should like to know your pal, too, Brown," said Drysdale; "you must introduce me, with Blake."

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," said Tom.

"Then I shall introduce myself," said Drysdale; "see if I don't sit next him now at your wine on Thursday."

Here Drysdale's scout entered, with two notes, and wished to know if Mr. Drysdale would require anything more. Nothing but hot water; he could put the kettle on, Drysdale said, and go; and while the scout was fulfilling his orders, he got up carelessly, whistling, and, walking to the fire, read the notes by the light of one of the candles which was burning on the mantel-piece. Blake was watching him eagerly, and Tom saw

this, and made some awkward efforts to go on talking about the advantages of Hardy's plan for learning history; but he was talking to deaf ears, and soon came to a stand still. He saw Drysdale crumple up the notes in his hand and shove them into his pocket. After standing for a few seconds in the same position, with his back to them, he turned round with a careless air, and sauntered to the table where they were sitting.

"Let's see, what were we saying?" he began. "Oh, about your eccentric pal, Brown."

"You've answers from both?" interrupted Blake. Drysdale nodded, and was beginning to speak again to Tom, when Blake got up and said, with white lips, "I *must* see them."

"No, never mind, what does it matter?"

"Matter! by Heaven, I must and will see them now."

Tom saw at once that he had better go, and so took up his cap, wished them good night, and went off to his own rooms.

He might have been sitting there for about twenty minutes, when Drysdale entered.

"I couldn't help coming over, Brown," he said; "I must talk to some one, and Blake has gone off raging. I don't know what he'll do—I never was so bothered or savage in my life."

"I'm very sorry," said Tom; "he looked very bad in your rooms. Can I do anything?"

"No, but I must talk to some one. You know—no you don't, by the way—but, however, Blake got me out of a tremendous scrape in my first term, and there's nothing that I'm not bound to do for him, and wouldn't do if I could. Yes, by George, whatever fellows say of me, they shall never say I didn't stand by a man who has stood by me. Well, he owes a dirty 300*l.* or 400*l.*, or something of the sort—nothing worth talking of I know—to people in Oxford, and they've been leading him a dog's life this year and more. Now, he's just going up for his degree, and two or three of these creditors—the most rascally

of course—are suing him in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, thinking now's the time to put the screw on. He will be ruined if they are not stopped somehow. Just after I saw you to-day, he came to me about it. You never saw a fellow in such a state; I could see it was tearing him to pieces, telling it to me even. However, I soon set him at ease as far as I was concerned; but, as the devil will have it, I can't lend him the money, though 60*l.* would get him over the examination, and then he can make terms. My guardian advanced me 200*l.* beyond my allowance just before Easter, and I haven't 20*l.* left, and the bank here has given me notice not to overdraw any more. However, I thought to settle it easily enough; so I told him to meet me at the Mitre in half-an-hour for dinner, and when he was gone I sat down and wrote two notes—the first to St. Cloud. That fellow was with us on and off in town, and one night he and I went partners at *roulette*, I finding ready-money for the time, gains and losses to be equally shared in the end. I left the table to go and eat some supper, and he lost 80*l.*, and paid it out of my money. I didn't much care, and he cursed the luck, and acknowledged that he owed me 40*l.* at the time. Well, I just reminded him of this 40*l.* and said I should be glad of it (I know he has plenty of money just now), but added, that it might stand if he would join me and Blake in borrowing 60*l.*; I was fool enough to add that Blake was in difficulties, and I was most anxious to help him. As I thought that St. Cloud would probably pay the 40*l.* but do no more, I wrote also to Chanter—Heaven knows why, except that the beast rolls in money, and has fawned on me till I've been nearly sick this year past—and asked him to lend Blake 50*l.* on our joint note of hand. Poor Blake! when I told him what I had done at the Mitre, I think I might as well have stuck the carving-knife into him. We had a wretched two hours; then you came in, and I got my two answers—here they are.”

Tom took the proffered notes, and read:—

“DEAR DRYSDALE,—Please explain the allusion in yours to some mysterious 40*l.* I remember perfectly the occurrence to which you refer in another part of your note. You were tired of sitting at the table, and went off to supper, leaving me (not by my own desire) to play for you with your money. I did so, and had abominable luck, as you will remember, for I handed you back a sadly dwindled heap on your return to the table. I hope you are in no row about that night? I shall be quite ready to give evidence of what passed if it will help you in any way. I am always yours very truly,  
A. ST. CLOUD.

“P.S. I must decline the little joint operation for Blake's benefit, which you propose.”

The second answer ran:—

“DEAR DRYSDALE,—I am sorry that I cannot accommodate Mr. Blake, as a friend of yours, but you see his acceptance is mere waste paper, and you cannot give security until you are of age, so if you were to die the money would be lost. Mr. Blake has always carried his head as high as if he had 50000*l.* a year to spend; perhaps now he will turn less haughty to men who could buy him up easy enough. I remain yours sincerely,  
JABEZ CHANTER.”

Tom looked up, and met Drysdale's eyes, which had more of purpose in them than he had ever seen before. “Fancy poor Blake reading those two notes,” he said, “and 'twas I brought them on him. However, he shall have the money somehow to-morrow, if I pawn my watch. I'll be even with those two some day.” The two remained in conference for some time longer; it is hardly worth while to do more than relate the result.

At three o'clock the next day, Blake, Drysdale, and Tom were in the back-parlour of a second-rate inn, in the corn-market; on the table were pens and ink, some cases of eau-de-Cologne and jewellery, and behind it a fat man of forbidding aspect, who spent a day or two in each term at Oxford. He held

in his thick red damp hand, ornamented as to the fore-finger with a huge ring, a piece of paper.

"Then I shall draw for a hundred-and-five?"

"If you do, we won't sign," said Drysdale; "now, be quick, Ben" (the fat man's name was Benjamin), "you infernal shark, we've been wrangling long enough over it. Draw for 100*l.*, at three months, or we are off."

"Then, Mr. Drysdale, you gents will take part in goods. I wish to do all I can for gents as comes well introduced, but money is very scarce just now."

"Not a stuffed bird, bottle of eau-de-Cologne, ring, or cigar, will we have; so now, no more nonsense, put down 75*l.* on the table."

The money-lender, after another equally useless attempt to move Drysdale, who was the only one of the party who spoke, produced a roll of notes, and counted out 75*l.*, thinking to himself that he would make this young sparkling a different tune before very long. He then filled up the piece of paper, muttering that the interest was nothing considering the risk, and he hoped they would help him to something better with some of their friends. Drysdale reminded him, in terms not too carefully chosen, that he was getting cent. per cent. The document was signed,—Drysdale took the notes, and they went out.

"Well, that's well over," said Drysdale, as they walked towards High-street. "I'm proud of my tactics, I must say; one does much better for any body than for oneself. If I had been on my own hook that fellow would have let me in for 20*l.* worth of stuffed birds and bad jewellery. Let's see, what do you want, Blake?"

"Sixty will do," said Blake.

"You had better take 65*l.*; there'll be some law costs to pay," and Drysdale handed him the notes.

"Now, Brown, shall we divide the balance,—a fiver a-piece?"

"No, thank you," said Tom, "I don't want it; and, as you two are to hold me harmless, you must do what you like with the money." So Drysdale pocketed the 10*l.*, after which they walked in

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silence to the gates of St. Ambrose. The most reckless youngster doesn't begin this sort of thing without reflections which are apt to keep him silent. At the gates Blake wrung both their hands. "I don't say much, but I sha'n't forget it." He got out the words with some difficulty, and went off to his rooms.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

WITHIN the next week or two several important events had happened to one and another of our St. Ambrose friends. Tom had introduced Blake to Hardy, after some demur on the part of the latter. Blake was his senior by a term; might have called on him any time these three years; why should he want to make his acquaintance now? But when Tom explained to him that it would be a kind thing to let Blake come and coach up history with him, for that, unless he took a high degree in the coming examination, he would have to leave the College, and probably be ruined for life, Hardy at once consented.

Tom did not venture to inquire for a day or two how the two hit it off together. When he began cautiously to approach the subject, he was glad to find that Hardy liked Blake. "He is a gentleman, and very able," he said; "it is curious to see how quickly he is overhauling Grey, and yet how Grey takes to him. He has never looked scared at him (as he still does at you, by the way) since the first night they met. Blake has the talent of setting people at their ease without saying anything. I shouldn't wonder if Grey thinks he has sound Church notions. It's a dangerous talent, and may make a man very false if he doesn't take care." Tom asked if Blake would be up in his history in time. Hardy thought he might perhaps, but he had great lee-way to make up. If capacity for taking in cram would do it, he would be all right. He had been well crammed in his science, and had put him (Hardy) up to many dodges which might be useful in

the schools, and which you couldn't get without a private tutor.

Then Tom's first wine had gone off most successfully. Jervis and Miller had come early and stayed late, and said all that was handsome of the port, so that he was already a social hero with the boating set. Drysdale, of course, had been there, rattling away to everybody in his reckless fashion, and setting a good example to the two or three fast men whom Tom knew well enough to ask, and who consequently behaved pretty well, and gave themselves no airs, though as they went away together they grumbled slightly that Brown didn't give claret. The rest of the men had shaken together well, and seemed to enjoy themselves. The only drawback to Tom had been that neither Hardy nor Grey had appeared. They excused themselves afterwards on the score of reading, but Tom felt aggrieved in Hardy's case; he knew that it was only an excuse.

Then the training had begun seriously. Miller had come up specially for the first fortnight, to get them well in hand, as he said. After they were once fairly started, he would have to go down till just before the races; but he thought he might rely on the Captain to keep them up to their work in the interval.

So Miller, the coxswain, took to drawing the bow up to the ear at once. At the very beginning of term, five or six weeks before the races, the St. Ambrose boat was to be seen every other day at Abingdon; and early dinners, limitation of liquids and tobacco, and abstinence from late supper parties, pastry, ice, and all manner of trash, likely in Miller's opinion to injure nerve or wind, were hanging over the crew, and already, in fact, to some extent, enforced. The Captain shrugged his shoulders, submitted to it all himself, and worked away with imperturbable temper; merely hinting to Miller, in private, that he was going too fast, and that it would be impossible to keep it up. Diogenes highly approved; he would have become the willing slave of any tyranny which should insist that every adult

male subject should pull twenty miles and never imbibe more than a pint of liquid in the twenty-four hours. Tom was inclined to like it, as it helped him to realize the proud fact that he was actually in the boat. The rest of the crew were in all stages of mutiny, and were only kept from breaking out by their fondness for the Captain and the knowledge that Miller was going in a few days. As it was, Blake was the only one who openly rebelled. Once or twice he stayed away. Miller swore and grumbled, the Captain shook his head, and the crew in general rejoiced.

It is to one of these occasions to which we must now turn. If the usual casual voyager of novels had been standing on Sandford lock at about four, on the afternoon of April —th, 18—, he might have beheld the St. Ambrose eight-oar coming with a steady swing up the last reach. If such voyager were in the least conversant with the glorious mystery of rowing, he would have felt his heart warm at the magnificent sweep and life of the stroke, and would, on the whole, have been pleased with the performance of the crew generally, considered as a College crew in the early stages of training. They came "hard all" up to the pool below the lock, the coxswain standing in the stern with a tiller-rope in each hand, and then shipped oars; the lock-gates opened, and the boat entered, and in another minute or two was moored to the bank above the lock, and the crew strolled into the little inn which stands by the lock, and, after stopping in the bar to lay hands on several pewters full of porter, passed through the house into the quoit and skittle grounds behind. These were already well filled with men of other crews, playing in groups or looking on at the players. One of these groups, as they passed, seized on the Captain, and Miller stopped with him; the rest of the St. Ambrose men, in no humour for skittles, quoits, or any relaxation except rest and grumbling, took possession of the first table and seats which offered, and came to anchor.

Then followed a moment of intense

enjoyment, of a sort only appreciable by those who have had a twelve miles' training pull with a coxswain as sharp as a needle, and in an awful temper.

"Ah," said Drysdale, taking the pewter down from his lips, with a sigh, and handing it to Tom, who sat next him, "by Jove, I feel better."

"It's almost worth while pulling 'hard all' from Abingdon to get such a thirst," said another of the crew.

"I'll tell you what, though," said Drysdale, "to-day's the last day you'll catch me in this blessed boat."

Tom had just finished his draught, but did not reply; it was by no means the first time that Drysdale had announced this resolve. The rest were silent also.

"It's bad enough to have to pull your heart out, without getting abused all the way into the bargain. There Miller stands in the stern—and a devilish easy thing it is to stand there and walk into us—I can see him chuckle as he comes to you and me, Brown—'Now, 2, well forward;' '3, don't jerk;' 'Now, 2, throw your weight on the oar; come, now, you can get another pound on;' I hang on like grim Death,—then it's 'Time, 2; now, 3—'"

"Well, it's a great compliment," broke in Tom, with a laugh: "he thinks he can make something of us."

"He'll make nothing of us first, I think," said Drysdale. "I've lost eight pounds in a fortnight. The Captain ought to put me in every place in the boat, in turn, to make it watertight. I've larded the bottom boards under my seat so that not a drop of water will ever come through again."

"A very good thing for you, old fellow," said Diogenes; "you look ten times better than you did at the beginning of term."

"I don't know what you call a good thing, you old fluter. I'm obliged to sit on my hip-bones—I can't go to a lecture—all the tutors think I'm poking fun at them, and put me on directly. I haven't been able to go to lecture there ten days."

"So fond of lecture as he is, too, poor fellow," put in Tom.

"But they've stopped my commons for staying away," said Drysdale; "not that I care much for that, though."

"Well, Miller goes down to-morrow morning—I heard him say so," said another.

"Then we'll memorialize the Captain, and get out of these Abingdon pulls. Life isn't worth having at this rate."

"No other boat has been below Sandford yet."

And so they sat on and plotted, and soon most of the other crews started. And then they took their turn at skittles, and almost forgot their grievances, which, in order to be clear, I must now explain to those of my readers who don't know the river at Oxford.

The river runs along the south of the city, getting into the University quarter after it passes under the bridge connecting Berks and Oxfordshire, over which is the road to Abingdon. Just below this bridge are the boat-builders' establishments on both sides of the river, and then on the Oxfordshire side is Christchurch meadow, opposite which is moored the University barge. Here is the goal of all University races, or used to be in the times I am speaking of; and the racecourse stretches away down the river for a mile and a half, and a little below the starting-place of the races is Iffley Lock. The next lock below Iffley is the Sandford Lock (where we left our boat's crew playing at skittles), which is about a mile and a half below Iffley. Below Sandford there is no lock till you get to Abingdon, a distance of six miles and more by the river. Now, inasmuch as the longest distance to be rowed in the races is only the upper mile and a half from Iffley to the University barge, of course all the crews think themselves very hardly treated if they are taken farther than to Sandford. Pulling "hard all" from Sandford to Iffley, and then again from Iffley over the regular course, ought to be enough in all conscience to chorus the crews; and most captains and coxswains give in. But here

and there some enemy of his kind—some uncomfortable, worrying, energizing mortal, like Miller—gets command of a boat, and then the unfortunate crew are dragged, bemoaning their fate, down below Sandford, where no friendly lock intervenes to break off the long, steady swing of the training-pull every two miles, and the result for the time is blisters and mutiny; though I am bound to add that it generally tells, and that the crew which has been undergoing that *peine forte et dure* is very apt to get the change out of it on the nights of hard races.

So the St. Ambrose crew played out their skittles, and settled to appeal to the Captain in a body the next day, after Miller's departure; and then, being summoned to the boat, they took to the water again, and paddled steadily up home, arriving just in time for Hall for those who liked to hurry. Drysdale never liked hurrying himself; besides, he could not dine in Hall, as he was discommensed for persistent absence from lectures, and neglect to go to the Dean when sent for to explain his absence.

"I say, Brown, hang Hall," he said to Tom, who was throwing on his things; "come and dine with me at the Mitre. I'll give you a bottle of hock; it's very good there."

"Hock's about the worst thing you can drink in training," said Miller. "Isn't it, Jervis?"

"It's no good certainly," said the Captain, as he put on his cap and gown; "come along, Miller."

"There, you hear?" said Miller. "you can drink a glass of sound sherry, if you want wine;" and he followed the Captain.

Drysdale performed a defiant pantomime after the retiring coxswain, and then easily carried his point with Tom, except as to the hock. So they walked up to the Mitre together, where Drysdale ordered dinner and a bottle of hock in the coffee-room.

"Don't order hock, Drysdale; I sha'n't drink any."

"Then I shall have it all to my own

cheek. If you begin making a slave of yourself to that Miller, he'll very soon cut you down to a glass of water a day, with a pinch of rhubarb in it, and make you drink that standing on your head."

"Gammon; but I don't think it's fair on the rest of the crew not to train as well as one can."

"You don't suppose drinking a pint of hock to-night will make you pull any the worse this day six weeks, when the races begin, do you?"

"No; but—"

"Hullo! look here," said Drysdale, who was inspecting a printed bill pinned up on the wall of the coffee-room; "Wombwell's menagerie is in the town, somewhere down by Worcester. What fun! We'll go there after dinner."

The food arrived with Drysdale's hock, which he seemed to enjoy all the more from the assurance which every glass gave him that he was defying the coxswain, and doing just the thing he would most dislike. So he drank away, and facetiously speculated how he could be such an idiot as to go on pulling. Every day of his life he made good resolutions in the reach above the Gut that it should be his last performance, and always broke them next day. He supposed the habit he had of breaking all good resolutions was the way to account for it.

After dinner they set off to find the wild beast show; and, as they will be at least a quarter of an hour reaching it, for the pitch is in a part of the suburbs little known to gowmsmen, I propose to seize the opportunity of making a few remarks to the patient reader.

Our hero on his first appearance in public some years since, was without his own consent at once patted on the back by the good-natured critics, and enrolled for better for worse in the brotherhood of muscular Christians, who at that time were beginning to be recognised as an actual and lusty portion of general British life. As his biographer, I am not about to take exceptions to his enrolment; for, after considering the persons up and down her Majesty's dominions to whom the new nickname

has been applied, the principles which they are supposed to hold, and the sort of lives they are supposed to lead, I cannot see where he could in these times have fallen upon a nobler brotherhood. I am speaking of course under correction, and with only a slight acquaintance with the faith of muscular Christianity, gathered almost entirely from the witty expositions and comments of persons of a somewhat dyspeptic habit, who are not amongst the faithful themselves. Indeed, I am not aware that any authorized articles of belief have been sanctioned or published by the sect, Church, or whatever they may be. Moreover, at the age at which our hero has arrived, and having regard to his character, I should say that he has in all likelihood thought very little on the subject of belief, and would scarcely be able to give any formal account of his own, beyond that contained in the Church Catechism, which I for one think may very well satisfy him for the present. Nevertheless, had he been suddenly caught at the gate of St. Ambrose's College, by one of the gentlemen who do the classifying for the British public, and accosted with, "Sir, you belong to a body whose creed is to love God, and walk 1000 miles in 1000 hours;" I believe he would have replied, "Do I, Sir? I'm very glad to hear it. They must be a very good set of fellows; how many weeks training do they allow?"

But in the course of my inquiries on the subject of muscular Christians, their works and ways, a fact has forced itself on my attention, which for the sake of ingenious youth, like my hero, ought not to be passed over. I find then, that side by side with these muscular Christians, and apparently claiming some sort of connexion with them (the same concern, as the pirates of trade-marks say), have risen up another set of persons, against whom I desire to caution my readers and my hero, and to warn the latter that I do not mean on any pretence whatever to allow him to connect himself with them, however much he may be taken with their off-hand, "hail-

brother well-met" manner and dress, which may easily lead careless observers to take the counterfeit for the true article. I must call the persons in question "musclemen," as distinguished from muscular Christians; the only point in common between the two being, that both hold it to be a good thing to have strong and well-exercised bodies, ready to be put at the shortest notice to any work of which bodies are capable, and to do it well. Here all likeness ends, for the muscleman seems to have no belief whatever as to the purposes for which his body has been given him, except some hazy idea that it is to go up and down the world with him, belabouring men and captivating women for his benefit or pleasure, at once the servant and fomentor of those fierce and brutal passions which he seems to think it a necessity, and rather a fine thing than otherwise, to indulge and obey. Whereas, so far as I know, the least of the muscular Christians has hold of the old chivalrous and Christian belief, that a man's body is given him to be trained and brought into subjection, and then used for the protection of the weak, the advancement of all righteous causes, and the subduing of the earth which God has given to the children of men. He does not hold that mere strength or activity are in themselves worthy of any respect or worship, or that one man is a bit better than another because he can knock him down, or carry a bigger sack of potatoes than he. For mere power, whether of body or intellect, he has (I hope and believe) no reverence whatever, though, *cæteris paribus*, he would probably himself, as a matter of taste, prefer the man who can lift a hundred-weight round his head with his little finger, to the man who can construct a string of perfect Sorites, or expound the doctrine of "contradictory inconceivables."

The above remarks occur as our hero is marching innocently down towards his first "town and gown" row, and I should scarcely like to see him in the middle of it, without protesting that it is a mistake. I know that he, and other

youngsters of his kidney, will have fits of fighting, or desiring to fight with their poorer brethren, just as children have the measles. But the shorter the fit the better for the patient, for like the measles it is a great mistake, and a most unsatisfactory complaint. If they can escape it altogether so much the better. But instead of treating the fit as a disease, musclemen professors are wont to represent it as a state of health, and to let their disciples run about in middle age with the measles on them as strong as ever. Now although our hero had the measles on him at this particular time, and the passage of arms which I am about shortly to describe led to results of some importance in his history, and cannot therefore be passed over, yet I wish at the same time to disclaim, both in my sponsorial and individual character, all sympathy with town and gown rows, and with all other class rows and quarrels of every sort and kind, whether waged with sword, pen, tongue, fist, or otherwise. Also to say that in all such rows, so far as I have seen or read, from the time when the Roman plebs marched out to Mons Sacer, down to 1848, when the English chartists met on Kennington Common, the upper classes are most to blame. It may be that they are not the aggressors on any given occasion: very possibly they may carry on the actual fighting with more fairness (though this is by no means true as a rule); nevertheless the state of feeling which makes such things possible, especially in England, where men in general are only too ready to be led and taught by their superiors in rank, may be fairly laid at their door. Even in the case of strikes, which just now will of course be at once thrown in my teeth, I say fearlessly, Let any man take the trouble to study the question honestly, and he will come to the conviction that all combinations of the men for the purpose of influencing the labour market, whether in the much and unjustly abused Trades' Societies, or in other forms, have been defensive organizations, and that the masters might, as a body, over and over again have taken the sting out of them if they

would have acted fairly, as many individuals amongst them have done: whether it may not be too late now, is a tremendous question for England, but one which time only can decide.

When Drysdale and Tom at last found the caravans, it was just getting dark. Something of a crowd had collected outside, and there was some hissing as they ascended the short flight of steps which led to the platform in front of the show; but they took no notice of it, paid their money, and entered.

Inside they found an exciting scene. The place was pretty well lighted, and the birds and beasts were all alive in their several dens and cages, walking up and down, and each uttering remonstrances after their own manner, the shrill notes of birds mingling with the moan of the beasts of prey and chattering of the monkeys. Feeding time had been put off till night to suit the undergraduates, and the undergraduates were proving their appreciation of the attention by playing off all manner of practical jokes on birds and beasts, their keepers, and such of the public as had been rash enough to venture in. At the farther end was the keeper, who did the showman, vainly endeavouring to go through his usual jog-trot description. His monotone was drowned every minute by the chorus of voices, each shouting out some new fact in natural history touching the biped or quadruped whom the keeper was attempting to describe. At that day a great deal of this sort of chaff was current, so that the most dunderheaded boy had plenty on the tip of his tongue. A small and indignant knot of townspeople, headed by a stout and severe middle-aged woman, with two big boys, her sons, followed the keeper, endeavouring by caustic remarks and withering glances to stop the flood of chaff, and restore legitimate authority and the reign of keeper and natural history.

At another point was a long Irishman in cap and gown, who had clearly had as much wine as he could carry, close to the bars of the panther's den, through which he was earnestly endeavouring,



with the help of a crooked stick, to draw the tail of whichever of the beasts stopped for a moment in its uneasy walk. On the other side were a set of men bent on burning the wretched monkeys' fingers with the lighted ends of their cigars, in which they seemed successful enough, to judge by the angry chatterings and shriekings of their victims.

The two new comers paused for a moment on the platform inside the curtain; and then Drysdale, rubbing his hands, and in high glee at the sight of so much misrule in so small a place, led the way down on to the floor deep in sawdust, exclaiming, "Well, this is a lark! We're just in for all the fun of the fair."

Tom followed his friend, who made straight for the showman, and planted himself at his side, just as that worthy, pointing with his pole, was proceeding—

"This is the jackal, from—"

"The Caribbee Hielands, of which I'm a native myself," shouted a gownsman.

"This is the jackal, or lion's provider," began again the much-enduring keeper.

"Who always goes before the lion to purwide his purwisions, purwiding there's anything to purwide," put in Drysdale.

"Hem—really I do think it's scandalous not to let the keeper tell about the beasteses," said the unfortunate matron, with a half turn towards the persecutors, and grasping her bag.

"My dear madam," said Drysdale, in his softest voice, "I assure you he knows nothing about the beasteses. We are Doctor Buckland's favourite pupils, are also well known to the great Panjandrum, and have eaten more beasteses than the keeper has ever seen."

"I don't know who you are, young man, but you don't know how to behave yourselves," rejoined the outraged female; and the keeper, giving up the jackal as a bad job, pointing with his pole, proceeded—

"The little hanimal in the upper cage is the hopossum, of North America—"

"The misguided offspring of the racoon and the gum-tree," put in one of his tormentors.

Here a frightful roaring and struggling at a little distance, mingled with shouts of laughter, and "Hold on, Pat!" "Go it, panther!" interrupted the lecture, and caused a rush to the other side, where the long Irishman, Donovan by name, with one foot against the bars, was holding on to the tail of one of the panthers, which he had at length managed to catch hold of. The next moment he was flat on his back in the sawdust, and his victim was bounding wildly about the cage. The keeper hurried away to look after the outraged panther; and Drysdale, at once installing himself as showman, began at the next cage—

"This is the wild man of the woods, or whangee tangee, the most untameable—good heavens, ma'am, take care!" and he seized hold of the unfortunate woman and pulled her away from the bars.

"Oh, goodness!" she screamed, "it's got my tippet; oh, Bill, Peter, catch hold!" Bill and Peter proved unequal to the occasion, but a gownsman seized the vanishing tippet, and after a moment's struggle with the great ape, restored a meagre half to the proper owner, while Jacko sat grinning over the other half, and picking it to pieces.

The poor woman had now had enough of it, and she hurried off with her two boys, followed by the few townspeople who were still in the show, to lay her case directly before the mayor, as she informed the delinquents from the platform before disappearing. Her wrongs were likely to be more speedily avenged, to judge by the angry murmurings which arose outside immediately after her exit.

But still the high jinks went on, Donovan leading all mischief, until the master of the menagerie appeared inside and remonstrated with the men. He must send for the police, he said, if they would not leave the beasts alone. He had put off the feeding in order to suit them; would they let his keepers

feed the beasts quietly? The threat of the police was received with shouts of defiance by some of the men, though the greater part seemed of the opinion that matters were getting serious.

The proposal for feeding, however, was welcomed by all, and comparative quiet ensued for some ten minutes, while the baskets of joints, bread, stale fish, and potatoes were brought in, and the contents distributed to the famishing occupants of the cages. In the interval of peace the showman-keeper, on a hint from his master, again began his round. But the spirit of mischief was abroad, and it only needed this to make it break out again. In another two minutes the beasts, from the lion to the smallest monkey, were struggling for their suppers with one or more undergraduates; the elephant had torn the gown off Donovan's back, having only just missed his arm; and the manager, in a confusion worthy of the tower of Babel, sent off a keeper for the city police, and turned the gas out.

The audience, after the first moment of surprise and indignation, groped their way towards the steps and mounted the platform, where they held a council of war. Should they stay where they were or make a sally at once, break through the crowd and get back to their colleges. It was curious to see how in that short minute individual character came out, and the coward, the cautious man, the resolute prompt Englishman, each were there, and more than one species of each.

Donovan was one of the last up the steps, and as he stumbled up caught something of the question before the house. He shouted loudly at once for descending, and offering battle. "But, boys," he added, "first wait till I address the meeting," and he made for the opening in the canvas through which the outside platform was reached. Stump oratory and a free fight were just the two temptations which Donovan was wholly unable to resist; and it was with a face radiant with devil-may-care delight that he burst through the opening, followed by all the rest (who felt that the matter was out of their hands, and must

go its own way after the Irishman), and rolling to the front of the outside platform rested one hand on the rail, and waved the other gracefully towards the crowd. This was the signal for a burst of defiant shouts and hissing. Donovan stood blandly waving his hand for silence, Drysdale, running his eye over the mob, turned to the rest and said, "There's nothing to stop us, not twenty grown men in the whole lot." Then one of the men, lighting upon the drumsticks, which the usual man in corduroys had hidden away, began beating the big drum furiously. One of the unaccountable whims which influence crowds seized on the mob, and there was almost perfect silence. This seemed to take Donovan by surprise; the open air was having the common effect on him; and he was getting unsteady on his legs, and his brains were wandering. "Now's your time, Donovan, my boy, begin."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, what'll I say? let's see," said Donovan, putting his head on one side—

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," suggested some wag.

"To be sure," cried Donovan; "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears."

"Bravo, Pat, well begun; pull their ears well when you've got 'em."

"Bad luck to it! where was I? you divels—I mean ladies and gentlemen of Oxford city as I was saying, the poets—"

Then the storm of shouting and hissing arose again, and Donovan, after an ineffectual attempt or two to go on, leaned forward, and shook his fist generally at the mob. Luckily for him, there were no stones about; but one of the crowd, catching the first missile at hand, which happened to be a cabbage stalk, sent it with true aim at the enraged orator. He jerked his head on one side to avoid it; the motion unsteadied his cap; he threw up his hand, which, instead of catching the falling cap, as it was meant to do, sent it spinning among the crowd below. The owner, without a moment's hesitation, clapped both hands on the bar before him and followed his property, vaulting over on

to the heads of those nearest the platform, amongst whom he fell, scattering them right and left.

"Come on, gown, or he'll be murdered," sang out one of Donovan's friends. Tom was one of the first down the steps; they rushed to the spot in another moment, and the Irishman rose, plastered with dirt, but otherwise none the worse for his feat; his cap, covered with mud, was proudly stuck on, hind part before. He was of course thirsting for battle, but not quite so much master of his strength as usual; so his two friends, who were luckily strong and big men, seized him, one to each arm.

"Come along, keep together," was the word; "there's no time to lose. Push for the corn-market."

The cry of "Town! town!" now rose on all sides. The gowmsmen in a compact body, with Donovan in the middle, pushed rapidly across the open space in which the caravans were set up and gained the street. Here they were comparatively safe: they were followed close, but could not be surrounded by the mob. And now again a bystander might have amused himself by noting the men's characters. Three or four pushed rapidly on, and were out of sight ahead in no time. The greater part, without showing any actual signs of fear, kept steadily on, at a good pace: close behind these, Donovan struggled violently with his two conductors, and shouted defiance to the town; while a small and silent rear-guard, amongst whom were Tom and Drysdale, walked slowly and, to all appearance, carelessly behind, within a few yards of the crowd of shouting boys who headed the advancing town. Tom himself felt his heart beating quick, and I don't think had any particular desire for the fighting to begin, with such long odds on the town side; but he was resolved to be in it as soon as any one if there was to be any. Thus they marched through one or two streets without anything more serious than an occasional stone passing their ears. Another turn would have brought them into the open parts of the town, within

hearing of the colleges, when suddenly Donovan broke loose from his supporters, and rushing with a shout on the advanced guard of the town, drove them back in confusion for some yards. The only thing to do was to back him up; so the rear-guard, shouting "Gown! gown!" charged after him. The effect of the onset was like that of Blount at Flodden, when he saw Marmion's banner go down,—a wide space was cleared for a moment, the town driven back on to the pavements and up the middle of the street, and the rescued Donovan caught, set on his legs, and dragged away again some paces towards college. But the charging body was too few in number to improve the first success, or even to insure its own retreat. "Darkly closed the war around." The town lapped on them from the pavements, and poured on them down the middle of the street, before they had time to rally and stand together again. What happened to the rest—who was down, who up, who fought, who fled,—Tom had no time to inquire; for he found himself suddenly the centre of a yelling circle of enemies. So he set his teeth and buckled to his work; and the thought of splendid single combat, and glory such as he had read of in college stories, and tradition handing him down as the hero of that great night, flashed into his head as he cast his eye round for foeman worthy of his steel. None such appeared; so, selecting the one most of his own size, he squared and advanced on him. But the challenged one declined the combat, and kept retreating; while from behind, and the sides, one after another of the "town" rushing out dealt Tom a blow and vanished again into the crowd. For a moment or two he kept his head and temper; the assailants individually were too insignificant to put out his strength upon; but head and temper were rapidly going;—he was like a bull in the arena with the picadores sticking their little javelins in him. A smart blow on the nose, which set a myriad of stars dancing before his eyes, finished the business, and he rushed after the last assail-

ant, dealing blows to right and left, on small and great. The mob closed in on him, still avoiding attacks in front, but on flank and rear they hung on him, and battered at him. He had to turn sharply round after every step to shake himself clear, and at each turn the press thickened, the shouts waxed louder and fiercer; he began to get unsteady; tottered, swayed, and, stumbling over a prostrate youth, at last went down full length on to the pavement, carrying a couple of his assailants with him. And now it would have fared hard with him, and he would scarcely have reached college with sound bones,—for I am sorry to say an Oxford town mob is a cruel and brutal one, and a man who is down has no chance with them,—but that for one moment he and his prostrate foes were so jumbled together that the town could not get at him, and the next the cry of “Gown! gown!” rose high above the din; the town were swept back again by the rush of a reinforcement of gownsmen, the leader of whom seized him by the shoulders and put him on his legs again; while his late antagonists crawled away to the side of the road.

“Why, Brown!” said his rescuer,—Jervis, the Captain,—“this you? Not hurt, eh?”

“Not a bit,” said Tom.

“Good; come on, then; stick to me.”

In three steps they joined the rest of the gown, now numbering some twenty men. The mob was close before them, gathering for another rush. Tom felt a cruel, wild devil beginning to rise in him: he had never felt the like before. This time he longed for the next crash, which, happily for him, was fated never to come off.

“Your names and colleges, gentlemen,” said a voice close behind them at this critical moment. The “town” set up a derisive shout, and, turning round, the gownsmen found the velvet sleeves of one of the proctors at their elbow, and his satellites, vulgarly called bulldogs, taking notes of them. They were completely caught, and so quietly gave the required information.

“You will go to your colleges at once,” said the Proctor, “and remain within gates. You will see these gentlemen to the High Street,” he added to his marshal; and then strode on after the crowd, which was vanishing down the street.

The men turned, and strolled towards the High Street, the marshal keeping, in a deferential but wide-awake manner, pretty close to them, but without making any show of watching them. When they reached the High Street he touched his hat and said civilly, “I hope you will go home now, gentlemen; the senior proctor is very strict.”

“All right, marshal; good night,” said the good-natured ones.

“D— his impudence,” growled one or two of the rest, and the marshal bustled away after his master. The men looked at one another for a moment or two. They were of different colleges, and strangers. The High Street was quiet; so, without the exchange of a word, after the manner of British youth, they broke up into twos and threes, and parted. Jervis, Tom, and Drysdale, who turned up quite undamaged, sauntered together towards St. Ambrose’s.

“I say, where are we going?” said Drysdale.

“Not to college, I vote,” said Tom.

“No, there may be some more fun.”

“Mighty poor fun, I should say, you’ll find it,” said Jervis; “however, if you will stay, I suppose I must. I can’t leave you two boys by yourselves.”

“Come along then, down here.” So they turned down one of the courts leading out of the High Street, and so by back streets bore up again for the disturbed districts.

“Mind and keep a sharp look-out for the proctors,” said Jervis; “as much row as you please, but we mustn’t be caught again.”

“Well, only let’s keep together if we have to bolt.”

They promenaded in lonely dignity for some five minutes, keeping eyes and ears on full strain.

“I tell you what,” said Drysdale, at

last, "it isn't fair, these enemies in the camp; what with 'the town' and their stones and fists, and the proctors with their 'name and college,' we've got the wrong end of the stick."

"Both wrong ends, I can tell you," said Jervis. "Holloa, Brown, your nose is bleeding."

"Is it?" said Tom, drawing his hand across his face, "'twas that confounded little fellow then who ran up to my side while I was squaring at the long party. I felt a sharp crack, and the little rascal bolted into the crowd before I could turn at him."

"Cut and come again," said Drysdale, laughing.

"Ay, that's the regular thing in these blackguard street squabbles. Here they come, then," said Jervis. "Steady, all."

They turned round to face the town, which came shouting down the street behind them in pursuit of one gownsman, a little, harmless, quiet fellow, who had fallen in with them on his way back to his college from a tea with his tutor, and, like a wise man, was giving them leg-bail as hard as he could foot it. But the little man was of a courageous, though prudent soul, and turned panting and gasping on his foes the moment he found himself amongst friends again.

"Now, then, stick together; don't let them get round us," said Jervis.

They walked steadily down the street, which was luckily a narrow one, so that three of them could keep the whole of it, halting and showing front every few yards, when the crowd pressed too much. "Down with them! Town, town! That's two as was in the show." "Mark the velvet-capped chap. Town, town!" shouted the hinder part of the mob; but it was a rabble of boys as before, and the front rank took very good care of itself, and forbore from close quarters.

The small gownsman had now got his wind again; and, smarting under the ignominy of his recent flight, was always a pace or two nearer the crowd than the other three, ruffling up like a

little bantam, and shouting defiance between the catchings of his breath.

"You vagabonds! you cowards! Come on now, I say! Gown, gown!" And at last, emboldened by the repeated halts of the mob, and thirsting for revenge, he made a dash at one of the nearest of the enemy. The suddenness of the attack took both sides by surprise, then came a rush by two or three of the town to the rescue.

"No, no! stand back—one at a time," shouted the Captain, throwing himself between the combatants and the mob. "Go it, little 'un; serve him out. Keep the rest back, boys; steady!" Tom and Drysdale faced towards the crowd, while the little gownsman and his antagonist—who defended himself vigorously enough now—came to close quarters, in the rear of the gown line; too close to hurt one another, but what with hugging and cuffing, the townsman in another half-minute was sitting quietly on the pavement with his back against the wall, his enemy squaring in front of him, and daring him to renew the combat. "Get up, you coward; get up, I say, you coward! He won't get up," said the little man, eagerly turning to the Captain. "Shall I give him a kick?"

"No, let the cur alone," replied Jervis. "Now, do any more of you want to fight? Come on, like men, one at a time. I'll fight any man in the crowd."

Whether the challenge would have been answered must rest uncertain; for now the crowd began to look back, and a cry arose, "Here they are, proctors! now they'll run."

"So we must, by Jove, Brown," said the Captain. "What's your college?" to the little hero.

"Pembroke."

"Cut away, then, you're close at home."

"Very well, if I must: good night," and away went the small man as fast as he had come; and I have never heard that he came to further grief or performed other feats that night not here set down.

"Hang it, don't let's run," said Drysdale.

"Is it the proctors?" said Tom. "I can't see them."

"Mark the bloody-faced one; kick him over," sang out a voice in the crowd.

"Thank'ee," said Tom savagely. "Let's have one rush at them."

"Look! there's the proctor's cap just through them; come along, boys—well, stay if you like, and be rusticated, I'm off;" and away went Jervis, and the next moment Tom and Drysdale followed the good example, and, as they had to run, made the best use of their legs, and in two minutes were well ahead of their pursuers. They turned a corner; "Here, Brown! a light in this

public, cut in, and it's all right." Next moment they were in the dark passage of a quiet little inn, and heard with a chuckle part of the crowd scurry by the door in pursuit, while they themselves suddenly appeared in the neat little bar, to the no small astonishment of its occupants. These were a stout elderly woman in spectacles, who was stitching away at plain work in an arm-chair on one side of the fire; the foreman of one of the great boat-builders, who sat opposite her, smoking his pipe, with a long glass of clear ale at his elbow; and a bright-eyed, neat-handed barmaid, who was leaning against the table, and talking to the others as they entered.

*To be continued.*

## ARCTIC ENTERPRISE AND ITS RESULTS SINCE 1815.

BY FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON.

WHOEVER wishes to see a great result summed up as shortly and simply as possible, need only glance at an Arctic chart of the date of the Peace of 1815, and then look at one drawn in the last half-year. Few comparisons are more striking, or more curiously suggestive. In the earlier map, between Icy Cape at the western corner of the north coast of America (longitude 160° west, ten degrees eastward of Behring's Straits), and the half-explored coasts of Baffin's Bay on the eastern side of the continent (long. 80° west), there is a blank, only to be filled in accordance with the particular imagination of each hydrographer with an uncertain wavy line of supposed coast from the one extreme known landmark to the other. Two points alone of actual sea-coast in the intervening space of eighty degrees had been fixed by overland voyagers in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1771 and 1789, at the mouths of the Hearne or Coppermine and the Mackenzie rivers. But to which ocean the salt water met with at either of those two points had an outlet, and whether the American continent was in

actual continuity with Greenland on the one hand, or with the so-called New Siberia on the other—with both, or with neither—were problems as totally unsolved by proof to Sir John Barrow when he wrote in the *Quarterly Review* of 1817, as they had been to the followers of Columbus three centuries before. Although scientific arguments from physical considerations might point strongly but vaguely towards the existence of a north-west as well as a north-east passage, so little of absolute fact was then known on unquestionable authority concerning the Arctic regions, that it was gravely disputed in 1817 by Captain Burney, a highly reputed naval officer, and Fellow of the Royal Society, whether Behring's Straits were not after all only the entrance to a deep bay, and whether America was not connected with Old Siberia itself. The proof of the continuity of the shore-line of Asia rested on the unsupported and ambiguous testimony of one Russian voyager, Deschneff, of the seventeenth century. Burney, who had himself been in Captain Cook's expedition when he discovered Icy Cape in 1779,

doubted the completeness of Desch-neff's survey; and for such as joined in his scepticism it was as easy, if not as rational, to believe that from Icy Cape the coast of America circled round by north and west till it met the shore of Asia somewhere, as it was competent for those who refused to hope for a north-west passage from Davis' Strait, to shut up the unpenetrated inlet which two hundred years earlier Baffin had christened Lancaster Sound.

Such was the state of Arctic discovery at the close of the career of Napoleon. Let us look for a moment at the stage of knowledge which had been reached when the Crimean war broke out in 1854. The sheet which forty years earlier was all but a blank, was now covered with all but a perfect outline. With the exception of the channel which separates Prince of Wales' Land from Prince Albert's Land, and an area of some four or five degrees of latitude and longitude south of Peel Sound, every wind and turn of that icy labyrinth of islands which Sir John Barrow conjectured in 1817 to be an open basin, had been traced by personal observation as far north as the seventy-seventh parallel; and almost every mile of their coasts painfully traversed and accurately surveyed. From Icy Cape to the Boothian Isthmus, the boundary-line of the American continent had been laid down without a break; while beyond that isthmus eastward, the work had been done as accurately and as continuously. In fact, but for the limited area still left untraversed by the various expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin—the very area within which the last records and relics of his cruise have ultimately been found—the hydrographic survey of those latitudes may be truly said to have exhausted its field even in 1854. And if we were in possession of the journals of the *Erebus* and *Terror* from their passage down Peel Sound to their abandonment, after twenty months' fixture in the ice, to the north-west of King William's Land, it would probably be found that Franklin's crews had during that period ex-

plored some of the very ground of which the detailed features are still waiting to be verified in all but the very latest charts of the Arctic archipelago. It was only the finishing touch that was reserved for McClintock and Allen Young to add to the map which had been drawn by the labours of such men as Parry, Ross, Franklin, Collinson, Osborn, and McClure.

It is impossible to overrate in imagination the toil, the danger, the hardships and privations, the noble daring, and the unflinching endurance, the unselfish devotion and the high sentiment of professional duty, which have been necessarily involved in the accomplishment of such a task. Few readers can follow the narrative of any single Arctic voyage or journey, and not feel through out an admiring wonder at the power of human strength and human energy to perform so much active work under the pressure of such inordinate physical obstacles and physical suffering. It is a fact of which we may well be proud, that every inch of ground gained on the hard-fought battle-field of Arctic research has been won in a life-and-death struggle with the elements by British seamen. None, indeed, among the memories of the noble victims of this struggle are more honourably or affectionately acknowledged, or will be more enduringly preserved by the gratitude of the English people, than that of the gallant French volunteer, Bellot, or the intrepid American commander Kane. But with these notable exceptions, the whole cycle of the Arctic discoveries of this century is the work of our own countrymen. British names mark every channel, cape, and inlet: and a history is to be read in almost every name. And not the least significant feature in the nomenclature of the Arctic chart is the recurrence at different points among the titles given after actual navigators, of the name of that energetic and high-spirited Englishwoman, to whose strenuous efforts, under circumstances of great discouragement, the fitting-out of the crowning expedition is entirely due. Cape Lady Franklin was the name

given by Belcher's surveying parties to the most northerly headland of Bathurst island, close to the spot (lat. 77°) from which we now know that the *Erebus* and *Terror* turned southward in the autumn of 1845. Cape Jane Franklin was the name given by James Ross, in 1830, to one of the two headlands seen by him from Point Victory, the limit of his explorations on the western face of King William's Land. Seventeen and eighteen years later, the career, first of Franklin, and then of Franklin's ships, was to close within sight of this very headland; and, in 1859, the record of the fate of Franklin's crews was to be found, when the sad secret had been kept for eleven years, on the very position where Ross had unwillingly turned in 1830, after giving it Jane Franklin's name. The course of time and fate has done its best to consecrate the right of that name to the two prominent spots it will henceforth permanently mark in the geographical history of the Arctic sea.

In marking the beginning and the close of this great campaign of discovery by the Peace of Vienna and the outbreak of the Turkish war, we have but pointed to a fact which suggests more reflections than one. The wars of the first French Empire had put an end to all voyages of discovery for the time being. The ships and the sailors of England had full work nearer home in scouring the known seas, instead of bearing her flag into seas unknown. But as soon as the peace of Europe was again secure, the equipment of a Russian expedition of research for the Arctic Regions excited the emulation of England, lest the marine of another nation should have the honour of completing what Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, Baffin, and Cook had begun. The same year (1818) which saw the return of Kotzebue's vessel from the sound which bears his name, after an unsuccessful attempt to reach Icy Cape, beheld the inauguration under John Ross of our own series of Arctic enterprises. The next fifteen years, though full of adventures and persevering toil by land and sea, yet failed to solve the main question of a north-

west passage; and the general interest in an apparently invincible problem dwindled by degrees, until it was revived by the comparative success of Ross and Crozier, in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, in exploring the Antarctic seas. That problem was first solved by Franklin, before his death in 1847, when he had brought his ships to a point where no land lay between them and the verified channels of Dease and Simpson, from which he would have sailed westward over a familiar path. But for the English nation it was shrouded in doubt and mystery, until the actual day when Lieutenant Creswell of the *Investigator* landed in Great Britain, as the herald and the evidence of McClure's discovery, on the 7th of October, 1853. At the date of his arrival, public attention was already and almost exclusively concentrated on the Eastern question. The Pruth had been passed, and the Russian challenge accepted by Turkey; and the entrance of England into the struggle was daily growing more inevitable. The thin echo of a distant success from the ice-bound waters of Melville Sound could hardly penetrate the ears that were listening for every rumour from Besica Bay. McClure himself, and his ship's company of the *Investigator*, together with the crews of the vessels abandoned by Sir E. Belcher's orders, did not reach England till eight days after the battle of the Alma had been fought. The national excitement which then prevailed, accounts for the meagreness of the reception given to the seamen, who, by dint of four years' hardship, and toil, had first succeeded in travelling over water from Behring's Strait to Baffin's Bay.

The sententious Ulysses of Shakspeare's "Troilus and Cressida" uttered a phrase that was applicable to England in Raleigh's and Humphrey Gilbert's time, when he spoke of Time as bearing

—"a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

A great-sized monster of ingratitude:"

but it never was more applicable than in our quick and crowded English life of the nineteenth century. "The pre-



sent eye praises the present object:” the brilliant details of the siege of Sebastopol itself soon faded into the background of history before the sudden flash and more desperate struggle of the Indian mutiny. Only two years and a half, again, have passed since the first news of that terrible outbreak reached England; and the British public is already half-tired of the successive publications of its cruelties and its heroisms. We have only to be certified of the death of Nana Sahib for the sake of an example of complete retribution, and to welcome home with a loud and well-deserved cheer the noble old soldier who has done his work so thoroughly as commander-in-chief in India, and might have done as much in the Crimea if he had not been passed over; and then the account of a curious contemporary public with the great mutiny of the Indian army will be closed and laid upon the shelf for ever. We want no more illustrated plans of Cronstadt or Sweaborg, Delhi or Lucknow, but of the mouth of the Peiho and the approaches to Peking. Who remembers now anything about the dare-devil charge of “the gallant Forbes” and his troopers, the number of whose regiment was in everybody’s mouth not three years back, or the unsatisfactory victories of the campaign of Bushire? It is not that our memories are fickle, but they are too busily employed. Nor are we at heart an ungrateful people. The excess of phlegmatic coldness to individual merit is at least a less obnoxious fault in a nation than the opposite tendency to undue and prolonged self-glorification. Only the veteran of a single campaign will be found at the close of a long life ringing the changes on the Gemmappes and the Valmy of his youth. It is because we trust as a people that we have, alike within the grave of the past, the life of the present, and the womb of the future,

“Five hundred good as he,”

that we can afford to shake down among the unconsidered crowd, or to send back to his duty with a moderate

allowance of popular recognition and applause, many a man whom we individually envy for his opportunities, admire for the use he has made of them, and of whom we are proud in our heart of hearts, as of a hero of our own race and time. It has been the way of England, before the birth of the Victoria Cross and since, to expect that every man will do his duty, and take contentedly the amount of work or of praise that may fall to his share.

Let us look again at the Arctic chart, as it grows into shape under the hands of successive explorers from 1817. The first voyage of John Ross proved the substantial accuracy of the local discoveries made by Baffin in the bay that bears his name, at the same time that it corrected his imperfect longitudes. Parry, with the *Hecla* and *Griper*, in 1819, penetrated in a straight line westward through Baffin’s newly-verified Sound of Sir John Lancaster, giving the eminent name of Barrow to the straits which he found to be its continuation, and saw the loom of Banks’ Land in the south-western distance, before he wintered on the coast of Melville Island (long. 110°), thirty degrees to the west of Cape Warrender, the starting-point of his new track from Baffin’s Bay. His record of the first winter ever passed by a ship’s crew in those sullen regions, engraved on the great block of sandstone by the shore of Winter Harbour, still remains fresh and clear in the icy climate; as interesting a token, though not as wonderfully preserved a relic, as those yet legible inscriptions scrawled with charcoal in the quarries of Egypt in the time of the Ptolemies. The conspicuous place and nature of this memorial induced McClure to select the same rock in 1852 as the best spot upon which to place a notice of the *Investigator’s* position in the Bay of Mercy, Banks’ Land. This notice was found by a sledging party from the *Resolute*; and McClure’s choice of so marked a place of deposit may be said to have saved the lives of the *Investigator’s* crew, or at least to have pre-

served them from the toils and risks of a sledging march for life, of a very similar character to that which in 1848 Franklin's less fortunate crews were driven to attempt in vain. Such are the links by which the details of one Arctic voyage of discovery are bound up with those of another.

The second expedition of Parry, in 1821-2, was intended for a movement in combination with the overland journey of Richardson and Franklin from the farthest posts of the Hudson's Bay Company to the coast which had been seen by Hearne and Mackenzie. It is curious to observe the unaffected and plausible simplicity of inexperience, with which the Admiralty orders of those times assume as an operation feasible within the navigation of a single Arctic summer the passage which, after all the struggles and achievements of so many successive expeditions of research, no single ship has hitherto succeeded in making. Incommensurate as Parry's progress on this occasion was with the professed expectations of his superiors, he followed out the tracing of the line of the American continent to the north of Hudson's Strait and Fox Channel, along Melville Peninsula to the Fury and Hecla Strait, which opens into the water afterwards named by Ross the Gulf of Boothia. In his third expedition (1822-25) Parry tried a fresh cast upon his former track through Lancaster Sound, turning southward into the wide mouth of Prince Regent's Inlet, which he had christened in passing on his first voyage. The limits to which he penetrated this channel southward in two years, are marked on the chart by the names of Fury Beach, where the ship of that name was pressed on shore by the ice, and Cape Garry, the farthest headland in sight on his southern horizon. Captain John Ross, following the same path in 1829, in the *Victory*, navigated down the coasts of North Somerset and Boothia as far as Victory Harbour (lat. 70°), the starting place from which his nephew James Ross traversed with a sledging-party the Boothian Isthmus, and explored westward the strait which

bears his name, and the shore line of King William's Land, as far as Point Victory, or Cape Jane Franklin, as has been mentioned before. It is a remarkable and important fact, that although in this coasting voyage Sir John Ross landed on Brown's Island, in Brentford Bay, and professedly made the most minute and accurate survey of the whole coast, he overlooked altogether the existence of Bellot Strait, which lies at the bottom of that bay. Had he penetrated behind the outwork of islands which covers the narrow passage through the natural curtain formed by the granite cliffs of Brentford Bay, he would have gained, twenty years earlier than its actual discoverer, Kennedy, the nearest entrance into the channel where the *Erebus* and *Terror* were ultimately beset on their last voyage. It is also worthy of note, that the tracing made of the shores of King William's Land, in the chart of Ross's voyage, although not professing to be a positive and correct plan of an actually traversed coast, yet marks in dotted line a continuous stretch of land as shutting up the south-eastern end of the John Ross Channel, and assumes, in consequence, King William's Land to be part of the continent of America. In the difficulties necessarily attendant upon Arctic surveys, it is natural, if not unavoidable, that oversights should have been made by the earlier surveyors, and that errors of conjecture which appeared but slightly relevant until the whole thread of the labyrinth had been followed out, should in the end prove to have been most material. In the windings of a large inland lake or river, and still more in the channels of an unknown archipelago, it is easy for a first observer to draw a mistaken inference from a horizon of headland overlapping headland, and fold of inland mountain rising over mountain fold. James Ross had every right to draw a strong conclusion of the improbability that King William's Land was an island, from what his eyes and his telescope told him of the horizon to the south, as he looked from the headlands of Spence's Bay. But the absolute negation of any passage west-

ward from Brentford Bay, in a chart of alleged surveys which, in Sir John Ross's own words, profess an almost superfluous minuteness and accuracy of detail, is a far less venial instance of the statement, as of ascertained fact, of that which the assertor had not personally or thoroughly verified. It is impossible to say how much or how little the mistaken supposition, on the distinct authority of Ross's chart, that Prince Regent's Inlet was a mere *cul de sac* for the voyager in search of a north-west passage, or the acquiescence in Ross's inference, that King William's Land was a part of the continent, may have added to the adverse chances of Franklin's last expedition. There are many cases in which it may plausibly be said, and honestly be thought, that extreme accuracy of investigation is practically a superfluous waste of toil: but it is almost a truism to assert, that every investigation whatever should be in fact at least as complete and as searching as on its face it professes to be. A total or partial blank, or any mark denoting ignorance or imperfect information, is a much less serious drawback to the value of a chart, than an exaggerated assumption of knowledge, which may shape the course of some future navigator.

The land and boat journeys taken during these years by Franklin, Back, and Richardson, are even more memorable and fuller of personal interest than the voyages of Ross and Parry. There are few volumes of travels accessible to ordinary English readers more deservedly popular than those containing Franklin's graphic and touching account of his expedition, in 1821, to the shores of the Polar Sea. The difficulties of the march northward, and the descent of the Coppermine river, the stupid and negligent blunderings of the *voyageurs*, the suspicious and greedy, but punctilious and charitable character of the Indians, the hazardous boat voyage from the mouth of the Coppermine to Point Turnagain, and the fearful sufferings of the desperate straggling return across the Barren Grounds to Fort Enterprise, are painted with a noble

simplicity and an unsurpassable fidelity. English officers and seamen never battled more bravely with hardships, dangers, famine, and climate, than did Franklin and his English companions on that occasion; and it is mainly in the drawing out of the calm and trustful strength of character individually shown by them under the greatest trials, that the personal interest of this record is greater than that inspired by the adventures of Parry, or Ross, and their crews. There is a wonderful and stern pathos in the plain narrative of the murder of Lieutenant Hood by the Iroquois Michel, and the quick and steady execution of justice upon the murderer by those who would undeniably have fallen victims in their turn to his treachery had they spared him a day longer. And a stranger and more solemn picture of mingled familiarity with and sensitiveness to the outward signs of suffering was never given, than in the few words which tell how, when the relics of Franklin's and Richardson's parties met again at Fort Enterprise, after a separation of some twenty days, they were mutually horror-struck at the gaunt forms, worn faces, and hollow tones of each other, and utterly unconscious that an equally tell-tale change had been stamped by an equally long endurance of hunger and hardship on themselves.

"We were all shocked" (says Franklin) "at beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their extremely debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for since the swellings had subsided we were little more than skin and bone. The Doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make as cheerful as possible, unconscious that his own partook of the same key." "Our own misery," says Dr. Richardson of himself and the sailor Hepburn, "had stolen upon us by degrees, and we were accustomed to the contemplation of each other's emaciated figures; but the ghastly

"countenances, dilated eyeballs, and sepulchral voices of Mr. Franklin and those with him, were more than we could at first bear." Human fortitude could hardly have wavered in a more noble manner. Franklin's party had tasted nothing more nutritious than scraps of leather and fragments of bone for thirty-one days, and Richardson's fare had been but little better. Whoever will turn to the narrative may gauge for himself the depth of their gallant endurance, and take a lesson from those brave and cheerful natures, that under such circumstances mingled no self-pity with their tenderness for others, exerted themselves to the last, and never dreamed of breaking down.

The result of this and the later coast expeditions of Franklin, Richardson, and Back, before the date of Ross's voyage in the *Victory*, was to trace the line of the continent uninterruptedly from Point Turnagain to within a very short distance of the coast visited from the western side through Behring's Strait. This line was extended eastward by Sir George Simpson in 1839. In that year he explored Simpson Strait, to the south of King William's Land, and connected Franklin's first limit of discovery with the mouth of the Great Fish river, visited by Back in 1834. He crossed the strait to Cape Herschel, King William's Land, and built there the cairn now standing, which was searched in vain by McClintock for any record of Franklin's crews.

Such was the state of the chart when the *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed on their last voyage in 1845 in search of a north-west passage. It is known that Franklin's favourite idea, before he left England, coincided with his orders; to pierce, if possible, to the southward of the course discovered by Parry, and so find the most direct way from Lancaster Sound to the point of the American shore, from which, as he could testify of his own experience, it was "all plain sailing to the westward." From what we now know of his first year's cruise round Cornwallis Island and back to Cape Riley, his first winter quarters, it

seems probable that a closed sea towards Peel Sound and an open one towards the north, tempted him to an apparent temporary divergence from the plan which he had laid down for himself from the first, and which, in the next spring, he took the earliest opportunity of pursuing. What the condition of Prince Regent's Inlet in regard of ice may have been in the summer of 1845 we have no means of divining; inasmuch as, with the chart of the Boothian coast made by Ross for his only guide, Franklin would of course have passed it by. There is no profit in speculating whether the same enterprising energy which carried the *Erebus* and *Terror* in their first summer from England round Cornwallis Island might not have carried them instead by way of Bellot Strait into winter quarters west of Boothia, saved a whole year to the expedition, and altered entirely the conditions of its future success or failure. Arctic history, and indeed history in general, has nothing to do with that which might have been, and only concerns itself with a small part of what has been. From the date when Captain Fitzjames sealed up the last packet of journals he sent home from Baffin's Bay, the history of Franklin's expedition is comprised in the three graves at Beechey Island, the record now brought from Cape Victory, and the other relics either found lying in their place or purchased from the wandering Esquimaux. Well appointed as the ships were known to be, hopefully and cheerfully as their officers and men were prepared to work together, first as they were destined to be in the completion of the discovery of a passage round the north coast of America, not one man of those crews was to reach habitable land with the tale. No hint of their work or of their fate was to be found, but through year upon year of enterprise, perseverance, and self-devotion on the part of one after another of their brothers in the naval service of Great Britain. Like the Ulysses of Dante and of Tennyson, they were bound—

“To sail beyond the sunset, and the  
baths  
Of all the western stars”—

until they died. It is all the more our duty to acknowledge that they did the work they were sent to do. That Franklin did virtually solve the problem which was the object of his voyage is not only testified to by all who have a right to speak authoritatively, but is a fact which rests on unimpeachable grounds. He designedly took the very course down Peel Sound and Franklin Channel which would have carried his ships, but for the terrible duration of that temporary obstacle of the ice-pack in which they were beset for two winters, straight to the most easterly point of the along-shore channel which he already knew. He died himself in full sight of the goal: his ships never traversed the short water-space which lay between their anchorage in the pack and the lines which other keels had ploughed from the west. Neither did the *Investigator* cross from Bank's Land to Parry's harbour in Melville Island. Yet if the reappearance of McClure or Cresswell in England was a living proof of their discovery of the passage, so is the single skeleton found by McClintock five miles to the south-east of Cape Herschel (and therefore within the line of coast traced from the west by Simpson) an imperishable memorial of that discovery having been anticipated by Franklin's expedition four years earlier.

To the total loss of that expedition, and the absolute want of information as to its fate, the present completeness of Arctic research in those longitudes is owing. Had Franklin's crews returned safe in 1848, after leaving their ships irretrievably fixed in the ice-pack, it is almost certain that no further attempts would have been made to force the navigation of a practically fruitless passage. And even if scientific inducements had prompted the organization of another enterprise, it may be questioned whether any such universal and permanent stimulus to unsparing exertion and minute investigation could

have been found as that which animated alike officers and common seamen in the search for the missing ships and their crews. Other motives were doubtless at work among the searchers, in the shape of professional emulation, and that sheer love of adventure, which would fill up to-morrow with volunteers the muster-roll of any fresh expedition for the Arctic zone: but the chief goad which pricked on the leading spirits among those searchers to attempt and to accomplish things almost impossible, and drove the whole body of fellow-labourers to keep pace with the contagious enthusiasm of the foremost, was undeniably the hope at first of rescuing the lost ones, and later, when that prospect faded away through the lapse of time, the laudable and brotherly yearning to penetrate the mystery which still surrounded their fate. Captain Inglefield's chart, published by the Admiralty hydrographer in October, 1853, which marks in different touches the various strips of coast explored by the ships and travelling parties of the several expeditions in the seven preceding years, gives the clearest notion of the amount of labour that had been then performed. McClure's vivid description of the appearance of Lieutenant Pim from the *Resolute*, a wild gesticulating figure, shouting across the floe, as he came to announce their rescue to the ice-bound *Investigator's* crew, is one among many typical pictures of the highly wrought energy of feeling with which Pim, and those like him, prosecuted the search after those who, if alive at all, must then have been in far worse plight than even the "Investigators." And the whole of McClure's voyage, as drawn from his journals, through the spirited and cordial narrative of his friendly interpreter Sherard Osborn, shows with equal distinctness the need of iron nerve, quick decision, steady judgment, and untiring energy in the commander on special service, such as that on which the *Investigator* was bound, and the ready supply of all those qualifications possessed by her captain. The sailors' rule—"always obey the last order"—is

nowhere of more constant application than in the conduct of a vessel through an Arctic campaign. The directing and responsible mind has to be ready at every moment for every possible eventuality; to obey the orders of climate and circumstance, and yet to mould those forces into servants of his own superior will; to be shifty and supple as Ulysses in respect of all plans that are but means to the one great and constant end; to show under every emergency the equal temper of a heroic heart, and (to quote another line from that ideal of Ulysses to which we have pointed before)

“To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

Leopold McClintock, the commander of Lady Franklin's yacht *Fox* in the last and crowning expedition, had served in three consecutive Arctic voyages, under Ross, Austin, and Kellett, from 1848 to 1854. It may be truly said of him, that from the first to the last he devoted to the search not only his heart, but his brain. Every improvement in the details of sledging, and the consequent increase in the width of field which sledging parties are able to cover, made during those years, is, we believe, due to McClintock alone. The combination of the *minimum* of weight with the *maximum* of convenience; the most judicious apportionment of the load to be drawn day after day, so as not to overtask the strength of the men and dogs, the extension of the area of search by the previous laying out of successive depôts along the line, were studied and tested by him in theory and in practice, as quietly and as carefully as the subaltern Arthur Wellesley studied the work and the capacities of his own great machine, the English soldier. And the palm must be given to McClintock for the actual amount of personal fatigue undergone, and personal service performed in conduct of a sledging party. The extreme headlands of Prince Patrick's Island (lat. 77° 30' north) were worthily signed with his name,

years before the newly-explored channel from Melville Sound to Victoria Strait was christened in his honour at the request of Lady Franklin. No better man could have been found to command the *Fox*, and no commander of her could have been more nobly seconded than was McClintock by Hobson and Allen Young.

The voyage of the sharp-bowed little steam-yacht, of 177 tons, from Aberdeen (July, 1857), to Bellot Strait and back to the docks at Blackwall (September, 1859), is a most comprehensive and picturesque instance of the varieties of hazard incident to Arctic navigation. The 1st of September, 1857, saw the *Fox* beset among the closing ice in Melville Bay. Once or twice in that month McClintock saw close to him long lanes of water open through the floes towards the west, and a watersky towards Cape York, which told him that if he could once get clear he might yet winter in Barrow Straits. By the use of steam and blasting-powder on one occasion he had struggled through 100 yards of ice, out of 170 which lay between the *Fox* and the lead of water, when the floes began to close again. The end of the month found the *Fox* and her crew irretrievably fixed for the winter: condemned to drift for months of darkness wherever winds and the invisible currents might take them; to use McClintock's expressive phrase—"a legacy to the pack." Between that date and the last week of April, 1858, they drifted with their ice-continent down Baffin's Bay and Davis' Strait into the Atlantic, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles. In bursting the bars of that prison in the spring, as much or more risk had to be run than in finding a secure shelter for the winter within its folds. As soon as the floes began to crack and open into lanes around the vessel, the greatest efforts were necessary to warp her into the safest position within the chance shelter which projecting corners of the newly fractured ice might afford, in case of a change of wind closing up the mass upon her. And when once "the dear old

familiar ocean-swell" began to lift its crest above the hollows of the sea, and dash the huge ice fragments as in a grinding mill against each other, till they broke into smaller and smaller pieces, as the edge of the drift came nearer and nearer to the little imprisoned vessel, her position was critical in the extreme. For eighteen hours, and twenty-two miles, she was slowly boring out under steam against a heavy sea of close-packed rolling ice. As she steered head-on to the swell, the masses were hurled against her sharply-chiselled iron-plated stem, and fell off to either side, knocking obliquely against her bows with such force as to shake her frame all over. More than once the engines were stopped by the ice choking the screw. Had the rudder or the screw been disabled at any moment long enough to have caused the *Fox* to broach to, or, indeed, to present anything but her pointed stem to the force of the sea, not one of her crew would have reached the open water alive. "After yesterday's experience," says McClintock in the next day's journal, "I can understand how men's hairs have turned grey in a few hours." A swell of thirteen-foot waves of tumbling ice, with large icebergs here and there crashing through the smaller pack as the spray came showering over their summits seventy feet high, was an ordeal through which few men can have driven their ships with safety, and might well try the sternest nerves. Such was the end of the first year's labour. After escaping from the pack, McClintock turned his bow north, and refitted at Holsteinberg with the least possible delay. The *Fox* was nearly stranded on a rock off the Whalefish Islands in a heavy snow-storm in May, ran upon a sunken ice-capped reef in Melville Bay in June, where she lay for eleven hours in the greatest danger of falling over, till the tide floated her off unhurt; and after several narrow escapes from being nipped or again beset in the pack, anchored in August off Beechey Island. "All the adventures so far," Captain McClintock remarks, "are only preliminaries,—we

"are only *now* about to commence the "interesting part of our voyage. It is "to be hoped the poor *Fox* has many "more lives to spare."

From Beechey Island McClintock steered through an open sea straight across to Peel Sound, which he penetrated for twenty-five miles till brought up by ice extending from shore to shore. With the same promptness of decision which marked McClure's sudden determination in 1851 to retrace his steps for the whole length of Prince of Wales Strait, and sail round Banks' Land by the west, McClintock instantly turned about for Prince Regent Inlet and Bellet Strait. Notwithstanding Kennedy's discovery, it was even then thought doubtful whether Bellet Strait was an unbroken deep-water channel at all. "Does it really exist?" asks McClintock of himself at the moment of this hardy decision; "and if so, is it free from ice?" It did exist; but the close-packed ice sucked into it from its western mouth by a permanent tide of several miles an hour to the eastward, defeated four attempts to force the *Fox* through. On the fifth attempt, McClintock steamed right through to the western outlet of the strait, but finding the wider channel beyond impracticable, returned to winter in safe quarters at Port Kennedy, the destined starting-point of his sledging parties for the next spring.

Through the details of the discovery of the only authentic record of the end of Franklin and his crews by one of those sledging parties, we need not follow Captain McClintock in these pages. The most salient points of his story are too familiar and too deeply impressed upon all who have heard them to need repeating. The question which on McClintock's return many persons were in the first instance disposed to ask—what, after all, has he told us of the ultimate fate of the main body of those two ships' crews, beyond what Dr. Rae had told us before?—has been thoroughly answered in the paper read by McClintock before the Geographical Society, as well as in his pub-

lished volume. He has shown us by the recovered record of Point Victory, that those thirty or forty men of whom Rae heard as having died one by one on the island at the mouth of the Great Fish river, were the main body, and not a detachment, as had been supposed. He has tracked them on their course from Point Victory to Capes Crozier and Herschel, in the direction of the river at whose mouth they vainly hoped to find a supply of fish, starting in their extremity at least two months too early. He can speak, with authority at least equal to that of any man alive, of the greatest number of days' journeys for which they could have carried sufficient provisions, and show how, before they reached the river's mouth, they dropped, as the Esquimaux said, one by one as they walked along. He has fixed the fate of the ships themselves, and of their veteran commander, who was destined to be spared a repetition of such bitterness of death as he had undergone in his youth so nobly. The hasty, laconic record itself, the statement of the proportion of officers and men already dead, from which the strongest inference of the scurvy-ridden condition of the survivors must be drawn, the date of the abandonment of the vessels, the masses of clothing and other articles brought from shipboard and left so early on the march, the boat found in the snowdrift some eighty miles farther along the coast, turned back towards the ships, with its two skeletons on guard, two guns leaning against the side, loaded and cocked for the chance of a passing animal, and its tantalizing superfluity of chocolate and other unsubstantial provision,—form a connected chain of evidence of the result to which Dr. Rae's informants could only point partially and vaguely. No reasonable doubt can remain after the perusal of McClintock's narrative, that not only could no survivors by any possibility still exist, but that no further trace or record would be found undisturbed by the covetousness or curiosity of the Esquimaux. On the

smooth ice over which they drag their sledges along the shore—on the bare hillocks over which they walked to survey the chances of food in the desolate landscape before them, or on the bleak island at the mouth of the frozen river—lies every one otherwise unaccounted for of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*—

“Noble, nameless, English heart,  
Snow-cold in snow.”

These results were not gained for us at home, it is needless to repeat, without enormous personal danger and fatigue undergone by McClintock and the companions of his enterprise. Lieutenant Hobson, the actual discoverer of the record and the boat, was so worn by travel and illness, that he had to be carried for many days on the sledge drawn by his party. Captain Allen Young, the explorer of McClintock's Channel, was, with another in a party of three, attacked with snow-blindness while far away from the *Fox*; and day after day, wherever the dogs refused to draw the sledge over uneven ice, was regularly loaded and led along by the only one of his companions whose eyes remained serviceable. When McClintock started homewards in 1859 from his anchorage in Port Kennedy, both the engineers of the vessel were dead, and he was obliged to take personal charge of the engines, sometimes for twenty-four hours together, where every moment longer spent within the ice added a fresh risk to those the *Fox* had already undergone. From the 9th of August, when he left Bellot Strait, till the 25th, when he anchored at Godhavn, in Greenland, McClintock must have had many opportunities of congratulating himself on the “many lives” which the *Fox* had yet to spare. As long as our naval officers are trained in the school which has ripened such men as Robert McClure and Leopold McClintock, whose character is written on every page of their journals, we need never fear for the behaviour of the British navy.



## A MAN'S WOOING.

You said, last night, you did not think  
 In all the world of men  
 Was one true lover—true alike  
 In deed and word and pen ;—

One knightly lover, constant as  
 The old knights, who sleep sound :  
 Some women, said you, there might be—  
 Not one man faithful found :

Not one man, resolute to win,  
 Or, winning, firm to hold  
 The woman, not all women—sought  
 Herself and not her gold :

Not one whose noble life and pure  
 Had power so to control  
 To humble loving loyalty  
 Her free, but reverent soul,

That she beside him gladly moved  
 Both sovereign and slave ;  
 In faith unfettered, homage dear,  
 Each claiming what each gave.

And then you dropped your eyelids  
 white,  
 And stood, a maiden brave,  
 Proud, sweet :—unloving and unloved  
 Descending to the grave.

I let you speak, and ne'er replied ;  
 I watched you for a space,  
 Until that passionate glow, like youth,  
 Had faded from your face.

No anger show'd I—nor complaint :  
 My heart's beats shook no breath,  
 Although I knew that I had found  
 Her, who brings life or death ;

The woman, true as life or death ;  
 The love, strong as these twain,  
 Against which seas of mortal fate  
 Beat harmlessly in vain.

"Not one true man : " I hear it still,  
 Your voice's clear cold sound,  
 Upholding all your constant swains  
 And good knights underground.

"Not one true lover : "—woman, turn ;  
 I love you. Words are small ;  
 'Tis life speaks plain : In twenty years  
 Perhaps you may know all.

I seek you. You alone I seek :  
 All other women, fair  
 Or wise, or good, may go their way,  
 Without my thought or care.

But you I follow day by day,  
 And night by night I keep  
 My heart's chaste mansion lighted, where  
 Your image lies asleep.

Asleep ! If e'er to wake He knows  
 Who Eve to Adam brought,  
 As you to me : the embodiment  
 Of boyhood's dear sweet thought,

And youth's fond dream and manhood's  
 hope,  
 That still half hopeless shone  
 Till every rootless vain ideal  
 Commingled into one.

*You* ; who are so diverse from me,  
 Yet seem as much my own  
 As this my soul, which formed apart  
 Dwells in its bodily throne ;—

Or rather, for *that* perishes,  
 As these our two lives are  
 So strangely, marvellously drawn  
 Together from afar ;

Till week by week and month by month  
 We liker seem to grow,  
 As two hill streams, flushed with rich  
 rain,  
 Each into the other flow.

I swear no oaths, I tell no lies,  
 Nor boast I never knew  
 A love-dream—we all dream in youth—  
 But waking, I found *you*,

The real woman, whose first touch  
 Aroused to highest life  
 My real manhood. Crown it then,  
 Good angel, friend, love, wife.

Imperfect as I am, and you,  
 Perchance, not all you seem,  
 We two together, garner up  
 Our past's bright, broken dream

We two together dare to look  
 Upon the years to come,  
 As travellers, met in far countrie,  
 Together look towards home.

Come home, the old tales were not false,  
 Yet the new faith is true ;  
 Those saintly souls who made men  
 knights  
 Were women such as you.

For the great love that teaches love  
 Deceived not, ne'er deceives :  
 And she who most believes in man  
 Makes him what she believes.

Come ! if you come not, I can wait ;  
 My faith, like life, is long ;  
 My will—not little ; my hope much :  
 The patient are the strong.

Yet come, ah come ! The years run fast,  
 And hearths grow swiftly cold—  
 Hearts too : but while blood beats in  
 mine  
 It holds you and will hold.

And so before you it lies bare—  
 Take it or let it lie,  
 It was an honest heart : and yours  
 To all eternity.

### MODERN PENSÉE-WRITERS.—THE HARES, NOVALIS, JOUBERT.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

WHY is it that in a literary point of view, the two grammatical equivalents, "Pensées" and "Thoughts," convey such different impressions? The chief characteristic of a volume of French "Pensées," we feel at once, is that it consists mainly of a number of separate sentences or fragments. We expect nothing of the kind in opening an English pamphlet or volume, entitled "Thoughts," but rather a chain of reasonings or reflections, which simply do not assume the more definite form of a set essay or treatise. For the solution of the question, it will not, I think, serve us much to remark, though it should be observed nevertheless, that two wholly distinct literary forms pass current under the same generic name of "Pensées," and are generally to be found mingled, in posthumous collections especially—the merely fragmentary, and the intentionally detached ; the former often exhibiting thought in its crudest, the latter in its most elaborate shape. But the mingling of the two, instead of being a thing to be complained of, tends, on the contrary, to our gratification, relieving and setting off each by each. The effect is precisely analogous to that of the juxtaposition at the British Museum of the Mineralogical and Palæontological collections, which enables

the mind, when fatigued with the effort of discovering the meaning and supplying the deficiencies of the colourless fragments of past organisms, and imagining them into life again, to find repose in the precise mathematical forms or lovely colours of some specimen of crystallization ; or, when tired again by the definiteness and monotony of these, to give itself free scope once more amidst the indefiniteness of the others, and the tempting glimpses into seemingly endless worlds of the past which they suggest. Precisely so, I repeat it, does the fragmentary thought—the thought broken off while growing, and thereby for ever tempting us to think it out—find its best place by the side of the detached, the slowly crystallized thought, sharp-angled, bright-tinted, but essentially limited. Hence it is that the best volumes of "Pensées" are the posthumous ones, as the most likely to contain a due intermixture of both elements ; those published during life having a very strong tendency to range themselves solely under the second head, and thereby to become fatiguing by their glittering definiteness.

There is no wonder indeed that the French should supply a name for the thing, seeing that they have presented the world at once with the most cha-

racteristic samples of it, and the most numerous; from Pascal, who must be considered as the sovereign lord of this realm of literature, taller by the head and shoulders than any of his subjects, to Vauvenargues in the last century, and Joubert, of whom I have to speak to-day, in this. In England or in Germany, the true French "Pensée," where it can be found, must be sought for under other names. In Germany, the best samples of it, I take it, are mystical, and are perhaps afforded by Jacob Boehmen and Novalis, though chiefly under the fragmentary form. Among ourselves, the earliest leading sample is probably the most perfect; I mean the "Elegant Sentences" of Bacon,—not his "Aphorisms," which are little better than Joe Millers. Where was anything better said than "It is a strange desire which men have, to seek power and lose liberty;" or, "He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green;" or, "Without good-nature, man is but a better kind of vermin;" or, "Those who want friends to whom to open their griefs, are cannibals of their own hearts;" or again, "The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express"? To leap over intervening instances, some of the best contemporary ones (though they are but as silver filagree to the solid gold of Bacon) are to be found among the "Aphorisms" contributed by Mr. Helps to "Politics for the People," in 1848, such as, "It is astonishing how keen even stupid people are in discovering imaginary affronts;" "It is surprising how little love we can be well content with, when that love is more than the person giving it gives to anybody else;" "It is a contracted mind that finds pity for suffering or misfortune only;" "Wise men fear the folly of their adversaries far more than their wisdom;" "There is not time enough in life for a man to be very suspicious;" "It is easy for a woman to be self-denying; it is hard for her to be just."

Yet we feel instinctively that no English name is quite appropriate to

the thing. "Aphorism" cuts too hard and sharp; "apophthegm" is pedantic; "maxim" ambitious; "proverb" belongs to the future. So those in our days who have best understood the thing have fallen back upon a humbler word. The "Guesses at Truth," mainly penned by Augustus and Julius Hare, are our most characteristic modern English volume of "Pensées."

Why is this? I ask again, without being able wholly to satisfy myself. As a nation, we are, I should say, eminently sententious, and what is a kindred quality—let the word pass—*quotations*. Our writers of the seventeenth century especially are full of those sparkling crystals of thought which need but to be detached; quotations, from Shakespeare in particular, lie embedded in our common speech and style, to an extent which may surprise many when they begin to notice it. Next to the Spaniards, we are again, perhaps, the nation of the world which is the fondest of proverbs; and one of the most brilliant of our newspapers, the *Examiner*, has for years grounded its popularity in a great measure upon the happy application to passing events of familiar proverbs and grotesque thoughts from popular humourists of the novel or of the stage. It is not, therefore, want of relish for the thing expressed by the French "Pensée," which prevents us from having any word to express it, or from offering any work which shall broadly exemplify it. I am inclined to think that the familiar handling of the Bible, including the typical exemplars of all "Pensées," the "Proverbs" and "Ecclesiastes," and—until modern bigotry placed them out of the poor man's reach—those other noble instances of the same form, "Ecclesiasticus" and "Wisdom," has tended hitherto to dispense with the need of lower samples. For a "proverb" is, so to speak, a "pensée," which has passed from the statical state into the dynamical, one which has been tried and proved, and is known to give a leverage; and therefore it is that the essentially practical English mind rather eschews the "pensée" till it is sure of finding in it

a real help for the work of life. Even now-a-days, when men have become in their own view wiser than the Wise King, and too serious or too funny to appreciate the grave pungency of his humour, it has been sufficient for a modern writer to dilute his wisdom with a *quant. suff.* of modern verbiage in order to build up a reputation on the achievement; since the best part of "Proverbial Philosophy" is (with all deference to its good-natured author) simply Solomon-and-water. Next to the Bible, I suppose that the pregnant sententiousness of Shakspeare has also done much to supply the place amongst us of the missing literary form.

I suspect, therefore, that the absence of an English equivalent for the term "Pensées," and the rarity of the thing in a collected shape, is not unconnected with our national character, nor to be lamented in itself. The idea of the "pensée"—more than any of those words "aphorism," "apophthegm," "maxim," "proverb," which we discarded for one reason or other—is intensely individual. It fixes our minds upon the thinker himself; and is thus a title which perhaps no living man has the right to give, nakedly, to his own work. The live John Thomas may fairly, according to English practice, ask our attention to his "Thoughts upon" this subject or that, thus screening himself behind his purpose. Only of the dead John Thomas can it be said by others, that his "Thoughts" are worth notice simply because he thought them. Hence the pleasantness and appropriateness of that title, "Guesses at Truth," applied to a work first published when its writers were young, touched up by one of them till within the latest years of his life.

The time is long past when this book, of which the fifth edition has appeared within the last few months, could require to be reviewed. The time is scarcely come, the space would certainly fail me here, even if the requisite familiarity with the facts already did not, for pointing out the relation in which the book stands to the life and work of its two chief authors. But it may serve

as a useful term of comparison with the type-work of the kind in modern France—the "Pensées" of Joubert.

I cannot, however, pass at once to the latter, without devoting a few lines to the nearest German congener, the "Fragments" of Novalis, affording, as they do, a treasury of thought from which scarcely more than a few gold pieces have yet passed into the public domain. The gold is indeed there mostly in the matrix, but you can generally pick it out without much trouble. Take a handful of nuggets:—"Abstract words are the gases of language." "There is progress wherever there is a propensity not only to thought but to after-thought." "The narrower a system is, the better will it please the worldly-wise." "Analysis is the art of divination or invention reduced to rules." "Philosophy is properly a home-sickness, a longing to be everywhere at home." "To know a truth well, one must have fought it out." "We are near to waking, when we dream that we dream." "Wishes and longings are wings." "Chance itself is not unfathomable, it has its regularity." "What logarithms are to mathematics, that are mathematics to other sciences." "Every line is the axis of a world." "Nature is an enchanted city turned to stone." "You may look on Nature as a tree on which we are the bloom-buds." "The power of reproduction is an organic elasticity." "Every transparent body seems to have a kind of consciousness." "A child is a love made visible." "God is the sphere of virtue." "Nature is an Æolian harp, whose tones touch higher chords again in us." "A philosophy of the bad, mediocre, and common, would be of the highest value." "If all the world were a pair of lovers, the distinction between mysticism and non-mysticism would fall away." "The artist belongs to his work, and not the work to the artist." "Many poems are set to music; why not to poetry?" "A king without a republic, and a republic without a king, are words without meaning." "Marriage is to politics what the lever is to mechanics." "Gold

and silver are the blood of the State. Overfulness of blood in head or heart betrays weakness in both." "Possession is ennobled by property, as bodily pleasure by marriage." "Women are a lovely secret, veiled but not closed." "A character is a full-formed will." Not to speak of the well-known and profoundly true "Spinoza is a god-drunk man." Surely it is difficult to conceive of an equal number of thoughts more livingly thoughtful, if I may so speak; or rather (for the word "thoughtful" is itself statical and passive), more *thinking* thoughts — thoughts which more compel us to think beyond themselves. When we recollect that the writer died at nine and twenty, and that the greater part of the "Fragments" were composed four years before, we feel what a promise was there lost—if aught be lost ever.

Very different was the life of Joubert. His "Thoughts" are the gradual accumulation of seventy years of life. The first has all the grave sententiousness of age: "I have given my flowers and my fruit; I am henceforth but a "sounding tree-trunk; but whosoever "sits down in my shade and hears "me, becomes the wiser." Who was the man that could speak with such authority?

Joseph Joubert was born in 1754, the son of a medical man in a small town of Perigord. His chief education was received from the Fathers of the "Christian Doctrine" of Toulouse, with whom he remained till he was twenty-two, and one characteristic of whose system was that their young lay-members received lessons in the morning from their seniors, and gave them to their juniors in the evening. He came to Paris in the year 1778, and mixed at once in its most intellectual circles, making the acquaintance of Marmontel, Laharpe, d'Alembert, becoming intimate with Diderot. But possessing a small independence, he never seems to have taken up a profession, which served, perhaps, to carry him safely through the storms of the great French revolution. Nor does he ever seem to have

meddled with public affairs but during two periods—one of two years, 1790-1792, as "juge de paix;" one apparently of five, from 1809, when named, through his friend M. de Fontanes, Inspector of the University. And to crown all, he would appear never to have published a line, never to have made a speech which came into print. It was only fourteen years after his death that a portion of his "Pensées" were for the first time (1838) collected and edited by his friend Châteaubriand, for private circulation. Reviewed by M. Sainte-Beuve in the *Deux Mondes*, they were afterwards published, and reached a second edition in 1850, increasing in bulk each time, as new thoughts were dug out of his manuscript papers, many of them scattered in absolute disorder, and written only in pencil. Thus has been to some extent falsified one of his sadder sayings, "The silkworm spins his cocoons, and I mine; but they will not be unwound. As it may please God!" Still, we cannot help feeling that the arrangement of his thoughts must be very different from that which he might himself have given them; and that, if "unwound," they may also have got tangled in the unwinding.

Great as may be the contrast between this life and the short one of Novalis, it is not less with that of the Hares, —men engaged in the active business of life; both parish priests, one a university lecturer first, then a dignitary in the church; both deeply interested of life, its realities, its pursuits, its politics; both prolific of their thoughts, and the Archdeacon especially pouring forth lectures, sermons, charges, notes volume-sized, with a fecundity which age could scarcely slacken. In his love of books, on the other hand (different from Novalis, whose book-knowledge was but slender), as well as in the charm of his conversation, Joubert fitly recalls Archdeacon Hare. A stranger life, indeed, in this our feverish nineteenth century, can scarcely be imagined than that of Joubert in his house of the Rue St. Honoré; whilst health allowed, at work in his library, a gallery at the very top of the

house, where "much of heaven mixed with little of earth," to use his own expression; latterly, when infirmity increased, in bed till three o'clock amidst piles of books—when he could not read, polishing their bindings—even in his bed surrounded with friends of both sexes, many of them daily visitants. Yet those who knew Hurstmonceux and its library, where even Chevalier Bunsen (who can think of him as Baron?) used, it is said, to discover German authors unknown to himself, may possibly be reminded of it by the picture.

To glance through Joubert's "Pensées" is like uncovering a tray of diamonds. "To reach the regions of light, you must pass through the clouds. Some stop there; others know how to go beyond." "Properly speaking, man only inhabits his head and his heart. All places which are not there may be before his eyes, beside him, under his feet, he is not in them." "Certain minds have a kernel of error which draws and assimilates all to itself." "Questions show the breadth of the mind; answers, its delicacy." "Passions are but nature; not to repent is corruption." "By over-fearing what happens, we come to feel some relief when it has happened." "All passions seek that which feeds them; fear loves the idea of danger." "It is always our impotencies which irritate us." "Tenderness is the repose of passion." "There is nothing good in man but his young feelings and his old thoughts." "Life's evening brings its lamp with it." "Age, neighbour of eternity, is a kind of priesthood." "Each man is his own fate, and spins his future." "Evening meals are the joy of the day; morning feasts are a debauch." "Wear your velvet within; show yourselves amiable to those above all who live with you." "One may convince others by one's own reasons; but one only persuades them by their own." "What is to be done with a mind that is full, and full of itself?" "Who does not know how to be silent obtains no ascendant over others." "Wisdom is rest in light." "Women deem all innocent that they dare."

"Morality needs heaven, as a picture needs air." "Reason is in man the universal supplement to nature's impotency." "To think what one does not feel, is to lie to oneself." "When once the exact idea of duty enters into a narrow head, it cannot get out again." "Without duty, life is soft and boneless, and cannot hold up." "Look not duty in the face, but listen to it and obey it with downcast eyes." "Happy those who have a lyre in their heart, and a music in their mind which their actions perform." "It is not wise to tell one truth to men till you can tell them two." "There are certain errors which one can only get out of from the top." "Some go to error by the way of all the truths; some, happier, go to great truths by the way of all the errors." "Simple and sincere minds are never more than half mistaken." "Metaphysics are a kind of poetry." "The devout are the practical metaphysicians." "High logic needs no argument; it convinces by the very turn of its reasons." "Light is the shadow of God; clearness the shadow of light." "Noise coming from a single place makes all around seem deserted; coming from several places it seems to people even the intervals." "Monuments are clamps which join one generation to another. Preserve what your fathers have seen." "All great men have deemed themselves more or less inspired." "All conquerors have had something vulgar in their views, their genius, and their character." "Justice is truth at work." "In politics you should always leave a bone to pick to the snarlers." "The English are brought up in the respect of serious things, the French in the habit of making game of them." "In literature now-a-days the masonry is good, but the architecture bad." "Children need models more than critics." "Education should be tender and severe, not cold and soft." "Art is skill reduced to theory." "The beautiful is beauty seen with the soul's eyes." "Poets are great-souled, heavenly-minded children." "Poets in seeking the beautiful find more truths"

than philosophers in seeking the true." "All languages have gold rolling in them." "Words, like glasses, obscure that which they do not help us to see." "Hold your mind above your thoughts, and your thoughts above your expressions." "Attention is narrow-mouthed. Pour into it what you have to say carefully, and so to speak, drop by drop." "To make apparent that which is very delicate, you must colour it." "The soul naturally sings to herself all that is beautiful, or seems such." "Professional critics can appreciate neither rough diamonds nor gold in bars." "Taste is the soul's literary conscience." "The surprising surprises once; the admirable is always more and more admired." "Perfection leaves nothing to wish at the first glance; but leaves always some beauty, some charm, some merit to be discovered." "Knowledge which takes away admiration is an evil knowledge." "There is nothing worse in the world than a middling book which seems excellent." "Buy not your books shut." "A palace is measured from east to west, or from north to south; but a book is measured from earth to heaven." "You should breathe Plato, not feed on him." "Cicero is in philosophy a kind of moon." "Voltaire in his writings is never alone with himself." "It is impossible to be satisfied with Voltaire, and impossible not to be pleased with him." "Voltaire, like the monkey, has charming movements and hideous features. You always see in him, beyond the cunning hand, the ugly face." . . .

Few, I suppose, would deny the marvellous brilliancy of the above jets of thought; and yet there is something wearisome in their dazzling brightness. Let us take a page from the "Guesses at Truth" (252 of the new edition), and see what effect it produces after the others:—"The difference between man's law and God's law is, that whereas we may reach the highest standard set before us by the former, the more we advance in striving to fulfil the latter, the higher it keeps on rising above us." "When a man is told that the whole of

religion and morality is summed up in the two Commandments, to love God and to love our neighbour, he is ready to cry, like Charoba in Gebir at the first sight of the sea, *Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?* Yes! all; but how small a part of it do your eyes survey! Only trust yourself to it; launch out upon it; sail abroad over it; you will find it has no end; it will carry you round the world." "He who looks upon religion as an antidote may soon grow to deem it an anodyne; and then he will not have far to sink before he takes to swallowing it as an opiate, or it may be to swilling it as a dram." "The only way of setting the will free is to deliver it from wilfulness." "Nothing in the world is lawless except a slave." "What hypocrites we seem to be whenever we talk of ourselves! our words sound so humble while our hearts are so proud." "Many men are fond of displaying their fortitude in bearing pain. But I never saw any one courting blame to show how well he can stand it. They who speak ill of themselves do so mostly as the surest way of showing how modest and candid they are." "There are persons who would lie prostrate on the ground if their vanity or their pride did not hold them up."

Now, my feeling in copying the above page, and, I take it, that of the reader in glancing through it, has been one of rest,—such rest as the eye receives when passing from a closed room artificially lit up into the common light of day. Joubert seems as if he were trying to *make* light; the "Guessers at Truth," rather as if they tried to see better in a light which is not theirs. Bright souls indeed themselves, they sometimes cast back some ray received with a brilliancy as dazzling as Joubert's own; but it is only by accident that we look *at* them; it is *with* them that we generally look, and that they want us to look. Hence the total absence of that introspection and self-observation which fill the first (and by no means the least interesting) chapter of Joubert's work. Nothing can be truer than much of

what he thus says of himself:—"If there be a man tormented by the cursed ambition of putting a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word, it is myself." "I know too well what I am about to say without writing it." "It is not my phrase which I polish, but my thought. I stop over it till the *drop of light* which I want is formed, and falls from my pen." "I needed age to learn what I wished to know, and I should need youth to say well what I do know." "Men are accountable for their actions; but for me, it is of my thoughts that I shall have to render account. They serve as the foundation not only for my work, but for my life." "My ideas! it is the house to lodge them which I find it hard to build."—Sayings like these, which every page in his work justifies, illustrate a thought which occurs amidst them, and which might have been the motto of his life—"Shining, I waste."

Now, make what allowances you please for the greater brilliancy of the French mind and temperament; for the training of a man born in 1754, familiar in 1778 with Diderot and the most brilliant minds of a society of which brilliancy was the especial characteristic, and from which it flashed more brightly than perhaps it ever has done in modern times, that of Paris just before the great Revolution; for a physical constitution, naturally or by mismanagement so frail, that, according to a droll speech of Mme. de Chatenay, quoted by himself, Joubert looked like "a soul that had fallen in by chance with a body, and got on with it as best she could,"—make all these allowances, and you will yet, I believe, not find sufficient reason for this perpetual painful striving and straining towards light for its own sake, this endeavour to reflect it from every side of his own mind, which makes Joubert's thoughts a ceaseless dazzle. It is only in his theology that we shall find the explanation of it.

Joubert was, openly, professedly, a Christian and a Roman Catholic. Of the harmless purity of his life, the affectionateness of his heart, the spirituality

of his aspirations, no doubt can be entertained. He was admired, respected, loved by all; venerated by most; idolized by some. And yet, when one looks into his works, one finds that, whilst realizing much of Christianity in his life, and sincerely seeking it as the ideal of his thought, he yet missed, intellectually, the very core of it. The God of his mind is, after all, but the Pagan God—a God-greatness, a God-light, a God-force. "God is so great and vast," he writes, "that to comprehend Him we must divide Him,"—thus indicating that peeling off of Divine attributes (so called), one by one, fashionable in the last century, which leaves only a dry *caput-mortuum* of Being at the last. "In this operation of imagining God," he says again, "the first means is the human form, the last term light, and in light splendour," thus entirely reversing the Christian revelation of the divine personality of God as being itself the very brightness of all imaginable light,—of "one like unto the Son of Man" as being "in the midst of the seven candlesticks,"—of the Lamb as being the light of the Heavenly City.

So again, "The God of metaphysics is but an idea; but the God of religions, the Creator of heaven and earth, the sovereign Judge of actions and thoughts, is a force. The universe obeys God as the body obeys the soul which fills it." "God has no love for bodies." Now, the conception of God as Greatness, as Light, as Force, is true, no doubt; but it is a partial truth which the Christian shares with the philosopher as such, with the fire-worshipper as such, with the worshipper of force as such. So long as he goes no farther, he may sympathise with each, but not with any beyond. It is only through the conception of God as the Father, of the Father as revealing Himself in the Son, through a Spirit of truth and love, that he obtains a footing upon which he can sympathise with each and all, the philosopher and the peasant, the wise and the rude, the rich and the poor, with man, in a word, as man. Hence it is that when Joubert throws the reins on the neck of his



Platonism, and speaks to his fellow-thinkers, his thoughts are, in their measure, pre-eminently beautiful, and often true. Where was anything said more finely in modern times than the following?—"Whither go our ideas? They go into the memory of God."—"God, in creating them, speaks to souls and to natures, and gives them instructions whereof they forget the source, but of which the impression remains. From that word and that ray thus put in there remain to us, in the greatest darkenings of the soul, and in the greatest inattentions of the mind, a sort of humming murmur and a sort of twilight which never cease, and which disturb us sooner or later in our outward dissipations." But when the same man turns his mind towards the ignorant masses, his conception of a God-light fails him altogether; for the light he seeks is one for the wise, not that "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Then you find him delivering himself as follows: "What renders worship useful is its publicity, its outward manifestation, its noise, its pomp, its clatter (*fracas*), and its universal observance. . . . Religious observances, such as processions, genuflexions, inclinations of the body and of the head, marches, stations, are not of small effect or importance. They bend the heart to piety, and bow the mind to faith. . . . The ceremonies of Catholicism bend us to politeness. . . . You must adorn in men's eyes victims self-offered to God,"—the last, one of those hideous inspirations of Roman monachism which are only worthy of the devil-gods of a Mexican teocalli. Hence, again, by a natural consequence, the writer's political doctrines, which consign the bulk of mankind to the good pleasure of their rulers. "Liberty should be as in an urn, and the urn in the prince's hands, to pour it out in fit time."—"Liberty is a tyrant governed by his caprices."—"Liberty, the jury, the usefulness of national representations, are errors." Hence, again, his idea of education as a privilege. "Man's strength," he says in one of his letters, "if it flows to his brain leaves his hands.

. . . Nature has provided for the necessary labours of life, by giving to the greater part of men brains which do nothing." Therefore, new methods are not to be introduced into general education, "for all that may be proposed will always tend to render the art of learning less mechanical; and it is precisely this character which renders it more popular, that is, more suited to the multitude." Hence, lastly, his defence of what he terms "illusion," his implied apology for pious frauds, as when he says, "In facts of a certain order, religious facts, for instance, it matters little that there be some erroneous ones, if the one which one seeks to reach, and reaches through them, is a real fact, as the existence of God;" or, "it is perhaps not the error which deceives from truth to falsehood, but that which deceives from good to evil, which is fatal;" and, above all, the dreadful saying: "God deceives us perpetually, and wills us to be deceived."

Now if we turn to the "Guesses at Truth," we may find, in political matters especially, a great outward analogy of opinion with Joubert. The writers seem all Tories of the Coleridgean school. They abhor revolution; they blaspheme democracy; they are incapable of feeling the worth of the idea of Radicalism. And yet, look beyond the outward husk of opinion, and what a free, noble spirit lies underneath! "I hate to see trees pollarded—or nations." "I like the smell of a dunged field, and the tumult of a popular election." "A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman: a gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the Devil's Christian." "He who wishes to know how a people thrives under a grovelling aristocracy, should examine how vigorous and thick the blades of grass are under a plantain." Whence this free spirit, this freshness of life, but from faith in a personal God,—a God who essentially reveals Himself as man, and thereby ennobles and sanctifies, not the nature of the philosopher or of the saint, but of the man himself? That passionate love of truth, scornful

of all roundabouts, scornful of all disguises, which so markedly characterised Julius Hare,—which made him so fierce against all truckling and meanness,—found here alone its fulfilment, here alone a well-spring ever new.

And therefore may we find such "Guesses" as his and his brother's wholesome and useful, even when they are not, as thoughts, actually true. Take the very first:—"The virtue of Paganism is strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience." Recollect that the one noblest act of military virtue in ancient Greece was emphatically stamped as one of obedience,—the fight of Thermopylæ;—that the one noblest act of civil virtue on the same theatre was again essentially one of obedience,—the death of Socrates; think on the absolute despotism of obedience which rules the earlier annals of the Roman Republic,—and you will feel that this saying is at least half a fallacy. And yet, as a "guess at truth," it comes quite near enough to show to us both the mark and the way of hitting it. You may come much nearer. You may say, for instance, "The virtue of Paganism has its source in strength; the virtue of Christianity in obedience;"—or even more pointedly—"Pagan obedience sprang from strength; Christian strength springs from obedience;" and yet I do not know that the value of the guess would not be impaired by its becoming more satisfying.

Our English "guessers" are calling us to think with them: Joubert strives to think for us. A study of this singular mind is perhaps far from useless at a time when an aristocracy of intellect is sought to be set up by many against the aristocracies of birth or fortune, and nameless journalists boast that the government of the world has passed into their irresponsible hands, and serve up to us for thoughts, day by day or

week by week, their "crude imaginings." That any despotism can be more selfish, more narrow, more crushing to everything good and great than that of such an aristocracy, I cannot conceive, nor do I believe that any would ever collapse more utterly into nothingness under a single kick of Force. Joubert, at all events, presents us with the type of one who, if he dreamed of such an aristocracy, was himself most fitted to take the lead in it, and in his literary remains we may observe its best characteristics without its worst.

But he himself far outreached his dream. Nor would either Augustus or Julius Hare have failed to acknowledge a kindred spirit in one whose last written words, at seventy years of age, six weeks before his death, were the following:—

"22d March, 1824. The true, the beautiful, the just, the holy!"

In the very inarticulateness of these words we seem to feel the intercession of a Spirit higher than that of puny man, helping his infirmities "with groanings which cannot be uttered." Joubert had spent much of his life in carving, sharpening, polishing his words and his thoughts. Death comes, and his last bald and disjointed words show that his longings have been higher than his words, and himself greater than his thoughts.

And thus finally, if we would sum up the results of this comparison between three or four remarkable men (from the details of which, as respects Novalis, I have been obliged for want of space to abstain), we shall perhaps find them to be the following: Novalis represents the mystical thinker, Joubert the intellectual, the Hares the practical. The "Fragments" of the first deserve our study; the "Pensées" of the second command our admiration; the "Guesses at Truth" meet us as a friend, to be loved and lived with.

## MACAULAY AS A BOY,

DESCRIBED IN TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HANNAH MORE.

THE originals of the two following letters are in the possession of the Rev. Arthur Roberts, Woodrising Rectory, Norfolk. Mr. Roberts inherited them from his father, William Roberts, Esq., a friend of Hannah More, and the author of the *Memoirs of her Life and Correspondence*, which appeared in four volumes in 1834. Among the numerous letters of Hannah More included in that work are several addressed to Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay; but the two following letters, then omitted by the biographer, are now published for the first time.

To understand the letters, the reader has to fancy Hannah More as she was in the years 1812-14, residing, at the age of nearly seventy, at Barley Wood, near Bristol. To this neighbourhood (pleasant to her as that of her birth and her early associations) she had retired many years before, leaving the literary world of London, but carrying with her all the celebrity she had there acquired, and her ample store of recollections of Johnson, Burke, Walpole, Garrick, and the other notables of the eighteenth century. A living link between that past Johnsonian era and the new men and interests of the nineteenth century, she was still adding occasional new publications to the long series of her writings which had begun while Johnson was alive to dispense praise and blame; but much of her time was occupied in correspondence on religious, moral, and philanthropic subjects with eminent persons of the day—bishops, politicians, and others—who either liked to exchange views with her, or sought her advice and the influence of her name in matters in which they were concerned. Among her friends was Zachary Macaulay, then a man of between forty and fifty years of age, but already for the last fourteen or sixteen years known (as he was to continue to be known during the rest of

his life) as a conspicuous member of that group of religious philanthropists and anti-slavery politicians to which Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton belonged. From Mr. Roberts's *Memoirs of Hannah More* it appears that Zachary Macaulay was one of her correspondents as early as 1796. What may have given greater intimacy to the friendship then already formed was that the lady whom Zachary Macaulay married about that time was a Miss Sarah Mills, who had been a favourite pupil of Hannah More while yet she and her sisters kept a ladies' school in Bristol—a school celebrated in its day as the best ladies' school in the West of England. For this reason as well as for others Hannah More seems to have taken an unusual interest in the fortunes of the Macaulay family; and from the 25th of October, 1800—on which day her former pupil presented Zachary with the son who was afterwards to be so famous—little Tom Macaulay seems to have been often in her thoughts. She had probably seen him occasionally in infancy and early childhood; she could regard him as derivatively, or by only one remove, a pupil of her own—for till his thirteenth year Lord Macaulay seems to have been educated entirely at home and chiefly by his mother; and there may have been correspondence between the anxious mother and so high an educational authority as Mrs. More respecting the little fellow's training. At all events, before the year 1812 the boy must have been well known to Hannah More both personally and by reports of him from his parents, and must have been not only a great pet of hers, but really remarkable to her as a little prodigy of acquisition. So much is implied in the letters which we proceed to quote.

The first is dated "August 7, 1812," at which time the boy was eleven years

and nine months old. A question, it seems, had then arisen with his parents as to the place and manner of his farther education; and his father, inclining on the whole to the plan of placing him as a day-scholar at Westminster School, had written to consult Hannah More. Here is her reply:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—I snatch the occasion of Mr. R. Grant being here to convey a line under his cover, so that it must be a hurrying one. As far as my poor judgment goes, it appears to me that, if all other things can be brought to suit, you cannot do better than adopt the plan of which you have conceived the idea, of removing to Westminster for the purpose of placing Tom at school there *by day*. It is only with this limitation that I should think it a safe measure. Throwing boys headlong into those great public schools always puts me in mind of the practice of the Scythian mothers, who threw their newborn infants into the river;—the greater part perished, but the few who possessed great natural strength, and who were worth saving, came out with additional vigour from the experiment. Yours, like Edwin, ‘is no vulgar boy,’ and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but kings. Such a place as Westminster School (with the safeguard of the paternal hearth during all the intervals of study) will tie down his roving mind, and pin his desultory pursuits to a point. At present, conscious that he has no rival worthy to break a lance with him, he may not pursue the severer parts of study with sufficient ardour, sure as he must be of comparative success. Next to religion, there is no such drill to the mind, no such tamer, as the hard study and discipline of these schools. In all other respects I think sufficiently ill of them. Nor would I, for all the advantages which the intellect may obtain, throw his pure and uncorrupted mind into such a scene of

danger. Your having him to sleep at home, as well as to inspect in the evenings, I trust will, with the blessing of God, protect him from all mischief of this sort. I never saw any one bad propensity in him;—nothing except natural frailty and ambition inseparable perhaps from such talents and so lively an imagination;—he appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted, and affectionate. I observed you have a great ascendancy over him. Your presence restrained the vehemence of his eloquence without shutting up his frankness or impairing his affection. You are quite his oracle; I trust you will always preserve this influence. I observed with pleasure that though he was quite wild till the ebullitions of his muse were discharged, he thought no more of them afterwards than the ostrich is said to do of her eggs after she has laid them.

“Our love to Mrs. M. and Tom, and pray tell the latter that the huntsman, or whipper-in, I am not certain which, of Childe Hugh<sup>1</sup> is actually dead of the injury he received from falling into the cauldron in which he boils the meat for the hounds. If he was, as we are told, the instrument of Sir Hugh’s vengeance, it is a very awful providence. I suppose your young bard will lay hold of it for a second *fit*. I wish he would correct the other, and send it me in a legible (form). Tell him I have been dining at Mr. Davies’, and he is to dine here on Friday. I have told him what a champion Tom is in his cause. I read to him Tom’s fable, which I inclose.

“Yours, my dear Sir,

“Very sincerely,

“H. MORE.

“BARLEY WOOD,  
“August, 7, 1812.”

From independent information we are able to add that the boy did not go to Westminster School (in which case that school would have had another great name to add to that long list of her ornaments which includes Camden,

<sup>1</sup> Probably some poem of the boy’s, which his father had sent for Hannah More to look at.

Ben Jonson, George Herbert, Cowley, Dryden, and Cowper), but was sent to a select private academy, kept by the Rev. Matthew M. Preston, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, at Shelford, near Cambridge. It was probably during one of the vacations at this academy that he paid the visit to Hannah More at Barley Wood, which is referred to in the second letter. The letter, which is very striking and full of detail, bears unfortunately only the date "21st July," without the year being named; but, from internal evidence, it seems to refer to a slightly more advanced stage of Macaulay's boyhood than the preceding, and Mr. Roberts has furnished us with grounds for thinking that the year was 1814. If so, Macaulay had not quite completed his fourteenth year when it was written. He had been staying for some weeks under Hannah More's roof, and is on the point of departing when she thus conveys to his father her impressions of him.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I wanted Tom to write to-day, but as he is likely to be much engaged with a favourite friend, and I shall have no time to-morrow, I scribble a line. This friend is a sensible youth at Woolwich: he is qualifying for the Artillery. I overheard a debate between them on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals. The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Harry Savile's notion that the poets are the best writers next to those who write prose. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper. He recited *all* 'Palestine,'<sup>1</sup> while we breakfasted, to our pious friend Mr. Whalley, at my desire, and did it incomparably. I was pleased with his delicacy in one thing. You know the Italian poets, like the French, too much indulge in the prophane habit of attesting the Supreme Being; but without any hint from me, whenever he comes to the sacred name he reverently

passes it over. I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and, what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination. I like too that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and that the *child* is still preserved; I like to see him as boyish as he is studious, and that he is as much amused with making a pat of butter as a poem. Though loquacious, he is very docile, and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing anything when he saw we did not approve it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gaiety and rationality in his conversation. It was a pretty trait of him yesterday: being invited to dine abroad, he hesitated, and then said, 'No; I have so few days, that I will give them all to you.' And he said to-day at dinner, when speaking of his journey, 'I know not whether to think on my departure with most pain or pleasure—with most kindness for my friends, or affection for my parents.'

"Sometimes we converse in ballad rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at tea we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. I encourage him to live much in the open air; this, with great exercise on these airy summits, I hope will invigorate his body; though this frail body is sometimes tired, the spirits are never exhausted. He is, however, not sorry to be sent to bed soon after nine; and seldom stays to our supper.

"A new poem is produced less incorrect than its predecessors—it is an excellent satire on radical reform, under the title of 'Clodpele and the Quack Doctor.' It is really good. I am glad to see that they are thrown by as soon as they have been once read, and he thinks no more of them. He has very quick perceptions of the beautiful and the defective in composition. I received your note last night, and Tom his

<sup>1</sup> Heber's poem of that name.

humbling one.<sup>1</sup> I tell him he is incorrigible in the way of tidiness. The other day, talking of what were the symptoms of a gentleman, he said with some humour, and much good humour, that he had certain infallible marks of one, which were neatness, love of cleanliness, and delicacy in his person. I know not when I have written so long a scrawl, but I thought you and his good mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. I hope it will please God to prosper his journey, and restore him in safety to you. Let us hear of his arrival.

"Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"H. MORE.

' BARLEY WOOD,  
"21st July.

"P.S.—To-morrow we go to Bristol."

In 1814, Mr. Preston removed from Shelford to Aspeden, near Herts, taking young Macaulay and his other pupils with him. A fellow-pupil of Lord Macaulay's at Aspeden, from 1815 onwards, informs us that here he was the same studious, extraordinary boy, that Hannah More had found him—rather largely-built than otherwise, but not fond of any of the ordinary physical sports of boys; with a disproportionately large head, slouching or stooping shoulders, and a whitish or pallid complexion; incessantly reading or writing, and often reading or repeating poetry in his walks with companions. The same fellow-pupil has favoured us with the following verses carried in his memory yet, as written by young Macaulay for the entertainment of the school. The persons named were men then of note in the world of public gossip—Marsh being the bishop of that name; Coates

the famous Romeo Coates; Bennett an aristocratic prison-reformer, and Lewis Way (we suppose) some advocate of Jewish rights.

"Each, says the proverb, has his taste.

Tis true:

Marsh loves a controversy; Coates a play;

Bennett a felon; Lewis Way a Jew;  
The Jew the silver spoons of Lewis Way;

The Gipsy Poetry, to own the truth,  
Has been *my* love through childhood,  
and in youth."

From Mr. Preston's academy, Macaulay proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1818, from which date the steps of his career are well known. His father died May 13, 1838, having lived to see his son a public man. Hannah More had departed this life five years before (1833), at the age of eighty-eight—having seen her young prodigy making her predictions good. It is pleasant to add that Lord Macaulay cherished a warm recollection of Hannah More, and used to acknowledge his obligations to her, and the influence she had had in directing his reading, and that as late as 1852, when himself driving as an invalid past the house near Clifton where she had spent her last years after quitting Barley Wood, he pointed out the house to a friend (our informant), and spoke of her with affection. One ought to remember also that, through Hannah More, as through a second memory, Macaulay had a more vivid tradition of the English literary society of the eighteenth century, and of the personal habits of Johnson and his contemporaries, than might otherwise have been possible, and that something of this may be traced in his works.

As we revert to the two letters, there is something very touching just now in the light which they throw on the dawn of the remarkable career which has just closed. Westminster Abbey, and the public funeral: here is the fitting end. We turn from it; and the quiet country home at Barley

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Roberts informs us that in 1814 Zachary Macaulay set his son to make the Index to vol. xiii. of the *Christian Observer*; and the "humbling" note received by Tom at Barley Wood, may have been the order for this task, accompanied by a paternal lecture on tidiness and exactitude.

Wood, with the bright boy reciting poems, writing fables, and conversing in ballad rhymes, or Johnsonian sesquipedalians, with his gentle, pious, clear-sighted hostess, is a sight which should do us good. Here was the beginning. There never was a better instance of the truth that the child is father to the man; the special charm, however, of the letters is, that while giving a very lively idea of his great gifts, they bring out all the lovable side of the boy's character so freshly and clearly. The writer excuses herself for penning such long scrawls by the thought that his father and mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. She scarcely thought how wide a circle would one day be thankful for her

trifles. One can only heartily hope that all future Englishmen of mark may fall under equally loving and judicious supervision. One cannot help hoping also that there may be other equally loving and graphic sketches of the young historian scattered up and down the country, which may now come to light.

It is most curious to observe how the mind of the little Macaulay as seen in Hannah More's letters, is already full of exactly the subjects on which the grown man was never weary of labouring, and on which his fame rests. Ballad poetry, biography, history, oratory, and politics, are as much the objects of his devotion at thirteen as they were afterwards.

## THE AGE OF GOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

—BUT not that precious metal with a Queen's head upon it, which you, O anxious-eyed Paterfamilias, shovel up on a copper scoop from the Bank counter; or you, bare-armed and be-jewelled Materfamilias, stop to fasten somewhere about your elegant evening dress, in passing from your nursery-door to your carriage. The gold here referred to is none of yours. You have forgotten you ever had it, or maybe you never had it at all; for it does not fall to the lot of every one, even in childhood. But your little, quiet, pale-cheeked boy, crouching in a window-seat with his knees up to his chin, and a book upon them; or your bright-eyed, clever girl, the Dinarzade of the nursery, sitting in the gloaming with the little ones round her, spinning "stories" without end: they know all about it. They are in the very midst of the treasure: it lies about them in ungathered heaps; morning, noon, and night. They eat of it, drink of it, wear it, play with it; it is their own rightful property in fee and entail—and as such will descend through generations to the last child that ever is to be born upon this earth. A possession in one sense

unalienable; for though it, and the very memory of it, may fade—the influence which it has unconsciously exercised remains, and remains for ever. Every good thought and noble act of after life may, nay must, have originated in the Age of Gold.

By that phrase, is not implied the age of innocence. Much poetic nonsense is talked concerning the "innocence" of children. Taking a sober, candid revision of our own childhood, or that of our "co-mates, and brothers in exile," still left on pilgrimage at our side, and therefore not necessary to be exalted as with a not unworthy tenderness, we are fain to exalt into angelic perfection those children who remain such always—few of us can remember being very good or very happy in those early days. Most of us, we confess—let it rather be said, we *hope*—were a great deal naughtier than than we are now;—else, what would have been the use of our remaining on probation here? we should have put on our wings, and mounted direct to paradise.

But we were anything but infantile angels, and we know it. We recall

with contrition our affectations, conceits, jealousies, selfishnesses, meannesses—not to count those fierce angers and revenges—excusable, perhaps in degree inevitable, when the blood is hot, and quick, and young. Nor do we remember being so very happy. Then, as now—nay, far more, thank Heaven, then, than now—did we

“Look before and after,  
And pine for what is not :  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain was fraught;”

—pain, sharpened by the fact that it was new and incomprehensible; that we either fought furiously against it, as an injustice and a wrong, or hugged it to our hearts with a kind of morbid pleasure; thereby laying the foundation of that diseased state of mind, which out of an over-sensitive child, makes a nervous, fretful, useless woman, or a discontented, egotistic, miserable man.

Surely, considering how vividly all impressions must come to the being so new to this world, and how the balance of mental sensations and emotions must necessarily be as undecided and untrue as that of the physical powers, the extreme happiness of childhood becomes almost as mythical as its great innocence. We believe in neither. And yet we believe, solemnly, deeply, pathetically, thankfully, in the Age of Gold.

It does not, as was said before, come to all children. Human beings are not—though many good, deluded people, try to make them—all of one mould and one pattern: to be reared in shoals, like tadpoles, each with the prescribed head, body and tail, out of which it is to emerge into a uniform maturity of complete frogdom. Not so. Apparently, Omniscient Wisdom, at least in us, His immortal creatures, wishes to combine infinite unity with infinite variety—a law we cannot too early recognise, especially concerning children.

Thus, the boy being “father to the man,” possesses even in babyhood the germ of that individuality which is to distinguish him from other men. We cannot conceive Benjamin Franklin, that prince of practicality, with his im-

memorial recipe for the making of expedientalist, “Honesty is *the best policy* ;” or that “Successful Merchant” who began his career with buying a lollipop for a penny, and selling it for twopence—we cannot, I say, imagine these notable characters ever to have had an age of gold. They would probably deny that there was such a thing. And yet it is a truth; just like “first love” or boyish friendship, and many another thing that some of us grow out of and live to laugh at; until possibly in old age it may rise up and stare us in the face as the one reality of our existence. However the fashion of them may alter and pass away, woe be to us, if we have been false to the dreams of our youth! ay, or our childhood either; if we should come to despise or offend one of these little ones, delighting itself in the impossible happinesses, indescribable lovelinesses, and never-to-be attained virtues, that constitute its age of gold.

This age, and the sort of children who enjoy it, may be indicated by one word, Imagination,—that strange faculty which rationalistic philosophers present as the solution of many difficult problems, but yet which is itself the greatest problem of all. What is it—this power, which enables the human mind to *create*? not merely to put together certain known facts or materials, and derive therefrom certain conclusions or results—but to originate, to make something out of nothing, to transform intangible fancies into credible, or at least credited realities? To which question the answer is probably as difficult as it must be for the conscientious atheist—and there is such a thing—to explain away by logical induction, how it was that the first idea of God (granted any sort of God, Hebraic, heathen, or Braminical, if only a being immortal and immutable,) ever entered into the mind of any being merely human, and subject to all the laws and accidents of mortality, change, decay, and death.

Curious, wonderful, almost awful, is it to watch and investigate this faculty, the first to be developed in nearly every child, and lasting during the whole



period of infancy and adolescence; either passively, in the universal delight with which, from the earliest dawn of intelligence, a child listens to "a 'tory"—or actively, when it begins to invent one for itself. What astonishing historiettes result—queer mingling of the real and the ideal, till you hardly know whether it would be wiser to smile at the eccentric fancy and brilliant invention of the prattler at your knee, or gravely to admonish it for "lying." There are many children of vivid imagination, who, even to themselves, can hardly distinguish between what they see and what they invent, and have to be taught, by hard and patient lessons, the difference between truth and falsehood. For instance, a little fellow we knew, scarcely past the lisping age, used day after day and week after week to relate to mother and nurse continuous biographies of his "brother William," and a certain "Crocus bold" (both equally fabulous characters); how he used to meet them on the sea-shore, and go sails with them—how "the Crocus bold" fell out of the boat, and "my brother William" jumped overboard, and fished him up again; and how they two lived together in a bay the child named—a real bay—and "sold lobsters," &c. &c. Amidst all the laughter created by this story, told with the gravest countenance by the young relater, who was exceedingly displeased if you doubted his veracity for a moment—it produced an uneasy sensation, not unlike what one would feel in listening to a monomaniac, who tells you earnestly how he

"Sees a face you cannot see,"—

though perhaps it is, he avers, looking over your shoulder at this very time. Or rather, that curious bewilderment with which one hears the statement of a modern Spiritualist, probably in all respects but this a very sensible, rational person, who relates "communications" as lengthy as they are ludicrous, from the invisible world; informs you, and expects you to believe, that he has seen spirit-wreaths moved from head to head by spirit-hands,

and felt soft dead-cold fingers clasping his under his respectable dining-table. You cannot deny these things, without accusing good people of voluntary mendacity: you have, therefore, no resource but to set it all down to "the force of imagination."

But what is Imagination?—None of us on this side immortality is ever likely to be able clearly to understand or define.

It remains, therefore, only for us to accept the manifold developments of this faculty, the nature and causes of which we can never satisfactorily demonstrate. We can but use it as we are meant to use all our faculties—reverently, judiciously, cautiously. And as to those who are given to our charge—those helpless little ones, who, so far as we see, will owe it to us whether they grow up to be, unto themselves and society, a blessing or a curse—we can but try and learn wisely to guide that which we have no power either to annihilate or to repress.

A few serious thoughts of this kind, consequent on going through a course of what may be termed Infantile Imaginative Literature, resulted in the present paper, which, however, only offers the merest and vaguest suggestions on a subject daily becoming more important—viz. the character, tone, and matter, most suitable for children's books.

On this question there is one wide split between "the parents of England." We find them divide into realists and idealists—the one faction going the whole length of fairy tales, "Arabian Nights," &c. &c.—the other protesting that no book which is not strictly and absolutely true, should ever be placed in a child's hands. To argue this moot question would be idle; though it may be just hinted in passing that we have the Highest authority for the presentation of truth through fiction, and that the fiercest realist would hardly venture to accuse the Divine Relator of the Gospel parables of *lying*.

Let us grant, then, that imagination is a child's birthright, its strongest tendency, its keenest enjoyment. No person will doubt this who has ever been

either tale-teller, or tale-hearer, of any sort of tale, from the most ordinary reproduction of ordinary infant life—"There was a little boy and he had a garden"—to one of those wildly improbable romances that a child will sometimes invent, about fairies and genii, and what not—winding and unwinding, without connexion or plot, the most confused succession of events and characters, and combining all that the baby mind has ever read or heard with original ideas of the most extraordinary kind, of which you wonder how they ever got into the child's head at all! And all the while the wide-open, wonder-filled eyes are fixed on yours, and the grave little voice goes on with a quiet conviction of its own veracity, which at times perfectly staggers you. You cannot help feeling, though you may be the very mother who bore it, that there is something in the creature which you cannot understand, something above you and beyond you, which tells you that this little one, created of your flesh, is yet distinct from you, a separate existence, immortal, with all the needs, instincts, and responsibilities of mortally-invested immortality. How awful this makes *your* responsibilities, is there any need to urge?

So, in swift and sure succession, like heirs coming into their inheritance, do individuals out of all generations enjoy the age of gold; some of us entering upon it so early that we never remember the time when it was not ours. All the personages in the Arabian Nights, and in the classic old fairy-tales, together with Lemuel Gulliver, Robinson Crusoe, and a few more, seem to have been with us, and to have gone along with us during all our childhood, co-existent companions, as real as any of the living playmates, most of whom have now become as unreal characters as they.

And yet it is curious in thus attempting to analyse our old selves, to find what a duality of nature there was in us, and what a distinctly double world we lived in; half of it being composed of strong realities—breakfasts, dinners, suppers, school, play, and bed-time,—

wherein we fed and quarrelled, hated spelling and adored mince-pies, with true animal intensity: while the other half was a region of pure imagination, in which we roamed and revelled, unfettered by any moral consciousness, or indeed any mundane necessities whatsoever. *How* the seven brothers were turned into swans, and the white cat into a princess; whether it was right of Puss-in-boots to tell such atrocious falsehoods about "my Lord, the Marquis of Carabas;" and for young Hop-o'-my-thumb to cause that simple-minded Ogre to commit unintentional suicide by the delicious deception of the leathern bag and the hasty pudding—were questions that never troubled us. We believed it all—that is, our fancy did; and fancy alone is the first shape assumed by that strange quality which we here term imagination, or the imaginative faculty.

This fact may serve as a hint to those who write for children. All a child wants, at first, is "a story:" about good or bad people matters not,—whether with or without a moral, 'tis all the same. Every impression must be conveyed in the broadest colouring and simplest outline. The young mind instinctively refuses to perplex itself with nice distinctions of right and wrong. Brave little Jack attacking the cruel giants, Cinderella's unkind sisters punished by seeing her exaltation, and, in fact, the general tenor of old-fashioned fairy-lore, where all the bad people die miserably, and all the good people marry kings and queens, and live very happy to the end of their days, furnish as much moral teaching as can well be taken in at the age of six or seven. And the intellectual, like the physical appetite, is not a bad gauge of its own capacity of digestion.

Therefore, we cannot help suggesting that there may be some little mistake in the flood of moral and religious literature with which our hapless infants are now overwhelmed: where every incident is "usefully applied," and the virtuous and the wicked walk about carefully labelled, "this is good," "this

is bad ;" so that no child can possibly mistake one for the other. And, without wishing to blame a very well-meaning class of educators, it may fairly be questioned how far it is wholesome to paint children going about converting their fathers and mothers, and youthful saints of three and a half prating confidently about things which, we are told, "the angels themselves desire to look into," yet cannot, or dare not. We honestly confess that we should very much prefer "Jack the Giant-killer."

However, in spite of all these modern instructors of youth, we delight to find the old non-moral—let us not say immoral—literature still flourishing. Witness a one-volume family edition of the "Arabian Nights," illustrated by W. Harvey;<sup>1</sup> and a still more charming volume, adorned by even better artists—to wit, Absolon, Harrison Weir, &c.—who, undisdaining, have taken our ancient friends Mother Hubbard, Little Bo-peep, Poor Cock Robin, the Babes in the Wood, &c. ; with prose favourites, the two heroic Jacks of glorious memory, Cinderella, Whittington, Goody Two-shoes, and Tom Thumb ; also the modern Three Bears and Andersen's Leaden Soldier ;<sup>2</sup> and pictured them all with a poetic feeling and a true high-art fidelity to nature which cannot be too highly praised. No child in the three kingdoms could have a better birthday present than this pretty book. Or, another, the "Children's Pilgrim's Progress,"<sup>3</sup> the preface to which will explain itself.

"The Allegory contained in John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' is certainly one of the most beautiful that ever was written. It is, however, so overlaid with repetition and conversations about questions of doctrine which no child can possibly understand, that I am constrained to believe no young people can ever read the whole book through without being wearied. It is for them that I have

printed the present edition, in which the whole story of the Allegory is given in the Author's own words, (with occasional exceptions,) and in which the long conversations I refer to are omitted. At the end of the volume are a few Notes in explanation of the Allegory."

An allegory out of which centuries of older Christians have drawn more truth and consolation than out of any book, except the Holy Bible. But to children it is, and ought to be, merely "a story." They, to whom the perplexities of doctrine must be wholly unintelligible, prated, of in that lip-fashion which is something worse than ludicrous—revolting, may yet receive Christian and Faithful, the Slough of Despond and the Celestial City, as ideal pictures—first strongly impressed on the fancy as pictures only ; to be afterwards vivified with that glorious reality—that truth of God, with which He inspired old John Bunyan ; which makes children of a larger growth read, with tears in their eyes, or with a yearning unutterable at their hearts, of the "burthen" which fell from Christian at the foot of the cross ; of the Shining Ones, who walked in the Land of Beulah ; of the river which was "very deep ;" of the city which "shone like the sun."

In a child's book no "preaching" should be admissible. The moral of it should always be left to speak for itself, even as speaks, in all its various voices, the wonderful history of life. Not in vain : when, however lamely and imperfectly, it is only told truly : for the silent truth-telling of fiction is one of the strongest agencies that can be set to work upon the human mind, at any age. We knew a precocious little damsel, who, put in charge of a younger child, was made for days a miserable martyr—being waked regularly at four A.M. by the obstreperous infant of seven years, to "tell stories." She told—and remonstrated, begged for sleep, and was roused up again—till at last it struck her that, entreaties being wasted, she would weave the moral "selfishness" into her tale ! How she managed it, memory fails to recall ; but it so subdued her young tyrant, that in the dim light of

<sup>1</sup> The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Illustrations by William Harvey. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

<sup>2</sup> Popular Nursery Tales and Rhymes. Illustrated. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

<sup>3</sup> The Children's Pilgrim's Progress. With sixteen illustrations by Edward Wehnert. Bell and Daldy.

dawn repentant arms were thrown round the narrator's neck, with an earnest promise "to be a good little girl, and not tease you any more;" which promise was faithfully kept. The twelve-year-old story-teller has "preached" through a good many volumes since, and the small listener, if still alive, is probably a comely mistress of a family, with

"Twa weans at her apron and ane at her knee."

—but this true incident may suggest to both mothers and tale-writers for children how much power they have to teach, if they take care that their lessons be conveyed, as life's lessons invariably are, by implication rather than direct admonition.

As an instance where this is done, and well done, we may give "Princess Ilse,"<sup>1</sup> a German translation;—by the bye, there needs an earnest protest against the injustice of putting only the translator's name, and not the author's. It is a charming specimen of this kind of legendary allegory so attractive to both elders and juniors: the outward design being worked out with true poetic unity of detail, and the under meaning conveyed with such clearness, that even a child could hardly miss it.

"Princess Ilse" is a personification of the stream so named, which we conclude to be a real river in the Hartz mountains. She is first presented as "a youthful streamlet, wrapped in a white veil, lying on the ground and weeping bitterly," on an Alpine summit, whence she had refused to descend, after the Deluge, to the "green bed" prepared for her by the angel of her course.

"'Poor child,' said the good Angel; 'why are you remaining here all alone on the rugged mountains? Are all the others gone, and none remembered to take you with them?'"

"The little Ilse, however, tossed her head quite saucily, and said, 'I am not forgotten. Old Weser waited long enough, calling and making me signs to go with him; and both Ecker and Ocker tried to seize me. But I did not choose to go; nothing would induce me; I would rather perish here. Was I to

descend into the valley, and traverse the plain like a common brook for menial service, to slake the thirst of cows and sheep, and to wash their plebeian feet?—I, the Princess Ilse! Look at me, and see if I am not of a noble race! A ray of light was my father, and the clear air my mother; my brother is the diamond, the dewy pearl in a rose my beloved little sister. The billows of the Deluge bore me high aloft: I played on the snowy summits of the most lofty mountains, and the first ray of sunshine which broke through the clouds embroidered my dress with glittering spangles. I am a Princess of the purest water, and I really cannot descend into the valley! I therefore preferred hiding myself, and pretended to be asleep; and old Weser, with his train of sluggish brooks, who have nothing better to do than to rush into his arms, was at last forced to pursue his course grumbling.'

"The Angel shook his head sadly at this long speech of little Ilse, and looked gravely and searchingly at her pale face; and as he gazed long and steadily into her childish large blue eyes, which to-day emitted angry flashes, then he saw in their clear depths a dark spot moving, and he knew that an evil guest was harboured in the head of little Ilse. A little Demon of Pride had entered there, and driven away all pious thoughts, and looked mockingly at the good Angel out of the large blue eyes of poor little Ilse. \* \* \* \*

"'Dear Ilse,' for thus spoke the Angel, 'as you remained here from your own choice, and considered it beneath your dignity to descend into the plain with the other streams, surely you ought to be quite contented, and I cannot understand why you choose to weep and lament.'

"'Alas!' answered Ilse, 'when the waters were all gone, dear Angel, the stormy wind came to sweep the hills, and when he found me here, he was quite furious; he roared and raged, and scolded and shook me, and threatened to dash me from this rock into a deep black abyss, where no ray of light ever shines. I wept and prayed, and pressed myself trembling against the sides of the rock; at last I succeeded in escaping from his strong grasp, and hid myself in a fissure of the precipice.'

"'But as you cannot always succeed in hiding yourself,' spoke the Angel, 'for the Storm-wind sweeps clean, and keeps good order up here, you must see, dear Ilse, that it was foolish of you to remain here all alone; and I think you will gladly follow me, when I offer to lead you to the good old Weser and your young companions.'

"'On no account whatever!' cried the little Ilse; 'I will stay up here,—I am a Princess!'"

"'Ilse!' said the Angel, in his gentle soft voice, 'dear little Ilse! I like you, and therefore you will, I hope, oblige me and be a good child. Do you see that white morning cloud sailing in the spacious blue sky? I will hail

<sup>1</sup> Princess Ilse: a Legend. Translated from the German by Lady Maxwell Wallace. Bell and Daldy.

it, and it will descend on this spot; then we will both take our places in it. You shall lie down on the soft snowy cushions, and I will be beside you; and the cloud will quickly transport us to the deep valleys where the other brooks are. There, I will place you gently in your pretty green bed, stay with you, and relate stories, and bestow pleasant dreams on you.'

"Princess Ilse was, however, incurably perverse; she called out again, more crossly and imperiously than before, 'No! no! I won't go down—I don't choose to go down!' And when the kind Angel approached her, and wished to take her in his arms, she tried to push him away and dashed water in his face!

"The Angel seated himself sorrowfully on the ground, and the little headstrong Princess crept back into the crevice of the rock, quite proud that she had shown so much decision of character; and though the Angel repeatedly endeavoured to persuade her to go with him, she only gave him short repulsive answers.

"When the good Angel at last saw that, in spite of all his love, he had no power over little Ilse, and that the little Demon of Pride had got complete mastery over her mind, he turned away from the perverse child, sighing heavily, and sought out his own blessed companions, who were still busily engaged below.

"When Princess Ilse found herself once more alone on the summit of the Alps, she wished to enjoy her lofty position. She crept forth from the crevice of the rock, placed herself on a jutting crag, spread out her vaporous drapery in wide folds, and waited to see if the other hills would not bow down before her, and the clouds approach to kiss the hem of her garment. Nothing of the kind, however, occurred, notwithstanding the dignified air of the lofty little lady; so at last she became weary of remaining in one place, began to feel very desolate, and said with a low sigh, 'I could have borne a certain portion of ennui, befitting my rank, but so much of it is more than even a Princess can be expected to endure!'"

But evil comes—in the shape of the Demon of the Brokenberg, who persuades her to slip into a shining shell, and be transported to his witch-festival on the Hartz mountains; where she hears herself called "a tea-kettle" princess, and learns that she is to be boiled in the unholy cauldron. Nevertheless, she contrives to escape to the "green forest," and there flows calmly and safely on; notwithstanding that the demon sends the north wind and the winter frost to bring back to his clutches the "ethereal child." But in

vain; and she lives on her peaceful, happy life of many hundred years.

How, afterwards, becoming subject to advancing civilization, which converts the forest into an iron-works, and makes it populous with toiling and suffering humanity, the little stream condescends to turn a mill, to wash poor folk's clothes, and even to be boiled on the household fire, careless of the obnoxious title "tea-kettle princess,"—all this, readers may learn for themselves.

Another book of somewhat similar character, where lessons of the purest Christian morality gleam like threads of gold through the web of a beautiful story, is "Tom Thumb;"<sup>1</sup> where a novel writer, well-known and well-beloved, has used her genius to delight children; weaving together the old familiar nursery tale, the poetic legend of King Arthur, and the Shaksperian fairy-lore in a manner that will charm old and young. The little book is so complete in itself, that to extract from it would be unfair. We can only wish that both its author, and its anonymous illustrator, may yet send forth many similar child's books for the benefit of the new generation.

Frances Freeling Broderip, daughter of him who so exquisitely sang the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," has surely been gifted by them with the faculty of delighting children. No "Little Folk," and few great ones, could fail to appreciate the "Snail who came of a Distinguished Family."<sup>2</sup>

"May I ask whom I have the honour of speaking to?" asked a large Snail, with a fine ring-marked shell, who was leisurely feasting on a low branch of a very fine crop of green peas.

"My name is Atalanta," quietly replied a sober-looking Caterpillar of a greenish-black colour, with a spotty yellowish band running along his sides.

"Dear me, what a ridiculously fine name

<sup>1</sup> The History of Sir Thomas Thumb. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," &c. Illustrated by J. B. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.

<sup>2</sup> Funny Fables for Little Folk. By Frances Freeling Broderip. Illustrated by her brother, Thomas Hood. Griffiths and Farran.

for such a dingy creature; "Deadleaf" would be far more consistent with the faded colour of your vestments, which seem to have seen better days. I hope you are not hungry, my good fellow, and that you have not come on a foraging expedition; because I must tell you that this row of peas is especially the peculiar property and feeding-ground of my family, and our own cousins, the Slugs.'

"Don't alarm yourself," said the Caterpillar, "I don't care for peas. I always prefer something more highly seasoned; indeed nettles are my principal food."

"Indeed," said the Snail, patronizingly; "and I daresay, now, you consider them good eating. What a bountiful provision there is for the lower orders! How many more nettles there are than rows of peas or beds of strawberries! We, more delicate and refined beings, who are particular in our fare, are not so bounteously provided. For myself, I prefer early green peas; I don't care about them when they get the least old and hard. I am partial to strawberries, when ripe and full-flavoured. When I am really pushed to it for food, however, I can make a meal on the heart of a young mild cabbage-lettuce."

"You are easily satisfied, then," remarked the Caterpillar; "not very dainty in your eating, seemingly."

"Yes," said the Snail, with a virtuous air; "I am, alas! used to the ups and downs of life, and have known times of great scarcity. Why, do you know, I have really passed one or two summers almost without tasting an apricot or peach?"

"You must have suffered much, then," said the Caterpillar.

"Indeed I have," sighed the Snail, "for a member of such ancient lineage. We are of as good family as any in the land, being cousins only once removed from the fat white Dorking Snails. They, as you have doubtless heard, are illustrious exiles from the sunny land of France. Still, even the highest and noblest meet with occasional misfortunes, and I have had my share. I have been tormented by those obnoxious articles called gardeners, to a fearful extent; in fact, they only seem made to be a perpetual penance to us. The trouble they have given me, I am sure, no one would believe. Many times have I snugly established myself in a pleasant grove of ivy, intending to make my winter residence there; but no! the perverse wretches would not let me alone, but must send me flying over the railings into the road. Fortunately my house is strong and well built, so I have never come to any material harm. The greatest annoyance, besides flying through the air in that breathless way, has been from being obliged to walk back over the dusty, gritty road, through the garden gate again."

"You are not very easily daunted, then," said the Caterpillar, who had listened with amusement to all this pompous oration.

"Oh, dear, no!" said the Snail, affectedly;

'we must not let a little daunt us, and deter us from our purpose. And so, when I am sent flying thus, as I am obliged to change my residence, I do so for the better, and locate myself in the middle of a clump of nice choice carnations, or a blooming pansy.'

"But suppose the ruthless gardener should find you there, and crush you without remorse," suggested the Caterpillar.

"Why, then," "I shall have lived my life," and leave my children to carry on an illustrious line. By the way, I have a most promising family of this season, feeding yonder on those young shoots. Their shells are almost hard already."

"They seem to have voracious appetites for such small creatures," observed the Caterpillar; "notwithstanding their delicate rearing."

"They are young," said the Snail, haughtily, "and require plenty of nourishment to sustain their delicate nervous systems. By the way, where do you lodge for the night? I suppose you are obliged to put up with anything."

"Why, I generally curl myself up in a leaf," said the Caterpillar. "I find it very airy and well ventilated in the warm weather."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the Snail, compassionately; "what a vagrant, gipsy sort of life. You should have a house like mine; it is so much more respectable to be a householder."

"I should think such property must bring its own responsibility, and often become burdensome," said the Caterpillar. "Don't you find it a great load to carry?"

"Oh, dear, no!" answered the snail; "and only consider the comfort of being able to draw in your head in safety from your enemies."

"Thrushes manage, though, to demolish your mansions sometimes, don't they?" asked the Caterpillar, mischievously.

"Sometimes, but not very often; and then one must put up with a few dangers on account of one's dignity and exalted situation. Take my advice, and get a house; I dare say you can find a few empty ones lying about, quite good enough for your limited wants. And now, as I see my friend, Sir Helix, coming this way, I must leave you; and I will beg of you to go a little further off, my good fellow, as he is not very fond of new acquaintances, unless they are extremely select."

"Some time after, while our Snail was slowly creeping along on his way to a fine fruit tree, richly laden, he beheld not far above his head a gorgeous creature. Its wings, of a rich velvet-like black, were edged with the most brilliant blue; splendid scarlet bands, that seemed robbed from the poppy itself, were, as it were, embroidered upon them, studded with snowy spots of pure white. On the underneath these lovely wings were painted, as if in imitation of an Indian shawl. Rich shades of golden brown were mingled with delicate patterns of red, amber, and blue, in the most harmonious manner.

"Good morning, your Royal Highness," said the Snail, obsequiously; "we are deeply honoured by your condescending visit."

"And who may you be?" inquired the lovely creature, languidly. "You seem a slow, humble sort of body; and your bundle on your back, too; how very amusing."

"The Snail was deeply mortified at the ridicule of the Butterfly, but did not presume to reply, for fear of giving offence. Those who are most overbearing to their inferiors, are generally servile enough to those who are above them in station.

"Do you carry your food in that funny sort of cupboard on your back?" inquired the Butterfly; "pray what do you live on, you grovelling creatures?"

"Please your Highness, this is my house, my little cottage; and as for food, we snails live on peas, lettuces, or strawberries, when we can get them."

"Oh, you coarse things," said the Butterfly, "how very unpleasant! But all you lower orders are so uncouth in your habits. I suppose you have no idea what the taste of honey is like?—that is the nectar upon which we feed."

"The Snail professed his ignorance very humbly, hoping to get an invitation to the Butterfly's domain.

"Poor drudging thing!" said the Butterfly, with an air of supreme pity, "toiling along the dusty road with all your goods and chattels on your back. Now, when we are tired of reposing in a lily, we spread our light wings and go next door to a rose. We feed on the sweetest dews and the purest and finest honey. We soar into the air on our jewelled wings, and fly hither and thither over garden and meadow, wheresoever we will."

"Oh, your highness," said the Snail, enviously, "what a charming existence! How flattered I feel by the honour of your conversation!"

"Do you?" said the Butterfly; "I am sorry I cannot return the compliment. I suppose in this gay attire you don't recognise the Caterpillar you once patronized and insulted?"

"The horrified Snail fairly drew into his shell with dismay, but speedily recovering his presence of mind, he began a sort of apology.

"Pray don't say another word," said the Butterfly, unfolding his beautiful wings, and preparing for flight. "Such blindness as yours is not confined to the snail tribe; there are many greater and wiser, who can find no beauty or virtue under a humble exterior. Had you been only commonly civil to me when I was a humble, crawling creature like yourself, I should not now disdain your acquaintance; but your present respect is only paid to my gay attire. You disowned me in my lowly, early days, and despised me; consequently, now my wings are grown I leave you to your own sordid pursuits, and soar far above you in the sunny air."

From an equally pleasant book<sup>1</sup> we take this picture of the deep sea world, to which has been brought a stolen mortal child.

"At first little Viola wept, for she remembered her sweet mother's face, but soon she learned to love the sea-nymphs and their Queen, and became like one of them.

"In the mornings, when the sun's rays pierced through the crystal water, and fell upon the steps of yellow marble, and into the bright hall of the palace, Coralline and Sepiola, seating themselves on either side of her, taught the child to weave the beautiful green and purple tapestry destined for the Queen's new grotto, and which was embroidered all over with seed-pearl; whilst the Queen reclined on a couch near them, issuing her orders, or telling such incidents of the previous day as were most likely to amuse little Viola, and to teach her what was good and lovely.

"When the time came to gather up the embroidery threads, and fold together the tapestry, Pearl came by on her way to the palace of green marble. Pearl was Viola's favourite friend; she was young and full of mirth and frolic: but she could be grave too. None had so sweet and sad a voice to pity the little injured fish, so gentle a hand to bind their wounds, or such patience to hear their sorrows, and Viola liked to share in her labours.

"It was a great delight to both, when their recovered favourites were able to leave the hospital and return to their native haunts. Often as they sat at work in the mornings, the little fish, grateful for so much kindness, came waving their fins, and sporting about before the steps of the palace, to catch a glimpse of Pearl and Viola, or see their Queen. Sometimes she would bid them tell her where they had travelled, and what curious things they had seen; this they thought a great honour, and sometimes had the most amusing adventures to relate, so that Viola learned to watch for the glancing of their silver scales, and the twinkling of their bright eyes, as one of her pleasures.

"The most tiresome of all the Queen's subjects were the crabs and lobsters, who were always bent on seeing and touching everything; but being too heavy and idle to swim in pace with the rest of the train, they used to hold on by their claws to the flowing robes of the sea-nymphs, thereby impeding their progress. They had very little sharp eyes, and were extremely curious; they were, moreover, very quarrelsome, and were perpetually pinching and fighting each other, especially the lobsters, who would poke their long feelers into everybody's way, and often got them

<sup>1</sup> Little Estella, and other Fairy Tales. Macmillan and Co.

broken in consequence; upon which they used to run off to the hospital in a miserable plight, and nobody but the gentle Pearl would ever have had patience to nurse them.

"The Queen used often to punish them by having them tightly wound up in sea-weeds, so that they could not use their claws; after which, they became very penitent, and were glad to be allowed to carry on their strong backs all the food and other things which Pearl needed in her labours.

"Viola used to look forward with great pleasure to the approach of evening, when Ulva came with Doris and Lorea to take her abroad with the Queen. At first, Ulva used to lift the child in her arms; but soon she learnt to ride a quiet old Dolphin, who was too old to gambol and curvet as the Queen's sea-horse did, while Doris and Lorea held the bridle-rein, and taught her to manage it."

Alack, and well-a-day! where are the fairies of our youth? We believe in them no longer. We create them no more. But Heaven forbid that they should not exist still for others, and for years to come delight the little children now growing up around us,—the dear ones unto whom we look with unutterable love and longing, praying that in them our childhood and youth may be renewed, only that they may prove infinitely better and happier than we.

But after the first craving of infantile imagination has satisfied itself with its natural food, namely, mere amusement, there usually comes a new development, without which the liveliest fancy is mere fantasy, vague, unsubstantial, and utterly insufficient for the yearnings of a human soul. This is Ideality—the nearest word we can find to express that thirst for ideal beauty and ideal good, which, more or less, exists in every immortal soul—may it not be, as the intuitive instinct of its immortality?

When the child-nature first wakes up to this, how the whole world becomes transformed, full of a glorious mystery, glowing with an unutterable beauty! How the little heart beats, and the bright eyes glisten, at tales of heroic virtue or pathetic patience! How nothing seems too mighty to achieve or to endure, in this wonderful new world, of which the gate is just opened; an

ideal earth, beautiful as Paradise, and yet it is this very earth of ours.

This is the first great crisis in youthful life. On the use that is made of it, the influences that surround it, depends frequently the bias of the whole character. Parents cannot be too careful of the books they then give their children to read, of the tone of the conversation they let them hear, and of the associates with whom they surround them. In many children, especially those of imaginative temperament, no after impression will ever efface those received at this age,—

"Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Grave womanhood and childhood sweet;"

—or manhood; who, though he

"— daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended."

Therefore it is good to furnish boy, or girl either, with such strengthening food as this history, beautiful and touching as fiction, yet true as truth itself, of the old man who waited fifteen years for leave to sail from Spain in search of a New World.<sup>1</sup>

"Though each day, as they sailed on, must bring them nearer to land, yet each day the fears and conduct of the crew became worse. The signs so full of hope to the mind of Columbus did but add to the fears of the men.

"Some of them laid a plot to throw their leader into the sea, and turn back. Columbus knew of all this bad feeling, but still bore all in patience, and spoke wisely and well to each man in turn. On the 25th of September the wind was due east, and took them onwards. Once the cry of land was heard, but the daylight put an end to this fresh dream of hope. They still went on. Dolphins played around the ships, and flying-fish fell upon the decks. These new sights kept the sailors amused. On the 7th of October some of the admiral's crew thought they saw land in the west, but before the close of day the signs were lost in the air. They had now sailed 750 leagues, more than 2,000 miles, from any known land.

<sup>1</sup> The Life of Christopher Columbus. In Short Words. By Sarah Crompton. Bell and Daldy.



Flights of small birds came about the ships; a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen; and so they went on, till one night, when the sun went down on a shoreless sea, the crew rose against Columbus, to force his return. He was firm as ever, but spoke gently, and prayed them to trust that all would yet be well. It was hard work to make them submit and obey, and the state of things for Columbus was bad indeed.

"Next day brought some relief; for the signs of land were more and more sure. They saw fresh weeds, such as only grow in rivers, and a kind of fish only found about rocks. The branch of a tree with berries on it floated past, and they picked up a piece of cane; also a board and stick, with strange things cut on them. All gloom and ill-will now cleared away. Each man hoped to be the first to see the new land, and thus to win the large reward in money which was then to be given him. The breeze had been fresh all day, and they sailed very fast. At sunset their course was due west. Every one was on the alert. No man on board the three ships went to sleep that night. When it grew dark, Columbus took his place on the top of the cabin. He was glad to be alone just on the eve of the long looked for event. His eye was keen, and now on the strain, through the deep, still, shades of night. All at once, about ten o'clock, he thought he saw a light far off. Lest hope should mislead him, he called up a man to his side. Yes—there again—it surely was a light. They called the mate. Yes; he, too, was sure of the same; and then it was gone, and soon they all saw it again. It might be a torch in the bark of some fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or a light in the hand of a man on shore, moving here and there. Thus Columbus knew that land was there, with men upon it. What words can tell the joy of his brave and noble soul!"

The boy who could read this passage (told so graphically that we wish many an historian would take a lesson from Sarah Crompton's "short words") without a thrill of emotion that may give the first impulse to the chance of becoming himself a great man, must be a very common-minded boy indeed.

A less complete, and yet very pleasant book, is "Days of Old,"<sup>1</sup> though, as a child's book, not quite satisfactory. We should say, from internal evidence, that the writer has not so long passed the season of childhood as to be able clearly to see its requirements. She—for the style is essentially feminine—falls into the common error of

"writing down to children;" that is, of presenting the ideas of a grown-up person in the language of a child. Now the first necessity to secure the attention of little people, is to make yourself a child—not in a condescending, carefully-acted fashion, but by coming down, literally and entirely, to their level, and trying to see everything from their point of view. Their interests must be your interests, their reality your reality. It is this which forms the charm of the old-fashioned fairy tales—the exceeding gravity and verity with which they are related, the relator seeming no more to doubt than the child-readers, that Jack did really cut off all the giant's three heads; and that it was perfectly natural and probable for Puss to put on boots and converse with everybody he met in that extremely gentlemanly manner.

With this suggestion, that the author would do well to avoid "poetical" language and recondite moralizing, and study that perfect simplicity of conception, action, and diction, which is quite compatible with perfect ideal beauty, nay, forms the chief element therein, we can give warm praise to "Days of Old."

It consists of three tales, each illustrating a principle. The first is "Self-sacrifice." A little British child, Deva, daughter of Caswallen, or Cassivelaunus, hearing that once a brother died to save a brother, offers herself to the Druid god, hoping thereby her sick brother may be spared, and live to become a hero. The sacrifice is not completed, but she learns from Otho, a Christian convert, of "the only perfect Man and perfect Sacrifice," and recognises in Him the story of the brother who died. Less intelligible to children, we fear, and yet worked out with exceeding beauty, is "Wulfgar and the Earl," a story of pride broken by sorrow, of the will of man forced to submit itself to the will of God. The third tale, "Roland," is that of a younger brother, "the scholar of the family," with "more friends among his books than among his fellows," who, under a strong impulse, follows his elder brother to the Holy Land. There Gerard applies himself to

<sup>1</sup> Days of Old. Macmillan and Co.

acquire glory, and gains it ; but Roland, touched by the anguish of a mother whose son had been tempted over to Saladin's camp, devotes all his energies to recover the apostate. Whom meeting at last in battle, he will not slay, preferring to be branded as a coward rather than murder the widow's son. His generosity is the sinner's redemption.

The tone and spirit of this story cannot better be shown than by extracting its conclusion, beginning with part of Roland's last conversation with the monk whose preaching had induced him to embark for the Holy Land, which he was now quitting for ever.

"These two were walking together within sight of the sea that would take one back to his own land, and separate the other from him.

"My son," the monk asked abruptly, "are you content?"

"I am."

"You have gained no renown."

"I came not for that, father."

"Nor riches."

"I did not expect them."

"What, then, have you gained?"

"A brother!"

"Yet you did not come for that. Why, then, are you content?"

"I came not for that, indeed ; I came to do my own work ; but God gave me His to do instead. He gave me the work, the will to do it, and the power to succeed. Have I not cause to be content?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"This is all the story.

"Gerard went on fighting, and men called him a good soldier ; and Roland went home. He took with him no golden spurs, but he had a friend and brother by his side who would never be unfaithful.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When that generation had passed, though Roland's name was remembered, it was not as a crusader ;—but Gerard's fame and prowess were talked of and sung of for many a day.

"That he, the elder brother, was 'fit for a soldier,' no one ever doubted ; indeed, a tangible proof of the same remains to this day in the shape of a yellow banner laid up somewhere as a memento of the past—at least, if it does not remain to this day, it is only because it has dropped away thread by thread ; for Time must have worn it a long while, and perhaps by this time has worn it out.

"That Roland was 'fit for a soldier,' no proof remains—on earth. But perhaps it is not only here that brave soldiers are known from cowards, and that mementoes of great deeds are laid up."

This book speaks for itself. It appeals instinctively to what is highest in child or man—that struggle after something better than anything we possess or behold, which, beginning in this Age of Gold, is never to be ended on earth. No matter, unto those who recognise themselves as mere travellers, bound for another Country, brighter than even the Celestial Country of which Bunyan's little readers are taught to dream. Ay, and it is good for them so to dream, and good to read stories such as this we have been quoting from, wherein the actual is elevated into the ideal, and by means of imagination the child is taught lessons of heroism, self-denial, patience, and love, the influence of which may be needed in after life, God only knows how often or for how long ; until at last we cease to crave after the ideal, merely as such, and recognise in it our spirit's blind groping after that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Possessing this, need we mourn that the season is gone by, for us at least, when the glamour of imagination was over all our world, when everybody seemed so good and so beautiful, and from others as from ourselves we expected the noblest deeds, the most impossible perfections? If they have somewhat failed—and we also!—if, instead of walking this poor earth in stature greater than men, and speaking—

"With the large utterance of the early gods,"

we see ourselves and them the pigmies that we are, let us not repine ; nor, because we have come short of it, let us deny the truth once ours, for it *was* the truth. If, long afterwards, some of us weary pilgrims through hard and diverse ways, should meet again, and under wrinkles and grey hairs should come to look into one another's eyes, the eyes that never change except with a changed soul, happy are we if we can still recognise there, in spite of all mutations, that the Age of Gold has never become dim—that we still believe in the same good and lovely things that we believed in when we were young.



The friend of Greece! Then where of old  
 Anarchic Licence charioteered  
 Curbless, and famished Rapine rolled  
 Forth hordes athirst for blood and gold,  
 Thou wouldst have reared

The Muse and Pallas shrines secure,  
 Made Themis awful in her hall,  
 And life a boon God-worthy, sure,  
 Exalted, comely, cheerful, pure,  
 And rhythmical.

The friend of Greece! Fate should have let  
 Thee breathe ere yet a Greek could blush  
 For aught but love or anger! Set  
 Her sun for thee, though lingering yet  
 A heavenly flush.

Yes! beautiful before thee lay  
 Inanimate Antiquity.  
 Too late for life, yet for decay  
 Too soon, thou view'dst her. We have clay  
 And memory!

And lips which haply, do we wend  
 Mid the cold tombs of grace antique  
 May with Hellenic accents blend  
 Thy Parthian name, and call thee friend,  
 Friend of the Greek!

## HARPER'S FERRY AND "OLD CAPTAIN BROWN."

BY W. E. FORSTER.

WHEN the mail brought us the hurried telegram flashed up from the Potomac to New York, that the slaves had risen in Virginia, stopped the railroad, and captured the Federal Arsenal, doubtless the first thought of those Englishmen who cared to think about the matter was, that this was but a brave though frantic effort of a few negroes to assert their manhood, more extensive perhaps, but yet similar to the outbreak after the last Presidential election in the adjoining State of Tennessee; one of those outbreaks to be from time to time expected, especially on the border-line of slavery, where freedom looks possible and tempting,—but hopeless of success, certain to be quelled in slaughter and followed by

torture, and altogether to be regretted, except as signs that the soul of the bound, Samson, though asleep, is not dead, and that he has strength which can even now shake the pillars of his prison-house. And when more detailed intelligence informed us that this was no negro-insurrection, no convulsive twitchings of the Samson, not so much a rising within the Slave States as an invasion of them from without, an attempt by whites from the North to preach liberty from the muzzle of a Sharp's rifle, then there was a general expectation that the cause of negro emancipation in the North, as well as in the South, would greatly suffer by this mode of advocacy, and that throughout the Union there

would be a reaction against the fanatical abolitionists, the monomaniacs who were thus willing to risk anarchy and servile war, for the sake of their own idea. Not only was this the expectation in England, but in America it was shared, at any rate at first, by the men whose business it is to watch public opinion—the politicians of the two great parties. The pro-slavery Democrats forthwith turned into political capital the terror which prevailed in Virginian households, and those among the free-soil Republicans whose faith was not fixed on principles were proportionately disheartened. The result, however, turned out to be precisely contrary to the hopes of the one party and the fears of the other. Instead of the radical abolitionists being avoided, or rather hunted down as anarchists, they were probably as much abused as usual, but not more so, and certainly more than ever followed and cheered. The contriver and leader of the attempt became the hero of the North; and even as regards the more temporary effect as evidenced by the ballot-box, the friends of freedom were the gainers. For instance, in the Empire State of New York, a critical and hard-fought election was hanging on the balance; the Democrats hoped to win it by eager and plausible, though unfair and unfounded, endeavours to implicate Seward, and Greely, and other Republican leaders, as fellow conspirators with John Brown, but were astounded to find that they had lost it by the rallying to their opponents of moderate men, careless in general of politics, but voting with the Republicans just at this very crisis when they were charged with abetting assaults on all law and order.

Doubtless, the character of the man who headed this abolition raid, had much to do with this result; for it needs merely a brief description of old "Ossawatomie" Brown's doings and deportment, from his capture to his execution, to account for the daily increased sympathy and admiration for him. First, a word or two as to how he came to be called "Ossawatomie" Brown. Most of us will remember the main facts of the

Kansas struggle; how the slaveholders in Congress, hoping to win another state out of the western territory, effaced the boundary line between slavery and freedom, as fixed by the Missouri Compromise; how the free-soilers, outvoted in Congress, transferred the contest to the territory itself; and then, how their opponents, finding that they would be beaten in this contest, if fairly fought,—that the industrious emigrants from the North would quickly possess this debatable land,—incited the Missouri men, "border ruffians," as they were fitly termed, to invade Kansas, and to strive to fix its future fate by a sham election of its first legislature. The indignation throughout the North was deservedly great, and it was practically expressed by constant reinforcements of free state settlers, who came to Kansas, not on an electioneering raid, but with the intention of making it their home; many of them young, hardy men, hoping indeed to gain a livelihood out of the rich virgin soil, but also not without a spirit of adventure, and a will to use the rifle, if not allowed to use the spade, in the cause of freedom.

Among them were four sons of John Brown, who selling their farms in Ohio, and taking with them their families and farm stock, in true backwoods' fashion—located themselves, in the spring of 1855, at Ossawatomie, about thirty miles from the Missouri border. Tidings soon came to their father that his boys were in need of help. Man for man they were more than a match for the border ruffians, but they found that they had also to fight against the whole power of the Federal government. The malignant shamelessness of the conspiracy between the slave-holding interest and the Democratic party to enslave Kansas, is hardly conceivable to English readers. All his authority was used by President Pierce to enforce against the real settlers the infamous slave laws passed by the sham legislature of Missouri men. Highway robberies and midnight murders were permitted, or rather abetted, if the victims were industrious northern settlers; drunken, swearing vagabonds, whose lives had been passed in the gambling room

and the saloon, found themselves authorized in the name of law and order to commit what outrages they chose; and, most unfair of all, the regular troops of the Federal army were used to protect these ruffians in the commission of their atrocities, except in so far as their brave, blunt commander, Colonel Sumner, strained a point to disregard his disgraceful instructions.

Old John Brown, however, was not the man to desert his sons thus hard beset. He was then not far from sixty years old, of the best blood in America,—for both his grandfathers were officers in the revolutionary army, and he was sixth in direct descent from one of the band of pilgrims who, landing from the *Mayflower*, founded New England. From his youth upwards he had been a deeply religious man, and although an attack of illness had induced him to give up his original intention of pursuing preaching as a Presbyterian minister, he had made it the aim of his life to preach the Gospel by practice. He believed the Declaration of Independence, and he believed his Bible; and he carried out the principle that "all men are equal" by help of faith in those two commands to which he alluded after his sentence as his defence before God if not before man—"Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." From the time when, a boy of ten, he had asked what there was in a black skin which made the negro boy who worked with him to be half-starved and oppressed and treated as a beast, he had made it the effort of his life to free his fellow-citizens who were in bondage, and to deliver his country from the sin and shame of slavery. In carrying out his object he was no non-resistant; he believed in fighting for liberty as truly as did Hampden or Sir Harry Vane or his own pilgrim forefathers; he was not unused to arms; in his youth he had served in the war against England, and fear was unknown to him. For a long time he had believed that to make America free would need

force as much as it had been needed in other enslaved countries. He was a hard-working, thrifty man, as able to earn dollars as any other Yankee, but of scrupulous integrity,—for instance, "refusing to sell leather till the last drop of moisture had been wrung out;"—regardless of gain for gain's sake; denying himself the commonest comforts, in order that when he made money by surveying, or wool-buying, or cattle-breeding, he might spend it in the service of his cause, especially in providing arms for the struggle to which he looked forward. To quote his own words, he was "always on the look-out for heads among the degraded coloured men; and where he saw a brow he marked its owner for future use;" and he often provided the fugitive slave not only with arms, but with brave counsel how to use them. Altogether, he was a man upon whom the slaveholders had not calculated when they concocted their "border ruffian" invasion. And yet behind this intense stern will there was a most tender heart. "When I have been ill," says his wife, "for two weeks together he has sat up, night after night, just to keep alive the fire." "Many and many a time has he bid me good-bye hardly able to speak for his tears." I have met with one incident in his life which I mention because it seems to me a key to his character. Thirteen years ago, one of his little children was burnt to death, upon which he wrote to his wife: "I trust that none of you will feel disposed to cast an unreasonable blame on my dear Ruth (one of his daughters, whose husband was killed at Harper's Ferry) on account of the dreadful trial we are called to suffer; for if the want of proper care in each and all of us has not been attended with fatal consequences, it is no thanks to us. If I had a right sense of my habitual neglect of my family's eternal interests, I should go crazy. I humbly hope this dreadful afflictive providence will lead us all more properly to appreciate the amazing, unforeseen, untold consequences that hang upon the right or

"wrong doing of things seemingly of trifling account. . . . Everything worthy of being done *at all, is worthy* of being done in good earnest, and in the best possible manner."

The first mention I find of Brown in Kansas is his protest in December, 1855, against a temporary compromise between the Free-State men and the slaveholders. If this compromise meant that the infamous slave-laws were to be observed, he for his part, he said, "denounced them, and spat upon them, and would never obey them; no." It soon appeared he was right in protesting against all compromises, for early in 1856 the Missouri men again came over the border to control the territorial elections, and for many months there was civil war in Kansas—guerilla parties watching and harassing one another day and night, the regular dragoons looking on, and not allowed to make peace so long as it appeared probable that the pro-slavery assailants would obtain the victory. At first they were confident of success. A namesake of Brown was taken prisoner when guarding a ballot-box, and hacked to death in cold blood; the town of Laurence was sacked by ex-senator Atchison, a man who, strange to say, had been Vice-President of the Union; Ossawatimie, Brown's own village, was burnt; two of his sons were seized and driven chained under a hot sun, like wild beasts, till one of them became delirious;—and, moreover, the "border ruffians" were reinforced by bands from the older Slave States, trained and well-armed marksmen, younger sons of planters, boasting their Southern chivalry. But these caricatures of the old Cavaliers were no match for the Puritan Ironside. With nine and twenty men he followed and engaged a troop, fifty strong—the same which had seized his sons—and, after wounding seven or eight of them, he forced all those who had not run away to surrender to his much smaller force, and kept them prisoners till Colonel Sumner came in person to liberate them. It is worth noting that these prisoners, although the same

troop as that which seized his sons, acknowledged, as did afterwards his captives at Harper's Ferry, that he treated them courteously; but no wonder that we read in the newspaper correspondence of the day, that the "border ruffians hate Captain Brown as they would a snake, though their hatred is composed nine-tenths of fear." In August of the same year his son Frederick was murdered while walking unarmed along the road; and three hours afterwards three hundred men again attacked his village. He retreated, having only thirty or forty men with him; but in the wood close by there was a skirmish for several hours, during which he lost only three men, but his assailants thirty-one killed and thirty-two wounded. They revenged themselves by burning his village and pilfering its post-office; but this was their last exploit. During the night they decamped; and before the end of the year it became evident that, thanks mainly to "old Captain Brown," Kansas had become free.

Having thus done his work in Kansas, Brown appears to have turned himself with all the intensity of his nature to planning the attempt which has cost him his life. Both he and his friends have repudiated indignantly the statement that his attack on Harper's Ferry was prompted by revenge for wrongs inflicted in Kansas. His wife, I observe, has stated, that "for some such opportunity to free slaves he had waited not two years but twenty;" and long ago he had startled, if not shocked, his more peaceable and prudent fellow-abolitionists, by arguing that liberty would be worth but little to the negro if not won by him; and that it was as disgraceful to a black man as to a white to endure slavery.

Insurrection, however, was neither his object nor his plan. He had no intention to incite the slaves to rise *against* their masters, but he hoped to enable them to fly *from* them. Nor was this scheme of an organized flight altogether Utopian. There is this set-off against the luxury of

possessing human chattels, that these chattels have legs which can run, and arms which can wield a bowie-knife or a rifle, and brains which are not incapable of learning how to use them. Above five hundred of these chattels cannot travel annually along the Underground Railway, as it is termed, from Slavery to Freedom, without some persons considering whether more passengers could not be obtained if tickets were disposed of somewhat more openly; and there were special circumstances which might suggest the opening of a branch to the district near Harper's Ferry with some public *éclat*. The country east of the Alleghany Mountains, and south of the Potomac, almost the oldest settled part of the Union, is densely peopled by slaves—more than twenty thousand of them being within twenty miles of the Ferry, and many of them, from their mixture of white blood, being unusually uncertain property. The free border is within thirty miles; and, above all, the mountains were close at hand, with their deep, secluded glens and dense forests, in which Brown, guided by his knowledge and experience as a surveyor, thought that he could find refuge for himself and his few assistants, and for some hundreds of fugitives, until, in the panic which would prevail, and paralyse the masters, he could provide for their escape.

Upon a small scale he had already rehearsed his plan.

In 1858 there was a renewal, or threat of renewal, of invasion of Kansas by Missouri slaveholders, to which he replied by a night visit to two planters. Waking them up, he ordered out their wagons, put their slaves into them, and, compelling the masters to accompany him, drove slaves and masters over the border. When he had got a few miles into Kansas he set the masters down, and told them they might follow him if they wished it; which they did, with some thirty or forty friends, but at a very respectful distance; and through Iowa and Illinois, under the eyes of the Federal Marshals, he conveyed safely to Canada his band of

eleven negroes (among them women and children); and, giving each of them money, and brave counsel better than money, he left them in circumstances under which they have thriven until now when their lives are clouded by the death of their deliverer.

It was necessary to Brown's purpose for him to get perfect acquaintance with the scene of its proposed execution; so, as "Isaac Smith," he took a small farm, not far from Harper's Ferry, and the neighbours thought that the wiry, active, old man, who was wandering over their hills, was a knowing gold-hunter, who might bring prosperity to their district. If, indeed, he had adhered to his original plan, and kept among the mountains, making descents upon plantations one after another, it is hard to say to what extent he might not have succeeded in freeing individual slaves. But the idea possessed him of seizing the Federal Arsenal; not so much, probably, to get arms, for he had plenty left of his old Kansas stock, but to prevent the Virginian militia and the planters generally from arming themselves. He easily succeeded in its capture; but his success was his defeat, as it shut him up in a position which it was impossible to hold, and from which, after he was once surrounded, it was almost as impossible to fly. The details of the attempt are too well known to need description. The two thousand citizens of Harper's Ferry woke up on Monday, October the 17th, to find guards on the avenues of their streets, and to learn that throughout the night their arsenal and railway-bridge had been in the hands of armed men, and that the nephew of General Washington, and others of their neighbours, were held prisoners as hostages for the freedom of their slaves. The terror was intense, spreading with exaggerated rumours even so far as Washington; nor can we wonder at this terror when we try to realize to ourselves what must be the feelings of slaveholders at such a time; but that these very feelings did not nerve all the male whites of the town to rush,



at any risk, upon the small handful of invaders, is surprising, and would seem to show that Brown was right in expecting that the alarm would be so great as to paralyse. At any rate, with only fifteen followers (his whole force was twenty-one, but six he had sent off into the hills), he held the unfortified engine-house of the armoury and his prisoners, though they were more in number than his own band, against not the townsmen only, but some hundreds of the militia, till Monday evening; when after a hard fight, muzzle to muzzle, the small house was stormed by ninety marines from Baltimore. No wonder that Governor Wise, who, with all his bluster, is not without some of the spirit and generosity of the Virginian gentleman of the old school, said, in his shame and vexation, that he "was ready to weep when he found the whole force overcome was so small, and that the volunteers of his own state had not captured them before the marines arrived." As it was, Brown might probably in the morning have escaped to the mountains; and he greatly blamed himself afterwards that he had not done so, saying to Senator Mason on the Tuesday, "I should have gone; but I had thirty odd prisoners, whose wives and daughters were in tears for their safety, and I felt for them. Besides, I wanted to allay the fears of those who believed we came here to burn and kill. For this reason I allowed the train to cross the bridge, and gave them full liberty to pass on;"—a fatal mistake, as this train took the news to Baltimore, and brought back the marines.

This statement, confirmed by all that he said afterwards, not only explains his capture, but exposes the weak side of his character. With remarkable power for carrying out his purpose so far as he could work with his own hands, or with those of his immediate followers his plans were liable to miscarriage, so far as they depended on correct calculation of the effect of his actions upon others. His surprise was planned with skill and executed with

promptness. Colonel Washington testified that throughout the whole of the Monday, when the odds were greatest against him, "he was the coolest and "firmest man he ever saw;" "feeling the pulse of his dying son with one hand, and holding his rifle with the other." On the other hand, it was great miscalculation to suppose that any forbearance to his prisoners, or to the townspeople, or to the railway passengers, would in the slightest degree have checked the resistance to him; or that the prisoners themselves would have been any safeguard. "Had General George Washington himself been amongst them," said Wise, "I would not to save his life have delayed the attack for five minutes." Again, had Brown followed up his plans, as described to the major of the marines, and, instead of endeavouring to hold the arsenal, "remained there but a few hours," and taken "a south-west course through Virginia, varying as circumstances required," miscalculation would probably have been evident, but in another manner.

Judging from the effect of what he did do, from the helpless panic which seized the white population, from the number of negroes who even in those few hours, though utterly unprepared, showed themselves ready to join him, and from the fact that several of the slaves got clear off in the turmoil, it appears now by no means improbable that, had he reached the "Blue Ridge" of the Alleghanies, many hundreds of fugitives would have flocked to him. How would he have controlled them? This was a question he had asked himself; for although he had no belief in those visions of outrage and murder which ever haunt the dreams of the men-owners, and although he had a firm belief that the negro is not revengeful, and that, unless driven into a corner by his pursuers, his one object would be flight, yet he was most anxious to guard against anarchy, and for that purpose he wrote out the "Provisional Constitution" which was found amongst his papers. It is impossible not to smile at the old

man's notion that any quantity of written words—anything, in short, but his own iron will and rigid sense of justice—would have availed at such a time; but his intention was by no means to set up a new government, as has been supposed, but merely to provide regulations for the rule of the fugitives; which regulations he fancied, foolishly no doubt, would be made more binding by being clothed in imposing language.

Great rashness there was in his attempt, rashness to be condemned; for though complete success would have been a justification to all who believe that liberty is worth more than life, yet the chances of failure, from both the strength of the whites and the weakness, the ignorance of the blacks, were too great; but though there was rashness, there was no madness; and indeed it is noteworthy that the imputation of insanity was made in the North, not in the South, where men's fears made them see how he might have hoped to succeed. "They are themselves mistaken who take old Brown to be a madman," said Wise. "He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw, cut and thrust and bleeding, and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, fortitude, and simple ingenuousness; . . . cool, collected, and indomitable." It is impossible, indeed, to imagine any deportment more free, not only from insanity, but from excitement, than was his, from his capture to his death. At first the Southerners gathered round him with angry curiosity, insulting him with their inquisitiveness, as though he were a caged tiger whom they might amuse themselves with stirring up; but most of them were astonished, if not awed, by his bearing into respect, or even into admiration. Lying "wounded on the floor of the armoury, his hair matted and tangled, his face, hands, and clothes smeared with blood," his wounded friend by his side, his two sons and son-in-law, who were killed in the fight, hardly cold, "he conversed," writes the reporter of a pro-slavery paper on the day after his capture, "freely, fluently, and cheer-

fully, evidently weighing well his words," with a "manner courteous and affable."

"What was your object in coming?" asked Senator Mason.

"Brown.—We came to free the slaves, and that only.

"Mason.—How do you justify your acts?"

"Brown.—I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity—I say it without wishing to be offensive—and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

"Mason.—I understand that.

"Brown.—I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and at all times. I hold that the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you,' applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty." Upon which a Lieutenant Stewart makes the strange remark—

"But don't you believe in the Bible?"

"Brown.—Certainly I do."

Another man asked him, "Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?"

"Brown.—No, sir; nor did I wish it. I expected to gather them up from time to time and set them free." And a few minutes afterwards, "I have nothing to say, only that I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believe perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary or ruffian, but to aid those suffering great wrong. I wish to say furthermore that you had better—all you people at the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared, the better. *You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now, but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean; the end of that is not yet.*"

Notwithstanding his wounds, no time

was lost in bringing him to trial. It is curious to mark the conflict in the minds of the Virginian Officials between their eager anxiety to dispose of their prisoner, and their wish to obtain credit for magnanimity in giving him a fair trial. The forms of law were observed; but in England we certainly should have thought a trial for treason a mockery in which the prisoner was stretched wounded on a couch with three sword-stabs in his body and a sabre-cut on his head. But, on the other hand, judging from Southern precedents, we ought not to have been surprised if, instead of being left for trial, he had been at once torn to pieces, as several of the Southern papers regretted afterwards that he had not been. In fact, it was with the utmost difficulty that the marines saved the lives of their captives; Brown's son-in-law, Thompson, who was captured before the storming, was thrown some time afterwards half-dead into the river, notwithstanding the heroic attempt of a young Virginian lady to shield him by her person; and the volunteers, leaving the attack on the living men to the marines, employed themselves in shooting at him while drowning, and at the corpse of another man.

On the 31st October Brown was found guilty, and an arrest of judgment on the ground that he ought to have been tried by the Federal, not by the State Court, having been overruled, he was sentenced two days afterwards to be hung on the 3d December.

On being asked whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he immediately rose, and, in a clear, distinct voice, said:

"I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving them through the country, and finally leaving them

in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended to do. I never intended murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make an insurrection. I have another objection, and that is, that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved—for I admire the truthfulness and candour of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

"This Court acknowledges too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavoured to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done. \* \* \*"

After his sentence but few friends were allowed to visit him, though to all

"of whose hostility to abolition principles there was no doubt," he was made a show; such visitors being "permitted to enter in flocks, and gape and stare, and follow the gaoler in and out." This coarse curiosity must have been wearisome enough, but the old soldier turned it to account. "I have had many interesting visits from pro-slavery persons," he writes to his wife, "and I endeavour to improve them faithfully, plainly, and kindly." But though willing to preach to slaveholders, he refused to allow them to preach to him, or to join in their prayers. One of the orthodox Virginia divines called on him to pray with him. Brown asked him if he was ready to fight, if necessity required it, for the freedom of the slave. On his answering in the negative, Brown said that he "would thank him to retire from his cell, that his prayers would be an abomination to his God." Mr. March, a Methodist minister, visited him, and having advanced an argument in favour of the institution of slavery as it now exists, received this reply from Brown, "My dear sir, you know nothing about Christianity: you will have to learn the A B C's in the lesson of Christianity, as I find you entirely ignorant of the meaning of the word. I of course respect you as a gentleman, but it is as a *heathen* gentleman."

His letters are so characteristic and so beautiful, I wish I had space for them all, but there is one I must give:—

"Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va.,  
"8th November, 1859.

"Dear Wife and Children, every one,  
"—I will begin by saying that I have in some degree recovered from my wounds, but that I am quite weak in my back, and sore about my left kidney; my appetite has been quite good for most of the time since I was hurt. I am supplied with almost everything I could desire to make me comfortable, and the little I do lack (some articles of clothing which I lost) I may, perhaps, get again. I am besides quite cheerful, having (as I trust) "the peace of God, which passeth all

"understanding' to 'rule in my heart,' and the testimony (in some degree) of a good conscience, that I have not lived altogether in vain. I can trust God with both the time and the manner of my death, believing, as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony (for God and humanity) with my blood, will do vastly more towards advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavoured to promote, than all I have done in my life before. I beg of you all meekly and quietly to submit to this: not feeling yourselves in the least *degraded* on that account. Remember, dear wife and children all, that Jesus of Nazareth suffered a most excruciating death on the cross, as a felon, under the most aggravating circumstances. Think also of the Prophets and Apostles, and Christians of former days, who went through greater tribulations than you or I, and try to be reconciled. May God Almighty comfort all your hearts, and soon wipe away all tears from your eyes. To Him be endless praise. Think, too, of the crushed millions who 'have no comforter.' I charge you all, never (in your trials) to forget the griefs 'of the poor that cry, and of those that have none to help them.' I wrote most earnestly to my dear and afflicted wife not to come on for the present at any rate. I will now give her my reasons for doing so. First, it would use up all the scanty means she has, or is at all likely to have, to make her and her children comfortable hereafter. For let me tell you, that the sympathy that is now aroused in your behalf may not always follow you. There is but little more of the romantic about helping poor widows and their children than there is about trying to relieve poor 'niggers.' Again, the little comfort it might afford us to meet again would be dearly bought by the pains of a final separation. We must part, and I feel assured for us to meet under such dreadful circumstances would only add to our distress. If she come on here, she must be only a gazing-stock throughout the whole journey, to be remarked

"upon in every look, word, and action, and by all sorts of creatures, and by all sorts of papers throughout the whole country. . . . Oh, Mary, do not come, but patiently wait for the meeting of those who love God and their fellow men, where no separation must follow. 'They shall go no more out for ever.' . . . Finally, my beloved, be of good comfort. May all your names be written in the Lamb's Book of Life; may you all have the purifying and sustaining influence of the Christian religion, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate husband and father,

"JOHN BROWN.

"P.S.—I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day, nor a storm so furious and dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky. But, beloved ones, do remember that this is not your rest; that in this world you have no abiding place nor continuing city. To God and his infinite mercy I always commend you.  
"Nov. 9th."

"J. B.

I must give one more extract from his last letter to his family, dated Nov. 30:—" . . . I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind and cheerfulness, feeling the strong assurance that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of good and of humanity; and that nothing that either I or all my family have suffered or sacrificed will be lost. The reflection that a wise and merciful, as well as just and holy God, rules not only the affairs of this world, but of all worlds, is a rock to set our feet upon under all circumstances. \* \* \* I bless God I never felt stronger confidence in the certain and near approach of a bright morning and a glorious day than I have felt, and do feel, since my confinement here. I am endeavouring to return, like a poor prodigal, as I am, to my Father, against whom I have always sinned, in the hope that He may

"kindly and forgivingly meet me, though a very great way off."

But neither he nor his brave wife could bear to have no meeting, and the night before his execution they were allowed an interview of four hours. His will, which he gave her, characteristically leaves his rifle to his son Owen, who had been with him in Kansas, and "as good a copy of the Bible as could be purchased for five dollars to each of his children and grandchildren." The next morning, after taking leave of his fellow-prisoners, and exhorting them to "stand up like men, and not to betray their friends," he was led to his execution, which was military rather than civil; "lines of patrols and piquets encircling the gallows for ten miles around, and five hundred troops being posted about them." As he stepped out of the door, a black woman, with her little child in her arms, stood near his way; he stooped down and kissed the child. "From the time of leaving gaol," writes the correspondent of the *Tribune*, "till he mounted the gallows-stairs, he wore a smile upon his countenance, and his keen eye took in every detail of the scene. He straightened himself up proudly, as if to set to the soldiers the example of a soldier's courage. When asked if he thought he could endure his fate, he said, 'I can endure almost anything but parting from friends; that is very hard.' And again, 'It has been a characteristic of me from infancy not to suffer from physical fear: I have suffered a thousand times more from bashfulness than from fear.' As he came upon an eminence near the gallows, looking up earnestly at the sun and sky, and towards the distant windings of the Blue Ridge Mountains, 'What a beautiful country you have!' he said to Captain Avis, his gaoler, a brave, humane man, whose respect and admiration he had won; 'it seems the more beautiful to behold because I have so long been shut from it.'" "You are more cheerful than I am, Captain Brown," said one of those around.

"Yes," he replied, "I ought to be:" and then, "I see no citizens here. "Where are they?" He was told that citizens were not allowed to be present; none but soldiers. "That ought not to be," said the old man; "citizens should be allowed to be present as well as others." After the cap was drawn over his head and he had taken leave of all around him, there was a delay of several minutes while the military were performing some evolutions, until some of the bystanders cried shame. "Shall I give you a handkerchief and let you drop it as a signal?" asked the sheriff. "No; I am ready at any time, but don't keep me waiting needlessly," were his last words. At length the colonel of the troops gave the signal, and the sheriff himself severed the rope;—and thus ended the first American execution for treason; for strangely enough, it is said that this God-fearing, Bible-believing descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers was the first citizen of the United States who has died a traitor's death.

That such a man should thus die is a fact which has set men thinking, and which, if we look well at it, explains why the Northern pro-slavery papers so earnestly entreated their less prudent Southern friends to spare his life, and enables us to understand how the old Captain was not so far wrong in saying, in his own quaint language, that "before he began his work at Harper's Ferry, he felt assured that, in the worst event, it would certainly pay." It has paid to the profit of the cause he loved, probably far better than if he had gained his immediate object. Had his plan succeeded to the utmost of his hopes, the advantage to the negro would have been very questionable. Hundreds of slaves might have escaped from bondage; but every man throughout the Union would have had to choose between the possible encouragement of anarchy, and the support of slavery, and many of those whose aim was the same as his, might have assisted in hunting him out of his mountain fastnesses. But, as it is, the cause gains by the nobility of his motives and his

aim, and does not lose by the rashness of his means. Here is a man, honest, guileless, brave, Christian, both fearing God and fearless of man to an extent which men read of in the deeds of the heroes and saints of old, but which they feel in their own hearts it is rare enough to see—and yet this man is hanged. Why? Because he is an enthusiast; because while he lives, society in Virginia is not safe. What, then, is this social system, the peace whereof needs the hanging of such a man? A dangerous question is this last; for, when the answer is found to be, that the foundation of the framework of society in Virginia is protection of her slavery, or rather of her internal slave-trade, the next question is a very practical one: Is it worth while for the men of New England or New York to secure to the planters of Virginia the power of breeding men and women for sale, at the price of having to make a martyr of such a hero? Questions such as these are getting answered every day in the States, instinctively as it were, but surely; not merely by sympathising meetings, but by a marked change in the whole tone of Northern feeling. Readers of the *Times* must check its leaders on American affairs by its intelligence. The leader commenting on the last Presidential message, and saying that the "mass of Americans are taking a pleasure in the most offensive and cynical enunciation" of pro-slavery "dogmas," is in the same number as that which contains a letter from "our own correspondent," stating that "no free State has receded from its position of hostility to slavery; that, on the contrary, the doubtful States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania have once more given in their adhesion to the Republicans; and the State of New York, which the Democrats made a great effort to carry, has, by a decided vote, shown that it must be counted next year among the Republican States." It is true that the pro-slavery men are cynical; but this cynicism is the despair of a minority, which feels that power is slipping from

its grasp. The slaveholders of the Kentucky Legislature may emulate the absurdity of Governor Wise by demanding that a fugitive slave law for Canada be included in the next treaty with England; but Cassius Clay, Henry Clay's nephew, who has so bravely dared to be an abolitionist agitator in this same slave state of Kentucky, is every day bringing a larger number of non-slaveholders to his side. A few years ago there was no anti-slavery member of the Senate, and but one or two of the House of Representatives; now the party opposed to slavery is strong in the Senate, and the strongest in the House, and the chances are in favour of its electing the President next autumn.

One fact is quite evident, that whatever John Brown may have done towards freeing the slaves, he has done much towards freeing the millions of the free States from that subservience to three or four hundred thousand slaveholders under which they have so long been degraded. On the one hand he has shown that among the farmers of the North, and the backwoodsmen of the West, there are yet men worthy to claim descent from their Puritan ancestors; for whom, when once their spirit and their conscience are roused, the braggart and bullying slave-hunting filibusters are no match. On the other hand, he has exposed the utter weakness of the slave-system—Virginia having been as much alarmed by an inroad of twenty-two abolitionists and coloured men, as England would have been by the landing of twenty-two thousand French troops on the coast of Sussex.

And if the Northern States ever learn to feel their power in the solution of this negro question, it will have got a long way towards being solved. Let but all the free States declare, as Massachusetts practically declares now, that their soil is really the sanctuary of freedom, and shall no longer be a hunting ground for fugitives; let them but leave the slaveholders unaided by

their men, or their money, by their material or moral support, to settle this question by themselves, alone with the slaves and the non-slaveholders—the *white trash* who are every day becoming more conscious that they are paupers because the negroes are slaves,—and Virginia, and Maryland, and Kentucky, and Missouri, will find that it will not any longer do for them to be the outer wall of the prison-house; and even Mississippi and Alabama will begin to discover how cotton can be grown by free labour;—and then the whole Commonwealth of the United States will learn to honour the man who was fanatical enough to fight for an idea—that idea of Freedom of which this Commonwealth itself is but an expression—and will acknowledge that Old Captain Brown was comforted by no unfounded trust, when he wrote to his brother from his prison, "I am quite cheerful in view of my approaching end, being fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose."

Since the execution of Brown, four of his followers have been hanged—two whites and two coloured men. They all died the death of brave men, not disgracing their leader at the gallows. Two prisoners still remain to be tried, but by the Federal not by the State Court. One of these men, Hazlitt, will probably be acquitted, for he was not at Harper's Ferry, and Brown denied all knowledge of him. Surely, should the Federal authorities have the power of sparing or of hanging the other, the citizens of the free North will as one man require that the devoted follower be spared; and even the chivalry of the South may feel that by hanging five men they have done enough to satiate revenge and secure the "peculiar institution," and more than, under like circumstances, would have been done by any despotism in Europe.

## MEETING OF PARLIAMENT AND QUESTIONS AHEAD.

IN addition to the question of Parliamentary Reform, two questions are likely to be prominent in the session of Parliament now commencing.

1. There is the question of National Defences. After some twelve years of gradual rousing on the subject, the people of Britain seem at last to be thoroughly awake. That the condition, in respect of means of national defence, to which we had reduced ourselves during the long peace, was quite inadequate for the emergency of an attack by a foreign power, should it ever arise, was a pure point of military science, decided for us by an authority against which there could be no appeal—that of the late Duke of Wellington; after whose opinion, so emphatically given, all the contradictory talk that we used to hear and sometimes still hear at dinner-tables from corpulent citizens in white neckcloths—"Invasion impossible, Sir," "Our Channel-fleet, Sir," "We should rise as one man, Sir"—was and is but absurd civilian chatter. On that other point, on which civilian opinion might be as good as the Duke's—the political likelihood of any such emergency as was contemplated—events have gradually dissipated the incredulity which did exist. There has been something calculated surely to impress Mr. Bright himself, and to bring to his mind (which is, after all, that of a thoughtful and cultivated, as well as of an honest and fervid man) the saying of the old English statesman, Bishop Williams:—"No man is wise who permanently opposes himself to the people of England"—in the resoluteness with which, since last session of Parliament, his countrymen have been going in the direction in which he would not wish them to go. Against the whole tenor of his preachings, the youth and middle age of Britain have been organizing a Volunteer System which promises, unless dropped through apathy, or paralysed

by pedantic Government regulations, to be the agency of a social consolidation more cordial than any which is promised even by Parliamentary Reform, and to have as large and perhaps more intimate political consequences. Government also has been, with popular consent, taking steps towards the increase of our regular defences. And now, in a spirit ready for progress in the same course, Parliament reassembles. Curiously enough, however, just as it reassembles, there comes a blast of new influence across the subject, not unlikely to cool parliamentary zeal and to give greater courage to Mr. Bright's reclamations.

It is a wretched fact, a fact most discreditable to the political intelligence of the country, that the course of our political notions and measures has been so utterly a mere course of ups and downs in our opinions of Louis-Napoleon. As this one man has been up or down with us for the moment—and his ups and downs with us have been numerous enough in all conscience—so, as suddenly as the shoot of colour on a dolphin's back, have our politics changed. One would think that, as Louis-Napoleon *has* a certain character, it might have been within the compass of science to have found out by this time what it is, so as not to be hurrahing him and licking his boot one year and the next pelting him with Billingsgate; but, at all events, that a great nation like Britain should stand for ever gaping on the watch of this one man, as on the motions of a political time-ball set up in Paris to warn us by its ascents and descents when to be active and when to go to play, is surely somewhat humiliating. Yet so it is; and just as the Parliamentary Session of 1860 is beginning, there comes an *up* of Louis-Napoleon. It was something to our timid Protestant hearts to see him at loggerheads with the Pope; but now that he has announced himself as



so far a Free-Trader there are no bounds to our joy—we are dancing and capering and turning heels over head. If he were here we could hug him for fondness; and, where he is, he hears our cry wafted over to him, “Great—yes, we were in doubt about it, but now we know it—great, very great, is Louis—Napoleon of the Parisians.”

Now, as regards the two courses of action which have procured for Napoleon III. this sudden whirl of British admiration in his favour, let him by all means receive the credit to which the sincerity of his conduct—tested, let us say, by its continuance—shall entitle him. If it is Mr. Cobden that has converted him to Free Trade, let Mr. Cobden also be publicly thanked for so magnificent a feat of reasoning. But let us not go too fast, nor extend our conclusions beyond the range of the premises. There are parts of our politics which *ought* to be affected by our observations of the momentary state of the time-ball at Paris; but there are parts which ought *not* to be so affected, and this business of national defences on which we have entered is one of them. Let not this new *up* of Louis-Napoleon in our estimation—this sudden flash in our eyes of his golden side as possible Pope-crusher and incipient Free-Trader—though it has happened in the nick of time to influence our measures for self-defence, be permitted to influence them. Why should it do so? The Emperor of the French is now only in his fifty-second year; and there will be more ups and downs in our opinion of him, before we are done with him or he with us. It is to the whole range of the anomalous possibilities of his reign that our determination to an effective system of national defensive armament bears reference. Nay more, it is neither he nor his reign that is the measure of this great necessity, but the possible relations of Britain also to the France that may come after him, and, not only to France, but to other powers, including Russia, during the continuation of a period which has already been one succession of historical surprises bewildering the

shrewdest guessers, and falsifying, in particular, Mr. Bright's peace-prophecies.

2. There is the question of our Italian policy—reduced, for the present, to the question whether and how far we shall go with the French Emperor in his efforts to make an Italian settlement.

On the one hand, something might be said in favour of an attempt, at least, to go with the French Emperor. In the year 1849 we went with him, so far as distinct approbation involved us, in restoring that Pope whom he now proposes to see dispossessed of part of his dominion. We—precious Protestants and free Britons that we were—signified to him, through our Government, that we wanted, as much as he did, to see the Pope put back. This fact is not nearly so well known as it should be, and people will not believe it when they are told of it; but we could label all the old walls in London to-morrow with placards containing the exact passage of Lord Normanby's letter to Lord Palmerston—written while Lord Normanby was British ambassador in Paris, and Lord Palmerston British Foreign Minister—in which Lord Normanby declares that he had never ceased to inform the French Government that the object which they had in view in fitting out the expedition to Rome—namely, the restoration of the Pope under an improved form of government—was also that which he *had always been instructed to state was likewise that of her Britannic Majesty's Government*. Now, having been a sleeping partner with France in the transaction of restoring the Pope in 1849, we might be expected to be at least a sleeping partner with France again in mending our joint piece of botchwork. Nay, there might be less reason of decency in this instance for devolving all action on our partner, and only encouraging him underhand. It might seem rather natural for Britain even to lend a little help, if necessary, in accomplishing a result so much to her professedly Protestant mind, as that of diminishing the number of hills upon which the Pope sits. It might seem rather natural too

—if only to show our reverence for the principle of non-interference—to do a little, if it were necessary, to prevent Austria, Naples, &c. from forcing back tyranny upon Central Italy.

On the other hand, though the policy of mere spectatorship, criticism, and good wishes, is not a very glorious one, when the battle going on is one for principles which we account among the highest and greatest on earth, yet there are reasons which seem to recommend such a policy as, for the present at least, the wisest. The chief of these is that we are not sure of the Italian policy of the French Emperor, cannot foresee its turns and complications, and yet that the conditions of the case are such that we cannot start a purely British policy of an active kind in the Italian question, nor see the means of reaching Italy in any positive national way round the flank of the French Emperor. Our ideas of duty can only be expressed in respect of possibilities as they may arise through him and by means of him. What are these? Either the French Emperor and the Italians, keeping together, will agree upon some solution—be it the Napoleonic one of the erection of a Central Italian State, or be it the Italian one of an annexation of Central Italy to Piedmont; or (which is surely less likely now) there may yet be a rupture between the French Emperor and the Italians, and an alliance between the Emperor, the Pope, and Austria, to force some horrible compromise. This last would be felt by us an atrocious injustice, and, so far as the language of denunciation and protest went, we should clear ourselves with respect to it; but will any man say in Parliament that we should then be prepared for an active British-Italian alliance with all its consequences? On the other, and more hopeful alternative, of a continued co-operation of the French

Emperor and the Italians in behalf of a solution moderately satisfactory in the mean time, we might see our way to active help, if it were necessary; but *would* it be necessary? On the whole, when our Government did determine on taking part in the proposed, but now postponed Congress, they did perhaps all they could when, as the Queen's Speech informs us, they avowed that they would enter it only on "the principle that no external force should be employed to impose upon the people of Italy any particular government or constitution."

Seeing that so much of our best policy in any case must consist in honest *language*, whether public, parliamentary, or diplomatic, it were surely well that we should rectify our language and make it as exact to the facts, and as powerful in spirit and in principle, as it may be. Why, for example, should we go on basing our policy of neutrality, if that must be our policy, on the wretched phrase that what may take place in Italy is "no concern of ours"? "No concern of ours"! Wait a little; and, if the present agreement between the French Emperor and the Italians shall result in an attempt to tear up the Papacy, even in part, from its temporal roots in the Italian earth, and to compel it to become (as bold and conscientious English Catholics, like Sir John Simeon, maintain, even against the Pope himself, it may advantageously become) a mere power of the air, with no local or territorial attachments, swaying the hearts and consciences of men from any spot whither it may be driven, then—should a European struggle arise out of the determination of the more retrograde Catholic powers to perpetuate a central Italian tyranny as a socket for the spiritual Papacy—what may not that struggle involve, and how may it not affect ourselves, if only through Ireland?

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## ON THE REVISION OF THE PRAYER-BOOK AND THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

LORD EBURY proposes a revision of the Liturgy. He will, I presume, move that the Queen should be addressed to issue a Commission for that purpose. This Commission will probably contain a fair proportion of lay and of ecclesiastical persons. There is no reason to suppose that any men of extreme opinions will be included in it. That its character will be mild and conservative we may conjecture from the character of Lord Ebury himself.

What the sentiments of the laity of England generally are concerning this measure it is absurd to speculate. There is no excitement about it one way or the other. Classes, localities, individual influences must so modify public opinion that the most sagacious observer of its cross currents may well be puzzled. Our statesmen, I trust, will despair of tracing them, that they may apply themselves fairly to the consideration of the subject on its own merits.

The judgments of the Clergy have been more distinctly pronounced. A considerable section of them has signed a memorial in favour of revision. A very much larger body has declared against it. But a number are silent; either from not having formed an opinion, or from not caring to express their opinion, or from holding an opinion which differs in some respect from that both of the approvers and the remonstrants. Some may agree with Lord

Ebury in his principle, but may doubt about the way in which he will reduce it to practice. Some may desire that only clergymen should suggest improvements in the book which they are obliged to use. Some may wish to secure that every concession to one party in the Church should be met by a corresponding concession to the other. There are again those who are unwilling to join in any protest which may imply that a reformation in the Church is not necessary, that laymen should not interfere in it, that the Prayer-book needs our protection, and yet may feel as strongly as those who sign such a protest that the proposed revision is likely to make our services less comprehensive and less adapted to the wants of our time than they are at present.

To this class I own that I belong. Not that I am in the least competent to express its sentiments—if it is a class. In what I shall say, I shall be simply uttering my own. I wish to explain what I think the question is; on what principles I suppose it ought to be considered; how those principles have led me to my conclusion.

I should not have thought it necessary to state formally what the question is, if I had not fallen in with many respectable people who suppose that those who object to Lord Ebury's scheme must necessarily consider the Prayer-book perfect. I certainly never encoun-

tered a clergyman who entertained that monstrous imagination. I doubt if such a clergyman exists. Neither do I remember to have encountered any literary man who supposes that there are no passages or scenes in Shakspeare which had better be omitted, or which were fitter for the sixteenth than for the nineteenth century. But since most Englishmen of our day would maintain that a commission in the reign of Queen Anne, to amend his plays and adapt them to the taste of the times,—a commission which might have included such splendid names as Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, Jonathan Swift, John Arbuthnot, Alexander Pope,—as would have made them more agreeable then, but would have made them utterly disagreeable to us; I do not hold that I am committing a *prima facie* absurdity, or offering any insult to the practical wisdom of our laymen or the theological wisdom of our divines, if I believe that the Liturgy would issue from their hands poorer and narrower than it was when it came, with whatever blots, from the hands of our forefathers. This is our subject; it deals with probabilities, not possibilities.

I have used the words “poorer and narrower,” not “less beautiful.” I am not thinking about composition—about pleasant archaisms, or the rhythm of sentences. Of these I should expect the Commission to be careful, so far as they found it possible. In those prayers on the occasion of royal births, Crimean wars, Indian mutinies, which we are sentenced to read, there is generally a laborious attempt to copy the sixteenth century phraseology, and even the impression which it makes on the ear. The effort is far too obvious to be successful; if it were *not* made—if the prayers were written in the ordinary speech of the day—they would be more really like the forms with which we are familiar; we should be conscious of less jar in passing from one to the other. Were we less slavish in our imitations, we might be better trusted with the treatment of free and original models. When the Reformers adopted old Catho-

lic forms, they entered into the spirit of them, and therefore could afford to depart from the letter. It is the spirit, not the letter of them, which I believe will be sacrificed by those who undertake to alter them now.

I will set down four maxims which govern my thoughts upon this question. I trust they will not be unacceptable to those who differ from me in my conclusion. First, that a church which aspires to be national ought to address itself to the mind and heart of the whole nation, and ought not to allow the notions or habits of any particular age or any particular school to interfere with this object. Secondly, that a national church ought not to allow any accidental advantages which it may possess in the way of prescriptive rights, privileges, property, to stand in the way of this object. Thirdly, that the clergy of a church aspiring to be national should be ready to remould or reform any habits of their own which interfere with this object. Fourthly, that a national church cannot expect the state to persevere in any course of policy, adopted originally for its protection, which interferes with this object. By these rules I wish that those who support a revision of the Liturgy and those who oppose it should be judged.

1. I cannot find a better spokesman for the revisionists than the Rev. Isaac Taylor, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Curate of Trotterscliffe.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Taylor's name indicates, I presume, that he has had the advantage of conversing with an eminent religious philosopher, and that he combines with a clerical position a knowledge of certain classes who are outside of our communion. He writes with much clearness and ability. And, in addition to his other qualifications, he has the very great one of using such arguments as are likely to commend themselves to the minds of our legislators, especially of our conservative legislators, to the fears of the clergy, to the prevailing sentiments of a great portion of our middle classes. Three-

<sup>1</sup> *The Liturgy and the Dissenters*. Hatchard, 1860.

fourths, if not nine-tenths, of Lord Ebury's supporters would, I should think, accept Mr. Taylor as a most satisfactory representative of their thoughts and wishes. If I knew one who would represent them more skillfully and more effectually, I should select him.

What then are Mr. Taylor's notions of the reasons which should induce us to make alterations in the Liturgy? He has two. One is drawn from the material interests of the Church; the other, from justice to the Dissenters. He is unfair to himself when he admits that in *both* these arguments he is taking a "low" ground. He who is asserting what is *just* must be always taking a high ground. Whether he is just to the Dissenters, whether the end he is seeking, and the means by which he would attain it, does not involve injustice to them as well as to us, let the reader consider when I have told him what his scheme is, and how he defends it.

There is a large body of the Dissenters, he informs us, who are directly hostile to the establishment, who wish to deprive it of its revenues and endowments. Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster are the persons whom he mentions as leaders of this Non-conformist party. He believes it to have increased greatly within the last few years, and to be increasing now. But there are men among the Dissenters who do not take these extreme views. The idea of an establishment is not odious to them. Many of them would like that they or their sons should partake in its privileges and advantages. Would it not be exceedingly politic to conciliate this moderate class? Would they not add immensely to our power in resisting the ultra class? But you may conciliate them if you will make certain alterations in the Liturgy. They have a strong dislike to certain words in our Baptismal Service, in our Catechism, in our Burial Service. Suppose we do not share in their objections, is it not well to give up a few phrases which we approve or do not disapprove, if we can buy such useful co-operation?

Ought not even those of us who think these words true and important, to be ready to suppress that conviction as far as these public prayers are concerned, to hold it silently in our hearts, rather than lose the chance of detaching a force from the ranks of Dr. Foster and Mr. Morley, and of enlisting it in our own?

Now, this may be justice to the Dissenters according to Mr. Taylor's theory of justice; it certainly does not accord with mine. If my first principle is true, we ought, as a National Church, to consider whether we have no voice that can address itself to the followers of Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster, as well as to those who, we are told, are ready, if we hold out a sufficient bait, to desert them. I cannot persuade myself that those who quarrel most with what we all admit to be the accidents of our position, are the most hopeless of our opponents, or those with whom we should at once conclude that we can establish no kind of sympathy. I may think that they are very mistaken in many of their conclusions; sometimes very mistaken about the facts on which they ground their conclusions. But I should be belying my conscience if I pretended that they were always wrong in their complaints of us; that they did not sometimes touch very sore places in our system which we need to be reminded of, and which had far better be touched roughly than not at all. I believe they bear a useful witness that the foundations of a Church are heavenly and not earthly; spiritual and not mercantile. I thought before, that we needed such rough counsellors as Dr. Foster and Mr. Morley; I think it more since I have read the pamphlet of this able young Clergyman, who, I fear, may have far too many of the younger Clergy on his side. For is he not practically inverting that order which it is so essential that we should understand and preserve? Is he not avowedly calling upon us to give up something that has been connected with our spiritual interests for the sake of defending our material interests, and this that we may

put a large section of the Dissenters into stronger antagonism?

What I have said thus far has no reference to the importance or insignificance of that which we are required to give up that we may obtain this security for our material interests. Now consider what all honest and earnest dissenters, who do seriously object to those passages in our Baptismal Service, Catechism, and Burial Service, must say about the mode in which it is proposed that we should abandon them. We have had the daring to tell our children that they are members of Christ, children of God, inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven. With a stroke of our pen we can erase those words, certainly; they only make about two lines of writing. But can we with a stroke of our pen undo the enormous amount of falsehood which we have propagated—of guilt which we have incurred—if we have been building our whole education upon an assertion which is not true—which not being true, must be the very reverse of the truth? May not the Dissenter require that we should repent in dust and ashes of being accessories to such a delusion? Will he not protest, in the interests of common morality, against an attempt to escape from such an assertion, continued for so long, with Mr. Taylor's comfortable salvo to the conscience—"It should be remembered that none are called upon to abjure one single doctrinal position. The utmost we are urged to do by the most radical reformers, is to consent to the *mollified* assertion, or the less obtrusive exhibition of certain theological and ecclesiastical theories, to which we are, for the most part, strongly attached, but which are so offensive to the great body of the conforming and nonconforming laity, as to endanger the very existence of the Establishment."—p. 37.

Will not the Dissenter exclaim when he hears these words, "Certain theological and ecclesiastical theories! What, you do not think it a practical question then, whether a child is a child of the Devil or of God! You think you

"may go on, age after age, proclaiming that as a fact which we deny to be a fact, and then suddenly *make a less obtrusive exhibition* of your creed, lest *you should endanger the Establishment.*" Will he not further say, "Is this which you propose to omit, an isolated statement? Can it be? Must it not go through the whole Prayer-Book? Must it not underlie every petition? Is not this what you mean when you address all the motley crowd in your churches as *Dearly beloved Brethren*—when you call upon all to address an *Almighty, most merciful Father*, not in some vague sense, but in *Christ Jesus our Lord*, in whom *Thou hast made promises to mankind*? Is not this the reason why you repeat the Lord's Prayer so often? Is not this what excuses your general thanksgiving for *the redemption of the world*; your eucharistic acknowledgment of a *full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world*? Are you not cheating us in saying you will strike on certain offensive lines, when your services from beginning to end, are redolent of the same offence?"

Such must be the feeling of a Dissenter arguing the question from without. He cannot believe, as Mr. Taylor would persuade us, that it is a dispute about a particular word which may have a dozen different significations. It is nothing less than a question how we are to think of children, of grown men, of the human race; on what ground we are to place our education of children, our appeals to the consciences of Englishmen who do or do not frequent churches, our missions to the nations of the earth. I dare not urge him to judge less seriously than he does of the error and sin we have committed, if our hypothesis is wrong. For then I believe that when he comes into our churches and joins in our worship—however much natural revolting it may cause him at first—he will begin to ask himself whether the hypothesis may not be *right*—whether, at all events, there is not something in it which commends

itself to his conscience. He comes, of course, armed with all the traditional arguments in favour of extemporary prayers. He has heard *usque ad nauseam*, from our apologists, of the beauties of our Liturgy, and he is too earnest a worshipper to care about such nonsense. He has heard also from his own apologists of its numerous faults—they are all present to his mind. But there is a kind of universality in the petitions which appears to him very strange, and somehow—opposed as it is to his habitual notions—very attractive. “May it not be true that the God who made Heaven and Earth is really claiming all the persons in this crowd, who are gathered about me, as His children? I should like to think so, wrong as it would be. If I could think so, much that I read in the Bible would certainly look a little plainer. I should be able to take the words literally about a Kingdom of Heaven having come to men. I should be able to read our Lord’s parables to publicans and sinners about a Father seeking after his children, without introducing any phrases of my own to qualify them. The letters of the Apostles to the churches would be less puzzling. And then I might”—but just then the preacher goes into the pulpit and gives out his text. “It is clear that this is not *his* view of the matter. *He* agrees with the opinions I had before, not with those which these prayers he has been reading have suggested to me: I may dismiss them therefore, if I can.” But it is not always that he can. The sermon has appealed to his sympathies as the member of a sect. He rejoices that it is so like what he should have heard in his own chapel. The prayers have appealed to his sympathies as an Englishman and a human being.

The questions have been aroused in him:—“Is a nation of rogues, outcasts, vagabonds, with a sprinkling of saints, a conceivable thing? Is not the old Jewish doctrine, that his nation was a righteous society, and that the unrighteous members of it, however nu-

merous, must be looked upon as departing from their true state, a doctrine which commends itself to reason, and which explains the course of the Old Testament history? Is not the doctrine, which some find in the New Testament, of a human family redeemed in the Son of Man, that which justifies it for each particular nation? Does not the Prayer embody this, and apply it directly to our own land?”

I am not speaking, be it recollected, of men brought up in modern theories of society or government; I am speaking of those who have been taught to regard the Bible as their manual, and who look upon the English Church with dislike and suspicion because they suppose it to depart from the teaching of that manual. To such persons it is natural that our forms should—it is a fact, in a vast number of cases that they do—suggest these inquiries. That in some of these cases they lead members of the English sects to become members of that which we call the National Church—and that these are the converts upon whose hearty attachment and permanence she may calculate most—is not the point I chiefly care to insist upon. I am quite aware that such conversions are slow; I do not desire that they should be more rapid. The last thing I believe to be coveted is an accession of men who enter our communion from mere violent revulsion against all which they have heard and learnt in their own. Such revulsions there may be; they may be the motives which operate most powerfully in a few when they first conform. But their stay amongst us is quite precarious; they will make us a mere half-way house to the Sacerdoce of Rome, or to the Sacerdoce of Auguste Comte; or they will subside into mere indifference; if they do not change that reactionary disgust for the conviction that the principles which they find in the English Church supply a foundation which they needed for their earlier convictions; yes, and justify the zeal and faith of those forefathers who spoke most hardly of our institutions, and of all who adhered to them. Till

the Wesleyan feels that our forms explain why he has a right to proclaim a Gospel to the outcast; till the Quaker feels that they more than affirm all that he affirms respecting a Divine Spirit in man; till the Unitarian recognises in the *Gloria Patri* the full manifestation of that Fatherly love which he has supposed that we were setting at nought, I do not think that we can count upon the allegiance of any one of them. When they are convinced that they are doing honour to the memories and traditions of their fathers in abandoning their denials, they may become more intelligent and devoted adherents in a day of trial than many who hold their faith by inheritance. But though I neither expect nor greatly desire a sudden influx of Dissenters into our body, such as Mr. Taylor thinks would be a great defence to the Establishment, I am convinced that those very characteristics of our Services, which he would remove for the sake of that advantage, are acting at this very moment most beneficially upon all the sects, are deepening in them the feeling that there must be a fellowship which is not a sectarian one, and which cannot be created by an amalgamation of sects; are operating unconsciously upon numbers who would utterly disclaim the operation, and attribute it to any influence but that. And I do think, also, that these characteristics of our Liturgy have helped to keep down the sectarian element in us, which is not less strong and rampant than in them; have compelled us to count ourselves as something else than an episcopal sect; have preserved in us some sense of responsibility to all our countrymen, and some sense of a bond which unites us to them all; have checked that very disposition to make our brethren offenders: for a word, to tie them down to some formal interpretation of a word, against which Mr. Taylor so reasonably protests. If you take away the right from us to speak to our countrymen as members of a divine family—if you tell us, that at any rate we must hold that only as a pious opinion; we shall inflict upon you all our stupid talk

about Regeneration; we shall treat that word as one of life and death; we shall try to force as many as we can into conformity with our notions upon it. Such reasonings and such attempts, I grant you, do infinite harm. They produce a general sensation in practical English minds of indifference and disgust, as if we had nothing to tell men which concerned their business and bosoms, but could only argue about terms and definitions. I hold that the Gorham controversy was a curse to the land, and that the decision to which the Privy Council came upon it was a blessing; because it saved a principle from becoming either a question of property or a question of antiquarian knowledge. But that decision left the Liturgy as it was, to be interpreted as men could conscientiously interpret it. If you alter it in a certain sense, if you hinder us from teaching children and men as we have been wont to teach them, you open that sore again, you drive us back into our scholastic talk. And all this you do for the sake of peace, or rather—that I may use the phrase which the spokesman for revision prefers—for the sake of “the material interests of the Establishment.”

2. My second proposition was, that those material interests, as well as any special tastes and opinions of ours, should be sacrificed if they stand in the way of our position as a national church. I use this language advisedly; because I perceive a disposition both among Dissenters and Churchmen, nearly as often among High Churchmen as among Low Churchmen, to consider that the church, so far as it is *national*, is only a collection of offices and endowments guaranteed, if not established, by acts of parliament. “The *spiritual* church,” we are often told by one school among us,—“the *Catholic* church” we are often told by another,—“has nothing to do with acts of parliament or anything secular. But the very meaning of a church becoming *national* is that it gives up something of its spiritual or something of its catholic quality, in order that it may receive the advantage



“ or the disadvantage of a state provision “ and of state protection.” I believe that there is no more fruitful source of secessions to Romanism among one class of our countrymen, of persistence in a vigorous and hostile Protestant Dissent by another, than this favourite theory. And I also believe that nothing has been so withering to our national life and character, so degrading to our state policy, as this same theory. A nation is no longer felt to consist of men, to whom property may or may not be entrusted. The property becomes the first thing in our contemplation; the men are looked on as holders of that. Contrive securities for its safe possession and safe transmission, and the *nation* is satisfied. It is desirable, no doubt, that there should be religious teachers to provide for the interests of men in another world, to see that what they have here is wisely invested with reference to that. Such teachers the statesman thinks may re-act usefully upon that world which is entrusted to his guidance. They have an armoury of fears and hopes which he does not possess, and which may deter men from some of the crimes that evade the policeman and the magistrate. He complains, however, that he has to pay dearly for these services; that the servant is apt to fancy himself a master; that the religious men oftener ask him to put down their foes than they succeed in putting down his. Then the Romanist steps in and says, “ Of course, it must be so. The Church is to rule the State, not to serve it.” And the Dissenter steps in and says, “ Of course, it must be so. You have entered into an unlawful compact. The spiritual body ought to keep itself wholly aloof from the secular.” Each, I believe, is confuted by his own experience. The Church, which sits as a Queen, has been the most grovelling of tools to the civil ruler. Those who say they can keep the two powers asunder have given some of the clearest evidences to the world that they must be continually affecting each other. But though they may be able to disprove their own theories, how powerful they are both when they

are contending against ours! How ridiculous they make us look when they talk of our act of parliament church! How they compel us to hold down our heads when they say that we are after all only a favoured sect from which the Queen may at any time withdraw her patronage! Why do such words sting us so sharply? First, because there is a secret confession in our minds that they correspond with acts that we have done, with apologies that we have put forth. Secondly, because those acts and those apologies are in glaring contradiction to that idea of a nation which is implied in our formularies. If we adhered to *them* we should think that a national church existed to educate spiritual men, sons of God, into a knowledge of their position; that they may be free citizens, able to do the work which is given them to do, understanding it to be God's work, looking upon the subjects of the Queen as His subjects, counting the cultivation of the soil, the defence of the soil, the resistance to all injustice and tyranny, native or foreign, obedience to all righteous authority as obligations which are due to Him, their Deliverer and Father. Such faith, and the works that follow from it, can never interfere with any of the responsibilities which belong to them as members of a particular community, can never be separated from those responsibilities. The more spiritual their position the more it binds them to all earthly tasks. The more catholic their position the more it makes all national institutions, a national tongue, the wife and the child, the hearth and the home, sacred and divine.

Now, I think, we owe a great debt to Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster, and the members of the Anti-State Church Association, if they have driven us from any of our untenable positions to seek for this substantial ground. I do not know what outward advantages it may please God that we should surrender in order that its strength may be fully ascertained. I think that we shall be prepared for such surrenders if we fully understand that they do not involve

in the least degree, the dissolution of the union between Church and State; in that this union stands upon no decrees or acts of parliament, but exists in the laws of society, in the nature of things; that it cannot involve the subserviency of the Church except in the sense in which He was subservient who was the minister of all; that it cannot involve the dereliction of any rights by the State, unless the right of dictation and persecution be one of them. We may then desert that language of the Prayer-Book which gives us the warrant for this doctrine respecting a nation in order to overthrow these supposed enemies of ours. But if we care to answer their just objections, and satisfy their just demands, we shall cling to it.

3. I have said that the clergy should be ready to reform their own ways, if they interfere with the national character of the Church of which they are ministers. Mr. Taylor holds that we *have* most of us reformed our ways so far as preaching is concerned. The Dissenters, he thinks, would take no offence at the greater part of the sermons that go forth from our pulpits; they would find them in no remarkable degree different from those to which they listen every week. I have expressed the same opinion; that it seems to me is one cause why our discourses do not make more impression upon them, and upon men of all other classes to whom they are addressed. If they were more in accordance with the Prayer-Book; if we did address men as sons of God, and tell them what right they have to call themselves so, why they have no right to call themselves by any lower name; Dissenters would not be listening to a thrice-told tale; our words would have the force and charm of freshness, old as they are; they would meet a want in their minds which had not been met. To reform the Liturgy according to the standard of the sermons, would be Mr. Taylor's scheme of reformation. To reform the sermons according to the standard of the Liturgy, would be mine. But, of course, I assume that not only the words which we speak with our lips or read out of

a book should undergo this change, but that we ourselves should undergo it. It seems to me that the spirit of the Liturgy, if we allowed it to act freely and fairly upon us, would oblige us to sympathise with all classes of Dissenters, as men, just because we refuse to adjust our teaching to theirs as sects. I know that in saying this, I indicate an opinion from which many, perhaps most, of those who have signed the declaration against the revision of the Liturgy, would be inclined to dissent. I do not mean that they would disagree with me as to the duty of meeting all Dissenters with kindness. Those of them whom I know fulfil the duty very much better than I do. But they would perhaps object to my saying that our ordinances are inclusive and not exclusive; that our baptism is the simplest and fullest witness of a redemption which covers and comprehends those who are not baptised; that the complete recognition of the principle of our services does not hinder me, but urges me to confess the spiritual graces of Anabaptists and Quakers; that the fault we have to charge upon them is for refusing that testimony to the world which the Church is intended to bear. I should be wrong, if I suppressed the conviction, that we shall be taught this lesson before we become, in the full sense, a national Church. I should be wrong, because I am quite aware that there are some amongst us who, holding this conviction, will be inclined to say, "But are there not passages in the Liturgy which expressly or implicitly interfere with it? Ought you not to labour at least for the removal of these?" Mr. Taylor has made the best and most dexterous use that can be made of this argument. He has collected all the passages which could scandalize those whose minds are inclined to comprehension, and has worked them together in a curious mosaic, with those which scandalize the persons for whom we are too comprehensive. He finds that in the service for private baptism the parent is assured that the child who is baptised

is undoubtedly saved. He acknowledges that this passage was offensive to the Puritans in virtue of their predestinarian theory, as asserting too much. But then it implies, he says, that all children who are not baptised are lost. The burial service is notoriously objectionable, because it calls these "dear brothers" who have led sinful lives, and gives God thanks for having taken them out of the world. But then the unbaptised are not to be buried. Putting this and that together, may we not conclude that a hope is entertained for the one which is not entertained for the other? What is the answer to these statements? This. No doubt, those who compiled the services *may* have meant what Mr. Taylor supposes they meant. The affirmation of one thing *may* have been to them the exclusion of another. Long arguments might be gone into to prove that it was so, or that it was not. One student may arrive at one conclusion, one at another. The clergyman of this day has only to say—and to say, if he thinks it, as broadly and publicly as he can: "I accept the positive statement; I do *not* accept the implication. Those who introduced this passage possibly intended it; I do not know or care to know if they did. They did not bind me to it. And I think I owe it to their education, to the general effect of their devotions on my mind, that this is not my judgment, supposing it was theirs." This same doctrine would apply in the three or four other cases which Mr. Taylor has produced. No doubt he may turn upon us and say, "Yes! but you would be glad to get rid of these passages if you could, would you not? Why not then join with those who for different reasons are seeking a revision?" The answer is obvious and practical. "We are pledged to nothing that we think wrong, and we do not mean to give up expressions which assert principles that we hold to be profoundly true and important, because in one or two cases they might, in our judgment, have asserted something more. We take what they give, thankfully; we will not part with that; if

more is necessary hereafter, it will come. Every step in your direction would be not advance but retrogression; not the expansion of a principle, but the denial of one." Such books as Mr. Taylor's convince me—even book I read convinces me—that even the younger Clergy who, of course, see much further than those of my age can, are yet not half as liberal and comprehensive as the Prayer-Book would make them if they allowed it to guide them. I take the strongest instance of all. They are much shocked at the Athanasian Creed. They would not object to denounce Unitarians a little; to indulge in some threats against them; but they do not like to say quite as much as that Creed says. I fancy that if they entered into the spirit of that Creed it would make them suspicious of themselves and their own faith; most suspicious when they are disposed to indulge in hard language or hard thoughts about any one else. It would impart to them such thoughts of eternal life, and of the Trinity, as would cause the prayer to be delivered from all uncharitableness, a very fervent one. I should tremble to see this Creed in the hands of the modern revisers. I believe it would come forth from them with far less of apparent, with far more of real, anathemas than are to be found in it now.

4. In speaking of these revisions, I ought perhaps to have noticed various propositions which have found more or less favour with the Clergy, for alterations in the Prayer-Book, to be undertaken, probably, by the Houses of Convocation, which should involve no change of doctrine, but should adapt the services to the circumstances of the times. My objections to such proposals are these:—first, I conceive the adaptations can be made, and are made now by all persons who have not a superstitious and unhealthy reverence for the letter of rubrics, and that they are the better and the more suitable to different places for not being reduced to rule and system. Secondly, that any abortive or feeble result of deliberations undertaken by reverend and right reverend persons, in reference

to great subjects, is morally mischievous, and that experience does not warrant us in thinking that such a result is at all improbable. Thirdly, that to give a legislative effect to these alterations, the Act of Uniformity must be amended, and that it would be far better to face the whole question, which must be raised sooner or later, whether, instead of being amended, it should not be repealed.

I am greatly astonished that Mr. Taylor's arguments have not led him to this conclusion rather than to the proposal of a revision. He produces abundant evidence to show what failures all former attempts at revision have been. He describes, I cannot say he exaggerates, the adulation of the Bishops at Hampton Court, the pettishness of many of the answers which were made to the Presbyterian demands at the Savoy Conference. He is aware that Burnet's scheme for compromise was defeated, though King William was his friend, and that Lord Macaulay rejoices in his ill-success. He is not ignorant of what happened in the last century, when the opposition to the Liturgy took a semi-Unitarian form. Would not the obvious moral from such experiences be, "This road is clearly not the right one. Somehow or other there is always a block in it. Perhaps it may be caused by the stupidity or bigotry of the Clergy; but if it is, you had better surmount that stupidity and bigotry by some different contrivance; here they will be too much for you." On the other hand, he labours to prove that the Act of Uniformity has been the great grievance to the Dissenters, the great curse to the nation. I cannot say that I approve his method of reasoning on this subject; it jars with my belief in a divine government, and with my reading of history. I find, when I read the old prophets, that they condemned severely both Rehoboam and Jeroboam for the separation of the tribes; but that they do not afterwards speculate on what might have happened if it had not happened. They say it was from the Lord. The evil was there, and the consequences of the evil were inevitable; they were to

make the best of what existed, to acknowledge a continual Providence over both countries, to hope for a better unity under different conditions. I know no case to which this treatment is more applicable than to the one before us. I do not dissemble the misdoings of the winning and exasperated side; I believe they were great, and that the punishment of them followed in due time. But I cannot force myself into the imagination of another state of things; I do not know what I gain by doing so. It is wiser, surely, to consider what evil would have followed if the Presbyterians and Episcopalians had understood each other; if there had been no secession. Baxter, as we all know, was one of the best of men, but he was intolerant in principle far more than by nature. Had he and Sheldon come to an agreement, woe to all Quakers, Anabaptists, Millennarians, to say nothing of Arians and Socinians, who lay beyond the bounds of the *religiones licite*! Persecutions, to which the five-mile act, cruel as it was, would have been mercy, must have been the result of their joint action. Even the Independents, the real champions of spiritual freedom in the judgment of Milton, and others besides Milton, would have been excluded from the compact. Had it taken place, the protest which the Nonconformist body bore against the corruptions as well as the oppressions of the Caroline time, would have been wanting; nor would the Episcopalians have received the profitable lesson respecting the untenableness of their servile theories, and the duty of opposing the court even when it offered bribes, which the Dissidents gave them at time of the Indulgence. It was surely more natural and sincere for the Puritans to cultivate the extemporary prayers which they loved, than to repeat words to which they would only have submitted. On the other hand, those words embodied the best and deepest feelings of the Episcopal body. They were far above the ordinary tone and level of their mind; they kept alive the sense of a standard of which they were constantly falling

short, of a unity in the worship of God which transcended all mere unity in opinion. When one part of them were dropping into a latitudinarian feebleness; when an other were opposing to it a hard non-juring dogmatism; the Liturgy was a testimony against both, and yet a bond to them both. It bestowed, also, no small benefits on those who rejected it. An atmosphere was about the Nonconformist body, which would not allow them to sink either into an exclusive Predestinarianism, a belief in human merit, or a dead Monotheism. It nourished that spirit in the Methodist preachers which the Clergy sought to repress. They could appeal to it against those who regarded the belief in spiritual power as enthusiasm; yet it was continually reminding them, in their wildest excitements, that that power is most spiritual which is most calm. It preserved the sense of continuousness both in the nation and the Church,—a continuousness which was not broken by the Reformation, by the Civil Wars, by the Act of Settlement, by philosophical changes and revolutions, by the growth of commerce and wealth; yet which hindered none of the political or moral developments that a nation must pass through. It did what it would have been utterly unable to do, if either party at the Savoy Conference had stamped it anew with its own image,—if a higher will had not prevented the pettinesses and frivolities of each, or, what would have been worse still, a feeble adjustment and compromise between these frivolities and pettinesses, from altering its substance, and robbing it of its vitality.

But though I do not impeach the Divine Wisdom in permitting the Act of Uniformity to pass in the year 1662,—can even discover in that permission many reasons for thankfulness—I do not see that these are reasons for its remaining on the statute-book till 1862. I will not say that those who are satisfied with the Liturgy as it is are bound to agitate for the removal of a law which compels them to do nothing that they would not

do of their own accord. I will not say that they may not be more usefully employed in trying to reform their own minds, and to reform their countrymen in the spirit of the Liturgy, than in freeing themselves or others from the legal obligations to conformity. But I do say, that if the Dissenters, or other ecclesiastical reformers, shall commence a movement which is the only one that is really in harmony with their traditions and professions, churchmen will do wisely to assist, rather than to retard that movement. For let them seriously consider these facts. 1st. The tendency of modern legislation is to establish a *more* stringent act of uniformity. Mr. Danby Seymour's Bill concerning ecclesiastical vestments is, as the *Times* truly remarked, nothing less than a new Act of Uniformity. The petition which Lord Ebury presented from the parish of St. George's-in-the-East, was a petition, if not for a new Act of Uniformity, yet for an astounding exercise of Royal supremacy to enforce uniformity. Lord Ebury's proposition for a revival of the Liturgy is, in fact, a proposition for another Act of Uniformity. It is one, Mr. Taylor thinks, which can produce no evil results, because the few Puseyites who would oppose the reasonable alterations that are likely to be made are utterly unpopular with the bulk of the nation; because, as he remarks, "the recent disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East have served to call forth "an unmitigable expression of public "opinion." (p. 36.) But though mob-opinion and Lynch-law may be as favourable, as he says they are, to that union of moderate Churchmen and moderate Dissenters, by which the Ultras on both sides are to be suppressed, he may find that persons who have no sympathy with those Ultras have also no sympathy with the kind of Protestant feeling which is directed against them. They regard it as the Protestant feeling not of Luther or of Latimer, but of Titus Oates and of Lord George Gordon; and the more cordially they love the former the more intensely they hate the latter. An Act of Uniformity which

seeks help from the very allies who would have pelted the Puritans in 1661, and the Methodists in 1761, may lead to a movement not less serious than that to which its predecessor led. Is it not wise to avert so great a peril? It cannot be averted long by merely resisting the project of revision. It may be averted, if we frankly tell the Dissenters, and tell our legislators, that we do not care for Acts of Uniformity, new or old; that we believe they have done any work they had to do: that if any require their support, we are not those persons.

For, 2nd, Let it be remembered that a notion prevails very largely among statesmen, lawyers, and throughout the country, that what we mean by pleading for the Liturgy is pleading for the Act of the 14th of Charles II. They say commonly that the Prayer-Book is a schedule to that Act. The joke may be a poor one, but it is one that has a hold on the mind of the country, and which ought by some very decided effort to be deprived of that hold. The Clergy must make that effort. They must say, "We give up the Act; we will see whether the Schedule can stand when it is gone."

3rd. If we take this course, those Clergy who have difficulties about the use of one or another part of the Liturgy will not be forced to smother those difficulties, to affect a belief which they have not, and so to injure the effect of all their ministrations. They may state their difficulties to the Bishop. He may deal with them as he thinks fit. No Act of Parliament will force him to do otherwise than his wisdom and con-

science direct. His responsibility will be, of course, increased. That, I conceive, is an advantage, not an injury. It is well that every one of us should feel his responsibility more and not less.

4th. In a number of cases, I am sure, clergymen are led into acts which are offensive to their congregations and disobedient to their spiritual fathers, because they have a sense of a divided allegiance. They have a dream that they are above Acts of Parliament, and yet that they are subject to them; that they ought not, for the sake of trifles, to disturb the worship of their people, and yet that these trifles may involve principles which a mere state rule cannot set aside; that it would be good to yield to the judgment of a father, but that after all he is only the spokesman of a statute. Such confusions are perilous to the conscience. They lead to great disloyalty, sometimes to the Queen personally, oftener to constitutional government. They are mischievous to the Church and State alike. It would be worth paying a great price to get rid of them. I believe the abandonment of the Act of Uniformity is a very small price for such an end.

5th. Hereby the question will at once be brought to issue, which I have been considering throughout this paper—the question which the Dissenters have a right to ask, which for the sake of them, of the whole body of our people, of future generations, we should be prepared to answer, not by words but by deeds,—“Are you a protected Sect, or a National Church?”

REQUIESCAT IN PACE<sup>1</sup>

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

WE have watched him to the last ;  
 We have seen the dreaded king  
 Smile pacific as he past  
 By that couch of suffering :  
 Wrinkles of aggressive years,  
 Channels of unwitnessed tears,  
 Furrows on the anxious brow,  
 All are smooth as childhood's now !  
 Death, as seen by men in dreams,  
 Something stern and cruel seems—  
 But his face is not the same,  
 When he comes into the room,  
 Takes the hand and names the name,  
 Seals the eyes with tender gloom,  
 Saying : " Blessed are the laws  
 To which all God's creatures bend :  
 Mortal ! fear me not, because  
 Thine inevitable friend ! "

So, when all the limbs were still,  
 Moved no more by sense or will,  
 Reverent hands the body laid  
 In the church's pitying shade,  
 With the pious rites that fall  
 Like the rain-drops upon all.  
 What could Man refuse or grant  
 The spiritual inhabitant,  
 Who so long had ruled within  
 With power to sin or not to sin ?  
 Nothing. Hope, and hope alone,  
 Mates with death. Upon a stone  
 Let the simple name be writ,  
 Traced upon the infant's front  
 Years ago : and under it,  
 As with Christian folk is wont,  
 " Requiescat," or may be  
 Symbol letters, R. I. P.

Rest is happy, rest is right,  
 Rest is precious in God's sight.  
 But if He who lies below,  
 Out of an abundant heart  
 Drawing remedies for woe,  
 Never wearied to impart  
 Blessings to his fellow-men ;  
 If he never rested then,

<sup>1</sup> We have reason to believe that this poem has been printed in some collection in the United States, but it has never been published in this country.

But each harvest gathered seed  
 For the future word and deed,  
 And the darkness of his kind  
 Filled him with such endless ruth,  
 That the very light of truth  
 Pained him walking 'mid the blind,—  
 How, when some transcendent change  
 Gives his being boundless range,  
 When he knows not time or space,  
 In the nearness of God's face,  
 In the world of spirits how  
 Shall that Soul be resting now?  
 While one creature is unblest,  
 How can such as He have rest?

“Rest in peace,” the legend runs;  
 Rest is sweet to Adam's sons.  
 But can He, whose busy brain  
 Worked within this hollow skull  
 Now his zeal for truth restrain,  
 Now his subtle fancy dull,  
 When he wanders spirit-free,  
 Young in his immortality?  
 While on earth he only bore  
 Life as it was linked with lore,  
 And the infinite increase  
 Of knowledge was his only peace:  
 Till that knowledge be possest,  
 How can such a mind have rest?

Rest is happy; rest is meet  
 For well-worn and weary feet;  
 Surely not for Him, on whom  
 Ponderous stands the pompous tomb,  
 Prompt to blind the future's eyes  
 With guilt deceit and blazoned lies:  
 Him, who never used his powers  
 To speed for good the waiting hours,—  
 Made none wiser for his seeing,  
 Made none better for his being—  
 Closed his eyes, lest others' woes  
 Should disturb his base repose—  
 Catching at each selfish zest;  
 How can He have right to rest?  
 Rather we would deem him driven  
 Anywhere in search of heaven,  
 Failing ever in the quest,  
 Till he learns it is not given  
 That man should by himself be blest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here we struggle with the light,—  
 And, when comes the fated night,  
 Into nature's lap we fall,  
 Like tired children, one and all.



Day and Labour, Night and Rest,  
 Come together in our mind,  
 And we image forth the Blest  
 To eternal calm resigned :  
 Yet it may be that the abyss  
 Of the lost is only this—  
 That for them all things to come  
 Are inanimate and dumb,  
 And immortal life they steep  
 In dishonourable sleep :  
 While no power of pause is given  
 To the inheritors of heaven ;  
 And the holiest still are those  
 Who are farthest from repose,  
 And yet onward, onward press  
 To a loftier godliness ;  
 Still becoming, more than being,  
 Apprehending, more than seeing,  
 Feeling, as from orb to orb  
 In their awful course they run,  
 How their Souls new light absorb  
 From the self-existing One,  
*Demiurgos*, throned above,  
 Mind of Mind, and Love of Love.

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STREET.

BY RICHARD FUTIOLE, SEN.

WHAT was known in our burgh as the Old Street, was a narrow street of low thatched houses, containing in all about four hundred souls. It ran north and south, parallel to the river which flows through our good town, and at but a short distance from it. Its name remains ; but itself, properly speaking, exists no more, save in the recollection of a few old people like myself. Not many years ago its northern quarter was burnt, but not before it had become a blot on the burgh which fire alone could remove. A railway station stands in what used to be its centre ; and in the southern quarter most of the old houses have been displaced by new buildings.

There were points of mark all along the Old Street. No one knew the houses by their numbers, if they had any. Where is so and so ? “Ou, he’s twa doors ayont the pump.”

The pump was a great mark near the centre ; its owner, old Mackenneth, a tall, soldierly man, straight as a rush, a veteran under Sir Sidney Smith at Acre, and regarded with awe by the boys, as having somehow beaten Napoleon. He levied a rate for the water supply, failure to pay which was worse than Notour Bankruptcy.

The pump was a great loitering place in the summer evenings, particularly the Saturday evenings, when Sunday’s water supply had to be laid in. The lasses brought up the empty pails which the lads were always in attendance to carry heavy home. They flirt while they wait for their turn of the pump-handle—in no hurry to get it. Their mothers, meantime, knitting at their doors, become “no sure o’ thae going ons,” watch their work and the pump in turns, and at last perhaps dander down to see the cause of the delay.

Thus cronies from opposite sides of the pump meet and swell the crowd, knitting and chatting away. At length the veteran sallies out in his red night-cap with "Awa' to yer' beds, neibours; am sure it's time till ye, clatterin' roon the door till a body canna hear his own observations. Awa' wi' ye," and proceeds to clap the padlock on the pump-handle. Then the hoops are adjusted to the pails, and there are "races wi'oot spillin'," on the way home. The lasses run to watch the rival beaux, and the knitters leisurely bring up the rear.

Sands' House, also sometimes called Yellow Sands, was a great mark in the street near its north end. If the ass, with its meek head bent to fate, is not standing at the door ready to draw the yellow sand through the town, the chances are it is heigh-hoing over its thistles in the yard. Poor Sands! How often we debated whether you or your ass had the harder fortune. I stood up for the ass then as the least unhappy of the two; and, now that I think of that daughter of yours that went to shame, and that son of yours that was sent to the hulks before your poor old bent back was straightened in its coffin, I see no cause to change the opinion. Poor Sands! As I write I think I see his folded form—his knees inbent, his long arms between his hips and protruded shoulders, like a belt keeping him from falling forward, and hear his asthmatic breathing, as he totters by the ass's head, in the intervals of his feeble "Sand O." Rest his bones! they had small justice when here.

The Rowan-tree, called the "Roddin" tree, to the south of the pump on the opposite side of it, was a great mark, with its thin shank and berries aloft—not unfitting emblem of the poverty of the Old Street, and the bitterness that qualified what of beauty there was in it.

It stood by the haunted house—a point of terror in the street. The house was a ruin in which the boys thought nothing of playing by day; at night it took the courage of three of them to run past it close to the opposite wall.

The whole street was superstitious, and it was agreed that the place was "no canny." The children were kept in order through their terror of the "Bogie" who visited the ruins o' nights. Bogie had horns and a tail—that we knew. The wright saw him one moonlight night turning in to his haunt; the tail was manifest. The same night the tailor saw him looking over the front wall; the horns were clear against the sky. Bogie spent his nights in manufacturing blue lights, which he sent flying over the burgh to settle on the roofs of dying men. They were called "Death's candles." It was at him the dogs howled when there was any one sick in the street. All the falling stars were aimed at the "Roddin" tree.

But the greatest mark for the boys was near the south end of the street—"The Carter's"—the worthy man! There was an open space there; more was the pity, for the carter had long struggled to save enough to build a house upon it. I think I can see him now by the stable-door, through the high paling against which the old coup-cart has been standing many years with its idle heels in the air. I make up my mind to ask him for a ride when he leads out Brown Tom.

The reason why "The Carter's" was the greatest mark was, that opposite it stood the smithy, with sparks flying about; and of nights, the glare of its windows forcing the darkness back from the open space, where in the winter evenings the boys played, going at intervals to the smithy to be allowed to blow the bellows as a favour. In summer they played their games there, "How many miles to Babylon?" "Who goes round the house at this time of night?" and many others; and had trials of pluck and strength. In winter it was the rendezvous of parties of "Ho spy, Ho!" and in other games that required one.

Passing down the Old Street, you could see reflected in the exteriors of the houses the rank and condition of the inhabitants. In many the windows are battered; the naked stones show their

unhewn sides through the gaps in the plaster on the walls; and the doors nearly off their hinges hang in on the clay floors, dirty and full of inequalities. In these the thatch is in rags, and the chimney cans—little old casks—seem ashamed of their position, and to be trying to come down. In others of the same size and fashion the window-panes are whole and clear; the walls and door-steps are whitewashed, and the roofs tight and trim. In some the window-facings are raised with plaster, and painted pink or yellow; the mullions of the windows are in gay colours, and there are flower-pots on the sills. Through the open doors, that in one or two cases are adorned with knockers, you can see the well-washed and sanded wooden floors. All the houses have a “but and a ben,” and attic rooms over each. In most of them there live as many as four families—a family to a room. On the whole, you can see that the street contains a poor and ill-conditioned people. The windows alone show that—windows that show the state of a house as the eyes of a man betray him.

There is no West-end in the Old Street; how could there be? but it has its aristocracy. A glance shows you that there are here upper and middle classes, clearly distinguished from one another and the lowest grade. The fact is proclaimed by the houses; by the groups of children at play at “The Carter’s.” See how the little fellows with the whole clothes and washed faces condescend to their company. They are treated as superior beings, *i. e.* with cuffs from the unwashed, who preponderate, and are jealous of their superiority. There isn’t a child in the lot whose father has above a pound a week on which to support his family. But beneath a pound a week there are as many social gradations as there are halfpence in its change in coppers.

The society shades down from old Mackenneth to the parish pauper. Old Mack, with his pension, and pump, and power of cutting off the water supply, is the autocrat of the street. Not far behind him is the popular Corporal

Shaw, who proclaims with the funeral-bell the insufficiency of his government allowance. Of paupers there are not a few; of persons keeping out the devil with difficulty, a good many; but there are in the street, at least thirty heads of families who turn out to church of a Sunday, themselves and children, as decently “put on” as any in the burgh. There is much misery in the street; there are many dens of iniquity; but there are in it homes that might serve as models for empires. There are many religious hard-working men and women there, and children trained to fear God and their parents. It is a poor, and, it is said in the burgh, a wicked street; but there is on it the light of many acts of charity and mercy, daily done by folk to whom the performance is no amusement, but a solemn duty to which kindness and Christian feeling impel them.

Take just a peep at the street on a Sunday. Swaggers, the wright, Beau Brummel of the Old Street, bows almost to falling as he passes, his hand gracefully indicating the curve in which his head is to follow. He goes by in his corduroy breeches and blue stockings, a splash of red cotton handkerchief from the left coat-pocket, his hand in the right pressing the garment home and down on his waist; his cap is set on one side, and his legs are thrown out right and left at each stride, as if he every minute intended to throw them away and be done of them. Mrs. Matty, in her white “mutch” fresh from the Italian iron, white neck-napkin, and apron, and neat pin-spot, looks after him with a smile, thinking perhaps of his grannie, and wife, and bairns, who haven’t come out of a Sunday for years for want of decent clothing. The bow-legged tailor twists quickly along, rocking the trotting little fellow in the new “gingum” and hose, and black beaver, whose hand he holds. After him goes pretty sweet Mary Montgomery, the flower of the street, left in it as a gem at a pawn-broker’s; pledge of affection in circumstances requiring concealment. Will the coach ever drive down the Old

Street, and pull up at the Mason's door? as folk believe it will some day: and the lady and gentleman step out and throw themselves weeping on her neck, and own her for their daughter. As the bright thing trips along, Swaggers chances to look round, and seeing her, curves to the left, ducking in a way inconsistent with the free play of his limbs, and almost falls.

Going to church; going to labour, or returning from it; lounging at their doors of a summer evening; sitting in rows at the "catechising," how convey any idea of the folk of the Old Street? In the variety and strength of their individualities, they defy me. There are among them no representative characters properly speaking. The Old Street, like the House of Commons, consisted of people each of whom represented a class somewhere else, and not among themselves. I must just say something of the few who were most distinctly marked off from the rest by peculiarities in their characters and lives.

There was Kate, whom every one liked; the secret of her popularity lying in the sweetness of her disposition, and devotedness as a daughter—certainly not in her personal attractions. She was short and stout, almost round like a cask, with arms like peg-tops. Her black hair, cut almost as short as a boy's, was always in disorder; its natural clusters being the only points of formal beauty about her. Yet I cannot say that she was not *good-looking*; her face was always lighted up by a good and kindly spirit. Her eyes were large and tender like a cow's; the good-humoured, though ridiculous, distortion on her face would have been a sweet smile on finer features. She was not tidy; but how could she be so? Her tatters were better suited to keep away pride than the winds. Her head and feet were always bare; and as she carried her milk-pails, she rolled from side to side; "shougled," as they said in the Old Street. She was never seen without the pails or a barrow—cows' milk or cows' food. No boy allowed her to pass without offering to help her along; to every

child that she met with her barrow, she offered a ride in it. The barrow was called "Kate's coach," in the Old Street; and what with the coach and the pails, no beast of burden was harder worked, no duchess happier.

Kate's house was at the extreme north end of the street; her cow and parents were both mysteries. We boys never saw them; yet we knew they existed; the milk we got at breakfast was from Kate's cow, and all Kate's faithful toil was on account of the old people. Her father was said to have been seen about occasionally; her mother had been paralyzed for years. The cow had never been seen at all that I know of—had received a strict "home education," on "draff," and "burnt ale," sliced turnips, and boiled whins; to fetch which, the "coach" had to come forth so frequently. Some said it was the cow that at low tide nipped the grass off the river banks; but for this there was no proper authority. One thing we knew, that from dawn till dark in the longest summer-day, Kate fagged for the cow and the old folk.

Such was Kate. Passing through the Old Street many years after I ceased to live in it, I met her with her coach. Her fat face was a little furrowed, falling in; her feet were still bare, but on her head there was an old cap, and not a few grey hairs. Was it the old gown? There could be no doubt about the old smile and eyes, though they beamed through a faint cloud of care. She sat down on her wheelbarrow to speak to me, evidently weary; and told me in a low voice that the old folk were gone now, and that she felt lonely in the old house and had nothing to work for, and worked hard only because it was a way she had got into. I looked after her as she proceeded down the street. The fifth generation of little ones in the Old Street were soliciting a ride in the coach; the fourth as anxious as the first to help her along.

How regardless, seemingly, is Providence of what we call virtue! There is a poor-house in our burgh now, and I was there a few days ago inquiring

after some old acquaintance. On a low stool in a corner sat a toothless, grey creature, crooning with her hands against her lank jaws. What a change from the Kate of my early recollections! There was so much that was beautiful and heroic in her life; she was of so happy a disposition, so eager to deny herself to afford pleasure to others; the spectacle overpowered me. The old fogey, who had ridden many times in her coach, sat down by her and tried to bring himself to her recollection. For a minute or two she regarded me with listlessness; but suddenly a flush of the old light illumined her eyes, and the pressure of her skinny hand that I held in mine, assured me that I was recognised.

It so happens that in my recollection of the Old Street, the figure of Corporal Shaw is for ever pegging up and down it, so that I cannot avoid sketching him here. He lived in the house opposite the Roddin-tree; one less courageous would not have dared to do so. He had lost his left leg in the wars; and, when I first knew him, used to peg about idly, or stand at corners with his cronies, a cutty ever in his cheek, and a three-cornered hat planted on his philoprogenitiveness. He was a rare sight to see, with his hard, dry, deeply furrowed face, and thin white whiskers standing well forward to his nose, his old blue coat, brass buttons, and velveteens. Much more was he a treat to hear. He liked a two-handed crack; but in his cups no small audience afforded scope for his talents. He would declaim in the street to the first person he met as if he were an assembly; nor had he ever to wait long for a crowd. Clearing his throat, and whiffing his pipe "to keep her in," were acts which, breaking the torrent of his talk, gave it piquancy, and which were always cheered by the boys. He rarely talked politics, and was essentially a humourist, except when on the greatness of the country, or of the Old Street. These he laid too deeply to heart to make texts for fun. The word "genius" had somehow got into the street, and it was agreed that the popular Corporal was a man of genius.

For a time he held the post of ringer of the funeral bell; he had but to hold it tightly in his hand, and peg along, to ring it by the jerky motion of his walk. As ringer, it was his business to carry the bier and plant it by the dead's door. When on this duty he would often look into the street to see his old woman; at one time the wood of sad omen stood almost daily at his own door. The neighbours, who knew that he loved his wife well, used to say in joke that he was always calling round with the bier to see whether she was ready to go off on it yet. It stood by their door at last in sad earnest for both of them.

Some years before he died he took to drinking, and was dismissed from the public service. It was in retirement that he shone out with the greatest lustre. For a while after his disgrace he was inconsolable; by and by, plucking up, he divided his time between his old cronies at the public-house and the boys at the carter's. When his old woman pounced upon him in the midst of us, he would try to stand on his one leg—sometimes on the peg, which was very ridiculous—to satisfy her that he was quite sober and not liable to be led home. When age began to be heavy upon him he became a reformed character, and spent his time mostly with the boys. He made speeches to them, and was umpire in their games; once he led them in person against their enemies. Between a quarter of the town called the Whitefriars and the Old Street there was a long-standing feud. The boys of the two districts had from time immemorial joined battle with stones on the links by the river, and one year the Corporal having put the Old Street through drill, conceived the idea of buying a drum and heading the forces. The drum bumped against his peg as he strode to the links; we whistled and clattered stones in rank behind him. In sight of the enemy he made us a speech, which, however, was cut short by falling shot from their slings. We fought and conquered. I shall never forget the pride of that evening when we marched to the Corporal's rat-at-tat into the

very heart of the skulking enemy's quarters.

A paralysis in his right leg at last deprived us of him altogether. Before he was yet dead, the boys had instituted a game called "The Corporal"—one with his leg doubled and knee resting on a peg, putting on a three-cornered hat of brown paper, and going through all the forms and ceremonies which the Corporal insisted on when with us, repeating such tags of his speeches as stayed on our memories and mimicking his grimaces.

What a contrast to the noisy veteran was Jamie the Hermit, whose form I can yet see passing like a shadow down the long street. He lived in the house next to the Roddin-tree on the south—a house which was regarded with general interest. I can recall its every lineament. The glass in its windows is clear, and where panes are wanting their place is supplied by boards neatly fitted into the frame. There is but one room, on which the door opens. The articles of furniture are few. There is a plain deal stool and a little table; a pail of water covered with a rough towel stands by a little pan under the dresser, on which are a couple of plates and a bowl. In the corner beyond the fire is the bed, a litter of straw covered by a counterpane of carpet stuff. A couple of burning peats lie the one across the other in their white ashes.

Here is Jamie coming down the street. He may be forty-five years of age; is about five feet six in height, and stoutly built. His wide trousers do not reach down to his ankles; he is barefooted. His coat is very small for him; it was a swallow-tail once, but the tails have been docked to patch the body. His coat is buttoned in front down to the last button; and when he looks up, and raises his large brown beard, you can see that he has no shirt on. The coat-sleeves are short, and his wrists are exposed, like his ankles. His head is bare; his hair cut short; but his face is so covered with hair that the only features visible are the lofty and wrinkled forehead and the eyes.

The form and size of his coat and trousers are their least remarkable characteristics. They have both been patched and repatched with such a variety of stuffs—white, grey, black, blue—he looks like an animated patchwork. He was never seen with a single rent in his dress; scrupulously clean, he may also be said to be scrupulously neat.

As he approaches, you mark weariness in his eyes; they wander over you, look past you, obliquely at you; they never settle. There is no wildness in them; on the contrary, an excessive gentleness. If they ever look keen, it is through their ripeness for tears. His nails are long; they haven't been cut for years; but they are very clean, like everything else about him.

Jamie was born in the Old Street, of pious parents, whom he lost in early life, but not before they had developed in him a sense of religion that ripened into enthusiasm in his highly conscientious and untrained mind. It was said that he could repeat the whole of the Scriptures from memory without committing a mistake; it was certain he gave himself up implicitly to fulfilling all the duties which he conceived them to lay upon him. He lived so simply in the old house—one of two left to him by his father—that the cost of a day's provisions for another man sustained him for a week. His fare was bread and water, potatoes and salt. On these he found that he could live, and he did so. The maxim ever on his tongue was, "Try all things; hold fast that which is good." These he found good, and held fast; and, so little did he know of the world, I can fancy that he was sincere in thinking that he *had* tried all things. His hair was cut short, because "long hair is a shame unto a man;" and he wore no covering on his head, "for a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God." For the rest, his sole study was how to mortify his flesh; and it was said that beneath his coarse coat he often wore sackcloth and ashes.

The boys in the Old Street took off

their caps, and were hushed at his approach. Awe mixed with their respect for one whose manner of life was so different from that of other men.

He was very unobtrusive, but if any one chose to speak to him he would answer freely, and justify from Scripture the mode of life which he observed. He would gently, at parting, cover the difference of opinion between himself and his interrogator by saying that here at best they saw but as through a glass darkly, and express the hope that they would yet meet in the next world, and come to a perfect understanding. He spoke to all men as to brothers. He so often said we were all brothers—we men—took such pleasure in saying it, it was as if somehow he had crept into life without kindred, and cherished his relationship to the human family—that only family without a hearth of some sort—as giving him a *locus standi* in a world in which he were otherwise an interloper. But though unobtrusive, he would sometimes approach the openly vicious, and reprove them with a boldness in odd contrast with his gentle nature. Mrs. A—— was a stout, wild woman, who kept the principal public-house in the Old Street—the “Change House,” as it was called. There was frequently clamour and terror round her door. Often did Jamie reprove her. I remember him one day passing with his usual quietness as she was in the act of striking a poor woman who was waiting about for a chance of leading home her husband who was drinking in the house. Jamie sprang forward to prevent the blow; and with a dignity that I was surprised to see him assume, rebuked her in the name of religion and humanity. “A fig,” said she, “for your sermons! I’m making money.” He approached till his forefinger touched her breast: “Woman,” said he with a touching sorrowfulness, his whole mood suddenly changed, “the Lord reigneth; thy feet shall slide in due season.” They did, for I know she died a beggar. He never paid visits to the neighbours; the only threshold in the street that he ever crossed uninvited was that

of the terrible Maury Duggan, on whose floor in her lifetime perhaps no other human being saving himself ever stood. One night, not long before the wretched old Maury died, I heard him singing by her in her dark room, “The Lord’s my shepherd, I’ll not want,” while she, rejecting his consolations, mumbled curses at him to begone.

He had long periods of fasting; and at last the body which he made it his business to mortify could bear its trials no longer. He had fasted several days before his illness, coming abroad as usual. Though he never begged, it was known that he was often in want, and by a common understanding of the neighbours his simple necessities were always provided for. Whether his last fast was voluntary, no one could say; he neither complained during it nor in the interval between the discovery of his great weakness of body and his death. Two days passed between his being last seen abroad and the fear arising that all was not right with him. When the neighbours entered his room, there was nothing in it to eat or drink, and poor Jamie lay on his pallet, too feeble to raise himself. Everything was done that could be done to restore him; the neighbours took turn about of tending him during the night. In a few days he fevered, and the dispensary doctor thought it proper that his head should be shaved. The fever left him before he died; he rallied a little, and there was hope of his recovery; but his frame was worn out, and he ultimately sank. I was brought to see him the day before his death by my mother, who had always been a good friend to him. There wasn’t a hair on his head or face, and there was nothing by which to recognise him. When we entered he appeared to be sleeping, and the room was as hushed—though there were several women in it—as if it were empty. By and by he moved, and was understood to express a desire to speak to Mrs. A—— the publican. The wish surprised every one; but Mrs. A—— was sent for. When the virago, who after all had a woman’s heart in her, entered the

room, she didn't look at any of us, but went and seated herself by the bedside. Jamie said nothing for some time; she had taken his hand in hers, and he looked up wistfully at her, and appeared to be praying. At last he said something to the effect, as I gathered, that she would never see him nor be troubled by him any more; and I think he showed that he felt that towards her he had not always acted in the spirit of long-suffering and charity. When I left the room she was sobbing aloud on her knees by his low bed, with her face covered with her apron.

I said Jamie was the only person in the street, so far as I knew, who ever crossed the threshold of Maury Duggan. Maury was an Irish beggar-woman, who had long lived in the street; whence, or how she came into it, no one knew. She was very ugly, a shapeless mass of dirty rags, with a wicked, restless grey eye, set in a deeply wrinkled and bearded face. She was very bad; the world was in a conspiracy to keep alive her evil passions. She was believed to be uncanny, and it was whispered that she had the evil eye. There wasn't a mother in the street would stand at the door with her babe in her arms if she saw Maury coming along. I don't wonder that they got out of her way. As her image crosses my brain, I draw back with somewhat of the old feeling with which I shrank from her as a boy. She was the ugliest human being I ever saw living, and the first I ever saw dead.

Her house was a point of terror in the street; yet the boys were often drawn to it in spite of, perhaps because of, their fears. She lived a little north of the pump, on the opposite side of the street, in a room with an earthen floor, below the level of the roadway, and on to which the rain-water often ran and settled in pools. There was no glass in her windows; the upper part of the frame was away altogether, and across the open space, hung an old gown—poor shelter in the cold nights. Some of the squares in the lower frame were filled with panes of wood; into others

were stuffed bundles of rags, which, I regret to say, the boys often pushed in of a night, in order to look at Maury. There was a state of war between her and them, in the conduct of which there was nothing that wasn't legitimate.

Often when the mischief had been done was I led by curiosity to the window, to look in like the rest. I never saw a candle burning there; only a few times did I see a fire. Once when it was snowing without, I remember a little spark on the hearth, and Maury blowing it with her mouth. Often we looked in on utter darkness, in which she was muttering to herself; and once I remember, on a boy striking a light, we saw her seated on the floor, with her knees drawn up, rocking to and fro, opposite the vacant fireplace.

When she came out to beg, such of the boys as could trust their hands to touch her rags, often pulled her about, and wherever she appeared, the cry "Maury Duggan, Maury Duggan," was raised. Experience had taught her the policy of suffering quietly; but sometimes her face would suddenly fire up with fiendish emotions, and she would turn on her savage tormentors, curse them, and strike at them with her stick. I have seen her, when baffled by her nimble foes, go down on her knees and invoke curses on their heads that are heavy on my memory to this hour. Sometimes she would surprise them with a volley of stones picked up in the distance. If, before I was ten years old, I was familiar through her face with the expression of every hateful human passion, the conduct of the boys to her anticipated for me much that I have since learned of the cruelty of untutored savages.

My recollection of Maury is not softened by much pity. She never, that I am aware, gave a sign of kindness, womanly feeling, humanity. I cannot say that the neighbours did not pity and assist her. They did both; but they feared her who never spoke but in curses to their bairns. I have often since thought, that she was one between whom and children war was the only



possible relation. If she never tried to win them by kindness—how would they have received kindness from one made by nature so ungainly? Poor wretch! one evening, as she was entering her lair she was seen to totter forwards, and fall in over the door-step. On being taken up she was found to be dead.

I have often tried to picture for myself the early life of such a being. From the cradle and unspotted innocence to such an end, what a history!

What scenes rise before me in closing these recollections, that would defy the most skilful pencil. Not all lovely. At one I clench my fists—a pale, little woman, with dishevelled hair and blood on her thin face from a recent wound, running with a cry from a man in his shirt-sleeves, who, bare-headed, staggers after her with a cleaver. What a life she led yoked to that man! Yet often I saw her sitting at the door-step, when the sun shone, knitting and looking perfectly cheerful. It puzzled me that she could even for a moment seem happy. And indeed there was much in the Old Street to force even a very young person to think how those whom we call “the wretched” live on and endure. I remember I used to fancy that the preserving principle was conceit blinding them to circumstances. We had none so wretched among us but looked with pity, if not contempt, on many of his neighbours. Nor am I now certain that the fancy is without a

degree of truth. I have never known a human being, however miserable, that did not despise some class of his brothers; the most wretched I ever saw despised a whole nation. I was coming through one of our slums when I met her. At the head of a close sat the dirty stucco-faced woman, about forty years of age, with her knees drawn up to her chin. Her smirched and tattered cap had fallen on to her right shoulder; her dark hair was all rumpled, and a string of it hung down between her fishy eyes. Her arms hung before her, and she was trying, with her head slightly turned on one side, to suck into her mouth the tangle of hair that fell over her face. As I drew near, a storm of curses burst from the inner court, and, looking in, I saw a ruffian in rags ducking, to avoid a missile flung at him with an oath by a woman who, standing out to the waist from a window in the uppermost story, was shaking her fists at him, while farther up the court a mass of wretches were hustling over some one who had fallen. I turned to ask what was the matter. She was occupied as when I first saw her. Neither the fight nor my stopping to see it had disturbed her. On my question she looked up, and saying, with what in a lady would have been the tone of languor, “It’s merely them miserable Irish,” she resumed her amusement.

## BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

BY E. VANSITTART NEALE.

AMONG the various subjects of interest contained in that rich storehouse of valuable information, the recent work where Sir Emerson Tennant has gathered together the fruits of personal observation and extensive research, to illustrate the natural productions and scenery, the history and antiquities, the customs and institutions of the beautiful island of Ceylon, no mean place must be allotted

to his picturesque descriptions of “the numerous ecclesiastical buildings, whose number and magnitude form a remarkable characteristic” of that country; its rock temples with their gigantic statues, and its curious *Dhagobas*, or relic shrines.

These edifices, not less venerable from their antiquity than imposing from their size (one of the *Dhagobas* dates from B.C. 289, and another built B.C. 87, was

405 feet high and 1130 in circumference), carry us back to the thoughts of a man who quitted this earthly scene about 2,400 years before our day, leaving behind him a name not soon to pass away; a man to whom the title of a religious hero may be justly applied, if the exercise of a prodigious influence on the religious belief of mankind gives the right to such a title; and who is not less deserving of it from his private character—so far as this is discernible by us through the uncertain haze of tradition—to Siddartha of the royal race of Sákya, known in Indian history as Gautama Buddha.

Those shrines were raised to receive his relics, or the relics of the early propagators of his doctrines. Those statues represent him in the various acts of meditation, or teaching, or blessing. Ceylon is full of traces of him. Natural objects, as well as human works, bear witness to his memory. In the mass of hornblende and schist which forms the almost perpendicular summit of Adam's Peak, is a curious indentation, alleged to be the mark of Buddha's footstep. The *peepul*, a species of fig, conveys in its other name of *bo-tree*, an allusion to his story; and the legends attached to a venerable specimen of it still flourishing among the ruins of Avnarajapoorá, take us back 2,149 years, to the time when Mahindu, the missionary son of Asoka, the then pious ruler of all northern India, came to preach to the Ceylonese the word of Buddha.

Nor are these the memorials of an extinct belief; hieroglyphics of a past, regarded by the present only with aversion or indifference. In the Viharas, or monasteries, which, as Sir E. Tennant assures us, still preserve their ancient organization, the ascetic priests, whose "humble thatched dwellings" surround the central temple, teach now the same doctrines as their predecessors taught beneath the palm groves of Ceylon, when Pyrrhus was invading Italy, and Ptolemy Philadelphus reigned over Egypt.

In Ceylon and Burma, in Siam, and the adjoining peninsulas of Southern

Asia, in Nepaul and Tibet, among the Mongols whose name once spread terror throughout Europe, in the populous islands of the Japanese empire, and among the swarming millions of China, the doctrine of Gautama Buddha still is, and for many centuries has been, the prevailing belief. The cave temples of Ellora, and the numerous *Topes*, or *Dhagobas*, scattered over Central and Northern India, and the Punjab, tell of the time when its influence was recognized from the mouths of the Ganges to the mountains of Cabool—an influence which lasted for at least 1,000 years. Even now, though in these populous districts it has yielded to the older national creed of Brahminism, it is the religion of nations whose population, if that of China be taken at the 330,000,000 assigned to it by the most recent authorities, is little short of 400,000,000.

And this prodigious extension has not resulted from the natural diffusion of some race, which, spreading over the earth, has carried its hereditary creed with it; nor yet is it due, like the spread of Mahometanism, to the fiery zeal of a conquering people. The faith of Buddha originated from a single point, from an individual, whose existence is as certain as that of Confucius or Socrates; and whose death modern inquirers agree in fixing in 543 B.C. It has spread from land to land through the zeal of learned missionaries, by argument and conviction, not through violence. Its annals, indeed, are marked by a singular spirit of toleration. If we except the doubtful history of one religious war, between a reforming party in Tibet, and those whom they endeavoured to reform, its orthodox adherents have contented themselves with denouncing the punishments of a future world against the heretics whose doctrines they unflinchingly repudiated; and have left them in this world unmolested by the civil power. And although Buddhism appears to have been rooted out of India by persecution, we do not find that either there or elsewhere, the Buddhist priesthood have resorted to persecution for its establishment.

Under these circumstances, the inquiry whence Buddhism has derived its power of growth; what there can be in it to constitute its mighty hold upon men's minds, is one of no small interest: and that interest is increased by a remarkable peculiarity attending this belief. Buddhism has all the external signs of a religion. Wherever it has existed, temples and shrines have arisen. We find in all Buddhist countries a splendid ceremonial of worship, crowds of worshippers, forms of prayer in use in order to obtain benefits or ward off injury. Its sacred legends are interwoven with miracles of the most astonishing kind. And yet inquirers, deeply versed in its doctrines, assert that at bottom it is a system of Atheism, denying the existence of any supreme intelligent Deity, and worshipping a being whom its most learned doctors declare to be entirely unconscious of the worship he receives.

There is a mystery here which deserves investigation, and a little time and patience may not be thrown away in examining, as I propose to do, so far as the limits of this paper allow, what the belief known as Buddhism really is, and in what its strength lies.

It lies, as I apprehend, in three things; 1st. In the strong grasp taken by Buddha of a great moral truth, which in every age and country has forced itself upon the thoughts of meditative men. 2ndly. In a bold philosophical system, by which this moral truth is raised into a universal law of existence. 3rdly. In the formation of institutions which have arisen out of the application of this system to actual life, and have given to it the power of penetrating into the heart of society.

"Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "all is vanity—all things are full of labor"—man cannot utter it. The eye is not "satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with "hearing . . . I have seen all the works "that there are under the sun, and behold "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." On this truth, which, more or less, finds an echo in every breast, Siddartha *Sakya*, *i.e.* the hermit of Sakya, took his stand with the Jewish preacher; but, unlike the latter, he did not stop

there. The difference will be best understood by the story of his early life; a story so consistent with his subsequent teachings, that I venture to assume its main outlines to be real, notwithstanding the dazzling mist of legendary wonder cast around them.

Siddartha, then, was the eldest son of the king of Capila; a town situated near the present Goruckpoor. Tall, handsome, with large blue eyes and a lofty forehead, endowed with great personal strength, and married to the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring prince, he lived till nearly the age of twenty-nine immersed in the enjoyments which his station permitted. But at that period, the sight of an old decrepit man, of a leper, and of a corpse, led him to meditate on his own liability to age, sickness, and death; while, shortly afterwards, the countenance of a brahminical devotee whom he accidentally met, fascinated him by the contrast of its calm tranquillity with the restless and jaded expression of his father's courtiers. Soon his mind is made up; he tears himself away from his sleeping wife, casting only one glance on his infant son as it slumbered in her arms, rides rapidly to the banks of the river Amoma, there cuts off with his own hands his long hair, dismisses his sole attendant, assumes the garb of a *Bhikshu*, *i.e.* a religious mendicant, and begs his first meal in the town of Rabagriha, near Guya; overcoming his disgust at the coarse food, by reflecting, "Let element join element."

The king of the city was an old friend; but vainly did he endeavour to draw Siddartha back to the enjoyments of his station. He withdrew into the forest, and there spent six years in meditation and abstinence; patiently striving, with such help as a few Brahminical ascetics could afford him, to solve the mystery of his own existence, and that of the universe. At the end of this period, he renounced the effort to subdue his will by austerities which, as he discovered, did but weaken his body, and cloud his intellect; concentrated his attention on the discipline of

his spiritual nature, resumed the alms-bowl, and the habit of eating in moderation of common food, and after seven weeks of profound meditation spent under different trees, ending with the bo-tree, *i.e.* the tree of wisdom, claimed to have attained the revelation of supreme intelligence, and came forth as Buddha, *i.e.* "the all-knowing," to reveal to mankind the path to the City of Peace. The patronymic of Gautama served as a distinction from other Buddhas, whom he believed to have been his predecessors.

The visions of Swedenborg, and the dreams of an intuitive knowledge of the whole mystery of existence, which have filled Germany in our own days, may explain the pretensions of Gautama Buddha, without obliging us to impugn his sincerity. I proceed to indicate the path of deliverance which he pointed out.

The source of human misery, he said, is unwise desire. Mankind are the victims of covetousness, enmity, impurity, and ignorance of good, gross and sluggish of soul, because unaccustomed to the exercises of meditation. They are like a clump of many knotted bamboos, whose branches and leaves are so entangled that none can be extricated. In this state sorrows of every kind hang heavily on the horizon of their life.

From it there are four stages to complete deliverance.

The first stage is the renunciation of self-confidence. Men say, "we are;" "this is ours;" as if they could live for ever. The entrance to the path of wisdom is to learn the transitory nature of ourselves, all our knowledge and all our possessions, to look out for a wiser teacher, and to value his precepts. Thus will the three lowest knots of the bamboo be cleared.

The second stage carries on the learner, by appropriate meditation, to the renunciation of self-complacency, and of the disposition to wish evil to others: clearing two more knots.

The third stage teaches us to renounce the attachment to every thing which gives pleasure to eye, or ear, or smell, or

taste, or touch; and to soar on the wings of meditation into a region of calm equanimity, whence the objects of sense appear too mean and insignificant to awaken desire.

Ten knots of the bamboo are now cleared. Of the elements of existence there remains thought only. Is any further advance possible? Buddha answers, Yes. There is still a fourth stage before sorrow can be finally vanquished. It is to renounce all desire of existence, even of the existence of pure thought. Raise yourselves to this point of self-renunciation, and you will attain a joy inexpressible, a peace which can never pass away; you will become an *Arhat*, *i.e.* a high and worthy one, and float far above all the sorrow of existence, in the cloudless region of absolute tranquillity. In Buddhist language you will attain the fruition of *Nirwana*, *i.e.* the state of breathing away, which on the death of the body will finally await you.

Such was Buddha's exposition of the great moral truth which lies at the bottom of his system, the truth that human life is full of sorrow, because it is full of selfish desire; whence Buddha inferred that the path to deliverance lay in the entire renunciation of all desire, including the desire of existence.

Had he stopped at the enunciation of this principle, he might perhaps have founded a philosophical sect; but he never would have influenced the body of mankind. His sway over them has arisen from the boldness with which he raised his exposition of this moral truth into the regulating principle of all sentient being.

He taught that birth in this world, is not the beginning, nor death the end of life. In one vast unending round the tide of being flows on. Every creature is subject to production, growth, decay, and re-production. There are countless universes besides this earth, but all are formed on the same plan, and are themselves subject to the same law of formation, decay, and renovation. Four continents lie around a great central mountain, Meru, about which,

sun and moon, and planets and stars, revolve. Beyond these continents is the encircling ocean; beneath them is hell; above them are the heavens, in three successive stages; the first completing the world of sense, of which hell and our earth form a part; the second constituting the world of form; the third constituting the formless world. And hell, and each of the upper worlds have many subdivisions. Life in these heavens and in the hells is prolonged to periods of vast extent, which are spent, by the inhabitants of the hells in unspeakable torments; by those of the heavens in enjoyments greatly surpassing the enjoyments of earth. But everywhere there is death: neither the pains of hell, nor the joys of the heavens are endless. And death is everywhere followed, so long as the desire of existence has not been overcome, by re-birth either into one of the hells, or heavens, or into some form of sentient existence upon earth; the particular condition of each individual being determined by the accumulated merit or demerit of his or her past existence. Cruelty and covetousness, and falsehood and lust, and drunkenness, and other vices will heap up a stock of demerit, producing re-birth in one of the hells, or at least in some wretched condition of life upon earth, according to the amount of demerit in store. The practice of the opposite virtues will insure re-birth in one of the heavens, or in some desirable condition upon earth, according to the store of accumulated merit. And the law of merit and demerit is declared in every universe by Buddhas; whose number, and the times of their appearance is determined when the universe is formed; and who, by the mysterious internal power of their will, are led to follow during long ages the desire of becoming the deliverers of their brethren, and to exercise in repeated births the virtues whose collective merit opens to them at length the fountain of boundless wisdom, whence all who will may quench the thirst of existence. For sentient being has its deep root in the ignorance of true wisdom, whence arises thought,

and from thought consciousness, and from consciousness body and mind, and from these the organs of perception, and from the action of these organs the various modes of desire, and from desire the modes of actual existence, which finds its expression in birth, and growth, and sorrow, and decay, till death breaks up the elements of the individual life, but leaves the re-productive power subsisting to run the same round again.

A weary round! yet one from which wisdom, embodied in the Buddhas, offers to all alike the knowledge of the way of deliverance; or, if this road is too hard for any to travel to its final stage, then offers to them at least the means of securing as much happiness as is compatible with their still remaining desire. Of the Buddhas belonging to the universe of the earth, Gautama declared himself to be the fourth; the appointed number being five, of whom the last would appear 5,000 years after Gautama's decease to renew his doctrine, which, in obedience to the universal law of decay, would by that time be neglected and forgotten, as had been the case with the teachings of his predecessors.

Such, in its main outlines, was the system of thought which Gautama Buddha preached for forty-five years through Upper and North-Western India, gathering round himself numerous disciples, till, at the age of eighty, he died near Kusinara, in a mango grove, surrounded, it is said, by 500 of his most eminent followers; to whom his dying words were, "*Bhikshus*, I exhort you for the last time,—transitory things are perishable,—qualify yourselves for *Nirwana*."

It remains to describe the institutions which have secured to the teaching of Gautama, its penetrative and enduring power; institutions by which his greatness as a religious inventor is chiefly shown. For we must not suppose that his system of thought was altogether his own. On the contrary, one great cause of the rapid progress of his doctrine lay in the circumstance that its scattered elements formed part of the

received opinions of his countrymen. He worked, as true genius always works, with the materials lying ready to his hand; but he so combined these materials as to give an entirely new impulse to the society among which he appeared: an impulse whose effect is not yet exhausted.

In India, when Gautama taught, as in India now, caste was prevalent. Under the teaching of Gautama, caste disappeared. "My law is a law of mercy for all," said Buddha. "All need my help, and none are excluded from it. To the highest brahmin and the lowest pariah, to the man and the woman, to the rich and the poor, to the virtuous and the criminal, the exercises of self-renunciation are the feet by which they tread the way to repose over the desert of existence. The merit and the reward of every one depend solely on the degree of proficiency attained in these exercises; among the company of the faithful there is no distinction but that arising from the advance made in the paths of peace."

Again, in India, when Gautama began to teach, retirement from the world for the practice of a life of self-mortification was not uncommon. His own history shows this. But the recluses were hermits, acting each for himself, according to his own fancies. Some lived entirely in the forest; some disdained the use of clothes or ablutions; some would eat no flesh; some made a merit of starving or otherwise torturing their bodies. Asceticism ran wild in their hands. Gautama regulated it. He did not prohibit the residence in the forest, on the contrary, he commended it, and spent much of his own time there; and the word *Pansala*, i. e. leaf dwelling, is the appropriate expression for the residence of the Buddhist priest. But on the fantastic extravagances of ascetic piety he placed a complete check by an elaborate system of rules, in which the dress, the behaviour, the food, and manner of obtaining it, the whole conduct, in short, of those who seek to enter the paths to the city of peace, is minutely prescribed.

The body is to be kept clean, and decently clad in an under dress, a tunic, and a yellow robe, of which the material must be of some vegetable substance, that life may not be sacrificed in making it, and which is to be formed of many patches, that there may be nothing about it to excite vanity. The appetite is to be governed by the priest living upon such food as he can collect in his alms-bowl; and a daily exercise of self-control is provided by the prohibition to eat after mid-day. But if the body is not to be pampered, it is not to be exhausted. "We take care of it," says one of Buddha's most learned followers, "as we take care of a wound; not because we delight in it, but to obtain power for keeping the precepts." The writings of Buddha anticipate the maxim that "bodily exercise profiteth little."

This watchfulness over the extravagances of asceticism naturally led Buddha to encourage his followers to reside together in fixed establishments, where the younger disciples could be trained up in the knowledge and observance of his rules; while the collective body could exercise a healthy control over each of its members. Hence arose that most important of Buddhist institutions, the *Vihara*, i. e. *temple college*, or, in western language, the monastery; that source of spiritual life; and of formalism, the greatest enemy of this life; of strength, by reconciling the individual poverty of the priest with the collective wealth of the order; of weakness, by tempting the rapacity of one age to seize what the piety of its predecessors has bestowed.

By this institution the solitary ascetic was converted into the member of an order of priests, for the temple formed part of the *vihara*. He became a limb in a collegiate body, into which he was received after a novitiate, on proof of competent knowledge, and a blameless life during its continuance, and from which he was liable to be cut off, for grave offences against morals or orthodoxy. But whilst Buddha thus put a bridle upon the excesses of asceticism, he did not destroy the freedom belonging

to the hermit. The priest, during the greater part of the year, may reside out of his vihara, and may, if he so chooses, at any time give up his higher profession without forfeiting his right to be counted among the faithful; nay, may again resume the yellow robe, if in throwing it off he obtained the consent of the members of the vihara to which he belonged.

Through the institution of these collective bodies of priests, Buddha made provision for the diffusion of his doctrines among all classes of the community. He ordained that during the three months of the rainy season the priests should always reside in fixed habitations, and teach *bana*, i.e. the word, to the people. From this practice, which, when Buddha's teaching had been reduced into writing, after his decease, became bound up with the public reading of the holy books, has originated one of the most interesting customs of Ceylon, called *Wass*. During the rainy season, especially at or near the full moon, large bodies of people may be seen collected in the evenings under open circular sheds, usually to be found in the neighbourhood of the viharas; the females in their gayest attire, their hair combed back and fastened with silver pins behind their heads, and the men in cotton dresses of dazzling whiteness. In the centre of the assembly is a platform covered with white cloth, embroidered with moss, flowers, and the young leaves of the cocoa-nut, and hung with coloured lamps, where the priests take their stand, and chant, through the calm nights of that brilliant climate, passages from the sacred books, or from approved comments upon them, while at every repetition of the sacred name of Buddha, the whole body of listeners join in an exclamation of praise.

We are thus brought to the second of the great institutions which have given energy to Buddhism—the formation of bodies of associated laics.

Every religion which seeks to improve human conduct must experience a

difficulty in knowing how to deal with the ever-growing population of those to whom faith in it is a matter of inheritance; but who entertain no strong personal conviction of the belief they profess—the half-converted and half-awakened class of our Western preaching. To Buddhism, this difficulty in dealing with the mass of the population among whom it sought to take root, presented itself in the strongest form; for it placed the goal of perfection in the entire renunciation of self: a renunciation necessarily involving a life of celibacy and the abandonment of all personal property. “To people its heavens” it must truly “have unpeopled earth.” How was it to treat the numerous class who might lend a favourable ear to its teachings, who might be ready to take the first steps towards the city of peace, to exercise the lower grades of self-denial, but who had not resolution enough to carry them all the way along the sacred path. “Let them associate themselves with us as far as they can go,” is Gautama's reply. “Let them renounce confidence in themselves. Let them profess their readiness to take refuge in Buddha, in the truth, *Dharma*, and in the associated saints, *Sangha*; and then let them take upon themselves the voluntary obligation to keep as many as they can of the fundamental precepts which forbid the sins of body, speech, or mind—murder, theft, adultery, lying, slander, abuse, unprofitable conversation, covetousness, malice, drunkenness, gambling, idleness, bad company, &c. These shall be our lay brothers and sisters. If any are unwilling to pledge themselves for the whole of life, let them fix the duration of the obligation at some shorter period. The voluntary observance of the precepts, or any one of them, were it but for a single day, is a step onwards upon the road, and sows a seed of merit which will not fail to bear its fruit. In some future birth their good deeds may earn for them the blessedness of a clearer insight into the teachings of true wisdom; and the conviction of the nothingness and misery

“of existence may give them resolution  
“enough to cross the ocean of being and  
“gain the shore of unending rest.”

Thus did Buddha fulfil his profession of opening the way of deliverance to all mankind. That the spread of Buddhism was greatly due to the influence of these lay brethren, among whom the rich, the noble, and the great could find a place without abandoning their wealth and social position, seems clear. The accounts of the early Buddhist missionaries constantly distinguish the number of converts from the number of those who followed the perfect life. The inscriptions on the colonnade round the great tope at Sanchi, described by Major Cunningham, commemorate the names of lay brethren among the donors of the pillars. The zeal of many of the monarchs of India, China, and Ceylon, for the spread of Buddhism is clearly attested, and they could not be ascetic recluses. At a recent period, Mr. Judson found the most popular expounder of Buddhism at Rangoon to be a lay brother, who had been a priest but had returned to common life; and Mr. Hardy, in his “Eastern Monachism,” gives an account of a recent reforming movement among the Buddhists of Ceylon, which originated in the zeal of a layman, who subsequently obtained ordination as a priest in Burma.

What has been said may show wherein the strength of this remarkable creed principally consists. Let me add a few words on its weakness.

1st. Buddhism is weak intellectually, from the same cause whence arises the weakness of all philosophies which lay claim to intuitive knowledge, namely, their collision with the results of experimental investigation. The hells and heavens of Buddhism are bound up, with Great Meru; round which sun, moon, planets, and stars revolve. When the learned Buddhist discovers that geography and astronomy dispose of Mount Meru, with its circumjacent continents, and encircling oceans, and circumambient celestial bodies, he must be driven, if he retains his faith, to rationalize away his sacred books; and

as he loses his firm trust in their infallibility, must lose also the foundation of his confidence in that endless reproduction of existence through the operation of desire, which lies at the bottom of his whole system.

2d. Buddhism is weak, intellectually, from its prodigious fondness for the miraculous—a tendency arising, apparently, out of the belief that to him who has attained true wisdom, and thus stands above all the delusions of desire, whence existence springs, this inferior power cannot offer any obstacle, but must yield to his will. The working of miracles is reduced in it to a system, the power being held to be attainable by all true followers of Buddha who perform any of the ten acts of profound meditation called *Kasinas*; though it is admitted that, at the present day, few persons, if any, can perform them aright. The description of these acts would take up too much space to allow of its being given here. It may be sufficient to mention, as some of their results, that they enable the holy performer to multiply his person indefinitely; to pass through the air with the swiftness of wind; to walk on the water; to see through and penetrate solid substances; to create rain, rivers, and seas; to shake the earth or any part of it; to call down fire from heaven; to make his own body or any other substance luminous; to change any substance into the appearance of gold; to produce any figure of any colour he pleases, &c. &c.

Of course, the possession of these powers in their fullest extent is attributed to Buddha. His life and that of his early followers are little more than a series of marvels. How far he himself claimed the possession of any power of this sort, it is not, however, easy to determine. For although his teaching appears to have been committed to writing soon after his decease, the legends about him are of a date so much later, as to have allowed ample time for the growth of a crop of imaginary wonders, whose luxuriance almost conceals the true Sákya from our sight.



For instance, they raise his stature to eighteen cubits ; cover the soles of his feet with 216 peculiar marks, 108 on each ; convert an indentation five feet long, and proportionably wide, existing, as above noticed, on Adam's Peak, into an impression of his footstep ; seen in the constant motion of the leaves of the bo-tree, ever trembling, even in the profoundest calm, on their long slender stalks, a perpetual memorial of the wonderful scene witnessed by this holy plant, when Sákya became Buddha ; and tell how a branch of the original tree spontaneously separated itself, at the prayer of Asoka, from the parent stem, that it might be transported to Ceylon, to edify king Tissa. But the main root of the Buddhist miracles appears to be the desire to assert the superiority of the inward life of wisdom over all outward existence, and the abundant growth of wonders, which has sprung up from it, is not undeserving of study, by those who are curious in the natural history of the miraculous legend.

3rd. Buddhism is weak morally, from the inevitable tendency of every system of minutely regulated religious observances to degenerate into an external formalism. And the same cause appears also to affect its intellectual character, injuriously. At least, modern observers describe the priests in its monasteries, as seeming in many cases to be in a state not far removed from idiocy.

4th. Buddhism is weak morally, from the want of an active principle of goodness in its teachings. Its virtue is essentially negative. It enjoins men to "cease to do evil," but stops short of urging them to "learn to do well." The positive maxims of morality which adorn its practical precepts, and define, often with great beauty, the relative duties of parent and child, husband and wife, master and servant, &c. are rather the offspring of the natural emotions of goodness which spring up whenever the rank growth of selfish passion is destroyed, than the legitimate result of the principles on which it insists. Hence Buddhism has been accused, not without

justice, of being unfruitful in good works. Its priests are said to be generally kind, and hospitable according to their means, and are sometimes famed for medical skill ; and travellers speak of the Vihara's as affording them a friendly welcome, when it has been denied them elsewhere. But no orders like those of the "Sisters of Charity," or the "Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paula," have arisen out of the innumerable cloisters, with which Buddhism has covered the East ; and although hospitals and asylums for cripples, women in their confinement, the blind, the deformed, and the destitute, are recorded as having formerly been founded by the munificence of Buddhist sovereigns, no institutions of this nature seem to spring up from the voluntary action even of the largest Buddhist communities.

Indeed, the disposition out of which such foundations might arise, is curiously distorted by the teaching of the sacred books in respect of the virtue of almsgiving. Alms, they say, are well bestowed in proportion as the recipient of them is worthy of the gift : a proposition in itself indisputable. But since the great motive to the practice of almsgiving or of any other virtue, lies, according to the Buddhist doctrine, in the merit to be acquired by their exercise, and the merit of alms is held to be lessened if the gift is ill-bestowed, it follows that the current of charity is diverted from the simply destitute—whose very destitution is to the Buddhist, at least a presumption of their unworthiness—to be directed to the worthiest on earth, to the community of priests, who are bound to receive the gifts bestowed, that the faithful may acquire merit ; though forbidden by the self-renouncing principles of their creed, to retain them for their private advantage.

In truth, Buddhism is, as its name implies, the Deification of Wisdom. Buddha is the all-wise ; and the doctrine of self-renunciation which forms the moral strength of his system, springs from a lively conviction of the impermanency and unreality of the world of

sense ; not from that aspiration after communion with a being of perfectly unselfish goodness, which kindled the genius of Plato, and forms the deep root of Christian morality.

And herein lies the explanation of that startling peculiarity of Buddhism, that it is a religion which does not recognise any conscious intelligence in the object of its worship. Wisdom asks only for insight. It wants no other god than a power, by means of which it can account for phenomena. Buddha beheld around him an ever active force, working according to certain fixed laws which he believed himself to have discovered, and he remained satisfied with this discovery. He asked for nothing more. Why this force should work as it did do, he does not attempt to explain. The ultimate cause of being he expressly declares to be unknown. He contents himself therefore, with asserting that there is such a cause, and without saying anything about its nature, confines himself to the enunciation of the law according to which its operations are conducted.

To those who enter into the force of the declaration that God is love,—who seek in the Divine being for a spirit with whom the soul of man can hold communion,—this mode of thought must be entirely unsatisfactory. It robs them of the conceptions in which they are accustomed to find the purest pleasures. But it is curious to observe to how great an extent the moral force, which, to the Buddhist, supplies the place of a conscious God, fulfils the functions commonly assigned by Christian teachers to the Divine Being, if we exclude those which specially relate to the inward life of the soul.

Thus it is a power by which this world has been created, is upheld, and will be destroyed ; a power ever busy in superintending human affairs ; a power from which no action, however secret, can escape ; which will infallibly

reward the good and punish the bad ; a power which has provided for mankind an infallible declaration of the truths essential to their eternal welfare ; a power which enables its chosen instruments to work miracles ; a power from which, by proper forms of supplication, man can obtain the grant of earthly blessings, and protection from earthly dangers ; a power to which it is the duty of man to offer worship.

This worship is directly addressed to Buddha ; who, although as an individual he has passed away, yet, as the embodiment of wisdom, represents to the Buddhist the all-regulating power whose law of action he unfolded. It may be asked how can it be reasonable to worship an unconscious being ? The Buddhist theologian is at no loss for an answer. By offering this worship they say you put in motion a force which will work out the accomplishment of your desires. That this is so we know, for Buddha has declared it. You may not understand how the effect can be produced, but this is only what happens to you every day. Is the earth which you cultivate conscious of your acts ; and do you know how it causes the plants to grow ? The doctrines of the Buddhist leave no room for prayer, if it be regarded as the lifting up of the heart to God. But prayer, considered as a mysterious power by which men can move God to do what they wish, is consistent with the Buddhist belief, and is constantly practised in Buddhist communities.

To describe the Buddhist system as a system of atheism, is then to convey a false impression of its character, and to deal with words rather than with the thoughts represented by them. It may be described more truly as a system which dwells on the conception of the Divine power to the exclusion of that of the Divine goodness ; which sees in God only the Creator, Ruler, and Judge, but not the Father of mankind.

## A HEDGE-SIDE POET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A poor tired, wandering singer, singing through  
The dark."

WE hear a good deal now of poets of the people. The days are gone by when glorious ploughmen and inspired shepherds were made much of at noblemen's tables, and treated by noblewomen with something of the magnificent protection which the great Glumdalclitch accorded to Lemuel Gulliver. We no longer meet them led about as tame lions by an admiring, yet patronising host, who hints "hush!" at the least prospect of their roaring; and they are expected to roar always at the keeper's will—never against it. But if in these times they are more independent, they are much less rare and majestic creatures. They haunt every literary drawing-room by twos and threes,—the mud of their aboriginal fields still sticking to their illustrious boots,—pleased, but awkward; trying hard to tone down their native accents, manners and customs, to the smooth level of what is termed "good society." Or else, taking the opposite tack, are for ever thrusting forward, with obnoxious ostentation, their "origin;" forgetting that the delicate inborn refinement which alone can save a nobleman from being a clown, is also the only thing which can make a clodhopper into a gentleman. If it have not made him such—in manners as in mind—he may be a poet, but he remains a clodhopper still.

But, happily, many of these poets of the people are likewise of the true "gentle" blood; and thus, be their birth ever so humble, they rise, step by step, educating themselves—heaven knows how—but they are educated: acquiring, as if by instinct, those small social *bienséances*, which are good as well as pleasant, being the outward indication of far better things. Men such as these, wherever met, are at once easily recognisable, and quickly recognised;

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society gives them a cordial welcome; they are neither merely tolerated nor insultingly patronised; but take by right their natural place in the world, as its "best" portion—its truest aristocracy.

There is yet another class of born poets, whom the muse finds at the plough, the loom, the forge, the tailor's board, or the cobbler's stall,—and leaves them there. This, from various causes. First, because genius, or talent—call it which you please—is infinite in its gradations; the same amount of intellectual capacity which, found in an educated person, will enable him to take a very high place among "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," will not enable a common day-labourer to teach himself everything from the alphabet upwards, and raise himself from the plough-tail to the Laureateship. Secondly, because, almost invariably, the organisation, mental and physical, which accompanies the poetic faculty is the one least fitted for that incessant battle with the world, for which a man must arm himself who aims to rise therein. Therefore it is, that while our noble Stephensons, and the like,—men who live poems instead of singing them,—move grandly on through the brave career, which may begin in a hut and end in Westminster Abbey,—these, who may be called our "hedge-side poets," never rise out of the station in which they were born. Unless some Capel Loft or Savage Landor should catch them and exhibit them, they probably flutter on through life, singing their harmless songs to themselves, or to a very small audience; far happier in many things, than if they had been set up to plume and strut their little day in the gilded cage of popularity.

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Yet, hear them in their native meadows, expecting from them neither epic hymns, nor operatic *floriture*; and we are often charmed and amazed to find how exquisitely they sing: with a note as sweet and unexpected as a robin's warble out of a yellowing hedge, when leaves are falling, and flowers are few.

Such as this is more than one lyric, which we have discovered in two humble-looking volumes, printed by subscription, and probably hardly known beyond the subscribers' drawing-room tables, which purport to be "Poems" by a Cambridge-shire labouring man, James Reynolds Withers.

Let us take the first that offers, a "Song of the Butterfly":—

"I come from bowers of lilacs gay,  
"With honeysuckles blending;  
"And many a spray of willows gray,  
"Above the waters bending.

"I flutter by the river side,  
"Where laves the swan his bosom;  
"And o'er the open common wide,  
"Where yellow ragworts blossom.

"Away on downy pinions borne,  
"With many a happy rover,  
"I skim above the rustling corn,  
"And revel in the clover.

"I laugh to see the frugal bee,  
"For others hoard her treasure;  
"From morn till night a toiler she,  
"But mine's a life of pleasure.

\* \* \* \*

"The truant schoolboy loves to chase  
"Me through the winding mazes;  
"I lure him on a merry race,  
"O'er meadows white with daisies.

"He creeps and crawls with cat-like tread,  
"When I'm on cowslip rocking;  
"Then up I flutter o'er his head,  
"His vain endeavours mocking.

"And when the bee is in her cell,  
"And shrill-tongued cricket calling,  
"I sleep within the lily's bell,  
"Whilst nightly damps are falling.

"There round my clean white-sheeted bed,

"Are pearly dewdrops distilling;  
"And nightingales, above my head,  
"Their sweetest notes are trilling.

"I dance, I play, make love, and sleep,  
"This is my whole employment;  
"For men may smile or men may weep—  
"My life is all enjoyment."

Now to take a working-man from his inherited calling, and exalt him into a poet, is a difficult and dangerous thing. But when an English agricultural labourer, at seven shillings a week, writes such verses as these, those acquainted with the normal condition of the race, are naturally somewhat surprised. If a Wordsworth, descending from his height of gentlemanly scholarship to this sweet, simple chronicling of simple nature, fresh as a breezy June morning,—if a Wordsworth had done it, we should have set down this poem as "charming;" but when it comes from the brain of uneducated Hodge, to whom even decent English must have been a difficult acquirement, we are forced to reflect, "This man must have something in him: who and what is he?" Let him answer for himself. A letter of his, which has fallen under our notice, is so simple and touching an expression of the man, James Reynolds Withers, that it is a poem in itself. We feel we are not breaking confidence, nor infringing on the right of every author to be known only by his published writings, if he so chooses, in giving it here, entire and unaltered:—

"I was born in the year 1812, on the 24th of May, at Weston Colville, in Cambridgeshire—a village with about 400 inhabitants. My father was a shoemaker there, but had failed in business before I was born. I am the youngest of four children, and the only son, born almost out of due season, a sort of Benjamin to my parents, being a child of their old age. They could not afford to send me to school, so my mother taught me to read and write a little. At an early age, I was employed at picking stones, weeding corn,

“and scaring birds, and part of one  
 “year I was a keeper of sheep, when I  
 “was much alone, and from that time  
 “I date the first awakening of a poetic  
 “feeling. I had a book of old ballads,  
 “and Watts’s Divine Songs for children,  
 “that I used to read a great deal, and  
 “many I committed to memory. After  
 “that, I began to like to be alone,  
 “and preferred, when unemployed, strol-  
 “ling in the woods, and rambling in  
 “the meadows amongst the trees and  
 “flowers, to joining in the games of my  
 “playmates. My father had some  
 “knowledge of a market gardener at  
 “Fordham, and wishing to get me into  
 “some way of getting my living, at  
 “twelve years old I was put to this  
 “man for three years. The first two  
 “years I had only my board and lodg-  
 “ing; for the last year I received thirty  
 “shillings. I stayed my time, but I  
 “learned but little—in fact, there was  
 “nothing to learn but what any one  
 “might do—plain digging, hoeing, and  
 “weeding. After my time was out I  
 “went to lodgings, and continued to  
 “work for my old master at seven shil-  
 “lings per week. When I was about  
 “nineteen years old [my second sister  
 “married and was living at Cambridge,  
 “and she hearing that an under-porter  
 “was wanted at Magdalene College,  
 “succeeded in getting the place for me,  
 “but I did not stay more than five  
 “months. I felt like a caged bird, and  
 “sighed for the freedom of the fields  
 “again. I returned to Fordham again,  
 “to my old place and old wages, but I  
 “could study nature in the day and  
 “books in the evening, and write my  
 “jingling verses without interruption;  
 “but I was often in straitened circum-  
 “stances in the winter; perhaps, for two  
 “months I had nothing to do. At such  
 “times I visited my mother; my father  
 “was still living, but it was my mother  
 “that I always clung to the most.  
 “When I was about twenty-four years  
 “old, my mother had a small sum of  
 “money left her by her mother, who  
 “died at the age of ninety-six, and  
 “then it was that I thought I should  
 “like to learn the shoemaking; and my

“mother, wishing always to benefit me  
 “all she could, paid a small sum to the  
 “successor of my father to instruct me  
 “for one year, and in that year my  
 “mother died, and I never learned the  
 “trade. After two years’ absence I re-  
 “turned to Fordham again, and soon  
 “married, and have got a livelihood by  
 “mending shoes and sometimes work-  
 “ing in the fields, always going to har-  
 “vest work. It was while reaping for  
 “R. D. Fyson, Esq., about six years  
 “back, that I was so fortunate as to be  
 “introduced to Mrs. Fyson, who first  
 “brought my works before the public,  
 “and has been my constant friend ever  
 “since.

“I have had four children, three of  
 “whom are living; the eldest a girl,  
 “eighteen years, and two boys, one  
 “seventeen, the other fourteen, years  
 “old. The girl belongs to the ‘stitch,  
 “stitch, stitch’ sisterhood; the boys I  
 “am anxious to get out to something  
 “where they may get a living. They  
 “go out to work in the fields when they  
 “can get work to do, but I should  
 “rejoice in the hope of being able to  
 “give them some trade.

“Yours truly,

“J. R. WITHERS.”

A simple story; yet what a picture it gives of this poor man’s life, outwardly not different from the lives of thousands of East-Anglian peasants; the only difference was in *the man*, to whom nature gave a portion—great or small, time will show, for he is still not old—an undoubted portion of that strange gift called the poetic faculty. He therefore sees things with other eyes, feels things in another way, than his fellows; has pleasures they know not, struggles and pains which they cannot comprehend. Whether this has been good for him or ill, God knows; but it is the necessary lot of all who have ever so small a share of the gift of genius,—God’s gift, and therefore never to be undervalued or denied.

In going through these two volumes, with their occasional errors of rhyme and rhythm, their conventional phraseo-

logy, and common-placeness of subjects; the author, like all uneducated rhymers, choosing themes and thinking thoughts which scores of poets have lighted on before him,—it is curious to see the *mens divinior* cropping out, as geologists would say, through the commonest stratum of style and ideas. Such as—

“Away, away, through valleys fair  
 “Where flames the mustard bloomy,  
 “As if the sun was shining there,  
 “When all around is gloomy.”

Or this picture of the baby year, out of a series of many equally good, which form a poem, rough and careless in diction, but vivid and beautiful in imagery, entitled, “Reminiscences of the Year 1855.”

“Wrapt in robes of snowy ermine,  
 “At first I saw thee slumbering lie,  
 “Calm, quiet, still, and beautiful:  
 “But soon thy chubby dimpled hands  
 “Were playing with the crocus cups,  
 “And ginging silver snowdrop bells.  
 “And now a toddling fair wee thing,  
 “Dressed in a frock of palest green,  
 “All sprigged with pinky hawthorn buds,  
 “And bordered with hepaticas,  
 “Thou lov’dst to tease old Father Frost,  
 “Pulling his grizly crispy beard,  
 “Shaking the powder from his locks,  
 “Spoiling with fingers moist and warm  
 “The pictures of his palsied hand.”

A tender, close, and minute observation of nature is the strongest peculiarity of Withers’s poetry. There is not much of the hot current of human emotion in it; little sentiment, and no passion: a gentle, moralizing, thoughtful nature, an eminently religious mind, and a shy retiring temperament, characterise it; as, we doubt not, they are the characteristics of the man himself; for with small demonstration, there is yet no pretence or affectation in his verses: all he does is essentially real. Such poems as “The Fire of Sticks,” “The Old Well,” “The Old Lane,” indicate what a true “poet of the people” he might have become—nay might yet become,

had he the power to concentrate into careful study of the art of poetry—for it is an art, as well as a native faculty—his delicacy of fancy, accuracy of perception, and truth of delineation. A man who could do this—embalming in real poetry the rural life of England—the poor man’s life—with all its experiences and emotions—would do a thing which has never yet been done. The southern half of our island may boast its Clare and its Bloomfield—with one or two lesser singers—but it has never produced, perhaps never may produce, a Hogg or a Burns.

One may naturally ask, how is it that a man like Withers, with qualities, intellectual and moral, sufficient to raise him into a much higher and more congenial sphere, should, at forty-eight, remain still a common agricultural labourer? Possibly the explanation of this fact he has himself unconsciously given us in a little poem, called “Solidity the best Society.”

“I was not formed to stem the tide,  
 “Or ride the stormy waves of strife;  
 “My little bark can only glide  
 “Along the shallow streams of life.  
 “Whilst bolder spirits fearless roam,  
 “And ocean’s wildest tracks explore,  
 “I linger like a drone at home,  
 “And play with pebbles on the shore.  
 “Whilst some are proudly gaining  
 “A name for valiant deeds,  
 “Here lonely I only  
 “Gather shells and weeds.  
 “I know ’tis called a weakness  
 “’Gainst which I ought to strive;  
 “And if I had less meekness,  
 “Perhaps should better thrive.  
 “Why should I feel so shrinking,  
 “So timid and unwise,  
 “Whilst many men unthinking  
 “By boldness gain the prize?  
 “I see them how they toil and scheme,  
 “And plan from day to day;  
 “By grove and stream I muse and dream,  
 “Thus pass my time away.  
 “I would not be a senseless clod  
 “To only eat and sleep:  
 “Thou knowest me, my Father God,  
 “Though I can only creep.

“Towards thee still my heart doth tend  
 “Though pressed with sorrow down;  
 “To thee, my everlasting Friend,  
 “Are all its struggles known.  
 “Let bold blind bigots wrangle,  
 “And think they only see,  
 “I care not, I fear not,  
 “I dare to hope in Thee.”

There is something deeply pathetic in all this; and one can easily understand the “struggles” which a man so gentle and refined, must, in his position, have found never-ending. But Withers is no prater of his own personality; even the incidents of his outward life are rarely more than hinted at: some lines “On the Death of my Child,” being almost the only instance of what may be termed personal poetry. Except one, “Written from Newmarket Union to my Sister in Cambridge.”

A poet in a workhouse! Yes, it was so. In the year 1847, when, during very severe weather, he could get no work, rather than run into debt or subsist upon charity, this honest Englishman had the courage to ask the help which every Englishman, unable to find work or to do it, may claim, not so much as an alms, but a right—he dared to go with all his family, for a few months, into the union workhouse. And this little song he sung there, in its cheerful patience and self-respect, trusting that though temporarily a pauper, “a man’s a man for a’ that,” deserves to be quoted here, for the everlasting shaming of all maudlin, egotistic, hypochondriac rhymsters, who think that genius warrants a man in being, not a man at all, but only a poet.

“Since I cannot, dear sister, with  
 you hold communion,  
 “I’ll give you a sketch of our life in  
 the Union.  
 “But how to begin I don’t know, I  
 declare:  
 “Let me see; well, the first is our grand  
 bill of fare.  
 “We’ve skilly for breakfast; at night  
 bread and cheese,  
 “And we eat it, and then go to bed if  
 we please.

“Two days in the week we’ve puddings  
 for dinner,  
 “And two we have broth so like water,  
 but thinner;  
 “Two, meat and potatoes, of this none  
 to spare;  
 “One day bread and cheese—and this  
 is our fare.  
 “And now then my clothes I will try  
 to pourtray;  
 “They’re made of coarse cloth, and the  
 colour is grey;  
 “My jacket and waistcoat don’t fit me  
 at all;  
 “My shirt is too short, or else I am too  
 tall;  
 “My shoes are not pairs, though of  
 course I have two,  
 “They are down at the heel, and my  
 stockings are blue.  
 “But what shall I say of the things  
 they call breeches?  
 “Why mine are so large they’d have  
 fitted John Fitches.  
 “John Fitches, you’ll say, well, pray  
 who was he?  
 “Why one of the fattest men I ever did  
 see.  
 “To be well understood, dear, they  
 ought to be seen;  
 “Neither breeches nor trousers, but  
 something between;  
 “And though they’re so large, you’ll  
 remember, I beg,  
 “That they’re low in the waist and high  
 on the leg.  
 “And no braces allowed me—oh  
 dear, oh dear;  
 “We are each other’s glass, so I know  
 I look queer.  
 “A sort of Scotch bonnet we wear on  
 our heads;  
 “And I sleep in a room where there are  
 just fourteen beds;  
 “Some are sleeping, some snoring, some  
 talking, some playing,  
 “Some fighting, some swearing, but very  
 few praying.  
 “Here are nine at a time who work  
 on the mill:  
 “We take it by turns, so it never stands  
 still:  
 “A half an hour each gang; ’tis not  
 very hard,

"And when we are off we can walk in  
 the yard.  
 "We have nurseries here, where the  
 children are crying ;  
 "And hospitals too for the sick and the  
 dying.  
 "But I must not forget to record in  
 my verse,  
 "All who die here are honoured to ride  
 in a hearse.  
 "I sometimes look up to the bit of blue  
 sky  
 "High over my head, with a tear in my  
 eye,  
 "Surrounded by walls that are too high  
 to climb,  
 "Confined as a felon without any  
 crime ;  
 "Not a field, not a house, not a hedge  
 can I see—  
 "Not a plant, not a flower, not a bush  
 nor a tree,  
 "Except a geranium or two that appear  
 "At the governor's window, to smile  
 even here."

A noticeable trait in Withers is his  
 exceeding refinement of sentiment and  
 expression. While far loftier versifiers  
 seem to think it poetical to be coarse,  
 and hold that gorgeous diction atones  
 for any sensuousness, or even sensuality  
 in idea ;—this man, whose life has been  
 passed in the sphere where the gross-  
 ness of human nature rarely attempts  
 to disguise itself, never pens a verse  
 which a good man, when grown an old  
 man, might regret having once written,  
 and blush to see one of his own growing-  
 up daughters read.

"Tea-table Talk,"—a conversation  
 between a Dock and a Nettle, in which  
 these two vegetable scandal-mongers  
 tear to pieces a number of floral repu-

tations ; "Retaliation," where the same  
 thing is done by a certain quick-witted  
 Mrs. Sparrow, perched on the—

"—— green-budded thorn,  
 "Where the birds were assembled on  
 Valentine's morn ;"—

and the "Toper's Lament," prove that  
 Withers has a spice of humour in him ;  
 though, on the whole, he has too much  
 of the meditative, didactic tone, to be  
 capable of the strong contrasts of fun  
 and pathos which constitute the dra-  
 matic, or rather, the intensely *human*  
 element, in poetry. In short, he is  
 more of a dreamer or a moralizer than  
 an emotionalist. But, as we said, he is  
 still far from being an old man ; there  
 may be much undeveloped power in  
 him yet. A late MS. poem, not in-  
 cluded in these volumes, is better than  
 anything they contain.

As to the man himself—for the core of  
 all a man writes and does, the root and  
 indication of everything he may live to  
 be, is his ego, his essential manhood,—  
 let us quote what his minister, the  
 clergyman of Fordham parish, has writ-  
 ten of him :—

"Although Withers is in a very  
 "humble position of life, his mind is  
 "so well stored with valuable infor-  
 "mation on a variety of subjects, that  
 "with the greatest delight I spend  
 "much time in his company. I would  
 "also add, that his character is irre-  
 "proachable, and that he delights in  
 "doing good."

Will no one, who also "delights in  
 doing good," try if a little good cannot  
 be done in some way, by raising into  
 a position more suitable for him our  
 poor hedge-side poet, James Reynolds  
 Withers ?



## TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A CHANGE IN THE CREW, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

It was on a Saturday that the St. Ambrose boat made the first bump, described in our last chapter. On the next Saturday, the day-week after the first success, at nine o'clock in the evening, our hero was at the door of Hardy's rooms. He just stopped for one moment outside, with his hand on the lock, looking a little puzzled, but withal pleased, and then opened the door and entered. The little estrangement which there had been between them for some weeks, had passed away since the races had begun. Hardy had thrown himself into the spirit of them so thoroughly, that he had not only regained all his hold on Tom, but had warmed up the whole crew in his favour, and had mollified the martinet Miller himself. It was he who had managed the starting rope in every race, and his voice from the towing path had come to be looked upon as a safe guide for clapping on or rowing steady. Even Miller, autocrat as he was, had come to listen for it, in confirmation of his own judgment, before calling on the crew for the final effort.

So Tom had recovered his old footing in the servitor's rooms; and, when he entered on the night in question, did so with the bearing of an intimate friend. Hardy's tea commons were on one end of the table as usual, and he was sitting at the other poring over a book. Tom marched straight up to him, and leant over his shoulder.

"What, here you are at the perpetual grind," he said. "Come, shut up, and give me some tea; I want to talk to you."

Hardy looked up with a grim smile.

"Are you up to a cup of tea?" he said; "look here, I was just reminded of you fellows. Shall I construe for you?"

He pointed with his finger to the open page of the book he was reading. It was the Knights of Aristophanes, and Tom, leaning over his shoulder, read,—  
*κᾶτα καθίζου μαλακῶς ἵνα μὴ τρίβῃς τὴν ἐν  
Σαλαμῖνι, &c.*

After meditating a moment, he burst out, "You hard-hearted old ruffian! I come here for sympathy, and the first thing you do is to poke fun at me out of your wretched classics! I've a good mind to clear out, and not do my errand."

"What's a man to do?" said Hardy. "I hold that it's always better to laugh at fortune. What's the use of repining? You have done famously, and second is a capital place on the river."

"Second be hanged!" said Tom. "We mean to be first."

"Well, I hope we may!" said Hardy. "I can tell you nobody felt it more than I—not even old Diogenes—when you didn't make your bump to-night."

"Now you talk like a man, and a Saint Ambrosian," said Tom. "But what do you think? Shall we ever catch them?" and, so saying, he retired to a chair opposite the tea-things.

"No," said Hardy; "I don't think we ever shall. I'm very sorry to say it, but they are an uncommonly strong lot, and we have a weak place or two in our crew. I don't think we can do more than we did to-night—at least with the present crew."

"But if we could get a little more strength we might?"

"Yes, I think so. Jervis's stroke is worth two of theirs. A very little more powder would do it."

"Then we must have a little more powder."

"Ay, but how are we to get it? Who can you put in?"

"You!" said Tom, sitting up. "There, now, that's just what I am come about. Drysdale is to go out. Will you pull next race? They all want you to row."

"Do they?" said Hardy, quietly (but Tom could see that his eyes sparkled at the notion, though he was too proud to show how much he was pleased); "then they had better come and ask me themselves."

"Well, you cantankerous old party, they're coming, I can tell you!" said Tom, in great delight. "The Captain just sent me on to break ground, and will be here directly himself. I say now, Hardy," he went on, "don't you say no. I've set my heart upon it. I'm sure we shall bump them if you pull."

"I don't know that," said Hardy, getting up, and beginning to make tea, to conceal the excitement he was in at the idea of rowing; "you see I'm not in training."

"Gammon," said Tom, "you're always in training, and you know it."

"Well," said Hardy, "I can't be in worse than Drysdale. He has been of no use above the Gut this last three nights."

"That's just what Miller says," said Tom, "and here comes the Captain." There was a knock at the door while he spoke, and Jervis and Miller entered.

Tom was in a dreadful fidget for the next twenty minutes, and may best be compared to an enthusiastic envoy negotiating a commercial treaty, and suddenly finding his action impeded by the arrival of his principals. Miller was very civil, but not pressing; he seemed to have come more with a view of talking over the present state of things, and consulting upon them, than of enlisting a recruit. Hardy met him more than half-way, and speculated on all sorts of possible issues, without a hint of volunteering himself. But presently Jervis, who did not understand finessing, broke in, and asked Hardy, point blank, to pull in the next race; and when he pleaded want of training, overruled him at once by saying that there was no better training than sculling. So in half an hour all was settled. Hardy was to pull five in the next race, Diogenes was to take Blake's place at No. 7, and Blake to take Drysdale's oar at No. 2. The whole crew were to go for a long training walk the next day,

Sunday, in the afternoon; to go down to Abingdon on Monday, just to get into swing in their new places, and then on Tuesday to abide the fate of war. They had half an hour's pleasant talk over Hardy's tea, and then separated.

"I always told you he was our man," said the Captain to Miller, as they walked together to the gates; "we want strength, and he is as strong as a horse. You must have seen him sculling yourself. There isn't his match on the river to my mind."

"Yes, I think he'll do," replied Miller; "at any rate he can't be worse than Drysdale."

As for Tom and Hardy, it may safely be said that no two men in Oxford went to bed in better spirits that Saturday night than they two.

And now to explain how it came about that Hardy was wanted. Fortune had smiled upon the St. Ambrosians in the two races which succeeded the one in which they had bumped Exeter. They had risen two more places without any very great trouble. Of course, the constituencies on the bank magnified their powers and doings. There never was such a crew, they were quite safe to be head of the river, nothing could live against their pace. So the young oars in the boat swallowed all they heard, thought themselves the finest fellows going, took less and less pains to keep up their condition, and when they got out of ear-shot of Jervis and Diogenes, were ready to bet two to one that they would bump Oriel the next night, and keep easily head of the river for the rest of the races.

Saturday night came, and brought with it a most useful though unpalatable lesson to the St. Ambrosians. The Oriel boat was manned chiefly by old oars, seasoned in many a race, and not liable to panic when hard pressed. They had a fair though not a first-rate stroke, and a good coxswain; experts remarked that they were rather too heavy for their boat, and that she dipped a little when they put on anything like a severe spurt; but on the whole they were by no means the sort of crew you

could just run into hand over hand. So Miller and Diogenes preached, and so the Ambrosians found out to their cost.

They had the pace of the other boat, and gained as usual a boat's length before the Gut; but, first those two fatal corners were passed, and then other well-remembered spots where former bumps had been made, and still Miller made no sign; on the contrary, he looked gloomy and savage. The St. Ambrosian shouts from the shore too changed from the usual exultant peals into something like a quaver of consternation, while the air was rent with the name and laudations of "little Oriel."

Long before the Cherwell Drysdale was completely baked, (he had played truant the day before and dined at the Weirs, where he had imbibed much dubious hock), but he from old habit managed to keep time. Tom and the other young oars got flurried, and quickened; the boat dragged, there was no life left in her, and, though they managed just to hold their first advantage, could not put her a foot nearer the stern of the Oriel boat, which glided past the winning-post a clear boat's length ahead of her pursuers, and with a crew much less distressed.

Such races must tell on strokes; and even Jervis, who had pulled magnificently throughout, was very much done at the close, and leant over his oar with a swimming in his head, and an approach to faintness, and was scarcely able to see for a minute or so. Miller's indignation knew no bounds, but he bottled it up till he had manœuvred the crew into their dressing-room by themselves, Jervis having stopped below. Then he let out, and did not spare them. "They would kill their captain, whose little finger was worth the whole of them; they were disgracing the college; three or four of them had neither heart, head, nor pluck." They all felt that this was unjust, for after all had they not brought the boat up to the second place? Poor Diogenes sat in a corner and groaned; he forgot to prefix "old fellow" to the few observations he made. Blake had great difficulty in adjusting

his necktie before the glass; he merely remarked in a pause of the objurgation, "In faith, coxswain, these be very bitter words." Tom and most of the others were too much out of heart to resist; but at last Drysdale fired up—

"You've no right to be so savage that I can see," he said, stopping the low whistle suddenly in which he was indulging, as he sat on the corner of the table; "you seem to think No. 2 the weakest out of several weak places in the boat."

"Yes, I do," said Miller.

"Then this honourable member," said Drysdale, getting off the table, "seeing that his humble efforts are unappreciated, thinks it best for the public service to place his resignation in the hands of your coxswainship."

"Which my coxswainship is graciously pleased to accept," replied Miller.

"Hurrah for a roomy punt and a soft cushion next racing night—it's almost worth while to have been rowing all this time, to realize the sensations I shall feel when I see you fellows passing the Cherwell on Tuesday."

"*Suave est*, it's what I'm partial to, *mari magno*, in the last reach, a *terra*, from the towing-path, *alterius magnum spectare laborem*, to witness the tortures of you wretched beggars in the boat. I'm obliged to translate for Drysdale, who never learned Latin," said Blake, finishing his tie, and turning to the company. There was an awkward silence. Miller was chafing inwardly and running over in his mind what was to be done; and nobody else seemed quite to know what ought to happen next, when the door opened and Jervis came in.

"Congratulate me, my captain," said Drysdale; "I'm well out of it at last."

Jervis "pished and pshaw'd" a little at hearing what had happened, but his presence acted like oil on the waters. The moment that the resignation was named, Tom's thoughts had turned to Hardy. Now was the time—he had such confidence in the man, that the idea of getting him in for next race entirely changed the aspect of affairs to him, and made him feel as "bumptious"

again as he had done in the morning. So with this idea in his head, he hung about till the Captain had made his toilet, and joined himself to him and Miller as they walked up.

"Well, what are we to do now?" said the Captain.

"That's just what you have to settle," said Miller; "you have been up all the term, and know the men's pulling better than I."

"I suppose we must press somebody from the torpid—let me see, there's Burton."

"He rolls like a porpoise," interrupted Miller positively; "impossible."

"Stewart might do then."

"Never kept time for three strokes in his life," said Miller.

"Well, there are no better men," said the Captain.

"Then we may lay our account to stopping where we are, if we don't even lose a place," said Miller.

"Dust unto dust, what must be, must;

If you can't get crumb, you'd best eat crust,"

said the Captain.

"It's all very well talking coolly now," said Miller, "but you'll kill yourself trying to bump, and there are three more nights."

"Hardy would row if you asked him, I'm sure," said Tom.

The Captain looked at Miller, who shook his head. "I don't think it," he said; "I take him to be a shy bird that won't come to everybody's whistle. We might have had him two years ago I believe—I wish we had."

"I always told you so," said Jervis; "at any rate let's try him. He can but say no, and I don't think he will, for you see he has been at the starting-place every night, and as keen as a freshman all the time."

"I'm sure he won't," said Tom; "I know he would give anything to pull."

"You had better go to his rooms and sound him," said the Captain; "Miller and I will follow in half an hour." We have already heard how Tom's mission prospered.

The next day, at a few minutes before

two o'clock, the St. Ambrose crew, including Hardy, with Miller (who was a desperate and indefatigable pedestrian) for leader, crossed Magdalen Bridge. At five they returned to college, having done a little over fifteen miles, fair heel and toe walking, in the interval. The afternoon had been very hot, and Miller chuckled to the Captain, "I don't think there will be much trash left in any of them after that. That fellow Hardy is as fine as a race-horse, and, did you see, he never turned a hair all the way."

The crew dispersed to their rooms, delighted with the performance now that it was over, and feeling that they were much the better for it, though they all declared it had been harder work than any race they had yet pulled. It would have done a trainer's heart good to have seen them, some twenty minutes afterwards, dropping into Hall (where they were allowed to dine on Sundays, on the joint), fresh from cold baths, and looking ruddy and clear, and hard enough for anything.

Again on Monday, not a chance was lost. The St. Ambrose boat started soon after one o'clock for Abingdon. They swung steadily down the whole way, and back again to Sandford without a single spurt; Miller generally standing in the stern, and preaching above all things steadiness and time. From Sandford up, they were accompanied by half a dozen men or so, who ran up the bank watching them. The struggle for the first place on the river was creating great excitement in the rowing world, and these were some of the most keen connoisseurs, who, having heard that St. Ambrose had changed a man, were on the look-out to satisfy themselves as to how it would work. The general opinion was veering round in favour of Oriel; changes so late in the races, and at such a critical moment, were looked upon as very damaging.

Foremost amongst the runners on the bank was a wiry dark man, with sanguine complexion, who went with a peculiar long, low stride, keeping his keen eye well on the boat. Just above Kennington

island, Jervis, noticing this particular spectator for the first time, called on the crew, and, quickening his stroke, took them up the reach at racing pace. As they lay in Iffley lock the dark man appeared above them, and exchanged a few words, and a good deal of dumb show, with the Captain and Miller, and then disappeared.

From Iffley up they went steadily again. On the whole Miller seemed to be in very good spirits in the dressing room; he thought the boat trimmed better, and went better than she had ever done before, and complimented Blake particularly for the ease with which he had changed sides. They all went up in high spirits, calling on their way at "The Choughs" for one glass of old ale round, which Miller was graciously pleased to allow. Tom never remembered till after they were out again that Hardy had never been there before, and felt embarrassed for a moment, but it soon passed off. A moderate dinner and early to bed finished the day, and Miller was justified in his parting remark to the Captain, "Well, if we don't win, we can comfort ourselves that we haven't dropped a stitch this last two days, at any rate."

Then the eventful day arose which Tom and many another man felt was to make or mar St. Ambrose. It was a glorious early summer day, without a cloud, scarcely a breath of air stirring. "We shall have a fair start at any rate," was the general feeling. We have already seen what a throat-drying, nervous business, the morning and afternoon of a race-day is, and must not go over the same ground more than we can help; so we will imagine the St. Ambrose boat down at the starting-place, lying close to the towing-path, just before the first gun.

There is a much greater crowd than usual opposite the two first boats. By this time most of the other boats have found their places, for there is not much chance of anything very exciting down below; so, besides the men of Oriel and St. Ambrose (who muster to-night of all sorts, the fastest of the fast and

slowest of the slow having been by this time shamed into something like enthusiasm), many of other colleges, whose boats have no chance of bumping or being bumped, flock to the point of attraction.

"Do you make out what the change is?" says a backer of Oriel to his friend in the like predicament.

"Yes, they've got a new No. 5, don't you see, and, by George, I don't like his looks," answered his friend; "awfully long and strong in the arm, and well ribbed up. A devilish awkward customer. I shall go and try to get a hedge."

"Pooh," says the other, "did you ever know any man win a race?"

"Ay, that I have," says his friend, and walks off towards the Oriel crowd to take five to four on Oriel in half sovereigns, if he can get it.

Now their dark friend of yesterday comes up at a trot, and pulls up close to the Captain, with whom he is evidently dear friends. He is worth looking at, being coxswain of the O. U. B., the best stéerer, runner, and swimmer, in Oxford; amphibious himself, and sprung from an amphibious race. His own boat is in no danger, so he has left her to take care of herself. He is on the look-out for recruits for the University crew, and no recruiting sergeant has a sharper eye for the sort of stuff he requires.

"What's his name?" he says in a low tone to Jervis, giving a jerk with his head towards Hardy. "Where did you get him?"

"Hardy," answers the Captain in the same tone; "it's his first night in the boat."

"I know that," replies the coxswain; "I never saw him row before yesterday. He's the fellow who sculls in that brown skiff, isn't he?"

"Yes, and I think he'll do; keep your eye on him."

The coxswain nods as if he were pretty much of the same mind, and examines Hardy with the eye of a connoisseur, pretty much as the judge at an agricultural show looks at the prize bull. Hardy is tightening the

strap of his stretcher, and all-unconscious of the compliments which are being paid him. The great authority seems satisfied with his inspection, grins, rubs his hands, and trots off to the Oriel boat to make comparisons.

Just as the first gun is heard, Gray sidles nervously to the front of the crowd as if he were doing something very audacious, and draws Hardy's attention, exchanging sympathising nods with him, but saying nothing, for he knows not what to say, and then disappearing again in the crowd.

"Hallo, Drysdale, is that you?" says Blake, as they push off from the shore. "I thought you were going to take it easy in a punt."

"So I thought," said Drysdale, "but I couldn't keep away, and here I am. I shall run up; and mind, if I see you within ten feet, and cocksure to win, I'll give a view holloa. I'll be bound you shall hear it."

"May it come speedily," said Blake, and then settled himself in his seat.

"Eyes in the boat — mind now, steady all, watch the stroke and don't quicken."

These are Miller's last words; every faculty of himself and the crew being now devoted to getting a good start. This is no difficult matter, as the water is like glass, and the boat lies lightly on it, obeying the slightest dip of the oars of bow and two, who just feel the water twice or thrice in the last minute. Then, after a few moments of breathless hush on the bank, the last gun is fired and they are off.

The same scene of mad excitement ensues, only tenfold more intense, as almost the whole interest of the races is to-night concentrated on the two head boats and their fate. At every gate there is a jam, and the weaker vessels are shoved into the ditches, upset, and left unnoticed. The most active men, including the O. U. B. coxswain, shun the gates altogether, and take the big ditches in their stride, making for the long bridges, that they may get quietly over these and be safe for the best part of the race. They know that the critical

point of the struggle will be near the finish.

Both boats make a beautiful start, and again as before in the first dash the St. Ambrose pace tells, and they gain their boat's length before first winds fail; then they settle down for a long steady effort. Both crews are rowing comparatively steady, reserving themselves for the tug of war up above. Thus they pass the Gut, and so those two treacherous corners, the scene of countless bumps, into the wider water beyond, up under the willows.

Miller's face is decidedly hopeful; he shows no sign, indeed, but you can see that he is not the same man as he was at this place in the last race. He feels that to-day the boat is full of life, and that he can call on his crew with hopes of an answer. His well-trained eye also detects that, while both crews are at full stretch, his own, instead of losing, as it did on the last night, is now gaining inch by inch on Oriel. The gain is scarcely perceptible to him even; from the bank it is quite imperceptible; but there it is; he is surer and surer of it, as one after another the willows are left behind.

And now comes the pinch. The Oriel Captain is beginning to be conscious of the fact which has been dawning on Miller, but will not acknowledge it to himself, and as his coxswain turns the boat's head gently across the stream, and makes for the Berkshire side and the goal, now full in view, he smiles grimly as he quickens his stroke; he will shake off these light-heeled gentry yet, as he did before.

Miller sees the move in a moment, and signals his Captain, and the next stroke St. Ambrose has quickened also; and now there is no mistake about it, St. Ambrose is creeping up slowly but surely. The boat's length lessens to forty feet, thirty feet; surely and steadily lessens. But the race is not lost yet; thirty feet is a short space enough to look at on the water, but a good bit to pick up foot by foot in the last two hundred yards of a desperate struggle. They are over under the Berkshire side now,

and there stands up the winning-post, close ahead, all but won. The distance lessens and lessens still, but the Oriel crew stick steadily and gallantly to their work, and will fight every inch of distance to the last. The Oriellites on the bank, who are rushing along sometimes in the water, sometimes out, hoarse, furious, madly alternating between hope and despair, have no reason to be ashamed of a man in the crew. Off the mouth of the Cherwell there is still twenty feet between them. Another minute, and it will be over one way or another. Every man in both crews is now doing his best, and no mistake; tell me which boat holds the most men who can do better than their best at a pinch, who will risk a broken blood-vessel, and I will tell you how it will end. "Hard pounding, gentlemen, let's see who will pound longest," the Duke is reported to have said at Waterloo, and won. "Now, Tummy, lad, 'tis thou or I," Big Ben said as he came up to the last round of his hardest fight, and won. Is there a man of that temper in either crew to-night? If so, now's his time. For both coxswains have called on their men for the last effort; Miller is whirling the tassel of his right-hand tiller rope round his head, like a wiry little lunatic; from the towing path, from Christchurch Meadow, from the rows of punts, from the clustered tops of the barges, comes a roar of encouragement and applause, and the band, unable to resist the impulse, breaks with a crash into the "Jolly Young Waterman," playing two bars to the second. A bump in the Gut is nothing—a few partisans on the towing-path to cheer you, already out of breath; but up here at the very finish, with all Oxford looking on, when the prize is the headship of the river; once in a generation only do men get such a chance.

Who ever saw Jervis not up to his work? The St. Ambrose stroke is glorious. Tom had an atom of go still left in the very back of his head, and at this moment he heard Drysdale's view holloa above all the din; it seemed to give him

a lift, and other men besides in the boat, for in another six strokes the gap is lessened and St. Ambrose has crept up to ten feet, and now to five from the stern of Oriel. Weeks afterwards Hardy confided to Tom that when he heard that view halloa he seemed to feel the muscles of his arms and legs turn into steel, and did more work in the last twenty strokes than in any other forty in the earlier part of the race.

Another fifty yards and Oriel is safe, but the look on the Captain's face is so ominous that their coxswain glances over his shoulder. The bow of St. Ambrose is within two feet of their rudder. It is a moment for desperate expedients. He pulls his left tiller rope suddenly, thereby carrying the stern of his own boat out of the line of the St. Ambrose, and calls on his crew once more; they respond gallantly yet, but the rudder is against them for a moment, and the boat drags. St. Ambrose overlaps. "A bump, a bump," shout the St. Ambrosians on shore. "Row on, row on," screams Miller. He has not yet felt the electric shock, and knows he will miss his bump if the young ones slacken for a moment. A young coxswain would have gone on making shots at the stern of the Oriel boat, and so have lost.

A bump now and no mistake; the bow of the St. Ambrose boat jams the oar of the Oriel stroke, and the two boats pass the winning-post with the way that was on them when the bump was made. So near a shave was it.

To describe the scene on the bank is beyond me. It was a hurly-burly of delirious joy, in the midst of which took place a terrific combat between Jack and the Oriel dog—a noble black bull terrier belonging to the college in general, and no one in particular—who always attended the races and felt the misfortune keenly. Luckily they were parted without worse things happening; for though the Oriel men were savage, and not disinclined for a jostle, the milk of human kindness was too strong for the moment in their adversaries, and they extricated themselves from the crowd, carrying off Crib their dog,

and looking straight before them into vacancy.

"Well rowed, boys," says Jervis, turning round to his crew as they lay panting on their oars.

"Well rowed, five," says Miller, who even in the hour of such a triumph is not inclined to be general in laudation.

"Well rowed, five," is echoed from the bank; it is that cunning man, the recruiting-sergeant. "*Fatally* well rowed," he adds to a comrade, with whom he gets into one of the punts to cross to Christ-church Meadow; } "we must have him in the University crew."

"I don't think you'll get him to row, from what I hear," answers the other.

"Then he must be handcuffed and carried into the boat by force," says the coxswain O. U. B.; "why is not the press-gang an institution in this University?"

## CHAPTER XV.

### A STORM BREWS AND BREAKS.

CERTAINLY Drysdale's character came out well that night. He did not seem the least jealous of the success which had been achieved through his dismissal. On the contrary, there was no man in the college who showed more interest in the race, or joy at the result, than he. Perhaps the pleasure of being out of it himself may have reckoned for something with him. In any case, there he was at the door with Jack, to meet the crew as they landed after the race, with a large pewter foaming with shandygaff, in each hand, for their recreation. Draco himself could not have forbidden them to drink at that moment; so, amidst shaking of hands and clappings on the back, the pewters travelled round from stroke to bow, and then the crew went off to their dressing-room, accompanied by Drysdale and others.

"Bravo! it was the finest race that has been seen on the river this six years; everybody says so. You fellows have deserved well of your country. I've sent up to college to have supper

in my rooms, and you must all come. Hang training! there are only two more nights, and you're safe to keep your place. What do you say, Captain? eh, Miller? Now be good-natured for once."

"Miller, what do you say?" said the Captain.

"Well, we don't get head of the river every night," said Miller. "I don't object if you'll all turn out and go to bed at eleven."

"That's all right," said Drysdale; "and now let's go to the old 'Choughs' and have a glass of ale while supper is getting ready. Eh, Brown?" and he hooked his arm into Tom's and led the way into the town.

"I'm so sorry you were not in it for the finish," said Tom, who was quite touched by his friend's good humour.

"Are you?" said Drysdale; "it's more than I am then, I can tell you. If you could have seen yourself under the willows, you wouldn't have thought yourself much of an object of envy. Jack and I were quite satisfied with our share of work and glory on the bank. Weren't we, old fellow?" at which salutation Jack reared himself on his hind legs and licked his master's hand.

"Well, you're a real good fellow for taking it as you do. I don't think I could have come near the river if I had been you."

"I take everything as it comes," said Drysdale. "The next race is on Derby day, and I couldn't have gone if I hadn't been turned out of the boat; that's a compensation, you see. Here we are. I wonder if Miss Patty has heard of the victory?"

They turned down the little passage-entrance of the "Choughs" as he spoke, followed by most of the crew, and by a tail of younger St. Ambrosians, their admirers, and the bar was crowded the next moment. Patty was there, of course, and her services were in great requisition; for though each of the crew only took a small glass of the old ale, they made as much fuss about it with the pretty barmaid as if they were drinking hogsheads. In fact, it had



become clearly the correct thing with the St. Ambrosians to make much of Patty; and, considering the circumstances, it was only a wonder that she was not more spoilt than seemed to be the case. Indeed, as Hardy stood up in the corner opposite to the landlady's chair, a silent on-looker at the scene, he couldn't help admitting to himself that the girl held her own well, without doing or saying anything unbecoming a modest woman. And it was a hard thing for him to be fair to her, for what he saw now in a few minutes confirmed the impression which his former visit had left on his mind—that his friend was safe in her toils; how deeply, of course he could not judge, but that there was more between them than he could approve was now clear enough to him, and he stood silent, leaning against the wall in that farthest corner, in the shadow of a projecting cupboard, much distressed in mind, and pondering over what it behoved him to do under the circumstances. With the exception of a civil sentence or two to the old landlady, who sat opposite him knitting, and casting rather uneasy looks from time to time towards the front of the bar, he spoke to no one. In fact, nobody came near that end of the room, and their existence seemed to have been forgotten by the rest.

Tom had been a little uncomfortable for the first minute; but after seeing Hardy take his glass of ale, and then missing him, he forgot all about him, and was too busy with his own affairs to trouble himself further. He had become a sort of drawer or barman at the "Choughs," and presided, under Patty, over the distribution of the ale, giving an eye to his chief to see that she was not put upon.

Drysdale and Jack left after a short stay, to see that the supper was being properly prepared. Soon afterwards Patty went off out of the bar in answer to some bell which called her to another part of the house; and the St. Ambrosians voted that it was time to go off to college to supper, and cleared out into the street.

Tom went out with the last batch of them, but lingered a moment in the passage outside. He knew the house and its ways well enough by this time. The next moment Patty appeared from a side door, which led to another part of the house.

"So you're not going to stay to play a game with Aunt," she said; "what makes you in such a hurry?"

"I must go up to college; there's a supper to celebrate our getting head of the river." Patty looked down and pouted a little. Tom took her hand, and said sentimentally, "Don't be cross now; you know that I would sooner stay here, don't you?"

She tossed her head, and pulled away her hand, and then changing the subject, said,—

"Who's that ugly old fellow who was here again to-night?"

"There was no one older than Miller, and he is rather an admirer of yours. I shall tell him you called him ugly."

"Oh, I don't mean Mr. Miller; you know that well enough," she answered. "I mean him in the old rough coat, who don't talk to any one."

"Ugly old fellow, Patty? Why you mean Hardy. He's a great friend of mine, and you must like him for my sake."

"I'm sure I won't. I don't like him a bit; he looks so cross at me."

"It's all your fancy. There now, good-night."

"You shan't go, however, till you've given me that handkerchief. You promised it me if you got head of the river."

"Oh! you little story-teller. Why they are my college colours. I wouldn't part with them for worlds. I'll give you a lock of my hair, and the prettiest handkerchief you can find in Oxford; but not this."

"But I *will* have it, and you *did* promise me it," she said, and put up her hands suddenly, and untied the bow of Tom's neck-handkerchief. He caught her wrists in his hands, and looked down into her eyes, in which, if he saw

a little pique at his going, he saw other things which stirred in him strange feelings of triumph and tenderness.

"Well, then, you shall pay for it, any how," he said.—Why need I tell what followed?—There was a little struggle; a "Go along, do, Mr. Brown;" and the next minute Tom, minus his handkerchief, was hurrying after his companions; and Patty was watching him from the door, and setting her cap to rights. Then she turned and went back into the bar; and started, and turned red, as she saw Hardy there, still standing in the further corner, opposite her aunt. He finished his glass of ale as she came in, and then passed out, wishing them "Good-night."

"Why, aunt," she said, "I thought they were all gone. Who was that sour-looking man?"

"He seems a nice quiet gentleman, my dear," said the old lady looking up. "I'm sure he's much better than those ones as makes so much racket in the bar. But where have you been, Patty?"

"Oh, to the commercial room, aunt. Won't you have a game at cribbage?" and Patty took up the cards and set the board out, the old lady looking at her doubtfully all the time through her spectacles. She was beginning to wish that the college gentlemen wouldn't come so much to the house, though they were very good customers.

Tom, minus his handkerchief, hurried after his comrades, and caught them up before they got to college. They were all there but Hardy, whose absence vexed our hero for a moment; he had hoped that Hardy, now that he was in the boat, would have shaken off all his reserve towards the other men, and blamed him because he had not done so at once. There could be no reason for it but his own oddness, he thought, for every one was full of his praises as they strolled on talking of the race. Miller praised his style, and time, and pluck. "Didn't you feel how the boat sprung when I called on you at the Cherwell?" he said to the Captain. "Drysedale was always dead beat at the

Gut, and just a log in the boat, pretty much like some of the rest of you."

"He's in such good training, too," said Diogenes; "I shall find out how he diets himself."

"We've pretty well done with that, I should hope," said Number 6. "There are only two more nights, and nothing can touch us now."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Miller. "Mind now, all of you, don't let us have any nonsense till the races are over and we are all safe."

And so they talked on till they reached college, and then dispersed to their rooms to wash and dress, and met again in Drysdale's rooms, where supper was awaiting them.

Again Hardy did not appear. Drysdale sent a scout to his rooms, who brought back word that he could not find him; so Drysdale set to work to do the honours of his table, and enjoyed the pleasure of tempting the crew with all sorts of forbidden hot liquors, which he and the rest of the non-professionals imbibed freely. But with Miller's eye on them, and the example of Diogenes and the Captain before them, the rest of the crew exercised an abstemiousness which would have been admirable, had it not been in a great measure compulsory.

It was a great success, this supper at Drysdale's, although knocked up at an hour's notice. The triumph of their boat had, for the time, the effect of warming up and drawing out the feeling of fellowship, which is the soul of college life. Though only a few men besides the crew sat down to supper, long before it was cleared away men of every set in the college came in in the highest spirits, and soon the room was crowded. For Drysdale sent round to every man in the college with whom he had a speaking acquaintance, and they flocked in and sat where they could, and men talked and laughed with neighbours, with whom, perhaps, they had never exchanged a word since the time when they were freshmen together.

Of course there were speeches cheered to the echo, and songs, of which the

choruses might have been heard in the High Street. At a little before eleven, nevertheless, despite the protestations of Drysdale, and the passive resistance of several of their number, Miller carried off the crew, and many of the other guests went at the same time, leaving their host and a small circle to make a night of it.

Tom went to his rooms in high spirits, humming the air of one of the songs he had just heard; but he had scarcely thrown his gown on a chair when a thought struck him, and he ran down stairs again and across to Hardy's rooms.

Hardy was sitting with some cold tea poured out, but untasted, before him, and no books open—a very unusual thing with him at night. But Tom either did not or would not notice that there was anything unusual.

He seated himself and began gossiping away as fast as he could, without looking much at the other. He began by recounting all the complimentary things which had been said by Miller and others of Hardy's pulling. Then he went on to the supper party; what a jolly evening they had had; he did not remember anything so pleasant since he had been up, and he retailed the speeches and named the best songs. "You really ought to have been there, why didn't you come? Drysdale sent over for you. I'm sure every one wished you had been there. Didn't you get his message?"

"I didn't feel up to going," said Hardy.

"There's nothing the matter, eh?" said Tom, as the thought crossed his mind that perhaps Hardy had hurt himself in the race, as he had not been regularly training.

"No, nothing," answered the other.

Tom tried to make play again, but soon came to an end of his talk. It was impossible to make head against that cold silence. At last he stopped, looked at Hardy for a minute, who was staring abstractedly at the sword over his mantle-piece, and then said,—

"There *is* something the matter, though. Don't sit glowering as if you had swallowed a furze bush. Why,

you haven't been smoking, old boy?" he added, getting up and putting his hand on the other's shoulder. "I see that's it. Here, take one of my weeds, they're mild. Miller allows two of these a day."

"No, thank'ee," said Hardy, rousing himself; "Miller hasn't interfered with my smoking, and I *will* have a pipe, for I think I want it."

"Well, I don't see that it does you any good," said Tom, after watching him fill, and light, and smoke for some minutes without saying a word. "Here, I've managed the one thing I had at heart. You are in the crew, and we are head of the river, and every body is praising your rowing up to the skies, and saying that the bump was all your doing. And here I come to tell you, and not a word can I get out of you. Ain't you pleased? Do you think we shall keep our place?" He paused a moment.

"Hang it all, I say," he added, losing all patience; "swear a little if you can't do anything else. Let's hear your voice; it isn't such a tender one that you need keep it all shut up."

"Well," said Hardy, making a great effort; "the real fact is I *have* something, and something very serious, to say to you."

"Then I'm not going to listen to it," broke in Tom; "I'm not serious, and I won't be serious, and no one shall make me serious to-night. It's no use, so don't look glum. But isn't the ale at 'The Choughs' good; and isn't it a dear little place?"

"It's that place I want to talk to you about," said Hardy, turning to him at last with a deep fetching of his breath. "Now, Brown, we haven't known one another long, but I think I understand you, and I know I like you, and I hope you like me."

"Well, well, well," broke in Tom, "of course I like you, old fellow, or else I shouldn't come poking after you, and wasting so much of your time, and sitting on your cursed hard chairs in the middle of the races. What has liking to do with 'The Choughs,' or 'The Choughs'?"

with long faces? You ought to have had another glass of ale there."

"I wish you had never had a glass of ale there," said Hardy, bolting out his words as if they were red hot. "Brown, you have no right to go to that place."

"Why?" said Tom, sitting up in his chair, and beginning to be nettled.

"You know why," said Hardy, looking him full in the face, and puffing out huge volumes of smoke. In spite of the bluntness of the attack, there was a yearning look which spread over the rugged brow, and shone out of the deep set eyes of the speaker, which almost conquered Tom. But first pride, and then the consciousness of what was coming next, which began to dawn on him, rose in his heart. It was all he could do to meet that look full, but he managed it, though he flushed to the roots of his hair, as he simply repeated through his set teeth, "Why?"

"I say again," said Hardy, "you know why."

"I see what you mean," said Tom slowly; "as you say, we have not known one another long; long enough though, I should have thought, for you to have been more charitable. Why am I not to go to 'The Choughs,' because there happens to be a pretty bar-maid there? All our crew go, and twenty other men besides."

"Yes; but do any of them go in the sort of way you do? Does she look at any one of them as she does at you?"

"How do I know?"

"That's not fair, or true, or like you, Brown," said Hardy, getting up, and beginning to walk up and down the room. "You *do* know that that girl doesn't care a straw for the other men who go there. You *do* know that she is beginning to care for you."

"You seem to know a great deal about it," said Tom; "I don't believe you were ever there before two days ago."

"No, I never was."

"Then I think you needn't be quite so quick at finding fault. If there were anything I didn't wish you to see, do

you think I should have taken you there? I tell you she is quite able to take care of herself."

"So I believe," said Hardy; "if she were a mere giddy, light girl, setting her cap at every man who came in, it wouldn't matter so much—for her at any rate. She can take care of herself well enough so far as the rest are concerned, but you know it isn't so with you. You know it now, Brown; tell the truth; any one with half an eye can see it."

"You seem to have made pretty good use of your eyes in these two nights, anyhow," said Tom.

"I don't mind your sneers, Brown," said Hardy, as he tramped up and down with his arms locked behind him; "I have taken on myself to speak to you about this; I should be no true friend if I shirked it. I'm four years older than you, and have seen more of the world and of this place than you. You shan't go on with this folly, this sin, for want of warning."

"So it seems," said Tom doggedly. "Now I think I've had warning enough; suppose we drop the subject."

Hardy stopped in his walk, and turned on Tom with a look of anger. "Not yet," he said firmly; "you know best how and why you have done it, but you know that somehow or other you have made that girl like you."

"Suppose I have, what then; whose business is that but mine and hers?"

"It's the business of every one who won't stand by and see the devil's game played under his nose if he can hinder it."

"What right have you to talk about the devil's game to me?" said Tom. "I'll tell you what, if you and I are to keep friends, we had better drop this subject."

"If we are to keep friends we must go to the bottom of it. There are only two endings to this sort of business, and you know it as well as I."

"A right and a wrong one, eh? and because you call me your friend you assume that my end will be the wrong one."

"I do call you my friend, and I say the end must be the wrong one here. There's no right end. Think of your family. You don't mean to say—you dare not tell me, that you will marry her."

"*I dare* not tell you!" said Tom, starting up in his turn; "I dare tell you or any man anything I please. But I won't tell you or any man anything on compulsion."

"I repeat," went on Hardy, "you dare not say you mean to marry her. You don't mean it—and, as you don't, to kiss her as you did to-night,"—

"So you were sneaking behind to watch me," burst out Tom, chafing with rage, and glad to find any handle for a quarrel. The two men stood fronting one another, the younger writhing with the sense of shame and outraged pride, and longing for a fierce answer, a blow, anything to give vent to the furies which were tearing him.

But at the end of a few seconds the elder answered, calmly and slowly,—

"I will not take those words from any man; you had better leave my rooms."

"If I do, I shall not come back till you have altered your opinions."

"You need not come back till you have altered yours."

The next moment Tom was in the passage; the next, striding up and down the side of the inner quadrangle in the pale moonlight.

Poor fellow! it was no pleasant walking ground for him. Is it worth our while to follow him up and down in his tramp? We have most of us walked the like marches, I suppose, at one time or another of our lives. The memory of them is by no means one which we can dwell on with pleasure. Times they were of blinding and driving storm, and howling winds, out of which voices as of evil spirits spoke close in our ears—tauntingly, temptingly, whispering to the mischievous wild beast which lurks in the bottom of all our hearts, now, "Rouse up! art thou a man and darest not do this thing?" now, "Rise, kill and eat—It is thine, wilt thou not take

it? shall the flimsy scruples of this teacher, or the sanctified cant of that, bar thy way, and baulk thee of thine own? Though hast strength to brave them—to brave all things in earth, or heaven, or hell; put out thy strength, and be a man!"

Then did not the wild beast within us shake itself, and feel its power, sweeping away all the "Thou shalt not's" which the law wrote up before us in letters of fire, with the "*I will*" of hardy, godless, self-assertion? And all the while—which alone made the storm really dreadful to us—was there not the still small voice—never to be altogether silenced, by the roarings of the tempest of passion, by the evil voices, by our own violent attempts to stifle it—the still small voice appealing to the man, the true man, within us, which is made in the image of God—calling on him to assert his dominion over the wild beast—to obey, and conquer, and live? Ay! and though we may have followed the other voices, have we not while following them confessed in our hearts, that all true strength, and nobleness, and manliness, was to be found in the other path? Do I say that most of us have had to tread this path, and fight this battle? Surely I might have said all of us; all at least who have passed the bright days of their boyhood. The clear and keen intellect no less than the dull and heavy; the weak, the cold, the nervous, no less than the strong and passionate of body. The arms and the field have been divers; can have been the same, I suppose, to no two men, but the battle must have been the same to all. One here and there may have had a foretaste of it as a boy; but it is the young man's battle and not the boy's, thank God for it! That most hateful and fearful of all realities, call it by what name we will—self, the natural man, the old Adam—must have risen up before each of us in early manhood, if not sooner, challenging the true man within us, to which the spirit of God is speaking, to a struggle for life or death.

Gird yourself, then, for the fight, my young brother, and take up the pledge

which was made for you when you were a helpless child. This world, and all others, time and eternity, for you hang upon the issue. This enemy must be met and vanquished—not finally, for no man while on earth, I suppose, can say that he is slain; but, when once known and recognised, met and vanquished he must be, by God's help, in this and that encounter, before you can be truly called a man; before you can really enjoy any one even of this world's good things.

The strife was no light one for our hero on the night in his life at which we have arrived. The quiet sky overhead, the quiet solemn old buildings, under the shadow of which he stood, brought him no peace. He fled from them into his own rooms; he lighted his candles and tried to read, and force the whole matter from his thoughts; but it was useless: back it came again and again. The more impatient of its presence he became, the less could he shake it off. Some decision he must make; what should it be? He could have no peace till it was taken. The veil had been drawn aside thoroughly, and once for all. Twice he was on the point of returning to Hardy's rooms to thank him, confess, and consult; but the tide rolled back again. As the truth of the warning sank deeper and deeper into him, his irritation against him who had uttered it grew also. He could not and would not be fair yet. It is no easy thing for any one of us to put the whole burden of any folly or sin on our own backs all at once. "If he had done it in any other way," thought Tom, "I might have thanked him."

Another effort to shake off the whole question. Down into the quadrangle again; lights in Drysdale's rooms. He goes up, and finds the remains of the supper, tankards full of egg-flip and cardinal, and a party playing at vingt-un. He drinks freely, careless of training or boat-racing, anxious only to drown thought. He sits down to play. The boisterous talk of some, the eager keen looks of others, jar on him equally. One minute he is absent, the next

boisterous, then irritable, then moody. A college card-party is no place to-night for him. He loses his money, is disgusted at last, and gets to his own rooms by midnight; goes to bed feverish, dissatisfied with himself, with all the world. The inexorable question pursues him even into the strange helpless land of dreams, demanding a decision, when he has no longer power of will to choose either good or evil.

But how fared it all this time with the physician? Alas! little better than with his patient. His was the deeper and more sensitive nature. Keenly conscious of his own position, he had always avoided any but the most formal intercourse with the men in his college whom he would have liked most to live with. This was the first friendship he had made amongst them, and he valued it accordingly; and now it seemed to lie at his feet in hopeless fragments, and cast down too by his own hand. Bitterly he blamed himself over and over again, as he recalled every word that had passed—not for having spoken—that he felt had been a sacred duty—but for the harshness and suddenness with which he had done it.

"One touch of gentleness or sympathy, and I might have won him. As it was, how could he have met me otherwise than he did—hard word for hard word, hasty answer for proud reproof? Can I go to him and recall it all? No; I can't trust myself; I shall only make matters worse. Besides, he may think that the servitor—Ah! am I there again? The old sore, self, self, self! I nurse my own pride; I value it more than my friend; and yet—no, no, I cannot go, though I think I could die for him. The sin, if sin there must be, be on my head. Would to God I could bear the sting of it! But there will be none—how can I fear? he is too true, too manly. Rough and brutal as my words have been, they have shown him the gulf. He will, he must escape it. But will he ever come back to me? I care not, so he escape."

How can my poor words follow the strong loving man in the wrestlings of

his spirit, till far on in the quiet night he laid the whole before the Lord and slept! Yes, my brother, even so, the old, old story; but start not at the phrase, though you may never have found its meaning.—He laid the whole before the Lord, in prayer, for his friend, for himself, for the whole world.

And you, too, if ever you are tried as he was—as every man must be in one way or another,—must learn to do the like with every burthen on your soul, if you would not have it hanging round you heavily, and ever more heavily, and dragging you down lower and lower till your dying day.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE STORM RAGES.

HARDY was early in the chapel the next morning. It was his week for pricking in. Every man that entered—from the early men who strolled in quietly while the bell was still ringing, to the hurrying, half-dressed loiterers who crushed in, as the porter was closing the doors, and disturbed the congregation in the middle of the confession,—gave him a turn (as the expressive phrase is), and every turn only ended in disappointment. He put by his list at last, when the doors were fairly shut, with a sigh. He had half expected to see Tom come into morning chapel with a face from which he might have gathered hope that his friend had taken the right path, and then he would have little care as to how he felt towards himself: *that* would all come right in time. But Tom did not come at all, and Hardy felt it was a bad sign.

They did not meet till the evening, at the river, when the boat went down for a steady pull, and then Hardy saw at once that all was going wrong. Neither spoke to or looked at the other. Hardy expected some one to remark it, but nobody did. After the pull they walked up, and Tom as usual led the way, as if nothing had happened, into "The Choughs." Hardy paused for a moment, and then went in too. For the first time he stayed till the rest of the crew

left. Tom deliberately stayed after them all. Hardy turned for a moment as he was leaving the bar, and saw him settling himself down in his chair with an air of defiance, meant evidently for him, which would have made most men angry. Hardy was irritated for a moment, and then was filled with ruth for the poor wrong-headed youngster who was heaping up coals of fire for his own head. In his momentary anger Hardy said to himself, "Well, I have done what I can; now he must go his own way;" but such a thought was soon kicked in disgrace from his noble and well-disciplined mind. He resolved, that, let it cost what it might in the shape of loss of time and trial of temper, he would leave no stone unturned, and spare no pains, to deliver his friend of yesterday from the slough into which he was plunging. How he might best work for this end occupied his thoughts as he walked towards college.

Tom sat on at "The Choughs," glorifying himself in the thought that now, at any rate, he had shown Hardy that he wasn't to be dragooned into doing or not doing anything. He had had a bad time of it all day, and his good angel had fought hard for victory; but self-will was too strong for the time. When he stayed behind the rest, it was more out of bravado than from any defined purpose of pursuing what he tried to persuade himself was an innocent flirtation. When he left the house some hours afterwards he was deeper in the toils than ever, and dark clouds were gathering over his heart. From that time he was an altered man, and altering as rapidly for the worse in body as in mind. Hardy saw the change in both, and groaned over it in secret. Miller's quick eye detected the bodily change. After the next race he drew Tom aside, and said,—

"Why, Brown, what's the matter? What have you been about? You're breaking down. Hold on, man; there's only one more night."

"Never fear," said Tom, proudly, "I shall last it out."

And in the last race he did his work

again, though it cost him more than all the preceding ones put together, and when he got out of the boat he could scarcely walk or see. He felt a fierce kind of joy in his own distress, and wished that there were more races to come. But Miller, as he walked up arm-in-arm with the Captain, took a different view of the subject.

"Well, it's all right, you see," said the Captain; "but we're not a boat's length better than Oriol over the course after all. How was it we bumped them? If anything, they drew a little on us to-night."

"Ay, half a boat's length, I should say," answered Miller. "I'm uncommonly glad it's over; Brown is going all to pieces; he wouldn't stand another race, and we haven't a man to put in his place."

"It's odd, too," said the Captain; "I put him down as a laster, and he has trained well. Perhaps he has overdone it a little. However, it don't matter now."

So the races were over; and that night a great supper was held in St. Ambrose Hall, to which were bidden, and came, the crews of all the boats from Exeter upwards. The Dean, with many misgivings and cautions, had allowed the hall to be used on pressure from Miller and Jervis. Miller was a bachelor and had taken a good degree, and Jervis bore a high character and was expected to do well in the schools. So the poor Dean gave in to them, extracting many promises in exchange for his permission: and flitted uneasily about all the evening in his cap and gown, instead of working on at his edition of the Fathers, which occupied every minute of his leisure, and was making an old man of him before his time.

From 8 to 11 the fine old pointed windows of St. Ambrose Hall blazed with light, and the choruses of songs, and the cheers which followed the short intervals of silence which the speeches made, rang out over the quadrangles, and made the poor Dean amble about in a state of nervous bewilder-

ment. Inside there was hearty feasting, such as had not been seen there, for aught I know, since the day when the king came back to "enjoy his own again." The one old cup, relic of the Middle Ages, which had survived the civil wars,—St. Ambrose's had been a right loyal college; and the plate had gone without a murmur into Charles the First's war-chest,—went round and round; and rival crews pledged one another out of it, and the massive tankards of a later day, in all good faith and good fellowship. Mailed knights, grave bishops, royal persons of either sex, and "other our benefactors," looked down on the scene from their heavy gilded frames, and, let us hope, not unkindly. All passed off well and quietly; the out-college men were gone, the lights were out, and the butler had locked the hall door by a quarter past 11, and the Dean returned in peace to his own rooms.

Had Tom been told a week before that he would not have enjoyed that night, that it would not have been amongst the happiest and proudest of his life, he would have set his informer down as a madman. As it was, he never once rose to the spirit of the feast, and wished it all over a dozen times. He deserved not to enjoy it; but not so Hardy, who was nevertheless almost as much out of tune as Tom; though the University coxswain had singled him out, named him in his speech, sat by him and talked to him for a quarter of an hour, and asked him to go to the Henley and Thames regattas in the Oxford crew.

The next evening, as usual, Tom found himself at "The Choughs" with half-a-dozen others. Patty was in the bar by herself, looking prettier than ever. One by one the rest of the men dropped off, the last saying, "Are you coming, Brown?" and being answered in the negative.

He sat still, watching Patty as she flitted about, washing up the ale glasses and putting them on their shelves, and getting out her work-basket; and then she came and sat down in her aunt's



chair opposite him, and began stitching away demurely at an apron she was making. Then he broke silence,—

“Where’s your aunt to-night, Patty?”

“Oh, she has gone away for a few days for a visit to some friends.”

“You and I will keep house, then, together; you shall teach me all the tricks of the trade. I shall make a famous barman, don’t you think?”

“You must learn to behave better, then. But I promised aunt to shut up at nine; so you must go when it strikes. Now promise me you will go.”

“Go at nine! what, in half an hour? the first evening I have ever had a chance of spending alone with you; do you think it likely?” and he looked into her eyes. She turned away with a slight shiver, and a deep blush.

His nervous system had been so unusually excited in the last few days, that he seemed to know everything that was passing in her mind. He took her hand. “Why, Patty, you’re not afraid of me, surely?” he said, gently.

“No, not when you’re like you are now. But you frightened me just this minute. I never saw you look so before. Has anything happened you?”

“No, nothing. Now, then, we’re going to have a jolly evening, and play Darby and Joan together,” he said, turning away, and going to the bar window; “shall I shut up, Patty?”

“No, it isn’t nine yet; somebody may come in.”

“That’s just why I mean to put the shutters up; I don’t want anybody.”

“Yes, but I do, though. Now I declare, Mr. Brown, if you go on shutting up, I’ll run into the kitchen and sit with Dick.”

“Why will you call me Mr. Brown?”

“Why, what should I call you?”

“Tom, of course.”

“Oh, I never! one would think you was my brother,” said Patty, looking up with a pretty pertness which she had a most bewitching way of putting on. Tom’s rejoinder, and the little squabble which they had afterwards about where her work-table should stand, and other such matters, may be passed over. At

last he was brought to reason, and to anchor opposite his enchantress, the work-table between them; and he sat leaning back in his chair, and watching her, as she stitched away without ever lifting her eyes. He was in no hurry to break the silence. The position was particularly fascinating to him, for he had scarcely ever yet had a good look at her before, without fear of attracting attention, or being interrupted. At last he roused himself.

“Any of our men been here to-day, Patty?” he said, sitting up.

“There now, I’ve won,” she laughed; “I said to myself, I wouldn’t speak first, and I haven’t. What a time you were! I thought you would never begin.”

“You’re a little goose! Now I begin then; who’ve been here to-day?”

“Of your college? let me see;” and she looked away across to the bar window, pricking her needle into the table. “There was Mr. Drysdale and some others called for a glass of ale as they passed, going out driving. Then there was Mr. Smith and them from the boats about four: and that ugly one—I can’t mind his name—”

“What, Hardy?”

“Yes, that’s it; he was here about half-past six, and—”

“What, Hardy here after hall?” interrupted Tom, utterly astonished.

“Yes, after your dinner up at college. He’s been here two or three times lately.”

“The deuce he has.”

“Yes, and he talks so pleasant to Aunt, too. I’m sure he is a very nice gentleman, after all. He sat and talked to-night for half-an-hour, I should think.”

“What did he talk about?” said Tom, with a sneer.

“Oh, he asked me whether I had a mother, and where I came from, and all about my bringing up, and made me feel quite pleasant. He is so nice and quiet and respectful, not like most of you. I’m going to like him very much, as you told me.”

“I don’t tell you so now.”

"But you did say he was your great friend."

"Well, he isn't that now."

"What, have you quarrelled?"

"Yes."

"Dear, dear; how odd you gentlemen are!"

"Why, it isn't a very odd thing for men to quarrel, is it?"

"No, not in the public room. They're always quarrelling there, over their drink and the bagatelle-board; and Dick has to turn them out. But gentlemen ought to know better."

"They don't, you see, Patty."

"But what did you quarrel about?"

"Guess."

"How can I guess? What was it about?"

"About you."

"About me!" she said, looking up from her work in wonder. "How could you quarrel about me?"

"Well, I'll tell you; he said I had no right to come here. You won't like him after that, will you, Patty?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Patty, going on with her work and looking troubled.

They sat still for some minutes. Evil thoughts crowded into Tom's head. He was in the humour for thinking evil thoughts, and, putting the worst construction on Hardy's visits, fancied he came there as his rival. He did not trust himself to speak till he had mastered his precious discovery, and put it away in the back of his heart, and weighted it down there with a good covering of hatred and revenge, to be brought out as occasion should serve. He was plunging down rapidly enough now; but he had new motives for making the most of his time, and never played his cards better, or made more progress. When a man sits down to such a game, the devil will take good care that he sha'n't want cunning or strength. It was ten o'clock instead of nine before he left, which he did with a feeling of triumph. Poor Patty remained behind, and shut up the bar, while Dick was locking the front door, her heart in a flutter, and her hands shak-

ing. She hardly knew whether to laugh or cry; she felt the change which had come over him, and was half fascinated and half repelled by it.

Tom walked quickly back to college, in a mood which I do not care to describe. The only one of his thoughts which my readers need be troubled with, put itself into some such words as these in his head:—"So, it's Abingdon fair next Thursday, and she has half-promised to go with me. I know I can make it certain. Who'll be going besides? Drysdale, I'll be bound. I'll go and see him."

On entering college, he went straight to Drysdale's rooms, and drank deeply, and played high into the short hours of the night, but found no opportunity of speaking.

Deeper and deeper yet for the next few days, downwards and ever faster downwards he plunged, the light getting fainter and ever fainter above his head. Little good can come of dwelling on those days. He left off pulling, shunned his old friends, and lived with the very worst men he knew in college, who were ready enough to let him share all their brutal orgies.

Drysdale, who was often present, wondered at the change, which he saw plainly enough. He was sorry for it in his way, but it was no business of his. He began to think that Brown was a good enough fellow before, but would make a devilish disagreeable one if he was going to turn fast man.

At "The Choughs" all went on as if the downward path knew how to make itself smooth. Now that the races were over, and so many other attractions going on in Oxford, very few men came in to interfere with him. He was scarcely ever away from Patty's side in the evenings while her aunt was absent, and gained more and more power over her. He might have had some compassion, but that he was spurred on by hearing how Hardy haunted the place now, at times when he could not be there. He felt that there was an influence struggling with his in the girl's mind; he laid it to Hardy's door, and

imputed it still, more and more, to motives as base as his own. But Abingdon fair was coming on Thursday. When he left "The Choughs" on Tuesday night, he had extracted a promise from Patty to accompany him there, and had arranged their place of meeting.

All that remained to be done was to see if Drysdale was going. Somehow he felt a disinclination to go alone with Patty. Drysdale was the only man of those he was now living with to whom he felt the least attraction. In a vague way he clung to him; and though he never faced the thought of what he was about fairly, yet it passed through his mind that even in Drysdale's company he would be safer than if alone. It was all pitiless, blind, wild work, without rudder or compass; the wish that nothing very bad might come out of it all, however, came up in spite of him now and again, and he looked to Drysdale, and longed to become even as he.

Drysdale was going. He was very reserved on the subject, but at last confessed that he was not going alone. Tom persisted. Drysdale was too lazy and careless to keep anything from a man who was bent on knowing it. In the end, it was arranged that he should drive Tom out the next afternoon. He did so. They stopped at a small public-house some two miles out of Oxford. The cart was put up, and after carefully scanning the neighbourhood they walked quickly to the door of a pretty retired cottage. As they entered, Drysdale said,

"By Jove, I thought I caught a glimpse of your friend Hardy at that turn."

"Friend! he's no friend of mine."

"But didn't you see him?"

"No."

They reached college again between ten and eleven, and parted, each to his own rooms.

To his surprise, Tom found a candle burning on his table. Round the candle was tied a piece of string, at the end of which hung a note. Whoever had put it there had clearly been anxious that he should in no case miss it when he came

in. He took it up and saw that it was in Hardy's hand. He paused, and trembled as he stood. Then with an effort he broke the seal and read—

"I must speak once more. To-morrow it may be too late. If you go to Abingdon fair with her in the company of Drysdale and his mistress, or I believe, in any company, you will return a scoundrel, and she—; in the name of the honour of your mother and sister, in the name of God, I warn you. May He help you through it."  
—JOHN HARDY."

Here we will drop the curtain for the next hour. At the end of that time, Tom staggered out of his room, down the staircase, across the quadrangle, up Drysdale's staircase. He paused at the door to gather some strength, ran his hands through his hair, and arranged his coat; notwithstanding, when he entered, Drysdale started to his feet, upsetting Jack from his comfortable coil on the sofa.

"Why, Brown, you're ill; have some brandy," he said, and went to his cupboard for the bottle.

Tom leant his arm on the fireplace; his head on it. The other hand hung down by his side, and Jack licked it, and he loved the dog as he felt the caress. Then Drysdale came to his side with a glass of brandy, which he took and tossed off as though it had been water. "Thank you," he said, and as Drysdale went back with the bottle, reached a large arm-chair and sat himself down in it.

"Drysdale, I sha'n't go with you to Abingdon fair to-morrow."

"Hullo! what, has the lovely Patty thrown you over?" said Drysdale, turning from the cupboard, and resuming his lounge on the sofa.

"No:" he sank back into the chair, on the arms of which his elbows rested, and put his hands up before his face, pressing them against his burning temples. Drysdale looked at him hard, but said nothing; and there was a dead silence of a minute or so, broken only by Tom's heavy breathing, which he was labouring in vain to control.

"No," he repeated at last, and the remaining words came out slowly as if they were trying to steady themselves, "but, by God, Drysdale, I *can't* take her with you, and that—" a dead pause.

"The young lady you met to-night, eh?"

Tom nodded, but said nothing.

"Well, old fellow," said Drysdale, "now you've made up your mind, I tell you, I'm devilish glad of it—I'm no saint as you know, but I think it would have been a d——d shame if you had taken her with us."

"Thank you," said Tom, and pressed his fingers tighter on his forehead; and he *did* feel thankful for the words, though, coming from the man they did, they went into him like coals of fire.

Again there was a long pause, Tom sitting as before. Drysdale got up, and strolled up and down his room, with his hands in the pockets of his silk-lined lounging coat, taking at each turn a steady look at the other. Presently he stopped, and took his cigar out of his mouth. "I say, Brown," he said, after another minute's contemplation of the figure before him, which bore such an unmistakable impress of wretchedness, that it made him quite uncomfortable, "why don't you cut that concern?"

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

"Why that 'Choughs' business—I'll be hanged if it won't kill you, or make a devil of you before long, if you go on with it."

"It's not far from that now."

"So I see—and I'll tell you what, you're not the sort of fellow to go in for this kind of thing. You'd better leave it to cold-blooded brutes, like some we know—I needn't mention names."

"I'm awfully wretched, Drysdale; I've been a brute myself to you and everybody of late."

"Well, I own I don't like the new side of you. Now make up your mind to cut the whole concern, old fellow," he said, coming up good-naturedly, and

putting his hand on Tom's shoulder; "it's hard to do, I dare say, but you had better make the plunge and get it over. There's wickedness enough going about without your helping to shove another one into it."

Tom groaned as he listened, but he felt that the man was trying to help him in his own way, and according to his light, as Drysdale went on expounding his own curious code of morality. When it was ended he shook Drysdale's hand, and, wishing him good night, went back to his own rooms. The first step upwards towards the light had been made, for he felt thoroughly humbled before the man on whom he had expended in his own mind so much patronizing pity for the last half-year—whom he had been fancying he was influencing for good.

During the long hours of the night the scenes of the last few hours, of the last few days, came back to him and burnt into his soul. The gulf yawned before him now plain enough, open at his feet—black, ghastly. He shuddered at it, wondered if he should even yet fall in, felt wildly about for strength to stand firm, to retrace his steps; but found it not. He found not yet the strength he was in search of, but in the grey morning he wrote a short note.

"I shall not be able to take you to Abingdon fair to-day. You will not see me perhaps for some days. I am not well. I am very sorry. Don't think that I am changed. Don't be unhappy, or I don't know what I may do." There was no address and no signature to the note.

When the gates opened he hurried out of the college, and, having left it and a shilling with Dick (whom he found clearing the yard, and much astonished at his appearance, and who promised to deliver it to Patty with his own hands before eight o'clock), he got back again to his own rooms, went to bed, worn out in mind and body, and slept till mid-day.

*To be continued.*

## THE SLEEP OF THE HYACINTH.

AN EGYPTIAN POEM. BY THE LATE DR. GEORGE WILSON, OF EDINBURGH.

THE following poem, written by its lamented author at intervals of leisure, had its origin, as his papers inform us, in the fact that a bulbous root, found in the hand of the mummy of an Egyptian princess, grew again when planted. Pondering this fact, interesting to him as a man of science, and permitting it to develop itself in his imaginative mind in all the range of its suggestions, he constructed the poem. "I call the rhyme," he says in one of his letters, "*The Sleep of the Hyacinth*: it is a mosaic on life, death, and resurrection, natural and spiritual." Had it been finished according to the author's plan, it was to have consisted of six portions, entitled respectively as follows:—

## I. THE GARDEN.

## II. THE QUEEN AND THE FLOWERS.

## III. THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

IV. THE ENTOMBMENT OF THE QUEEN  
AND THE FLOWER.

## V. THE SLEEP.

## VI. THE AWAKING.

Of those intended portions the sixth is totally wanting; of the second all that exists is a few lines, suggesting the subject which the author meant to expand; and both the fourth and fifth portions are incomplete, so far that here and there is a gap where the author purposed to insert stanzas of connexion. Allowing for this incompleteness, and for the absence of corrections for which there are suggestions in the MS., the Poem will be welcomed as a characteristic production of the writer's mind. We present it in two divisions—the first division (containing the first three portions) now; the rest to follow in a future number.

## I. THE GARDEN.

The ancient Egyptian garden wherein the Hyacinth grew.

THREE thousand years! three thousand years!

Three thousand long and weary years  
Have ceased to be oppressed with fears;  
Have wept their latest, bitter tears;  
Have drowned the echo of the cheers

That stirred their life awhile;  
Have hushed to stillest rest their noise;  
Have left to other years their toys;  
Have lost the memory of their joys,

And long forgot to smile;  
Have cast away their wings and fled  
To join the ghosts of centuries dead,

That track the steps of Time,  
Since, watered by the abounding Nile

In Egypt's favoured clime,  
A Garden stretched where now the sand  
Has ruined that delightful land—

A Garden such as mortal eye  
Has never seen on Northern shore;  
So plenteous were the flowers it bore,

So proudly did its trees on high  
Lift their crowned foreheads to the  
sky,

And dare the burning sun  
To blast them with his fiery eye,  
To bid them his caresses shun,  
Or make them wither, droop, or die.

Their glorious beauty could defy  
The fervour of his ardent gaze;  
Their tints were borrowed from his rays;  
They loved to meet his noontide blaze;

He could not do them ill;  
For round about their feet were swathed  
Thick, mossy, verdant carpets, bathed

In moisture spread by many a rill  
Which, winding from the teeming river,  
Flowed in refreshing streams for ever.

The palm was there with fluttering leaves  
 The warm air fanning ;  
 The sycamore with outspread boughs,  
 Like arches overspanning ;  
 And all between,  
 Enrobed in green,  
 Myrtles and fragrant shrubs adorned the  
 scene.

Among their leaves was many a nest,  
 From which, as from its night of rest  
 Each happy bird awoke,  
 A hymn of gladness broke,  
 And midst the sound of rustling wings,  
 Rose their Hosannah  
 To the King of kings.  
 High over these the tall banana  
 Lifted its head, like some Sultana  
 With glory crowned :  
 And through its leafy screen,  
 Tinting the light of green,  
 Spread a refreshing coolness all around,  
 And with its grateful shadow curtained  
 o'er the ground.

The pomegranate upon the grass  
 Showered down its blood-red petals,  
 Like fluttering chips of burnished  
 metals.

With armour bright of glowing brass,  
 And wings of gauze in colours shining,  
 Like ores which have through much  
 refining,

And many a process come,  
 Hovered around the citron tree,  
 Filling the air with drowsy hum,  
 The broad-winged butterfly, the busy  
 bee,

And mailèd beetles many a one,  
 Idling the hours,  
 Among the flowers,  
 From dawn of day, till set the evening sun.  
 Round the thick boughs and gnarlèd  
 stems,

Where'er its clasping tendrils could  
 entwine,

Laden with clusters like dark ruby gems,  
 Wound like a serpent the embracing vine,

And climbing to the topmost spray,  
 Out of the cunning fox's way,  
 Let its ripe bunches peep, out from  
 among the leaves,  
 Like birds nestled in nooks of shady  
 cottage-caves.

The golden spheres of the orange-trees

Were tossed about by the playful breeze,  
 And bowled along the lawn :  
 The blossoms pale of the almond shed  
 Their hoary honours around the head  
 Of the parent stem when all else was dead,  
 And like flakes of snow on the ground  
 were strawn.

The lemon flowers grew dim of sight,  
 And closed their drowsy eyes at night,  
 But opened them wide at the dawn.  
 The burly gourd, and the melon round,  
 Lazily rolled upon the ground ;  
 And beneath their leaves the cucumber  
 wound,

Like a snake about on a bird to bound.  
 The plum-trees laden with many years,  
 Mourned their old age in trickling tears  
 Of balsam and of gum ;  
 And noisy chatter and happy hum  
 Showed how the busy birds made merry  
 On the nectarine's cheek, and each juicy  
 berry,  
 And drank the blood of the crimson  
 cherry.

And many another tree was there :  
 The acacia with its yellow hair,  
 The fig-tree and the lime ;  
 The fairest things appeared more fair  
 In that delightful clime,

Where piercing north-blasts never  
 blow,  
 Nor chills the bleak east wind,  
 Where falleth never hail or snow  
 To leave its blight behind,  
 But an eternal summer breathes  
 And from a horn of plenty fills,  
 And with a crown of beauty wreathes  
 The Everlasting Hills.

From every clime and every shore,  
 Whatever choicest plant it bore,  
 By tributary nation sent,  
 Gave to that Garden ornament.<sup>1</sup>  
 A thousand stately flowers stood up,  
 With chiselled stem and carved cup,  
 With sculptured urns ; with hanging  
 bells ;

With trumped-tubes ; with honey-cells  
 Wherein the bee found endless wells  
 Of nectar to be sipped ;  
 And even the wasp forgot his malice,  
 When quaffing at each brimming chalice,

<sup>1</sup> Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians* (two vol. ed.), vol. i. p. 57 ; also, vol. ii. p. 36.

And sheathed his sword, with poison  
 tipped.  
 Some bore their heads like butterflies,  
 With plumes and fluttering wings,  
 And others wore rare ornaments,  
 Like crowns of queens and kings.  
 And some spread out like banners  
 Hung o'er a dungeon-keep,  
 And others were all hollowed out  
 And chased like goblets deep ;  
 In which the drunken gnat could sleep  
 His day's debauch away,  
 And many a stealthy worm would creep  
 And make the buds his prey.  
 The bulrush grew at the water's edge,  
 With the paper-reed and the sword-  
 leaved sedge,  
 Each with its root stuck down like a  
 wedge  
 In the bed of the marshy pool ;  
 And wherever the waters were clear  
 and cool,  
 They were fringed by the oleander,  
 Whose rosy petals love to be  
 Where they can their own beauty see,  
 And blow where rills meander :  
 Or at the side of some still lake,  
 Where sea and sky  
 Gaze eye to eye,  
 And of each other's charms partake.  
 The rainbow-tinted iris,  
 And the slender asphodels,  
 Nodded gaily to each other  
 With a graceful, easy motion ;  
 And pouted out their lips  
 Like those curious Eastern shells,  
 That have palaces to dwell in  
 At the bottom of the ocean.  
 The narcissus gazed with wonder  
 On his beauty in the stream ;  
 And between his leaves and under  
 Glowed the crocus' golden gleam :  
 And the tulip's deep-mouthed pitcher  
 Stood erect upon her stem,  
 For she knew her flowers were richer,  
 Though no fragrance rose from them,  
 Than the petals of the wild thyme  
 That nestled at her feet,  
 And the marjoram or lavender,  
 Though their breath is very sweet.  
 The poppy with his scarlet plumes  
 Was like a soldier tall,  
 But the tallest was the hollyhock,  
 For he rose above them all,

And with trumpets stood the columbine  
 As if to sound a call,  
 At which the flowers should wake from  
 rest,  
 And into ranks should fall,  
 As the bugle makes the soldier start,  
 And the steed neigh in his stall.  
 The floating white cups of the lotus lilies  
 With all their bravery of leaves, were  
 there ;  
 The yellow petals of the daffodillies  
 Breathed forth their perfume to the  
 passing air ;  
 And clustered chalice of amaryllis,  
 Some delicately fair,  
 Stood robed in white,  
 And others rosy bright,  
 Crowned on the summit of their  
 stately stems  
 With crimson flowers like queenly  
 diadems.  
 The dark-eyed violet sending  
 Forth its fragrance, when the wind  
 blows,  
 The lowly lily of the valley bending  
 At the feet of the rose.  
 The rose herself, stately and tall  
 O'er them all  
 As a queen reigning,  
 Lowlier things and their homage dis-  
 daining ;  
 The heliotrope for ever turning  
 With eager eye to meet the burning  
 Glances of the god of day :  
 The towering forms, the long array  
 Of sunflowers with their starry faces ;  
 The cistus with its fleeting graces ;  
 And other bright flowers  
 Fanned by the winds, and unharmed  
 by the showers,  
 Filled with their beauty the far-spread-  
 ing bowers.

II. THE QUEEN AND THE FLOWERS.

A young Egyptian princess, daughter of  
 some Pharaoh, the Queen of the Garden, walks  
 in it, in the fulness of life. The vision is but  
 a glimpse ; for this part of the poem is un-  
 finished.

WITHIN the garden lived a maid,  
 Of noble figure as became a Queen ;  
 A gentle, graceful and majestic creature

With beauty written on each noble  
feature,  
And wearing such a regal mien,  
That they who watched it, said,  
This is no queen whom man has  
crowned,  
But one whom God has made.

\* \* \* \* \*

### III. THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

Death visits the Egyptian Eden ; the Princess  
feels his approach, shrinks despairingly, invokes  
help from gods and men ; and dies.

WITHIN the earliest Eden  
The tempter sought his prey :  
From every later scene of bliss  
He tries to steal the bliss away,  
And oftentimes prevails.  
For doubt, and woe, and want, and  
fear,

And grief, and guilt, and sin,  
Are ever ready, standing near  
To tempt the tempter in.  
And neither youth, nor love, nor hope,  
Nor beauty's fading flower,  
Nor childhood's joy, nor manhood's  
strength,

Its purpose or its power,  
Can keep away  
The evil day,  
Or long avert the hour  
When grief must come.  
The smiter striketh home :  
The cup of sorrow circleth round,  
And though we quail and shrink,  
To pass it by  
No one may try,  
But all must bend and drink.  
For Christ's dear flock  
There doth remain,

A place of rest  
From toil and pain,  
And God himself on high,  
Away from every eye,  
Shall wipe off every tear ;  
But we have no abiding city here.

A morning came : all looked serenely  
bright,  
As the queen walked forth in the  
early air ;

The sun unrisen to his mid-day height,  
Showed but the forelocks of his  
golden hair.

Unearthly beauty spread on all around  
A glory she had never seen before ;  
Death, who keeps treading an impartial  
round,

Seemed to have passed the happy  
garden o'er.  
All was so full of life, of love, of  
God,

All sang so joyously his kindly care,  
From the small mosses nestling in the  
sod,

To the great eagles winging through  
the air.

"Oh God ! they praise thee," sang her  
happy voice,

"I cannot hear them, thou dost hear  
them all,

"We all are thine ; in thee we all  
rejoice,

"Giver of good gifts, on thy name  
we call."

So prayed the Queen, and countless  
happy days

Their long perspective spread before  
her gaze,

Like sculptured sphinxes, daughters of  
one mother,

With sister-faces, each one like the  
other,

Serenely stretched, with sweet looks  
glancing o'er

The long space leading to the temple-  
door,

Who seem unending, and who only  
cease

Where the gate opens, and the soul  
finds peace :

So gazed the queen. But lo ! a little  
cloud

Rose from the sea, shaped like a  
mummy shroud.

The mid-day came : the sun was red as  
blood :

A dreary horror filled the air :  
The birds sought covert in the thickest  
wood,

And the fierce lion crouched within  
his lair.

Death had bethought him of the  
happy spot,



That smiled so sweetly to the morn-  
ing sun ;

"It mocketh me : its beauty I will blot,  
Its crown of glory shall be all un-  
done."

He spared the flowers ; he spared the  
leafy trees ;

His mark was on them pointing to  
their prime ;

The merry birds, the murmuring bees,  
They could be his at any time.

He left a footmark here and there,  
But knowing all was his, he could afford  
to spare.

With shadowless and soundless tread  
He sought the bower where sat the  
queen ;

Her heart oppressed with nameless  
dread,

And wond'ring at the changèd scene :

"I come for thee. Doff all thy pride,  
"I have no time for seeking or for  
suing ;

"Thy place is ready, thou must be my  
bride ;

"This is my way of winning and of  
wooing ;

"The sun bends downwards ; when the  
stars arise

"Prepare to meet me ; thou must be  
my prize."

"Oh ! thou that sleep'st in Philæ's  
Holy Isle,

"Oh ! great Osiris with the gentle  
heart,

"May I behold thy gracious smile !

"Oh ! give me with thyself a part,

"In those delightful regions of the  
blest,

"Where thou to sinless spirits  
grantest rest.

"Ah me ! but who shall sinless say,

"I come to claim the meed of good  
works done ?

"Search me and try me ; in the balance  
weigh ;

"Blot of transgression on my soul  
is none :

"Or who shall disembodied throw,

"Himself on certain bliss where all  
perhaps is woe ?

"Oh, God of gods ! if such there be,

"And that there is my conscience  
tells,

"How shall I justify myself to thee,

"Being in whom perfection dwells ?

"I see the stern, relentless judges  
seated,

"In solemn circle in the halls below ;

"The summons dread the herald has  
repeated,

"And my distracted spirit fears to go

"Where in my utmost need,

"No one for me will plead,

"Or intercessor use prevailing prayer ;

"Where altars do not stand,

"Or victims bleed,

"Or smoke of incense fill the grateful  
air ;

"But in the gloomy land

"Is kept the record of each sinful  
deed.

"The impartial balance on its axis  
moving ;

"The needle quivering on the sway-  
ing beam ;

"The scale, swift rising, and as swift  
descending ;

"All as if here before me seem :

"The avengers, waiting for the heart's  
last proving,

"The awful guardian with his eye  
of hate,

"The observing God his body bending

"To watch the action of the shifting  
weight,

"And the despairing spirit's cry "Too  
late !"

"As the great judge, his voice extend-  
ing,

"Speaks till the vaults reverberate the  
sound,—

"'Heaven on thee closes her unwill-  
ing gate,'

"'Thou hast been weighed, and wanting  
found.' 1

"Oh, God of gods ! if such there be,

"And that there is my conscience  
tells,

"How shall I justify myself to thee,

"Being in whom perfection dwells ?

1 Wilkinson, vol. ii. p. 381.

“ Each long-forgotten crime,  
 “ That seemed  
 “ Like something dreamed,  
 “ All blotted out by time ;  
 “ So that I deemed  
 “ It was no part of me ;  
 “ Like hieroglyphic flashing in the sun  
 “ Proclaims, ‘ From evil thou hast done  
 “ ‘ Thou never canst be free.’

“ Legions of sins around my bed,  
 “ In fierce, vindictive, terrible array,  
 “ Gnash with their teeth, and scoff,  
 and say,  
 “ ‘ Sin hath its hour  
 “ ‘ Of might and power :  
 “ ‘ Long have we waited : now is no  
 delay.  
 “ ‘ They call for thee ! the impatient  
 dead,  
 “ ‘ And we shall guide thee on the  
 way :  
 “ ‘ Not one shall fail when God  
 will call,  
 “ ‘ Thou shalt be marshalled by  
 us all,  
 “ ‘ And we will win thee on the  
 Judgment Day.’ ”

She started up, and half arose,  
 As if to battle with her foes,  
 And wildly round the air she struck  
 Like one who fights when sore beset,  
 Then gazed with an imploring look,  
 Which they who saw could ne'er forget,

So plainly seemed that glance to say,  
 “ In this, my hour of dark dismay,  
 “ Can ye not render other help than  
 only weep and pray ? ”

“ Oh, God of gods ! if such there be,  
 “ And that there is my conscience  
 tells,  
 “ How shall I justify myself to thee,  
 “ Being in whom perfection dwells ?

“ No Past rolls back behind thy throne,  
 “ No Future spreads before,  
 “ A Present, like a boundless sea,  
 “ On no side finds a shore.

“ The universe would rock and reel,  
 “ If change should pass on thee,  
 “ What thou hast been in eldest time,  
 “ Thou must through endless ages be.

“ The holiness that once was thine  
 “ Cannot in Eons pass away ;  
 “ With guilt it never can combine ;  
 “ As yesterday thou art to-day.  
 “ But is there not some wond'rous way,  
 “ Some all unthought of, glorious  
 plan,  
 “ By which, though holy, thou may'st  
 say,  
 “ ‘ I can be just, yet pardon man ’ ?

“ ‘ Have I not heard a legend wild<sup>1</sup>  
 “ Of one who, when the years roll on,  
 “ Shall come to earth—a woman's  
 child—  
 “ And yet thine only Son ;  
 “ Who shall to thee a ransom pay,  
 “ And wash the guilt of man away ? ’ ”

She glanced around, and, as she ceased,  
 Quick beckoned to a thoughtful priest :  
 “ Tell me,” she said, “ this wondrous  
 tale,

“ Tell me, ye priests, if it ye knew,  
 “ My strength and courage faint and  
 fail,—

“ I swear you, speak me true  
 “ As ye are priests of Him on high,  
 “ And as ye shall on deathbeds lie,—  
 “ Be done with secret things ;  
 “ The daughter of a race of kings  
 “ Lays her commands on you.”

The priests looked grave, but nothing  
 said ;

They deemed it a delirious dream,  
 Where strangest thoughts together wed,  
 And phantasies and things that are  
 No longer with each other war,  
 But all as real seem.

She read their looks, and bowed her  
 head ;

She crossed her hands, and lowly said,—  
 “ I kneel before thee in the dust,  
 “ Dread God of gods, and King of  
 kings ;

“ Slay me, if Justice say thou must,  
 “ But I will hide beneath thy wings,  
 “ And thou shalt be my only trust.”

All hushed she then, as if to hear  
 Some message whispered in her ear,

<sup>1</sup> See Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. i.  
 p. 331.

All still she lay, as if to see  
Some vision of Divinity.

But Death was fiercely beating  
At life's shattered gate,  
And scoffed at all entreating  
That he awhile should wait.  
And senselessness was stealing  
O'er the wearied, aching brain,  
And every pulse and feeling  
Were numbed by cruel pain.  
The ear was dull, and dim the eye,  
Nor message seemed from Him on high.

Then rose upon the startled air  
An awful cry of wild despair,  
Which made the trembling hearers start,  
And chilled the life-blood in each heart.  
But whilst they stood with tortured ear,  
Prepared again that sound to hear,  
Lo! on the queenly face a change  
Had passed, unutterably strange:  
The look of pain and woe was gone,

The brow like polished marble shone,  
The gleaming eyes were fixed above,  
With a fond look of awe and love.  
The hands were raised as if to clasp  
Something beloved in their grasp;  
The quivering lips essayed awhile  
To speak, but only reached a smile;  
Then all was still: upon the breast  
The folded arms sank down to rest;  
The dark eyelashes, like portcullis spears,  
Closed fast for ever o'er the gate of tears.  
And by their looks the watchers knew  
That each the same conclusion drew;  
But no one spake, for all amazed  
Upon the wondrous vision gazed.

Silence came down on Pharaoh's pile,  
Save in that chamber you might hear  
Low stifled sobbing and the dropping  
tear,  
And far-off ripple of the murmuring  
Nile.

*(To be continued.)*

## DECAY AND PRESERVATION OF STONE.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A. F.R.S.

THE stones used for ordinary building purposes are in all countries and in all places those which are nearest at hand, provided they are adapted to the local want; and though, where tolerably cheap stone is not to be had, brick is often resorted to, we may be sure that the former will supersede the latter whenever it is possible. The stone, however, is generally used in the state in which it comes from the quarry, and often without much examination; so that, in towns near quarries, it has been a mere chance whether a good or bad quality of the common material has been selected, especially for private buildings. Nor is this the case in England only, for although, from the dampness and variable temperature of our climate and the quantity of coal burnt in towns, stone decays more rapidly with us than in the drier air of the continent of Europe,

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there are plenty of examples of bad material and bad selection in other places, and we everywhere find proof of the inevitable consequences.

All the stones in common use, of whatever kind, are more or less absorbent, and those most easily chiselled and worked into ornament are, almost without exception, those which most easily decay. The Bath stone is a good example; for, though unrivalled for cheapness and the facility of being worked,—especially when fresh from the quarry,—very beautiful in its creamy tint of colour, and in many other essentials an admirable material, this stone decomposes so rapidly when exposed to damp and town influences, that most of the buildings constructed of it show decay within a few years. It is remarkable, however, that the stones used in the city of Bath, and its fine Abbey church, have with

stood this process better than those elsewhere employed. Thus Bristol is in a far worse state than Bath, and but little remains of the elaborate ornaments that once decorated the churches there, although many of them were built from the very quarries that, about the same time, or not much later, were used for the sister city.

The only freestones that resist with any steadiness the attacks of weather in England, are the hard pale sandstones of some parts of Derbyshire, and those of Edinburgh, worked at Craigeleith. These consist almost entirely of grains of silica, cemented with the same material, and in this mixture there is nothing whatever to induce decay. They are however, expensive, and not easily worked. The mixed carbonates of lime and magnesia obtained from the borders of Derbyshire and Yorkshire have withstood exposure in their own neighbourhood, but require careful selection. Granites generally resist weathering, but they also are too costly to be employed on a large scale.

The mode in which decay affects exposed stones, is simple and easily understood. Very few stones are to be found that do not absorb water, and this is the foundation of the mischief. The water acts, however, in different ways, according to the nature of the stone. Limestone, the most common kind, generally consists of a number of small grains of carbonate of lime, or particles of shells and coral broken up into fragments, cemented together by the percolation of water, containing carbonate of lime. Many of the sandstones in like manner consist of particles of sand, cemented by carbonate of lime. This mode of formation of solid rock is a process that seems always to have been going on in nature, for all limestones and sandstones were originally soft mud, and became hardened by gradual drying under pressure. In this way has arisen the usual condition of the Bath, Portland, and other building limestones, and also many of the sandstones of England, while precisely the same process may be observed now wherever any large quantity of shells,

or coral, or sand, is found on or near a sea-coast.

Whenever material of this kind is quarried out of the earth and exposed to the air, it is found to contain a good deal of moisture, on parting with which it becomes harder. Pores and crevices however are left, into which water will readily enter in wet weather, and if the rain should be succeeded by severe frost, the water, expanding within the stone, especially where it occupies the narrow crevices, soon chips off and removes any loose fragments, acting with most effect on the angular and projecting parts. It also throws off scales and films of stone from the smooth surface in a fine powder, little noticed at first, but gradually becoming manifest, and ultimately destroying the face of the stone. This, it will be noticed, is strictly a mechanical action, and occurs in any porous material, whether limestone or sandstone. In fact, some sandstones are even more affected than some limestones, owing to the weak coherence of their particles.

There is another serious cause of decay in such stones as consist either entirely of limestone, or of particles of sand cemented by carbonate of lime. This arises from the chemical action of substances held in solution by rain-water, and obtained from the atmosphere of large towns in which vast quantities of coal are constantly being burnt, as well as from the decomposition of animal and vegetable products. A certain quantity of ammonia, of sulphurous acid, and of carbonic acid, is thus always at hand, and possibly many other substances, all soluble in water; and there is also a large quantity of carbon in the minutely divided state we call soot, resulting from the unburnt portion of the coal which escaped as smoke. Mixed with all these, and being itself, when pure, capable of dissolving carbonate of lime to a small extent, the rain falls or is beaten against the exposed faces of stone, and is driven into the crevices and pores open to receive it. A slow destruction is inevitable; the surface of the stone becomes coated with soot; and the water,

with its acids, soon acts on the interior, to a small extent no doubt each time, but repeated so often as to produce in time a great result. It is only when the stone is not porous, and does not contain crevices, or when the pores and crevices have had time to be choked by some living vegetation (which happens often in the open country, but rarely in towns), or, lastly, when in some way these pores and chinks are choked up artificially, that there is any possibility of preserving the face of the stone from destruction.<sup>1</sup>

It is clear that all porous substances that admit of injury by the means just described come under the same category, and that the various cements of which carbonate of lime forms part will require preservation to the same extent as the natural stones. In a general way it may be said, that in proportion as a stone is more nearly crystalline, it is closer in texture, and less liable to absorb foreign substances than ordinary stone; and for this reason, as really crystalline stones and marbles of fine quality are too expensive for ordinary building material, the semi-crystalline stones of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, known as magnesian limestones, have been highly recommended, and, after careful inquiry, one of them was selected as the material for the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster. The sample quarry not being however of sufficient magnitude, it appears that a neighbouring one was selected, and it has unfortunately happened that a large part of the stone by no means answers the original expectation.<sup>2</sup> The disappoint-

<sup>1</sup> The destruction is greatly assisted by, and perhaps it sometimes originates with, the rapid absorption into the substance of the stone of various gases existing in the atmosphere of towns. This is effected by a peculiar process first explained by Professor Graham. Porous stones act, however, not only as absorbents, but as actual filters, decomposing the fluids they filter.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. L. H. Smith, one of the commissioners appointed to report on the stone for the Houses of Parliament, has recently stated that the true cause of bad material was the want of proper selection, and that other buildings in London of similar material properly selected

ment and injury thus occasioned has been felt now for some time, and great discussion has arisen both within and without the walls of Parliament on the subject. To allow the decay to go on, will unquestionably involve in a few years the permanent injury of a large part of the architectural decorations of the building, and a remedy is loudly called for. There is no doubt that this unfortunate result in so important a building, has been the chief cause of the share of attention recently given to inquiries concerning the preservation of building stone from decay.

One remedy is at hand and has long been in use in London and elsewhere. The absorbent surface of the stone or cement exposed to injury from water, may be coated with paint made of animal oil and white lead; very efficient at the time, inasmuch as the whole surface is covered with a material which effectually repels all water as long as it remains sound. This remedy however is not only enormously expensive and exceedingly unsightly, but the instant the paint is laid on the stone and exposed to the weather, it also begins to decay. A chemical action commences, the oil becomes oxidised, and ceases to hold together the particles of white lead, and in the course of three or four years, at most, sufficient injury is done to render it necessary to re-paint the whole, if we would preserve the stone beneath. Added to this, the sulphuretted hydrogen in the atmosphere of large towns, produced by the combustion of impure street gas, attacks the lead, blackens, corrodes, and soon destroys it.

Under the head of paints must be included all, without exception, of the long list of contrivances that have been suggested (many of them also have been largely tried) in which the presence of animal or vegetable substances, chiefly oils, mixed with other ingredients, renders the application useless after the lapse of a longer or shorter time.

It must be evident, at a glance, that have stood perfectly well. He instances the Museum of Economic Geology in Jermyn Street.

the admission of materials decomposing on exposure to the air is fatal to the durability of any mixture whatever; and thus the whole class of pigments containing oil, blood, or other organic substances, is excluded from competition in any attempt to discover a means of permanently preserving stone from destruction.

In the year 1825, an ingenious paper was published in a well-known German scientific periodical (Karsten's Archiv.), in which is described the manufacture of a kind of glass, composed, as other glass is, of silica or pounded flint, and a strong alkali (caustic potash or soda), but which becomes soluble in boiling water, owing to the large proportion of alkali employed in its manufacture. To this material the name of *water-glass* was applied. As originally made by Dr. Fuchs, its inventor, this glass consisted of fifteen parts of pure quartz, sand, or powdered flints, ten parts of well purified potash, and one part of powdered charcoal, exposed to a strong heat in a fire-proof melting-pot for five or six hours until fused. The resulting substance, being broken up and pulverised, was placed in about five parts of boiling water in an iron pot, the liquid being constantly stirred, and hot water added for three or four hours until the whole was dissolved. Being then cooled in a closed vessel it could be transferred to stoppered bottles in a liquid state, and kept for any length of time. By adding to a concentrated solution about one fourth its volume of alcohol, a gelatinous precipitate was produced, which could be separated and preserved dry, and this substance was soluble readily and completely in water. In this way was made *potash water-glass*, and, by a nearly similar process, either soda water-glass or a mixture of the two.

Dr. Fuchs considered that one of the most important uses of his new invention would be to mix with pigments, to impart great durability and indestructibility to paintings. He even considered that a new era was opened to art by the introduction of his system, which he

named *Stereochromy*, and which was to supersede fresco painting.<sup>1</sup>

Many other uses suggested themselves to its discoverer for this singular material. When pure it has the appearance of ordinary glass; but acids, alkalies, and alkaline salts and earths, decompose it, and separate the silica in a gelatinous or flaky form. Even alumina combines with it. If it is dissolved and exposed to the air it attracts carbonic acid and suffers decomposition, producing a slimy deposit. If exposed to the air in a solid state, it is also decomposed after a time. When a concentrated solution is brushed over solid substances it soon dries up and forms a shining transparent coating, which afterwards becomes dull, and cracks as it parts gradually with its water. When it is used as a cement, its action resembles that of glue, but it forms a much stiffer paste with powdered carbonate of lime than with powdered flint, and acts differently on different solids.

Water-glass, thus discovered, does not seem to have become generally known or to have attracted much attention in Germany for the next fifteen years; but in 1840 Professor Kuhlman, of Lille, began a series of researches on the efflorescences on walls, with a view to determine the potash and soda present in building-stones and cements, thinking that by proper management he might

<sup>1</sup> The eminent German painter, Kaulbach, has executed four large paintings in this manner in Berlin, although the practical difficulties cannot yet be said to be overcome, and the question of durability is still doubtful. The application of the water-glass is both to the ground-work of cement on which the picture is to be painted, and to fix the colours after its completion. In the former, the completed calcareous incrustation which forms the ordinary ground for fresco painting, is twice impregnated with a solution of the water-glass, and then left to dry. The ground is said to differ but little from that commonly used. After the picture is painted, the water-glass is again applied with a syringe having a fine rose, and is repeated until the colours adhere so firmly that they cannot be rubbed off with the finger; different colours requiring a different quantity of the solution to fix them. When thus completed, the picture needs only to be washed a few times first with spirits of wine and afterwards with pure water.

discover a preparation by whose aid these absorbent substances might be changed at the surface into non-absorbent silicates.

He discovered that something of this might be done by the use of a silicate of potash, and was brought to experiment with this view on the water-glass of Dr. Fuchs. The experiments in the laboratory being at length successful, there seemed nothing left to accomplish, and the work was attempted on a larger scale. By placing chalk in a solution of the silicate of potash (water-glass), the chalk absorbed a considerable quantity of silica, and by a frequent repetition of the soaking and exposure to the air, the specimen not only hardened at the surface but was completely indurated after fifteen years exposure to a thickness of a quarter of an inch. This hardness was found also to be greatly assisted by heat. M. Kuhlman seems indeed to have been aware that occasionally in damp weather, and always in moist atmospheres, a considerable length of time must elapse before the silica can become hardened. This was however a practical difficulty which he hoped would not seriously interfere with the ultimate result, and he ventured to experiment on various buildings, throwing a weakened solution on the building in a shower by means of a pump, and employing soft brushes in the parts which the shower would hardly reach. The result of this we are not expressly told, but, judging from the effect of a similar wash when tried lately in England (with certain improved methods since introduced) on a portion of the river-front of the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster, the real secret of success has certainly not been discovered by the French chemist. It is not easy at present to reconcile the account given by Professor Kuhlman, and quoted in a report recently made on the subject to the French Academy of Science, with the appearance actually presented on the stone experimented on in England. It appears also beyond a doubt that similar trials in Paris have been equally unsuccessful.

While Mr. Kuhlman was carrying on

experiments in his laboratory at Lille, a countryman of our own, Mr. Frederick Ransome, of Ipswich, had been making soluble silicate in his own way on a large scale, operating in a steam boiler on tons weight of material, with the view of manufacturing an artificial stone suitable for grinding, building, ornamental, and filtering purposes. Mr. Ransome's first idea was to obtain such a stone by fusing ordinary glass with sand forced into moulds by hydrostatic pressure; but he soon discovered the soluble silicate, though without the name (water-glass) that had been given it, and set to work to dissolve common flints, unbroken, under a steam pressure of sixty to eighty pounds on the square inch, with a strong caustic solution of soda or potash. Having dissolved his flints, he made the sand into a paste with them, and found that although at first this paste hardened, it soon became soft on exposure to the atmosphere. After subjecting it however to bright heat in a kiln, he obtained a permanent stone which he could modify in many ways with great facility, and which was perfectly durable. So far his experiments seemed (like those of M. Kuhlman) perfectly satisfactory, and he proceeded to manufacture and sell ornamental stone-work. After a time, complaints were heard that the stone became disfigured by the efflorescence of a salt, causing an unsightly appearance, and looking like incipient decay. On investigation, it came out that the stone was sound, but that sulphate of soda had existed or been formed in the stone; and that after a time it presented itself at the surface. By a series of experiments, and the application of chemical science, it appeared that the impurities in the soda-ash and lime used in the manufacture were the cause of the mischief, and that by treating the caustic solution of soda with caustic baryta before admitting it into the boiler, no subsequent efflorescence resulted. The manufacture of the improved stone then proceeded with activity, and we believe it has not since been complained of.

Armed with this knowledge of the

cause of impurity of his soluble glass, and proceeding still in a direction parallel to that of M. Kuhlman, though it would seem without any idea of the fact, Mr. Ransome next thought that he might apply his soluble silicate to absorbent stones, thus binding together the loose particles, and glazing over the whole surface. Like his rival at Lille, he also states,<sup>1</sup> that "he produced an "amazing degree of hardness which "appeared thoroughly effective so long "as it was protected from moisture;" but, unlike the former experimenter, he discovered, before experimenting on a large scale, that "a shower of rain or "a damp state of the air removed "the silicate next the surface before it "had absorbed sufficient carbonic acid "to precipitate the silica." It then occurred to him that an acid wash removing the spare alkali might do good, but this also was found practically inefficient.

It is at this point that the next step was made, which seems to have secured to Mr. Ransome the success hitherto wanting. Himself well acquainted with all that department of chemistry which he practised so ingeniously, it occurred to him that, by a process of double decomposition, he might actually precipitate on and within the porous stone the insoluble salt *silicate of lime*, the substance that is formed after a time, and gives its wonderful durability to old mortars, concrete, and other cements. He had already got the silica combined with soda in his solution or *water-glass*, and if he could get the silicic acid to combine with lime, while the soda was taken up by some other base, the thing was done.

*Chloride of calcium*, a well-known salt easily obtainable in large quantities, suggested itself without much difficulty; and as chlorine combines very readily with sodium, forming common salt, it was reasonable to hope that, the chlorine

set free, the silicic acid would combine with the calcium and form the much desired *silicate of lime*. A few experiments were sufficient to show that the idea was correct; and now when a porous stone, no matter how decayed, is soaked or washed with the liquid solution made by boiling flints in soda ash, and afterwards with a solution of chloride of calcium, "the chlorine is immediately "set free, and forms, with the soda, common salt, which is entirely washed away "and got rid of by the first rains, or by "the application of water; while the calcium, combining with the silicic acid of "the silicate, forms a tough silicate of "lime, attaching itself firmly round the "surface of each separate grain of stone "with which it comes in contact; producing an extremely compact deposit, "not acted upon either by carbonic or "dilute sulphuric acid, and identical with "the material which holds together the "separate grains or stones in mortar, "hydraulic cements, and concretes."

The first application of this method outside the laboratory Mr. Ransome states to have been on part of the river front of the Houses of Parliament, in the year 1856. In effect the result has been in the highest degree satisfactory; for although, owing to an excess of silicate of lime left on the surface—a not unnatural consequence of a first experiment—the appearance is somewhat unsightly, the stone is beyond all doubt preserved, and the decay, where it had already set in, is arrested. Other buildings on which the process has been tried have not shown this unsightly appearance, but have, as far as can be judged, remained altogether undecomposed, while parts of similar stone unprotected, and exposed in the same way, have shown unmistakeable signs of decay.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The stones experimented on by Mr. Ransome, on the river front of the Houses of Parliament, may be observed to be covered with an efflorescence of small crystals. These consist of sulphate of magnesia, which, however, are thrown out without carrying with them any particles of the stone. Such at least is the statement of Mr. Warrington, made at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts

<sup>1</sup> See his memoir, read before the chemical section, at the meeting of the British Association, at Aberdeen (1859), and since published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, November 4, 1859.



To all appearance, then, a method is discovered by the application of which much of the unsightly look and rapid destruction of the stone work of our newer public buildings may be prevented, and the decay that has commenced in others be stayed. Since also the application of this method to the surface of cement might replace painting, there is a prospect of great economy in this respect, especially with regard to private constructions where artificial stone enters largely into the composition of the decorative parts. In these cases no doubt the stone manufactured with the soluble silicate and flint sand would itself be the best material even if somewhat more costly, but at any rate a means is offered to remedy an evil from which, in a climate like that of England, there had hitherto appeared to be no escape.

Recurring to the different building stones, we may hope, with the use of

this preservative, to find the Bath stone again coming into favour, and along with the large class of soft oolites to which it belongs, employed on a large scale for those numerous works of gothic architecture for which its softness and facility of working renders it so desirable.

If by any simple application of the kind suggested, its decay can be prevented, no stones are so likely as this and the other soft oolites to be employed in the metropolis on a large scale. We may hope, when such is the case, to see that freedom of handling which so soft a material admits once more employ the talents of our masons, whose ingenuity was thrown away when the duration of their work could hardly be calculated as reaching a quarter of a century.

Experience will show in a few years how far the results of the new process may be depended on.

## ON READERS IN 1760 AND 1860.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

COMPARING the last century and this, we may notice a curious change in the common estimate of literature and of its readers. The line was strongly drawn in Johnson's time between those who read and those who counted, without shame, as not readers, and far more decidedly of course between the class of authors and the world at large. They seemed to form opposite camps, contrasted as practical and helpless, fashionable and low, or again, as trivial and studious, learned and ignorant, ephemeral and immortal, as gay or serious thought respectively dictated men's criticisms. Literature in popular judgment oscillated between Glory and Grub Street. Student was then a word not so confined to youth or to special pursuits; the student or author were

looked on at once with a respect and with a contempt unknown to our judgment—more liberal, but less accurate and sensible. For no one who knows Boswell's book (and to know this is to know more of the last century than we can of any before it) will fail to acknowledge that just grounds existed for some portion of the contempt and for a large portion of the honour. The tone of that century was, in a certain sense indeed, as we have often been told of late by rather violent voices, shallow and worldly, and certain special studies (philology and mathematics, mainly in England) were unsatisfactorily followed. Yet, in contrast with this, there is abundant proof that men read and wrote then, though not on such deep or earnest subjects altogether as now, yet in a deeper and more earnest spirit. We need not, now, much value many of their results; the "process of the suns" has rendered it certain that

(March 2d, 1860). The crystals are formed by the action of water, containing sulphate of ammonia, filtering in from the unsheltered and porous stones above.

perfect poetry was written before Cowley, and left us quite indifferent to the Warburtonian theory of government. Yet men gave their best thoughts and long labour to the books alluded to; they were written for and found real readers; they influenced men's opinions, more or less, for many years. Any moderately well-informed man would smile if it were pretended here, that all the writers and all the readers of 1760, were of that uniformly intelligent class which we know authors now are privileged to address; yet the line then drawn between the studious and the world was traced by the knowledge that those who wrote were more or less the separate class who were qualified and trained to teach others, and that readers came to learn new thoughts or information, or to find amusement of a kind higher and more amusing than could be expected from living gossip. Books were then a "substantial world" by themselves. They now become daily more and more a mere other person's conversation, a voice from another speaker who does not happen to be by. They were then apparently objects of a special belief; they were oracles conveying something not to be found elsewhere, or to be approached casually. No doubt the cave was often dingy, the tripod perhaps two-legged, the Pytho-ness drunk and declamatory, and the god altogether of a material order; yet there lay a genuine worship of the Muses in it all, an honest recognition of industry, and earnestness, and genius.

We have given up this superstition in great measure, and speak without any flattery of the ages which held it. Nay, to the writer, the attitude of the present century to the eighteenth, seems often to be not quite after the fashion of the folks in the parable; but rather a derisive gesture towards that Pharisee—thanking God that we are not like him, so proud, formal, worldly, and over-well dressed. We have proclaimed liberty of writing and reading, and in many obvious ways find this other free-trade much to our advantage. Nor

would it be just to say that the respect generally wrung at last from the world for genius is paid at the present time with more than its usual reluctance. Do we not boast, in fact, that in our century a Johnson or a Chatterton would never have starved and struggled, that genius is at once crowned and welcomed, that our Miltons cannot complain of falling upon alien days? We believe what we boast, and think there is something very favourable to gifted natures in this universal diffusion of literature. But genius, meanwhile, is very passive under these advantages.

"Some books," said one of the greatest human authorities, "*are to be tasted*, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Amongst our many facilities and gains in this matter, there is reason to fear that Lord Bacon's first class not only passes the others (as perhaps it always must) numerically, but threatens more or less to absorb them.

There seems no reason to think the froth of this day frothier than of old, and I am very grateful for novels and any good easy reading; it is not in the much extended attention such books now receive that the danger lies. One should differ from an authority so high as Mr. J. S. Mill with a rare hesitation; yet it does not seem to me that it is in a marked degree the mere number of new books, or the over-influence of advertisements, which renders good books scarce and good readers almost scarcer. Genius and Industry will not naturally heed the crowd in the market, nor is the difference between their works and the wares of the crowd less than at any former period. The root of the wrong appears to be, that people, unless profession or scientific interest influences them, go to books for something almost similar to what they find in social conversation. Reading tends to become only another kind of gossip. Everything is to be read, and everything only once; a book is no more a treasure to be kept and studied and known by heart, as the truly charming phrase has it, if deserving that intimacy. People expect no longer

an art in writing—a genuine vocation in the author for his work, a real accuracy, a clear condensation of fact or fancy, a language suitable to the thought, and thoughts worthy of choice language. Almost all but first-rate writers (and this majority includes many who were once first-rate) meet the fashion: their works are only to pass over drawing-room tables for the season, far indeed from that “possession for ever” which one of the books most justly so described was named by its author. The “Run and Read Library” only too accurately fits the popular feeling. It is here that the multitude of books tells injuriously.

Really, the more books, the better possible selection for the readers; but each fills so little time in an age when every one reads, that it is natural to turn to the next on the table. I may notice that this summary process, this inability to read even novelties more than once, leads to a truly mean and miserable false judgment on many books once justly studied and enjoyed. Byron, it appears, is too shallow, Scott too popular of old, Wordsworth too dull for the Athenians of the moment. And yet any one of these volumes, to those who read in a more purpose-like and higher spirit, will give far truer pleasure

than libraries only “tasted.” We read at once too much and too little.

*Multum, non multa.* I have tried to say in many words what the proverb says in three. Without a pedantic exclusion of lesser and lighter matters, let a man, or a woman who wishes to claim her natural mental rights and position, read mainly the best books, and begin again when the series is ended. Life is not long; but the available list is briefer still. Putting aside the books which give special information or discuss points of theory, a few shelves would hold all the modern master-works—how few the ancient! Yet these are enough. For a good book not only puts the thoughts of its age in the sweetest and highest form, but includes, by a natural implication, the thousand lesser works contemporary. And these again we read with far more gain and amusement through familiarity with masterpieces. Knowledge of these supplies taste and judgment and standards for the pleasant work of comparison. It is books thus read which “give growth to youth “and pleasure to age, delight at home, “make the night go by, and are friends “for the road and the country.” . . . How modern the words seem! yet they tell that 1,900 years ago there were men who comprehended reading.

## AN ENGLISH PAINTER'S TOMB.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

Does the reader know Chiswick?

“Yes,” he answers instantly, and with indignation, “of course he does.” He knows a long and painful road whose heat is as the heat of the tropics, and whose dust is as the dust of Sahara. He knows a little lane down to the left, and a paddock by the side of the little lane. It is full of carriages with the horses taken out; and if you want the most immovable-looking thing in the world, let us speak of a carriage with the horses taken out. St. Paul's Cathedral is frisky to it. What else? Dis-

tant banging of drums from military bands—distracting ladies in maddening toilets, all of whom you would like to know—don't know any of them—know the Miss Younghusbands though, and they know you too, and seem inclined to stick to you. You dodge them round the tents, and, having escaped, run against them again five minutes after. What else? Swells whom you hate and envy, because they know the distracting ladies alluded to above, and do *not* know the Miss Younghusbands—absence of intellect in these lords of the

creation—decided scarcity of men of genius—too much lavender glove, white hat, cut-away coat, and fawn-coloured pantaloons—Scotch gardeners, who look upon flowers much as medical men regard interesting cases—long tents, where you exhaust your vocabulary of wonder and admiration at an early stage, and end in getting into a state in which a rose two feet in diameter would not astonish you. Other tents, where you are driven mad by the sight of unattainable strawberries—come out savage and dissatisfied—spoil your appetite for dinner with cakes and ices—see the pretty ladies depart, surrounded by the swells, for whose lives you thirst—time to go away—coachman not to be found when wanted—disappeared with horses—come back to cold dinner—unspeakably flat evening—resolve that all morning amusements are failures—determine you'll never do it again—very nearly determine that you'll never do *anything* again! It is thus that the reader knows Chiswick.

But it is not thus that Mathews R.A. and I know Chiswick.

It is the Chiswick of the past that we know; the Chiswick of the past that we visit. The Chiswick that has a mall, a river-side walk from which men with cloaks and spindle-shanks, with powdered heads and three-pointed hats, have handed ladies, who said "La!" into boats. The Chiswick that has old red-brick houses well built, clean and solid, with high and sloping roofs, white-sashed windows, suggestive of snowy bed-furniture, and sheets that smell of lavender, and squares of white curd soap whose lather is as hard to come at as is the colour from that cake of emerald green which Mathews's last but one (the sweetest blessed child I ever saw) was rubbing in a saucer when we started. Houses there where good dinners may be relied on still, where the sherry of Afric is unknown, and from whose doors fat-sided horses, driven by fat-sided coachmen, have drawn our ancestors to Chiswick church a hundred years ago.

This is the Chiswick that we know—

Mathews and I—this the Chiswick that we "do" in a manner which is philosophical, artistic, antiquarian, archaeological, calm.

In this choice and comfortable region, and in the choicest part of it, there stands, as everybody knows, a certain noble mansion, whose owner, shut in in his own large grounds, may, if he will, ignore the fact that London is within a half-hour's carriage drive, and may fancy the foul air, the pestilent sights, and sounds, and smells of the metropolis a hundred miles away. Indeed, the difficulty is to think otherwise, when once you have passed through those princely and coroneted gates, on which are emblazoned, in gold and colour, the ducal arms of Devonshire. Once in that avenue of tender and sweet-smelling limes, you wander on till you come to places wonderful in their beauty and seclusion; to a river white with lilies, to thickets of rare foreign trees, to lonely pools where unmolested carp roll on the surface of the tepid water on the August afternoons, and to deserted temples in that classic style which reigned some eighty years ago, when ladies dressed after the antique, when gentlemen made the "grand tour," and when no man's grounds were thought to be complete without a due allowance of river gods and Tritons. Will there ever be another Triton sculptured? It is a curious subject for speculation. Well, this is a rare old place after all; and I will wager the shirt-pin which my grandfather bequeathed to me (and which is the only article of value I possess) that its owner never enjoyed it half so much as I did when, by his permission, I spent a day there all alone, at that period of the year when the hot summer of '58 was at its very hottest.

Let us move a step farther. Our present business is not with this proud region. Let us emerge from it and look about us. Let us see what comes next.

Patched on outside the wall of this lordly park, humbly waiting at its gilded gate, there is a small domain, a little tangled plot of cabbage-garden; an inclosure, mark you, where the gooseberry

bush and the stinging-nettle grow together in amity, where the grass is coarse and high, where the dandelion and the thistle are not unknown, and where the artichoke of Jerusalem rises rank and tall to unheard-of altitudes. In a word, it is about as miserable a specimen of horticulture, and the whole place is about as good a contrast to that which we have described above, as can well be imagined. But what have we to do with it? You shall hear.

In this garden of the slothful there stands a little, shallow, piled-up house, with a high roof, and something of a hump-backed look difficult to account for. There is, too, a bay-window, like an excrescence, which sticks out so far from the house itself, is so unsupported, so exceedingly likely to tumble off into the untidy garden, and which gives one so completely the idea that it is (in nautical phrase) holding on by its eyelids, that one would hesitate to smoke out a single pipe beneath its dangerous shade.

And what of the little shallow house? What of its small panelled rooms, and its floors that rise and fall, and slope uphill and downhill, and show not one square foot of even planking? What of this excrescental bow?

In that window there has sat one whose memory we should not forget. In that house there has lived one whose name should be honoured among us. For that house was the house of Sir James Thornhill, and in it WILLIAM HOGARTH lived, and loved, and worked.

During the whole time that Mathews and I were in that house, we were singularly silent; but I noted that we were especially so while in the room which has the reputation of having been that in which Hogarth was in the habit of painting. We did not speak, and yet I have little doubt that, had we compared notes as to the subject of our thoughts, we should have found that we were both occupied with the same reflections.

Who is there that would not be startled if he was made aware of the amount of anxiety and disappointment, ay, and even of passionate distress, which the four walls of a painter's room

witness? Does Doubleface, for instance, the art-critic, when he disposes of a picture in his usual flippant manner, think of these things? Does the public think of these things? Alas, the impression upon the public mind of the way in which pictures are produced is an utterly false one, and should be corrected once and for all. Let the public be told then, once for all, that an artist does *not* shut himself up with a canvas in his room, and proceed to fling his ideas upon it in a kind of untrammelled poetic fury, but that, on the contrary, he has to deal with stubborn and intractable facts which he cannot mould as he wishes, and whose laws he is obliged to obey. He is compelled, it is wretched to think how often, to abandon an intention in which he delighted, because human beings have bones and joints which he finds he cannot twist and warp into the shape he wants. Let the public know, too, that every part of the artist's work has to be painfully compared with nature, and tested by the limits (much narrower limits than is generally supposed) of possibility. Let them know that sacrifices, great and cruel sacrifices, are exacted from the artist—sacrifice of his pleasures that he may keep his head in that perfect order which is indispensable to his work—sacrifice of society that he loves, because he can think and labour harder when away from it, or because the exigencies of the peculiar subject he is at work upon require that he should be banished to some lonely place, where he has no soul to speak to for months together, and where he must remain till his task is done—sacrifice of his comfort, such as the man must encounter who sits at his easel out of doors when the snow is on the ground, and when the very blood is cold within his veins—and one sacrifice more, the worst of all, the sacrifice of his work, of work completed, and beautiful in itself, and which must be scraped and cleaned from off the canvas on which it has been placed with such long effort and such arduous labour, because it is inconsistent with some part of the work in progress,

and being so must go out of it. What do people know of the misery that reigns in an artist's whole household, when the members of it know that he is thus employed in undoing what it has cost so much to do? What do they know of an artist's career? Do they know that many who commence it break down under fatigues that few can undergo? Do they know that health has been destroyed, and that brains have softened, under the pressure of this work? And do they ever remember, for one fraction of a moment, as they examine a collection of pictures, that what they see before them has only been arrived at by close application, and by long and painful processes, and that many of these canvases which they regard so carelessly have been touched with pencils dipped in tears?

Enough of this. The subject war-rants the digression, but it shall be indulged in no longer, and we will return, by an easy transition, at once from Hogarth's profession to Hogarth's house.

Now Mathews, whose own brave deeds in art are just those of one who would understand and love the memory of Hogarth perhaps better than any man alive, is highly indignant that this his summer residence should be allowed to fall into decay, and that the room in which he painted, and which is a separate building (a loft, in fact, over the stable), should be literally tumbling to pieces. In sooth, and indignation apart, the crossing of this same studio (about ten feet square) was a service of danger, and the floor was not one whit more secure than was a certain sheet of ice which fifteen years ago gave way beneath my skate, and soused me into the water, some twelve feet deep, which spreads its broad expanse before the Palace at Kensington.

"Now," said Mathews, as we emerged from the door of the little shallow house, "suppose we go, while we are about it, and pay a visit to Hogarth's tomb."

I don't mind acknowledging that I was a little startled at this. "From

Chiswick to Westminster Abbey," I thought to myself; "we shall be late for dinner."

I am one of those wretched, wretched persons, who set great store by dinner. Woe's me, I almost think that if, on condition of missing that delightful incident in the day's history, I were promised, instead of a visit to Hogarth's tomb, an interview with Hogarth's spirit, I would not accept it. This, by the by, is by no means an unheard-of temptation that I am supposing, for have I not acquaintances who would think nothing of offering me an entertainment, in the course of which the spirit of Hogarth, or anybody else I like to mention, should pass the evening with me and rap away at the table, with a fury partaking of the respective natures of an insane woodpecker and an inebriated auctioneer?

The thought, then, of a journey to Westminster Abbey was formidable to me in the extreme; but I was ashamed to allege the real reason why it was so, and, trusting the matter to chance, I agreed to my friend's proposal, followed him down a green lane that led towards the river, nor uttered word till he led the way through a small gate that gave admission to Chiswick churchyard.

Then I up and spoke. "Is this the way to Westminster Abbey, Mathews?"

"No," said that gentleman; "why should it be? We have nothing to do with Westminster Abbey."

"I thought we were going to see Hogarth's tomb," I remonstrated.

"And so we are," was the reply.

"Well, then," I argued, thinking I had now hung my friend on the horns of a dilemma, "if we are going to see Hogarth's tomb, and Hogarth's tomb is in Westminster Abbey, it seems to me that we *have* something to do with that sacred edifice."

"Miserable man," exclaimed Mathews, "is it possible that you are not aware that Hogarth is buried in this small churchyard, and that this tomb before which we are now standing is the only monument in England that bears his name?"

I looked in the direction indicated by a wave of my friend's stick, and saw a small piled-up monument, something like the upright leaden tea-caddies in which our housemaids keep their stores of the Chinese herb. The tea-caddy was four-sided, and had an inscription on each side of it; for even this shabby monument was not erected to the great painter alone. On the tabular portion dedicated to William Hogarth was an epitaph by David Garrick, an ingenious inscription enough, exhorting the reader of it, if he is unmoved by everything that appeals to the softer and better emotions of humanity—if his heart is untouched by poetry, inaccessible to pity—to leave the place without delay. In brief, if he feels that his mind is a blank, and his heart a stone, he is requested to be off with all speed; while if, on the contrary, he is an agreeable and sensitively disposed person, he is invited to remain and drop as many tears as may be convenient to Hogarth's memory.

My friend deposited his stalwart form upon a flat tombstone opposite the monument we had come in quest of. I encamped over against him upon another, and we sat like ghouls among the graves. On one side of us was the tomb of a retired ship-chandler, and on the other a mausoleum erected to a late eminent corn-cutter. There was a bust of the corn-cutter on his monument. It was a bust of a prying nature, that leant forward, and seemed to listen to what we were saying. When I had noted these things I looked towards Mathews, and our eyes met.

"And so," said that gentleman, "you thought that Hogarth was buried in Westminster Abbey?"

"Yes," I answered, "I took the thing for granted."

"He takes it for granted," said Mathews dreamingly, and addressing, to all appearance, the bust of the eminent corn-cutter, "and so does everybody else. They all take it for granted that Hogarth's remains lie in Westminster Abbey, or else that this great dramatist, this master of satire, has found a resting-place for his bones in St. Paul's Cathed-

ral. How many people know where Hogarth is buried? The fiction before people's minds is that he has a stately tomb in Poet's Corner, while the fact is that his dust lies here buried in a tea-caddy, with a ship-chandler on one side of him, and a corn-cutter on the other."

It was a sunshiny day, and, as my friend spoke, a bird flying close over the corn-cutter's bust threw, for an instant, his shadow on this distinguished operator's left eye. I could have sworn that the corn-cutter had winked, and that it was the wink, too, of a retortive and defiant corn-cutter, who would fain have replied to Mathews, "And very good company too for an artist."

"Imagine," resumed Mathews, "if the French had had such a man as this in their school, what a fuss they would have made about him, what statues they would have raised to his memory (thank goodness we have not), what streets they would have called, after his name. Would anybody believe that a nation like ours could be so little proud of the man it has given birth to?"

"Yes," I interposed; "would anybody—"

"Allow me," said Mathews; and, feeling that he was doing it better than I could, I *did* allow him. "Would anybody believe that even this wretched monument, this bloated tea-caddy, was allowed, a year or two ago, to get into such a state that it would have dropped to pieces if an obscure private individual, remotely connected with Hogarth's family, had not stepped in, and mended it at his own expense?—And see this coat of arms," continued Mathews, touching the tomb as he spoke, but tenderly, and as one would touch a wound in a friend's arm; "the colour on this coat-of-arms is peeling off even now. I will ask permission to restore that at least with my own hands. I will bring my colours and my brush here one day and paint these arms afresh. And you, David Fudge," said this enthusiastic gentleman, addressing me by name, "should take your pen in hand, and remind the world of what it has forgotten, that there exists no

monument to Hogarth's name in all the broad expanse of London."

I promised that I would do this, and I have done it; but I have little idea that a monument will rise to Hogarth in consequence, or that his country-house will, through my words, be rescued from decay.

I say this because I know our national character, and because I believe that with us in England the reward of such men as Hogarth is different from what it is with other nations. It is great if unsubstantial; it is lasting though unrecorded. It is an imma-

terial glory that is theirs—a thing not of tombs or monuments, not of temples nor of shrines. It is a thing whose memorial is in men's minds—whose epitaph is in their mouths. Time cannot efface it; novelty cannot make it stale. Their monument is raised to their souls. Their Walhalla is in the people's hearts. Nay, the very dust into which their bodies turn, the grave, cannot hold it, nor the tombstone keep it down. In spite of these it rises—in spite of time, and change, and hurry of events; and, turned into grains of gold, it forms a halo round their heads.

## ITALY RESURGENT AND BRITAIN LOOKING ON.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

It is now all but twenty years since the man of all Englishmen then living who had most sympathy with the traditions and glory of the Italy of the past, wrote in terms of bitter despondency of the Italy which was then lying under his eyes. "No nation," wrote Dr. Arnold in 1840, "presents so bad a side to the traveller as this; for, whilst we do not see its domestic life, and its private piety and charity, the infinite vileness of its public officers, the pettiness of the Governments, the gross ignorance and the utter falsehood of those who must come in your way, are a continual annoyance. When you see a soldier here, you feel no confidence that he can fight; when you see a so-called man of letters, you are not sure that he has more knowledge than a baby; when you see a priest, he may be an idolater or an unbeliever; when you see a judge or a public functionary, justice and integrity may be utter strangers to his vocabulary. It is this which makes a nation vile, when profession, whether Godward or manward, is no security for performance."

It is well to look at that picture for a moment before we turn to the Italy of to-day—the Italy whose soldier-sons have poured out their blood like water

under their king and their Garibaldi; whose judges, men of letters, public functionaries, have not only shown themselves just and upright men, but have set an example of patriotic and judicious daring, and ready self-sacrifice such as we have not seen among the nations for many a day; whose priests, whatever they may have been yesterday, have thrown off idol-worship and unbelief for the time—let us hope, for ever. For from every quarter we learn that they lead their people to the vote, and the *Times'* correspondent (March 19), writes that—The urns are "set up in parish churches;" in some the priest has "exposed the sacrament, that the voters may know that they stand in the real presence of God;" and he (a man who throughout his letter is sneering at universal suffrage, be it remarked) sums up thus:—"One would say the whole people are deeply penetrated with the solemnity of the moment, as if they were actually in the presence of the Deity."

A people voting as though they were in the presence of God, for union, for freedom, in the face of dangers as tremendous as have ever threatened a nation; voting with their eyes open, and prepared to brave the consequences of their vote—for they march by thousands into the towns on Sundays, "bear-



“ing their contributions to Garibaldi’s “fund for the purchase of 1,000,000 “muskets,” shouting, “Vogliamo manuelle” as they march,—is surely a sight to make a Briton’s pulse beat somewhat quicker than usual. If it does not also make him feel somewhat ashamed of much that his own country has been saying and doing of late at home and abroad, I shall be much mistaken, and think worse of him than I am inclined to do at present.

I do not mean that we have much to charge ourselves with, up to the opening of the last Act, in respect of our conduct as a nation on this Italian question. I believe that until very lately few Englishmen could feel anything like real enthusiasm for the cause of Italy. Of course persons resident in the country or who were otherwise cognizant of, or brought face to face with, the noble life which must have been growing up there for years, may have been, and some have been, carried away by it. But most of us,—though we wished well to the cause of freedom in Italy,—could never be brought to believe that the people were in earnest, or, at least, in the sort of earnest which it takes to win freedom.

Until the last year or two the people who knew best (as we thought) told us, that it was folly to think of any real desire for national life springing up in that country. Every little kingdom, even every provincial town of any note, we were told, was jealous of, and looked with scorn on, all its neighbours. Tuscany sneered at Piedmont; Modena hated Parma; Milan, deeply as she loathed Austria, would scarcely deign to grasp the hand of a deliverer, if it was the hand that held the sceptre at Turin! The events of 1848—9 rather confirmed these ideas in us; and, during the ten years which followed, the antagonism of the party of Mazzini to that of Victor Emmanuel and Piedmont has kept us in the same state of half belief.

But now all is changed. Cavour, perhaps Victor Emmanuel, may have been intriguing and making all safe with Louis Napoleon, may be feigning

and juggling, and thinking that men with masks on their faces and lies in their mouths can help forward a great cause,—I say, they *may have been* doing all this, though it will take a good deal more evidence than is yet forthcoming to make me believe it. But the nation knows nothing of such doings; the nation is no party to them. She has said, as plainly as a nation can speak, “The “Emperor of the French may go, if it so “please him; he may turn on us if he “dare; Austria may fall on us from the “north; the mercenaries paid with the “taxes wrung from our brethren of Rome “and Naples may be led against us from “the south—but for all that we will “unite, we will be a nation of freemen.”

What I do think we have to be ashamed of just now, is the way in which Britain has received this news, that Italy has at last put all that is dear to a nation—nay, her very life—on the hazard. That we, the nation in Europe which of all others ought to have cried, “Well done; now we understand you, now we will stand by you,” should have shown that we could not even believe it possible for any people to risk so much, that in our opinion there must be some secret understanding or trickery about the business, is not a pleasant sign. But this was, in fact, how we in Britain received the news. The *Times* and other papers within a few days talked of the “spilt milk” of Savoy, and spoke in cold and sneering disbelief as to the *bona fides* of the resolution of Italy to stand by her own solemnly-chosen policy at all hazards, alone if necessary, which was so plainly and ably stated in Cavour’s despatch to M. Thouvenel.

It is all very well to say that England is not answerable for what the *Times* says. In one sense she is not; in another, and the most material, she is. For, wince under it as we may, the *Times* is a mirror—and a wonderfully sensitive and accurate mirror—of the England of to-day. It reflects the image which stands before it. It is of no use for us to throw stones at the mirror; but it may be of the greatest use to look

steadily at the swaggering, much-talking, little-doing, less-believing figure of our noble selves, which has of late faced us therein, and see if we cannot do something towards improving *that* a little. No question that the mirror will give us the benefit of the change soon enough, if we can take out of the original ever so little of that look which betokens the mixture of a shrewd man of the world ready to make the most of this world and the next, and of a vague gentleman who has lost his way.

But what then ought Britain to do for Italy, what ought she to pledge herself to do? No man ought to shirk these questions. It may do some little good that every man who has the chance should let his fellow-countrymen know what he thinks about them.

It seems to me that, if we are not to disgrace ourselves, we ought to be ready to say and do thus much at least in the following cases:—

If France should hostilely occupy Tuscany, or any other part of Italy proper (which may happen yet for all that appears), we should insist on her withdrawal, and go to war with her if she should refuse to withdraw.

If France should withdraw from Lombardy, and Austria cross the Mincio, or land troops in any part of Italy, we should go to war with her.

If war should break out between Naples and Northern Italy, we should go to war with any nation who should assist either side.

What we should do in other events, such as a rising in Venetia or in Rome, seems to me to depend upon circumstances which cannot be anticipated, and which it is useless to speculate on. But surely if the British Government, backed (as I believe it would be) by the almost unanimous voice of the nation, were to lay down plainly what we mean by non-intervention in a few practical cases, such as those above suggested, it would clear the way for, and render far less difficult, the settlement of all the more complex questions which may possibly arise before long.

I believe that Englishmen are getting more and more anxious that their Government should speak out and be ready to act promptly in European questions. I believe that most Englishmen feel that England has not done this of late; that she has not held a steady or dignified course, but has been tricky and time-serving, and has lost much influence in consequence; and that there is little chance of things going right in Europe, unless she wakes to her responsibilities and takes a new course. No man, in fact, who is in the habit of mixing familiarly with different classes of his countrymen can doubt that the feeling of the nation is getting daily sounder and more healthy. Free trade is a good doctrine; we are all free traders. But the free trade which tells us that the honour of England matters nothing if we can only sell plenty of cotton cloth—this is an idol which we do not mean to worship. Non-intervention is a good doctrine; we are for it to a man. But we do not mean by non-intervention that England is to allow Louis Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria to act as they will in Italy and elsewhere, so long as they let *us* alone. Economy is a good doctrine, for nations as for men; we all admit it. But we only admit it with the qualification that our pursuit of economy is not to be allowed to deaden our love of, and service to, nobleness, and righteousness, and truth.

So the nation feels, though she can scarcely yet express herself clearly through the press or Parliament. We want statesmen who will see that it is so, and act on the conviction that England will back them in a straightforward and righteous policy, let it lead us where it will. There never was a time when such men were more needed than now. This resurrection of Italy is surely a great crisis for us, as well as for her. The Sibyl offers us now nine books; are we prepared to buy them, and read in them, and profit by them? If not, as surely as night follows day, three will be burnt, and we shall have to pay the same price for six.

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## THREE VICES OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

NATURAL and becoming as it is to think modestly of the literary achievements of our own time, in comparison with certain periods of our past literary history, it may yet be asserted with some confidence that in no age has there been so large an amount of real ability engaged in the conduct of British literature as at present. Whether our topmost men are equal in stature to the giants of some former generations, and whether the passing age is depositing on the shelf of our rare national classics masterpieces of matter and of form worthy to rank with those already there, are questions which need not be discussed in connexion with our statement. It is enough to remember that, for the three hundred publications or so which annually issued from the British press about the middle of the seventeenth century, we now produce every year some five thousand publications of all sorts, and, probing this fleeting mass of contemporary authorship as far round us and in as many directions as we can, in order to appraise its contents, to see, as I believe we should see, that the prodigious increase of quantity has been accompanied by no deterioration of average quality. Lamentations are indeed common over the increase of books in the world. This, it is said, is the *Mudiæval* era. Do not these lamentations proceed, however, on a false view of literature, as if its due limits at any time were to be

measured by such a petty standard as the faculty of any one man to keep up with it as a reader, or even to survey it as a critic? There is surely a larger view of literature than this—according to which the expression of passing thought in preservable forms is one of the growing functions of the race; so that, as the world goes on, more and ever more of what is remembered, reasoned, imagined, or desired on its surface, must necessarily be booked or otherwise registered for momentary needs and uses, and for farther action, over long arcs of time, upon the spirit of the future. According to this view, the notion of the perseverance of our earth on its voyage ages hereafter with a freight of books increased, by successive additions, incalculably beyond that which already seems an overweight, loses much of its discomfort; nay, in this very vision of our earth as it shall be, carrying at length so huge a registration of all that has transpired upon it, have we not a kind of pledge that the registration shall not have been in vain, and that, whatever catastrophe may await our orb in the farther chances of being, the lore it has accumulated shall not perish, but shall survive or detach itself, a heritage beyond the shipwreck? In plainer argument; although in the immense diffusion of literary capability in these days, there may be causes tending to lower the

highest individual efforts, is not the diffusion itself a gain, and is it after all consistent with fact that the supposed causes are producing the alleged effect? That there is a law of vicissitude in the intellectual power of a nation; that, as there are years of good crop and years of bad crop in the vegetable world, so there are ages in a nation's life of super-excellent nerve and faculty, and again ages intellectually feeble, seems as satisfactory a generalization as any of the rough historical generalizations we yet have in stock; but that this law of vicissitude implies diminished capacity in the highest individuals according as the crowd increases, does not appear. The present era of British literature, counting from the year 1789, is as rich, as brilliant with lustrous names, as any since the Elizabethan era and its continuation, from 1580 to 1660; nay, if we strike out from the Elizabethan firmament its majestic twin-luminaries, Shakespeare and Bacon, *our* firmament is the more brilliantly studded—studded with the larger stars. Nothing but a morose spirit of disregard for what is round us, or an excess of the commendable spirit of affection for the past, or, lastly, an utter ignorance of the actual books of the past which we do praise, prevents us from seeing that many of the poets and other authors even of the great Elizabethan age, who retain their places in our collections, or that, still more decidedly, many of the celebrities of that later age which is spanned by Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," were but poetasters and poor creatures, compared with relative authors of the last seventy years. Test the matter roughly in what is called our current literature. What an everlasting fuss we do make about Junius and his letters! And yet there is no competent person but will admit that these letters will not stand a comparison, in any respect of real intellectual merit, with many of the leading articles which are written overnight at present by contributors to our daily newspapers, and skimmed by us at breakfast next morning.

It is, therefore, in no spirit of depre-

ciation towards our current literature, that we venture to point out certain of its wide-spread vices. The vices which we select are not those which might turn out to be the deepest and most radical; they are simply those that cannot fail to catch the eye from the extent of surface which they cover.

1. There is the vice of the Slipshod or Slovenly. In popular language it may be described as the vice of bad workmanship. Its forms are various. The lowest is that of bad syntax, of lax concatenation of clauses and sentences. It would be easy to point out faults of this kind which reappear in shoals in each day's supply of printed matter—from the verbs misnominatived, and the clumsy "whiches" looking back ruefully for submerged antecedents, so common in the columns of our hasty writers, up to the unnecessarily repeated "that" after a conditional clause which some writers insert with an infatuated punctuality, and even the best insert occasionally. Should the notice of a matter so merely mechanical seem too trivial, there is, next, that form of the slipshod which consists in stuffing out sentences with certain tags and shreds of phraseology lying vague about society, as bits of undistributed type may lie about a printing-room. "We are free to confess," "we candidly acknowledge," "will well repay perusal," "we should heartily rejoice," "did space permit," "causes beyond our control," "if we may be allowed the expression," "commence hostilities"—what are these and a hundred other such phrases but undistributed bits of old speech, like the "electric fluid" and the "launched into eternity" of the penny-a-liners, which all of us are glad to clutch, to fill a gap, or to save the trouble of composing equivalents from the letters? To change the figure (see, I am at it myself!), what are such phrases but a kind of rhetorical putty with which cracks in the sense are stopped, and prolongations formed where the sense has broken short? Of this kind of slipshod in writing no writers are more guilty than those who have formed their

style chiefly by public speaking ; and it is in them also that the kindred faults of synonyms strung together and of redundant expletives are most commonly seen. Perhaps, indeed, the choicest specimens of continuous slip-shod in the language are furnished by the writings of celebrated orators. How dilute the tincture, what bagginess of phraseology round what slender shanks of meaning, what absence of trained muscle, how seldom the nail is hit on the head ! It is not every day that a Burke presents himself, whose every sentence is charged with an exact thought proportioned to it, whether he stands on the floor and speaks, or takes his pen in hand. And then, not only in the writings of men rendered diffuse by much speaking after a low standard, but in the tide of current writing besides, who shall take account of the daily abundance of that more startling form of slip-shod which rhetoricians call Confusion of Metaphor ? Lord Castlereagh's famous " I will not now enter upon the fundamental feature upon which this question hinges," is as nothing compared with much that passes daily under our eyes in the pages of popular books and periodicals—tissues of words in which shreds from nature's four quarters are jumbled together as in heraldry ; in which the writer begins with a lion, but finds it in the next clause to be a waterspout ; in which icebergs swim in seas of lava, comets collect taxes, pigs sing, peacocks wear silks, and teapots climb trees.

Pshaw ! technicalities all ! the mere minutiae of the grammarian and the critic of expression ! Nothing of the kind, good reader ! Words are made up of letters, sentences of words, all that is written or spoken of sentences succeeding each other or interflowing ; and at no time, from Homer's till this, has anything passed as good literature which has not satisfied men as tolerably tight and close-grained in these particulars, or become classic and permanent which has not, in respect of them, stood the test of the microscope. We distinguish, indeed, usefully enough, between matter and expression, between

thought and style ; but no one has ever attended to the subject analytically without becoming aware that the distinction is not ultimate—that what is called style resolves itself, after all, into manner of thinking ; nay, perhaps (though to show this would take some time) into the successive particles of the matter thought. If a writer is said to be fond of epithets, it is because he has a habit of always thinking a quality very prominently along with an object ; if his style is said to be figurative, it is because he thinks by means of comparisons ; if his syntax abounds in inversions, it is because he thinks the cart before he thinks the horse. And so, by extension, all the forms of slip-shod in expression are, in reality, forms of slip-shod in thought. If the syntax halts, it is because the thread of the thought has snapped, or become entangled. If the phraseology of a writer is diffuse ; if his language does not lie close round his real meaning, but widens out in flat expanses, with here and there a tremor as the meaning rises to take breath ; if in every sentence we recognise shreds and tags of common social verbiage—in such a case it is because the mind of the writer is not doing its duty, is not consecutively active, maintains no continued hold of its object, hardly knows its own drift. In like manner, mixed or incoherent metaphor arises from incoherent conception, inability to see vividly what is professedly looked at. All forms of slip-shod, in short, are to be referred to deficiency of precision in the conduct of thought. Of every writer it ought to be required at least that he pass every jot and tittle of what he sets down *through* his mind, to receive the guarantee of having been really there, and that he arrange and connect his thoughts in a workmanlike manner. Anything short of this is—allowance being made for circumstances which may prevent a conscientious man from always doing his best—an insult to the public. Accordingly, in all good literature, not excepting the subtlest and most exuberant poetry, one perceives a strict logic linking thought with thought. The velocity

with which the mind can perform this service of giving adequate arrangement to its thoughts, differs much in different cases. With some writers it is done almost unconsciously—as if by the operation of a logical instinct so powerful that whatever teems up in their minds is marshalled and made exact as it comes, and there is perfection in the swiftest expression. So it was with the all-fluent Shakespeare, whose inventions, boundless and multitudinous, were yet ruled by a logic so resistless, that they came exquisite at once to the pen's point, and in studying whose intellectual gait we are reminded of the description of the Athenians in Euripides—"those sons of Erectheus always moving with graceful step through a glittering violet ether, where the nine Pierian muses are said to have brought up yellow-haired Harmony as their common child." With others of our great writers it has been notably different—rejection of first thoughts and expressions, the slow choice of a fit percentage, and the concatenation of these with labour and care.

Prevalent as slipshod is, it is not so prevalent as it was. There is more careful writing, in proportion, now than there was thirty, seventy, or a hundred years ago. This may be seen on comparing specimens of our present literature with corresponding specimens from the older newspapers and periodicals. The precept and the example of Wordsworth and those who helped him to initiate that era of our literature which dates from the French Revolution, have gradually introduced, among other things, habits of mechanical carefulness, both in prose and in verse. Among poets, Scott and Byron—safe in their greatness otherwise—were the most conspicuous sinners against the Wordsworthian ordinances in this respect after they had been promulgated. If one were willing to risk being stoned for speaking truth, one might call these two poets the last of the great slipshods. The *great* slipshods, be it observed; and, if there were the prospect that, by keeping silence

about slipshod, we should see any other such massive figure heaving in among us in his slippers, who is there that would object to his company on account of them, or that would not gladly assist to fell a score of the delicates with polished boot-tips in order to make room for him? At the least, it may be said that there are many passages in the poems of Scott and Byron which fall far short of the standard of carefulness already fixed when they wrote. Subsequent writers, with nothing of their genius, have been much more careful. There is, however, one form of the slipshod in verse which, probably because it has not been recognised as slipshod, still holds ground among us. It consists in that particular relic of the "poetic diction" of the last century which allows merely mechanical inversions of syntax for the sake of metre and rhyme. For example, in a poem recently published, understood to be the work of a celebrated writer, and altogether as finished a specimen of metrical rhetoric and ringing epigram as has appeared for many a day, there occur such passages as these:—

"Harley's gilt coach *the equal pair attends.*"

"What earlier school *this grand comedian rear'd?*

*His first essays no crowds less courtly cheer'd.*

From learnèd closets came a sauntering sage,

Yawn'd, smiled, and spoke, and took by storm the age."

"All their lore

Illumes one end *for which strives all their will;*

Before their age they march invincible."

"That talk *which art as eloquence admits*

Must be the talk of thinkers and of wits."

"Let Bright *responsible for England be,*

And straight in Bright a Chatham we should see."

“All most brave  
In his mix'd nature seem'd to life  
to start,  
When English honour roused his  
English heart.”

That such instances of syntax inverted to the mechanical order of the verse should occur in such a quarter, proves that they are still considered legitimate. But I believe—and this notwithstanding that ample precedent may be shown, not only from poets of the last century, but from all preceding poets—that they are *not* legitimate. Verse does not cancel any of the conditions of good prose, but only superadds new and more exquisite conditions; and that is the best verse where the words follow each other punctually in the most exact prose order, and yet the exquisite difference by which verse does distinguish itself from prose is fully felt. As, within prose itself, there are natural inversions according as the thought moves on from the calm and straightforward to the complex and impassioned—as what would be in one mood “Diana of the Ephesians is great,” becomes in another, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians”—so, it may be, there is a *farther* amount of inversion proper within verse as such. Any such amount of inversion, however, must be able to plead itself natural—that is, belonging inevitably to what is new in the movement of the *thought* under the law of verse; which plea would not extend to cases like those specified, where versifiers, that they may keep their metre or hit a rhyme, tug words arbitrarily out of their prose connexion. If it should be asked how, under so hard a restriction, a poet could write verse at all, the answer is, “That is *his* difficulty.” But that this canon of taste in verse is not so oppressive as it looks, and that it will more and more come to be recognised and obeyed, seems augured in the fact that the greatest British poet of our time has himself intuitively attended to it, and furnished an almost continuous example of it in his poetry. Repeat any even of Tennyson’s lyrics,

where, from the nature of the case, obedience to the canon would seem most difficult—his “Tears, idle tears,” or “The splendour falls,”—and see if, under all that peculiarity which makes the effect of these pieces, if of any in our language, something more than the effect of prose, every word does not fall into its place, like fitted jasper, exactly in the prose order. So! and what do you say to Mr. Tennyson’s last volume, with its repetition of the phrase “The Table Round”? Why, I say that, when difficulty mounts to impossibility, then even the gods relent, even Rhadamanthus yields. Here it is as if the British nation had passed a special enactment to this effect:—“Whereas “Mr. Tennyson has written a set of “poems on the Round Table of Arthur “and his Knights, and whereas he has “represented to us that the phrase “‘The Round Table,’ specifying the “central object about which these poems “revolve, is a phrase which no force “of art can work pleasingly into Iambic “verse, we, the British nation, considering the peculiarity of the case, “and the public benefits likely to “accrue from a steady contemplation of “the said object, do enact and decree “that we will in this instance depart “from our usual practice of thinking “the species first and then the genus, “and will, in accordance with the “practice of other times and nations, “say ‘The Table Round’ instead of “‘The Round Table’ as heretofore.” But this is altogether a special enactment.

2. There is the vice of the Trite. Here, at length, we get out of the region of mere verbal forms, and gaze abroad over the wide field of our literature, with a view everywhere to its component substance. We are overrun with the Trite. There is Trite to the right hand, and Trite to the left; Trite before and Trite behind; the view is of vast leagues of the Trite, inclosing little oases of true literature, as far as the eye can reach. And what is the Trite? It is a minor variety of what is known as Cant. By Cant is meant the repetition,

without real belief, of sentiments which it is thought creditable to profess. As the name implies, there is a certain solemnity, as of upturned eyes and a touch of song in the voice, required for true Cant. Since Johnson's time there has been no lack of denunciation of this vice. But the Trite, as less immoral, or as not immoral at all, has—with the exception, as far as we recollect, of one onslaught by Swift—escaped equal denunciation. For by the Trite is meant only matter which may be true enough, but which has been so familiarised already that it can benefit neither man nor beast to hear or read it any more. "Man is a microcosm," may have been a very respectable bit of speech once; and, if there is yet any poor creature on the earth to whom it would be news, by all means let it be brought to his door. But does such a creature exist among those who are addressed by anything calling itself literature? And so with a thousand other such sayings and references—"Extremes meet, sir;" "You musn't argue against the use of a thing from the abuse of it;" "The exception proves the rule;" Talleyrand's remark about the use of speech; Newton gathering pebbles on the sea-shore; and, worst of all, Newton's apple. The next writer or lecturer that brings forward Newton's apple, unless with very particular accompaniments, ought to be made to swallow it, pips and all, that there may be an end of it. Let the reader think how much of our current writing is but a repeated solution of such phrases and allusions, and let him extend his view from such short specimens of the Trite, to facts, doctrines, modes of thought, and tissues of fiction, characterised by the same quality, and yet occupying reams of our literature year after year, and he will understand the nature of the grievance. What we aver is that there are numberless writers who are not at all slipshod, who are correct and careful, who may even be said to write *well*, but respecting whom, if we consider the *substance* of what they write, the report must be that they are drowning us with a deluge of the Trite.

Translated into positive language, the protest against the Trite might take the form of a principle, formally avowed, we believe, by more than one writer, and certainly implied in the practice of all the chiefs of our literature—to wit, that no man ought to consider himself entitled to write upon a subject by the mere intention to write carefully, unless he has also something new to advance. We are aware, of course, of the objection against such a principle arising from the fact that the society of every country is divided, in respect of intelligence and culture, into strata, widening as they descend—from the limited number of highly-educated spirits at the top who catch the first rays of all new thought, down to the multitude nearest the ground, to whom even Newton's apple would be new, and among whom the aphorism "Things find their level" would create a sensation. It is admitted at once that there must, in every community, be literary provision for this state of things—a popular literature, or rather a descending series of literatures, consisting of solutions more or less strong of old knowledge and of common sentiments, in order that these may percolate the whole social mass. Everything must be learnt some time; and our infants are not to be defrauded in their nurseries, nor our boys and girls in their school-time, of the legends and little facts with which they must begin as we did, and which have been the outfit of the British mind from time immemorial. But, even as respects popular and juvenile literature, the rule still holds that, to justify increase, there must be novelty—novelty in relation to the constituencies addressed; novelty, if not of matter, at least of method. Else why not keep to the old popular and elementary books—which, indeed, might often be good policy? If one could positively decide which, out of competing hundreds, was the best existing Latin school-grammar, what a gain to the national Latinity it would be, if, without infraction of our supreme principle of liberty, as applied even to grammars, we could get back to the old



English plan, have Latin taught from that one grammar in all the schools of the land, and concentrate all future talent taking a grammatical direction on its gradual improvement? Returning, however, to current literature, more expressly so-called—to the works of history, the treatises, the poems, the novels, the pamphlets, the essays, &c. that circulate from our better libraries, and lie on the tables of the educated—we might show reason for our rule even here. Allowing for the necessity even here of iteration, of dilution, of varied and long-continued administration, ere new truths or modes of thought can be fairly worked into the minds of those who read, new facts rightly apprehended, or new fancies made effective, should we not have to report a huge over-proportion of the merest wish-wash? What a reform here, if there were some perception of the principle that correct writing is not enough, unless one has something fresh to impart. What! a premium on the love of paradox; a licence to the passion for effect; more of straining after novelty? Alas! the kind of novelty of which we speak is not reached by the kind of straining that is meant, but by a process very different—not by talking right and left, and writhing one's neck like a pelican, on the chance of hitting something odd ahead; but by accuracy of silent watch, by passive quietude to many impressions, by search where others have left off fatigued, by open-air rumination and hour-long nightly reverie, by the repression again and again of paying platitudes as they rise to the lips, in order that, by rolling within the mind, they may unite into something better, and that, where now all is a diffused cloud of vapoury conceit, there may come at last the clearing flash and the tinkle of the golden drop. Think, think, think—is the advice required at present by scores of hopeful writers injuring themselves by luxury in commonplace. The freshly-evolved thought of the world, the wealth of new bud and blossom which the mind of humanity is ever putting forth—this, and not the dead wood, is what ought to be taken

account of in true literature; and the peculiarity of the case is that the rate of the growth, the amount of fresh sproutage that shall appear, depends largely on the intensity of resolution exerted. But, should the associations with the word “novelty” be incurably bad, the expression of the principle may be varied. It may be asserted, for example, that, universally, the proper material for current literature, the proper element in which the writer must work, is the material or element of the *hitherto uncommunicated*. Adapting this universal expression to literature as broken down into its main departments, we may say that the proper element for all new writing of the historical order is the hitherto unobserved or unrecollected, for all new writing of the scientific or didactic order the hitherto unexplained, for all new poetry the hitherto unimagined, for all new writing for purposes of moral and social stimulation the hitherto unadvised. There may, of course, be mixture of the ingredients.

Among the forms of the Trite with which we are at present troubled is the repetition everywhere of certain observations and bits of expression, admirable in themselves, but now hackneyed till the pith is out of them. By way of example, take that kind of imagined visual effect which consists in seeing an object defined against the sky. How this trick of the picturesque has of late been run upon in poems and novels—trees “against the blue sky,” mountains “against the blue sky,” everything whatever “against the blue sky,” till the very chimney-pots are ashamed of the background, and beg you wouldn't mention it! And so we have young ladies seated pensively at their windows “looking out into the Infinite,” or “out into the Night.” Similarly there are expressions of speculative import about man's destiny and work in the world, so strong in real meaning that those who promulgated them did the world good service, but parroted now till persons who feel their import most hear them with disgust. For the very test that a truth has fallen upon a mind

in vital relation to it, is that, when reproduced by that mind, it shall be with a modification. But worse than the mere incessant reproduction of propositions and particular expressions already worn threadbare, are certain larger accompanying forms of the Trite, which consist in the feeble assumption of entire modes of thought, already exhausted of their virtue by writers in whom they were natural. As an instance, we may cite a certain grandiose habit, common of late in the description of character. Men are no longer men in many of our popular biographic sketches, but prophets, seers, volcanoes, cataracts, whirlwinds of passion—vast physical entities, seething inwardly with unheard-of confusions, and passing, all alike, through a necessary process of revolution which converts chaos into cosmos, and brings their roaring energy at last into harmony with the universe. Now he were a most thankless as well as a most unintelligent reader who did not recognise the noble power of thought, ay, and the exactitude of biographic art, exhibited in certain famous specimens of character-painting which have been the prototypes in this style—who did not see that there the writer began firmly with the actual man, dark-haired or fair-haired, tall or short, who was the object of his study; and, only when he had most accurately figured him and his circumstances, passed into that world of large discourse which each man carries attached to him, as his spiritual self, and in the representation and analysis of which, since it has no physical boundaries, all analogies of volcanoes, whirlwinds, and other space-filling agencies may well be helpful. But in the parodies of this style all is featureless; it is not men at all that we see, but supposititious beings like the phantoms which are said to career in the darkness over Scandinavian ice-plains. Character is the most complex and varied thing extant—consisting not of vague monotonous masses, but of involutions and subtleties in and in for ever; the art of describing it may well employ whole coming generations of

writers; and the fallacy is that all great painting must be done with the big brush, and that even cameos may be cut with pickaxes.

I have had half a mind to include among recent forms of the Trite the habit of incessant allusion to a round of favourite characters of the past, and especially to certain magnates of the literary series—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Goethe, and others. But I believe this would be wrong. Although we do often get tired of references to these names, and of disquisitions written about them and about them; although we may sometimes think that the large amount of our literary activity which is devoted to such mere stock-taking of what has been left us by our predecessors is a bad sign, and that we might push intellectually out on our own account more boldly if our eyes were less frequently retroverted; although, even in the interest of retrospection itself, we might desire that the objects of our worship were more numerous, and that, to effect this, our historians would resuscitate for us a goodly array of the *Dii minorum gentium*, to have their turn with the greater gods—yet, in the main, the intellectual habit of which we speak is one that has had and will have unusually rich results. For these great men of the past are, as it were, the peaks, more or less distant, that surround the plain where we have our dwelling; we cannot lift our eyes without seeing them; and no length or repetition of gaze can exhaust their aspects. And here we must guard against a possible misapprehension of what has been said as to the Trite in general. There are notions permanent and elemental in the very constitution of humanity, simple and deep beyond all power of modification, the same yesterday and to-day, incapable almost of being stated by any one except as all would state them, and which yet never are and never can be trite. How man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble, how he comes from darkness and disappears in darkness again, how the good that he

would he does not and the evil that he would not still he does—these and other forms of the same conception of time and death, interwoven with certain visual conceptions of space, and with the sense of an inscrutable power beyond, have accompanied the race hitherto, as identified with its consciousness. Whether, with one philosophy, we regard these as the largest objects of thought, or, with another, as the necessary forms of human sensibility, equally they are ultimate, and those souls in which they are strongest, which can least tear themselves away from them, are the most truly and grandly human. Add the primary affections, the feelings that belong to the most common and enduring facts of human experience. In recollections of these are the touches that make the whole world kin; these give the melodies to which intellect can but construct the harmonies; it is from a soil of such simple and deep conceptions that all genius must spring. While the branches and extreme twigs are putting forth those fresh sprouts of new truth and new phantasy that we spoke of, nay, in order that this green wealth and perpetual proof of life may not fail, the roots must be *there*. And so, in literature, return as we may to those oldest facts and feelings, we need never doubt their novelty. Hear how one rude Scottish rhymmer found out for himself all over again the fact that life has its sorrows, and, to secure his copyright, registered the date of his discovery:—

“ Upon the sixteen hundred year  
Of God and thretty-three  
Frae Christ was born, wha bought us  
dear,  
As writings testifie,  
On January the sixteenth day,  
As I did lie alone,  
I thus unto myself did say,  
‘ Ah! man was made to moan.’ ”

3. There is the vice of the *Blasé*. In its origin the mental habit which we so name is often healthy enough—a natural reaction against the *Trite*. When the whole field of literature is so overrun

with the *Trite*; when so seldom can one take up a bit of writing and find any stroke of true intellectual action in it; when, time after time, one receives even periodicals of high repute, and, turning over their pages, finds half their articles of a kind the non-existence of which would have left the world not one whit the poorer—here an insipid mince of facts from a popular book, there a twitter of doctrinal twaddle which would weary you from your feeblest relative, and again a criticism on the old “beauty and blemish” plan of a poem long ago judged by everybody for himself; when, worse still, the *Trite* passes into *Cant*, and one is offended by knobs and gobbets of a spurious theology, sent floating, for purposes half-hypocritical, down a stream of what else would be simple silliness,—little wonder that men of honest minds find it sound economy to assume habitually a sour mood towards all literature whatever, allowing the opposite mood to develop itself rarely and on occasion. As it may be noted of bank-cashiers that, by long practice, they have learnt to survey the crowd outside the counters rather repellingly than responsively, saving their recognitions for personal friends, and any respect or curiosity that may be left in them for the bearers of very big warrants, so, and by a similar training, have some of the best of our professional critics become case-hardened to the sight of the daily world of writers, each with his little bit of paper, besieging their bar. It is not, however, of this natural callousness that we speak, but of a habit of mind sometimes beginning in this, but requiring worse elements for its formation. No one can look about him without marking the extent to which a *blasé* spirit is infecting the British literary mind. The thing is complained of everywhere under a variety of phrases—want of faith, want of earnest purpose, scepticism, pocerantism. For our purpose none of these names seems so suitable as the one we have chosen. On the one hand, the charges of “want of faith” and the like are often urged against men who have a

hundred times more of real faith and of active energy directed by that faith than those who bring the charges, and, when interpreted, they often mean nothing more than an intellect too conscientious to surround itself with mystifications and popular deceptions of colour when it may walk in white light. On the other hand, by the term *Blasé* we preserve a sense of the fact that those to whom the vice is attributed, are frequently, if not generally, men of cultivated and even fastidious minds, writing very carefully and pertinently, but ruled throughout by a deplorable disposition ruinous to their own strength, restricting them to a petty service in the sarcastic and the small, and making them the enemies of everything within their range that manifests the height or the depth of the unjaded human spirit. There are, indeed, two classes of critics in whom this vice appears—the light and trivial, to whom everything is but matter for witty sparkle; and the grave and acrimonious, who fly more seriously, and carry venom in their stings. But, in both, the forms in which the spirit presents itself are singularly alike.

One form is that of appending to what is meant to be satirized certain words signifying that the critic has looked into it and found it mere imposture. "All that sort of thing" is a favourite phrase for the purpose. "Civil and religious liberty and all that sort of thing," "High art and all that sort of thing," "Young love and all that sort of thing;" is there anything more common than such combinations? Then, to give scope for verbal variety, there are such words as "Dodge" and "Business" equally suitable. "The philanthropic dodge," "The transcendental business"—so and otherwise are modes of thought and action fitted with nicknames. Now, nicknames are legitimate; the power of sneering is given to man to be used; and nothing is more gratifying than to see an idea which is proving a nuisance, sent clattering away with a hue and cry after it and a tinkettle tied to its tail. But the practice we speak of is passing all bounds, and

is becoming a mere trick whereby a few impudent minds may exercise an influence to which they have no natural right, and abase all the more timid intelligence in their neighbourhood down to their own level. For against this trick of nicknames as practised by some of our pert gentry, what thought or fact or interest of man, from the world's beginning till now, so solemn as to be safe? The "Hear, O heaven, and give ear, O earth, business," "the Hamlet's soliloquy dodge," "The death of Socrates, martyrdom for truth, and all that sort of thing"—where lies our security that impudence, growing omnipotent, may not reach even to heights like these? Already that intermediate height seems to be attained, where systems of thought that have occupied generations of the world's intelligence, and swayed for better or worse vast lengths of human action, are disposed of with a sneer. Calvinism figures, we dare say, as "the brimstone business;" German philosophy as "the unconditioned, and all that sort of thing;" and we may hear ere long of one momentous direction of recent scientific thought under the convenient name of "the Darwin dodge." It would be unjust to say that the *blasé* spirit, wherever it is most respectably represented, has yet become so impertinent as this; and it would be peevish to suppose that a spurt of fun may not ascend occasionally as high as Orion himself without disrespect done or intended. But the danger is that, where this sarcastic mood towards contemporary efforts of thought or movements of social zeal is long kept up without some counteracting discipline, the whole mind will be shrivelled into that one mood, till all distinction of noble and mean is lost sight of, and the passing history of the human mind seems but an evolution of roguery. A Mephistopheles going about with a Faust, whistling down his grandiloquence and turning his enthusiasms into jest, is but the type perhaps of a conjunction proper to no age in particular; but, necessary as the conjunction may be, who is there that would not

rather have his own being merged in the corporate Faust of his time than be a part of the being of its corporate Mephistopheles?

A more refined manifestation of the *blasé* spirit in literature occurs in a certain cunning use of quotation-marks for the purpose of discrediting maxims and beliefs in popular circulation. A word or a phrase is put within inverted commas in a way to signify that it is quoted not from any author in particular, but from the common-place book of that great blatant beast, the public. Thus I may say "Civil and Religious Liberty," or "Patriotism," or "Toleration," or "The Oppressed Nationalities," or "Philanthropy," hedging the words in with quotation-marks, so as to hint that I, original-minded person that I am, don't mean to vouch for the ideas corresponding, and indeed, in the mighty voyage of my private intellect, have left them far behind. Now here again there is a fair and a foul side of the practice. Frequently by such a use of quotation-marks all that is meant is that a writer, having no time to adjust his own exact relations to an idea, begs the use of it in a general way for what it seems worth. Farther, when more of scepticism or sarcasm is intended, the practice may still be as fair as it is convenient. When an idea has been long in circulation, ten to one, by the very movement of the collective mind through so much of varied subsequent circumstance, it has ceased to have that amount of vital relationship to the rest of present fact and present aspiration, which would make it fully a *truth*. No harm, in such a case, in indicating the predicament in which it stands by quotation-marks; no harm if by such a device it is meant even to express more of dissent from the idea than of remaining respect for it. The visible inclosure within quotation-marks is, as it were, a mechanical arrangement for keeping a good-for-nothing idea an hour or so in the stocks. The crowd point their fingers at him; the constables will know him again; if he has any shame left, he will be off from that parish as soon as he is released. But all

depends on the discretion exercised by those who award the punishment. Where a Régan and a Cornwall are the justices, it may be a Kent, a King's Earl and messenger, that is put in the stocks; and, after his first protest, he may bear the indignity philosophically and suffer not a whit in the regard of the right-minded. And so the office of deciding what are and what are not good-for-nothing ideas is one in which there may be fatal mistakes. After all, the fundamental and hereditary articles in the creed of the blatant beast are pretty sure to have a considerable deal of truth in them; and, though it may do the old fellow good to poke him up a bit, there is a point beyond which it may be dangerous to provoke him, and sophisms had better keep out of his way. In other words, though there may be notions or feelings whose tenure is provisional, there are others which humanity has set store by for ages, and shows no need or inclination to part with yet. It is the habit of heartlessly pecking at these that shows a soul that is *blasé*. Of late, for example, it has been a fashion with a small minority of British writers to assert their culture by a very supercilious demeanour towards an idea which ought, beyond all others, to be sacred in this island—the idea of Liberty. Listen to them when this notion or any of its equivalents turns up for their notice or comment, and the impression they give by their language is that in their private opinion it is little better than clap-trap. By all that is British, it is time that this whey-faced intellectualism should be put to the blush! Like any other thought or phrase of man, Liberty itself may stand in need of re-definition and re-explication from time to time; but woe to any time in which the vague old sound shall cease to correspond, in the actual feelings of men, with the measureless reality of half their being! From the depths of the past the sound has come down to us; after we are in our graves, it will be ringing along the avenues of the future; and, in the end, it will be the test of the worth of all *our* philosophy whether this sound has been inter-

cepted or deadened by it, or only transmitted the clearer.

What in the *blasé* habit of mind renders it so hurtful to the interests of literature is that it introduces into all departments a contentedness with the proximate—*i.e.* with the nearest thing that will do. For real power, for really great achievement in any department of intellect, a certain fervour of feeling, a certain avidity as for conquest, a certain disdain of the petty circle within the horizon as already one's own and possessed, or, at the least, a certain quiet hopefulness, is absolutely necessary. But let even a naturally strong mind catch the contagion of the *Blasé*, and this spur is gone. The near then satisfies—the near in fact, which makes History poor and beggarly; the near in doctrine, which annuls Speculative Philosophy, and provides instead a miscellany of little tenets more or less shrewd; the near in imagination, which checks in Poetry all force of wing. I believe that this defect may be observed very extensively in our current literature, appearing in a double form. In the first place, it may be seen affecting the personal literary practice of many men of ability and culture far beyond the average, making them contented on all subjects with that degree of intellectual exertion which simply clears them of the Trite and brings them to the first remove from commonplace, and thus gradually unfitting them for the larger efforts for which nature may have intended them. There are not a few such men—the cochin-chinas of literature, as one might call them; sturdy in the legs, but with degenerate power of flight. In the second place, the same cause produces in these men and in others, when they act as critics, a sense of irritation and of offended taste (not the less mean that it is perfectly honest), when they contemplate in any of their contemporaries the gestures and evolutions of an intellect more natural than their own. The feeling is that which we might suppose in honest poultry, regarding the movements of unintelligible birds overhead: such movements do, to the

poultry, outrage all principles of correct ornithology. Let any one who wishes to understand more particularly what is meant, read the speeches of the Grecian chiefs in council in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, and then fancy how such a bit of writing would fare at the hands of many literary critics now-a-days, if it came before them anonymously. But it is, perhaps, as an influence tending to arrest the development of speculative thought, specially so called, that the distaste of so many literary men for all but the proximate operates most detrimentally. The habit of sneering at Speculative Philosophy, both name and thing, is a world too common among men who ought to know better. Sneer as they will, it has been true from the beginning of time, and will be true to the end, that the precise measure of the total intellectual worth of any man, or of any age, is the measure of the speculative energy lodged in him, or in it. Take our politics of the last twelve years for an example. How much of British political writing during these years has consisted in vilification of certain men, basing their theories on elementary principles, and styled visionaries or fanatics accordingly. And yet, if matters are well looked at, these very men are now seen to be the only men who apprehended tendencies rightly; they alone have not had to recant; and it is the others—the from-hand-to-mouth men in politics—that have turned out to be the fools.

Besides other partial remedies that there may be for the wide-spread and still spreading vice of the *Blasé* among our men of intellect, there may be in reserve, for aught we know, some form of that wholesale remedy by which Providence in many an instance hitherto has revived the jaded organisms of nations. Those fops in uniform, those loungers of London clubs and ball-rooms, who a few years ago used to be the types to our wits of manhood grown useless, from whose lips even their mother-speech came minced and clipped for very languor of life,—how in that Russian peninsula they straightened

themselves, the fighting English demigods! So, should it be the hap of our nation to find itself ere long in the probation of some such enterprise of all its strength, some such contest of life and death, as many foresee for it, little doubt that then, in the general shaking which shall ensue, fallacies shall fall from it like withered leaves, and meaner habits with them, and that then many a mind to which at present the sole competent use of pen or of voice seems to be in a splenetic service of small

sarcasm, shall receive a noble rouse for the service of the collective need. Meanwhile, in these yet clear heavens, and ere the hurricane comes that shall huddle us together, it is for any one here and there that, having escaped the general taint of cynicism, has dared to propose to himself some positive intellectual labour of the old enthusiastic sort, to secure the necessary equanimity by pre-arranged and persevering solitude.

## ANNALS OF AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

BY THE DEAN OF ELY.

THIS is the age of Reformatories. Judges have declared against the cruelty of awarding punishment, pure and simple, to those whose chief fault is utter neglect on the part of parents to teach them what is right, or diligence in teaching them what is wrong; clergymen have preached about it; Parliaments have voted upon it; public meetings have declared against it; and, what is still better, Mettray, Redhill, and hundreds of other similar asylums for young offenders have been established, and have proved the possibility, and therefore the duty, of reforming wicked boys, instead of severely whipping them, or confining them, or hanging them. So undeniable has the reformatory success been, that we have almost ceased to hear the plausible argument that bad boys are taken care of, and honest boys left to shift for themselves. The Christian instinct of warm-hearted people long ago burst through the bonds which this argument would lay upon them, and we now see clearly enough that the argument was only a sophism, and that the real answer to it is this, that wickedness is like a loathsome infectious disease, and that to remove a bad case to a hospital is not more a kindness to the patient than an act of mercy to the

neighbourhood. In fact, the reformatory work done by the removal of a clever ringleader in wickedness is by no means to be measured by the benefit conferred upon the individual, or even by the advantage to society of having one knave transformed into an honest member; the reformation of your one knave probably breaks up a gang, and leaves many lads, who would soon have joined the same, to the more wholesome influence of their pastors and masters. Within my own knowledge, the establishment of a reformatory for a small number of boys, in the neighbourhood of a large city, almost immediately produced a marked effect upon the number of juvenile offenders brought before the magistrates.

Nevertheless, every one feels that a poor lad who has never been committed for stealing, but who is quite willing to steal if occasion offer, a young thief *in posse*, if not *in esse*, can make out something of a case against reformatories, if they shut their doors upon him as not being one of the brotherhood. Have you ever been in gaol? No. Are you a thief? Not by profession; and my doings in that way have been so small, that I scarcely deserve the name. I am afraid, my boy, you will not do for us.

But I have no objection to steal, says the boy; only try me, and you shall see that there is no bar to my becoming a thief to-morrow. Well, then, become a thief, and, when you are one, we will take you in hand and reform you.

There is enough of truth in this caricature to make us glad that there are such things as Industrial Schools and Boys' Homes, to which the passport is not juvenile crime, but rather juvenile misery and misfortune. In every large town there are many boys, (and girls too, but I am just now speaking of boys only,) who are not actually criminal, but who are very likely to become so in times of idleness, and under the influence of temptation; boys of careless parents, or bad parents; neglected orphans; boys brought up to no trade; boys who have never been educated, and who have forgotten even the smattering of knowledge they picked up at the National School; boys who play at pitch-farthing at street-corners, or hang about railway stations, or sweep crossings, or beg for coppers, or do anything else but work for an honest livelihood and prepare themselves to become honest men and good citizens. What is to be done for these boys? The true philosophy of healing involves a careful diagnosis of the disease. In this case the disease is, fundamentally, idleness; the cure is industry. The idleness is in a certain sense artificial; the industry must be artificial too.

It was with such views as these that, some years ago, a school was established in Cambridge under the name of the Cambridge Industrial School. The school is still flourishing and virtually doing a great deal of reformatory work. Many boys who have been in the school are now well-conducted, useful men; not a few owe to the training which they received in it all that they are, and all that they hope to be; and some of the cases are so striking, that I think many of the readers of this magazine will thank me for putting before them the simple annals of several poor lads, which they will find a little further on.

First, however, let me say a few words

concerning the organization and principles of the school in question. I will speak of it with as much fairness as it is possible to speak of a child which you have nursed from the cradle, and watched through its teething and other infantine infirmities; and I would say, once for all, that whatever good may have come from the school, is due (under God) not so much to its organization as to the superlative qualifications for the work possessed by the master whom the managers were fortunate enough to engage. I can easily conceive that an Industrial School might be established, apparently upon the same principles as that at Cambridge, and might fail; I have no doubt there are fit men to be had; only it must be remembered that the qualifications are such as can hardly be gained by training. With regard to some of them, at least, the Industrial Master *nascitur, non fit*.

The Cambridge Industrial School was intended for about fifty boys; and sometimes there have been more than that number in attendance—generally less. The boys may or may not be criminal; inquiry is of course made as to their history, but no objection is made on the score of not possessing a certificate of roguery. The school has about six or seven acres of land in spade cultivation, and the working of this land is the staple occupation of the boys. The land is a cold, heavy clay, and was terrible work for the boys at first, but it has given way to the general reformatory influences of the place, and is now very manageable and docile. Besides the field or garden work, there is a workshop, in which the boys pursue the useful occupations of tailoring and shoe-making, becoming snips or snobs according to fancy—only with this reservation, that a boy who has once declared for breeches must not go to boots, nor *vice versa*. Further industrial employment is afforded by a greenhouse; and there is a tolerably extensive piggery, the inmates of which may indeed be regarded as liberal subscribers to the institution, and amongst its most energetic supporters.



In addition to the workshop there are two rooms, one for the feeding of the mind, the other for that of the body. A certain portion of each day is passed in the former occupation, under the direction of the head master, who also superintends the outdoor exercises: this is an essential part of the plan—the field and the school act and react upon each other: the former is the place for exercising the virtues instilled in the latter, and any faults which appear in the field can be discussed and corrected afterwards in school. The feeding is confined to one meal a day. I do not mean that the boys eat no more; but only one meal is provided by the school funds; whatever else is necessary to support life the boys are obliged to find for themselves. Hence there is small temptation to enter the school on false pretences; the maxim of little to eat and plenty to do, serves to keep away all those who are not proper subjects for the school's reformatory operations.

The admission is entirely free. In the first instance a small payment was demanded,—twopence per week; and I remember the case of a sturdy boy who used to work hard at the school all day, and then go round with a basket calling "Trotters!" through the streets of Cambridge all the evening in order to pay his school fee and find himself breakfast. But it was found, after some experience, that the payment of twopence per week excluded many whom it was desirable, above all others, to take in, and the rule was consequently abrogated.

The school has been open for exactly ten years. During this period nearly 400 boys have passed through it. These have remained for longer or shorter times, as the case might be: some attending regularly for several years; others coming for a time, then getting work, then returning when work is not to be had—a practice encouraged by the managers, and which has kept many a poor lad out of mischief; others again coming for a short time, and then, on finding steady work and cleanliness too much for them, returning to idleness and dirt. Thirty-four are serving her

Majesty in the army, fourteen in the navy, and for about fifty of the number good situations have been obtained through the agency of the school. I cannot pretend to weigh exactly the successes against the failures. I know that there have been some of the latter; I am equally sure that there have been many of the former; and even in cases which have seemed to the Committee and the master of the school quite hopeless, a seed may have been sown which should spring up afterwards. This was, in fact, demonstrated to be possible in a recent case. A boy, regarded as nearly the worst whom the school ever received, and who left the school without giving the master a ray of hope, has lately written a letter from India, in a new strain, announcing that he is acting as Scripture Reader in the regiment to which he belongs.

I ought to add that, during the ten years of the school's existence, the head master has been the same, the shoemaking-master the same, and the tailoring-master was the same till about two years ago, when he obtained preference in one of the Colleges.

So much for the machinery of the school, which I have compressed into as short a space as possible, for fear of wearying my readers, and in order that I may carry them forward as quickly as possible to that part of my paper upon which I chiefly depend for any interest which may attach to it. Indeed I should hardly have ventured to draw the still life picture of the school, if I had not been able to add some sketches of the inmates, which can hardly fail to be deemed striking: some portions of the sketches will have the additional interest of being drawn by the industrial boys themselves.

I proceed, then, to give an account of some of the boys, and extracts from letters received from them: there are obvious reasons why, in some cases, the names ought not to be given, and, as they cannot be given in some, I shall withhold them in all, designating the boys by their numbers on the school register.

No. 1 was the first boy admitted

into the school. He was an intelligent lad, and as such had been employed as a monitor and assistant in a national school; he was tempted by his love of books to steal a considerable number belonging to the school library, and was ejected in consequence. Having thus lost his character, he was picked up by the Industrial School, where he remained for about two years, when he was recommended, in consequence of his good conduct, to a tradesman in Cambridge. He remained in his place for some time, but told his master from the first that he longed to be a soldier, and intended to enlist when a favourable opportunity offered. At length the opportunity came; he enlisted into a cavalry regiment, and served in the Crimea. From the Crimea he wrote the most affectionate letters to the school, with many inquiries about his former companions. At the close of the war he was selected as the *best-behaved private* of his regiment, and sent by Government for two years' training at Maidstone. He went out to India, after training, as corporal, and last Christmas was promoted to be a sergeant. I have several letters from him before me; in the last, dated Bangalore, he says, "I suppose the school has a very smart appearance by this time; and I do hope I shall not be very long before I am able to give you a call." In the midst of the terrible Crimean winter campaign, he found time to use his pencil, with which he was very clever, in drawing a picture of himself in his sentry-box, which he sent to the school with many inquiries concerning his old companions.

No. 16 is a very remarkable case. My first acquaintance with this boy was made, after evening service, in a church in which I had been officiating. He was brought before me as a culprit who had been disturbing the congregation, and was admonished and discharged. He was then quite a small boy. Growing in time to be a big one, he became a very rough and turbulent fellow; was known as the bully of the parish, and was the terror of all quiet

and orderly folks. A country girl, who lived as servant with the master, threatened to give notice if No. 16 continued in the school; she said he was "such a terrible swearer, she could not bear it." This was when he first came to the school. After being in the school some months, he and another boy (now a well-conducted married man) had a pitched battle. The master threatened expulsion, and they both begged pardon, and promised to do so no more. Better days now dawned; No. 16 improved rapidly; in less than two years from his admission he was made assistant to the master, and proved most valuable. His great strength and determined character were now turned to good account; the roughest boys found their master; and when they told him that they could not leave off this or that bad habit, he was able to tell them, from his own experience, that he knew it could be done. He now became a Sunday-school teacher. This was too much for his old companions; they ridiculed him in the streets and pelted him. He told the master in distress, that he *must* turn upon them some day and give them a thrashing or get one himself. The master told him all his work would be undone if he did so, and No. 16 restrained himself. Any one who knew the fire of his eye and the strength of his arms would understand how much this forbearance cost him. One day a Colonial Bishop saw him superintend a large gang of boys at field-work, was struck by his skill and power of managing his gang, and carried him off as a catechist to his distant diocese, where he is doing honour to his Christian profession, and justifying the Bishop's choice. I have abundance of this young man's letters before me as I write. They are in every way well written; they are full of affection to his old master; they breathe a genuine missionary spirit; and, as I read them, I say to myself, Is it possible that the writer can be that wild, fierce lad, whom I remember ten years ago in the Industrial School?

No. 24, a fatherless lad, came to the

school a cripple, with crutch and stick. He was set upon his legs by the management of a medical gentleman, who chanced to call at the school and perceived his crippled condition; and the same operation was performed for him morally by the school: for, having earned a good character, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, by help of friends whom he had gained while at school, and on easy terms in consequence of the knowledge of the trade which he had already acquired. He is now a good workman, subscribes annually to the funds of the Industrial School, and helps to support a widowed mother.

No. 57 was a boy the complete treatment of whose case was beyond the appliances of the school. He had a bad father and an infamous stepmother, who taught him to steal. He came to the school as young as he could be according to the rules, but had already been in prison several times, and was in prison several times afterwards. Altogether, the magistrates had him before them fifteen times! Notwithstanding this tendency to steal, the master of the school spoke well of him, and, indeed, said that anything might be done with him, if he had only a fair chance; and when I went to see him in gaol, the governor gave the same account of him. The Industrial School had not the means of taking him entirely away from temptation for a time, and the good resolutions of the day were destroyed by the bad home influences of evening. After he had been liberated from gaol for the last time, a lady who supports a private reformatory, and whose name may be guessed by those versed in reformatory matters, but shall not be revealed by me, offered, in the kindest manner possible, to receive a boy from the school if there chanced to be one to whom an absolute removal to a reformatory would be beneficial. No. 57 was precisely the case and accordingly No. 57 was sent to the reformatory, in which he realized the best hopes that had been formed of him, and was eventually sent to America by his kind patroness, where he is

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flourishing as assistant in a large store, and seems likely to become a substantial Yankee. This boy frequently writes to the schoolmaster in the most affectionate terms.

I give one extract. Referring to a domestic affliction in the master's family, he writes:—"Gladly would I, if I was near you, do all I could for you; for I feel as if I could not do enough to pay for the kindness you always showed towards me: but I hope that I shall have the privilege, some time, to do you a kindness in some way or other. I was very glad indeed to hear such an account of —. I know it must cheer your heart to hear such accounts of the boys that have been with you, and that you can see that your labour was not in vain. I know that, had you cast me off, I should have been a ruined man."

No. 60 is the son of a shoemaker in Cambridge, a first-rate workman, who had an unfortunate dislike to maintain his wife and family, and positively went to prison, and afterwards to the Union workhouse, rather than support them. The boy was very ill-behaved at times, intensely fond of smoking, and much addicted to bad language. However, he improved very considerably; and at length, through the efforts of the Committee, was apprenticed in Her Majesty's navy. He writes to the master with the same warm affection that characterises other letters of which I have spoken; and in one of his letters, from Plymouth, he says,—“I should very much like to come to Cambridge for two days, but I shall not have money enough, as I am very happy to tell you that I have done what I know I am right to do; that is, to assist my mother, which I have felt a great deal since I have been at sea; and I feel just as well as if I had the money myself, for I should only spend it in waste, and be no better for it. I have left £1 every month for this last twelvemonth, and that is ever since I have been able to do so.”

No. 68 was a very bad boy before coming to the school. The master frequently received petitions that he would punish him for misdemeanours in the

parish where he lived ; but this he deemed to be out of his jurisdiction ; on one occasion, however, having committed an offence within the school, the master punished him very severely, and with such effect as to produce an almost immediate change. The lad's improvement was so marked, that the master felt justified in recommending him to a lady who wanted a servant-boy ; he behaved himself in the situation admirably for three years, when he moved into a family of distinction, in which he is now living as butler, and from which he writes to the master with the feelings of a child to a father.

No. 110 came from the National School, to the great joy of the master of the same, who said that he could do nothing with him, nor make anything of him. However, he soon began to improve, and was taken out by Archdeacon Mackenzie, a warm friend of the school and member of its committee, to Natal, where he is still, and bears an excellent character.

This list might be easily extended ; but it is already long enough for its purpose. It does not prove that an industrial school is sufficient to reform all the juvenile population of a large town, but it certainly shows that it may be the means of doing great good, and that many a poor lad may be lifted by its agency from misery and criminality. Nor is it a very expensive piece of machinery : the only expensive part of the business is the supply of dinners to the boys, and, in the most extravagant times, I believe, the price of a dinner has never mounted up to twopence, while it has generally been much less : and the appearance of the school on the outskirts of the town, with its neat

garden, and busy workshops, and gang of industrious lads, whose faces show clearly enough what would be their employment if they were not there, is a sight to do good to the hearts of the inhabitants. Indeed, if the question be regarded from an entirely financial point of view, and the expense of the school be set against the expense of prosecuting the boys and keeping them in gaol, I have no doubt that an industrial school far more than pays itself. Yet, after all, the success turns very much upon the master, as might be expected from the reason of the thing, and as any one would perceive, who visited the Cambridge Industrial School, or who examined the letters which I have had before me while writing this paper, and from which I have given a few extracts. It is the combination of extreme kindness of heart, and true Christian devotion to a great work, with a clear head and iron determination to be obeyed, that can alone ensure success. It is manifest from their own letters, that every one of the boys, whose cases I have chronicled above, look upon the master as their father, and upon the school as the home of their best feelings. The same sentiment has ever pervaded the school. Poor lads ! many of them never knew much of parental kindness and of home affections, until they found these blessed influences there. What is to be done, said I one day to an Inspector of Schools, who was bemoaning the depravity of much of the juvenile population in his district—what is to be done to bring about an improvement ? We must find a number of men, was the answer, like the master of your Industrial School.

## THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT OF 1860.

BY G. O. TREVELYAN, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IN accordance with a custom established for some years past, the following lines were written, by request, before the event of the contest. Whether they had a Tyrtæan effect may be doubted: their prophetic attributes cannot be denied. The allusions are of a local nature, but the general interest excited by the race may justify their insertion. It may be well to remind our readers of the names of the oarsmen, and their position in the boat.

- |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. S. HEATHCOTE, Trinity.     | 6. B. N. CHERRY, Clare.      |
| 2. H. J. CHAYTOR, Jesus.      | 7. A. H. FAIRBAIRN, Trinity. |
| 3. D. INGLES, Trinity.        | 8. J. HALL, Magdalene.       |
| 4. J. S. BLAKE, Corpus.       | J. T. MORLAND, Trinity,      |
| 5. M. COVENTRY, Trinity Hall. | <i>Coxswain.</i>             |

SOME twenty years back, o'er his nectar one day,  
 King Jove to the gods in Olympus did say:—  
 “ Degenerate mortals, it must be confessed,  
 Grow smaller each year round the arm and the chest.  
 Not ten modern navvies together could swing  
 The stone that great Ajax unaided did fling.  
 They may talk of their Heenan, and Paddock, and Nat :  
 I'll bet that old Milo, though puffy and fat,  
 Would thrash the whole ring, should they come within range,  
 From slashing Tom Sayers to sneaking Bill Bainge.  
 I've determined, as plain as the staff of a pike,  
 To show to the world what a man should be like.  
 Go fetch me some clay : no, not that common stuff,  
 But the very best meerschaum—and fetch me enough.  
 I'll make eight hearty fellows, all muscle and bone,  
 Their average weight shall be hard on twelve stone ;  
 With shoulders so broad, and with arms so well hung,  
 So lithe in the loins, and so sound in the lung ;  
 And because I love Cambridge, my purpose is fixed, I  
 Will make them her crew in the year eighteen sixty.”

Stand by me, dear reader, and list to my song,  
 As our boat round Plough-corner comes sweeping along.  
 I'll point out each hero, and tell you his name,  
 His college, his school, and his titles to fame.  
 No fear of a crowd ; towards the end of the course  
 They have left all behind but a handful of horse.  
 To keep at their side on the gods you must call  
 For the wind of a tutor of Trinity Hall.

One stroke, and they're on us. Quick ! Left face and double !  
 Look hard at the bow ; he is well worth the trouble.

'Tis Heathcote, the pride of First Trinity Club,  
 The boast of our eight, and the tale of our tub.  
 No Oxonian so gay but will tremble and wince  
 As he watches the oar of our gallant Black Prince.

Who can think on that morn without sorrow and pain  
 When valour proved futile, and skill was in vain?  
 As they watched the light jerseys all swimming about,  
 The nymphs of the Thames, with a splash and a shout,  
 Cried, "Thanks to rude Boreas, who, wishing to please us,  
 Has sent to our arms Harry Chaytor of Jesus."

Next comes David Ingles, and long may he live,  
 Adorned with each laurel our river can give.  
 Had the Jews seen our David but once on the throne,  
 They would not have thought quite so much of their own.  
 Deign then to accept this my humble petition,  
 And make me your chief and your only musician:  
 And so, when you've passed, as you will do with ease,  
 I'll sing you, my David, a Song of Degrees.

Oh, blame not the bard if at thought of his section  
 The blood in his temples with vanity tingles:  
 Who would not dare deeds worth a world's recollection  
 With a serjeant like Heathcote, a corporal like Ingles.

Old Admiral Blake, as from heaven he looks down,  
 Bawls out to his messmates—"You lubberly sinners,  
 Three cheers for my namesake! I'll bet you a crown  
 He'll thrash the Oxonians as I thrashed the Mynheers."

Here's Coventry next, but not Patmore, no, no!  
 Not an "angel" at all, but a devil to row.  
 Should Louis Napoleon next August steam over,  
 With scarlet-breeched Zouaves, from Cherbourg to Dover,  
 We'll send him to Coventry: won't he look blue,  
 And wish he was back with his wife at St. Cloud?

A problem concerning the man who rows six,  
 Puts many high wranglers quite into a fix:  
 James Stirling himself, as he candidly owns,  
 Can't conceive how a Cherry can have thirteen stones.

But oh for the tongue of a Dizzy or Cairns,  
 Thou fairest and strongest of Trinity's bairns,  
 To tell how your fellow-collegians in vain  
 Of the veal and the Peter-house pudding complain,  
 Of the greasy old waiters, and rotten old corks,  
 And the horrors that lurk 'twixt the prongs of the forks.  
 Men point to your muscles, and sinews, and thews, sir,  
 The wonder and envy of many a bruiser;  
 And say that our grumbling exceeds all belief,  
 So well have you thriven on Trinity beef.

But how shall I worthily celebrate you,  
 The hope of our colours, the joy of our crew?  
 Shall I sing of your pluck, or the swing of your back,  
 Or your fierce slashing spurt, most redoubtable Jack?  
 The world never saw such a captain and cargo  
 Since Jason pulled stroke in the good ship the *Argo*.  
 And oh, when you pass to the mansions above,  
 Look down on your Cambridge with pity and love

Then, on some future day of disaster and woe,  
When the wash surges high, and our fortunes are low,  
When Oxford is rowing three feet to our two,  
And victory frowns on the flag of light blue,  
Oh, then may our captain in agony call  
On the 'varsity's guardian angel, Jack Hall!

You may search the whole coast from Land's End to North Foreland,  
But where will you find such a steersman as Morland?  
Just look at him peering, as sharp as a rat,  
From under his rum little shaggy black hat.  
Let all honest Cambridge men fervently pray  
That our pet Harrow coxswain, for once in a way,  
Though as valiant a sergeant as any we know,  
On Saturday next may show back to the foe.

So at night, when the wine-cups all mantling are seen  
(Whatever the mantling of wine-cups may mean),  
With your temper at ease, and your muscles unstrung,  
And your limbs 'neath the table right carelessly flung,  
As you press to your lips the beloved nut-brown clay,  
So cruelly widowed for many a day:  
Oh, then as one man may the company rise,  
With joy in their hearts, and with fire in their eyes,  
Pour out as much punch as would set her afloat,  
And drink long and deep to our conquering boat!

*March 24th, 1860.*

## LOCH-NA-DIOMHAIR—THE LAKE OF THE SECRET.

### A HIGHLAND FLIGHT.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES.

#### I.

##### HOW WE SET OUT FOR IT—ICKERSON AND I.

DOWN on the little rustic landing-pier before Inversneyd Hotel, by Loch-Lomond edge, my friend Ickerson and I had sought a few minutes' breathing-time for private consultation in an unexpected dilemma; which, however absurd, was real. Ere many more minutes elapsed, our present refuge would be taken from us; though at that instant it was the sole spot, round the noisy falls made classical by Wordsworth, and the noisier place of entertainment for tourists, where we could hope to hear each other, or arrange our

necessary plans of departure. A sudden occurrence had just rendered that departure indispensable, nay, required that it should be immediate; if possible, without even the delay we now made; above all, without so much as re-entering the door of the hotel. Yet not only was our modest bill to be settled, and the few travelling encumbrances of one of us to be regained from the lobby-table; we had also to consider our first steps of escape, the most critical of all, and for a brief space to deliberate as to the precise track that must be taken, by now recurring to our only clue in the matter. This clue was to be found in the letter of our mutual friend, Moir from London, whom we were to join at a certain spot

which he thus indicated and described : the letter was fortunately in my possession still, and over it were we here holding council. On Ickerson's part, with the help of "a few post-jentacular inhalations," as he in his colossal manner was pleased to phrase it, "from that fragrant weed which so propitiates clearness of thought, and tends to promote equanimity in action." For me, I was too conscious of the energy our situation demanded, to share any such indulgence. The action, not the equanimity, was what our peculiar circumstances then required. As the prompt cigar to the contemplative meerschaum, so were we to each other.

"To think," broke out my companion, meditatively, "that he should have taken the same direction as ourselves—joining these snobbish pedestrians, too, at such an early hour—and without Mrs. Blythe and the other ladies, whom—"

"Whom, you may depend upon it," I interrupted with impatience, "the droskies from the Trosachs Inn will bring up behind him, in ten minutes more, luggage and all. Then, do you see that smoke yonder, through the haze on the water?" I pointed emphatically down the lake. "That is the first steamer from Balloch, of course, which will soon pour on this spot a whole mob from Glasgow—yes, *Glasgow*," repeated I, significantly eyeing my friend. "I now see it all! He expected Glasgow friends, don't you recollect? He expected *one* in particular—have you forgot *whom*?" And it was evident, despite Ickerson's wished-for equanimity (strictly speaking, a disposition to *impromptitude* in cases of action), that he began to shudder; while my own uneasiness did not prevent me from pushing the advantage thus obtained over his too lethargic nature. "Yes; it was M'Killop, whom he must have come on to meet, and to concert with as to choice of summer quarters. The moment the steamer's paddles are heard, he'll be down to welcome him—M'Killop will see us at once, even if Trellington Blythe should not—both will recognise us—both be surprised—both be on

the scent. After which, all is of course lost!"

"Horrible! True. Very disagreeable and awkward, I must say," responded my friend; for once lowering that censor-like appurtenance of his, with one of his least phlegmatic or provokingly-placid expressions of countenance. "For really, after all Dr. Blythe's own openness and manifest inclination to our society, we did leave him somewhat abruptly, perhaps, at the Trosachs yesterday forenoon; without making him aware, either, of the intention, which, by the way, my dear Brown," remarked Ickerson gravely, "I did not know till you stated it just before. Much less, that Moir had described his whereabouts to you."

A mild reproach was designed, but I affected unconsciousness of it; not even smiling as I echoed this remorseful strain. "The worst of it was," I reminded him, "it might seem a base advantage to take, that we walked off on a Sabbath afternoon, when the doctor and his family were absent at kirk, as became his public character and standing. I do not understand a Gaelic service, however orthodox my turn of mind, whereas *you*, you know, though suspected of latitudinarian views, are quite familiar with the tongue." At this home-thrust, again did Ickerson wince: he looked uncomfortably over his shoulder to the Inversneyd Hotel, where our learned fellow-citizen and late inmate at the Trosachs was despatching breakfast, all unconscious of our abject vicinity to him: then in front, toward the growing vapour which brought M'Killop, he gazed with a dismay far more apparent.

The truth was, I had felt doubtful up to the last moment of Ickerson. Happily, Sundays do fall amongst the Trosachs, and after unintentionally encountering the Blythe party there, we had availed ourselves without much consideration of that circumstance, together with our needing no vehicles, to take far more than the proper seventh-day's journey in advance of our estimable acquaintance. I myself had inferred,



too hastily, that he was to retrace his steps toward the direction of Loch Tay and Dunkeld. A most estimable person is Dr. Trellington Blythe, F.S.A. and Ph.D. Heid; and at home we knew him particularly well, but never had suspected him of the condescension of a Highland tour, or of his betaking himself to fishing; much less of his looking out for good, retired summer quarters for himself and family, "in some secluded district of the mountain country, contiguous to water—within reach of agreeable acquaintance—yet not hackneyed, not hackneyed, sir." Such, nevertheless, had been his confidential words to us, in MacGregor's baronial-looking hostelry by Loch-Katrine, while we took our last evening rummer of Glen-Dronach toddy near him; he confining himself, as usual, to soda-water, and several times, with a frown, sniffing at the nicotine odour of Ickerson's clothes. For it must be said that the latter is singularly regardless of people's prejudices, even in sundry other uncouth traits: yet, strangely enough, there is a favour for him none the less universal among his acquaintances, Dr. T. B. included; still more, perhaps, Mrs. T. B., a very pretty-looking woman with highly æsthetic tastes. When agreeable society was referred to, that lady had not failed to glance our way; as if it were a pity we were but pedestrianizing in a transient manner, without aim or purpose beyond an occasional day's fishing near the road. In fact, we had not indicated any purpose at all. Far from Ickerson's knowing at the time that we had one, I was aware of his easy temperament, his too-passive or too-transient disposition, over which a superior will possessed great influence; and even to him also, I had as yet concealed my knowledge of our friend Moir's discovery; I had expressed an interest in the same scenery, towards Dunkeld, which the Blythes had in contemplation, with a similar desire to behold the tomb of Rob Roy in passing, and probably explore the rude vicinity of Loch Earn, then to witness the Celtic games of St. Fillan's. The reality was, I well knew the difficulty

of escape from that peculiar instinct, if once set upon our track, which pertains to one whom I may call a philanthropic Beagle—delicacy forbidding the word Bore.

Yet here was Trellington Blythe again, after all my pains, most imminently at hand in the hotel coffee-room, snatching a hasty luncheon before he issued forth. Genially fraternizing with a whole band of eager tourists from the road, whose knapsacks, and wide-awakes, and volumes of Scott and Wordsworth, had scared us both as they rushed in upon the *débris* of our glorious Highland breakfast; though Ickerson had only gazed his supine dismay, indiscriminately regarding them, till I perceived the direr apparition behind, and drew him with me in our retreat by an opposite door. Somewhat unprepared for immediate renewal of active measures we were, it must be owned; at least in my friend's case. Since Ickerson's personal vigour and capacity for exertion, combined with a singular faculty for abstinence when needful, are proportionate to his stature and his thews, rendering, perhaps, indispensable on his part those few ruminative whiffs. I could well have spared, certainly, that formal replenishment of a meerschaum resembling a calumet, that careful replacement of the ashes, and that scrupulous ignition, that studious consciousness of every fume. Was it possible that he had hesitated to support me, till I had fortunately recollected the certain advent of M. Killop that very day?—did a hankering still possess him after the Egyptian fleshpots of Mrs. Blythe and her elegant cousins, heedless of the doctor's own educational theories, and his feeling remarks on nature? Could he so forget what was at stake in the prospect of that delicious solitude which Moir had lit upon, and to which at that moment we alone possessed the key? Could it possibly enter into his mind to avoid further ambiguity in the affair by his usual absurd candour, and, for the sake of future relations with the Trellington Blythes, to propose allowing them the opportunity, so much after their own

hearts, of sharing our expected delight? I declare, if so, that then and there I could savagely have quarrelled with him, despite our long, close friendship, had not the simple fact about Mr. M'Killop saved me. The editor of the *Daily Tribune* is a man whom, though I dislike, I do not fear. Whereas the intense repugnance towards him, almost the superstitious dread, entertained by Mark Ickerson, with all his equanimity, is something unaccountable. We were both aware that Mr. M'Killop had a wife and many daughters, that the parliamentary season was just about over, and the dearth of news to be made up for by sporting matters alone; so when it struck me like a flash of lightning that he too was on the outlook for summer quarters, with the desire to lodge his family where the *Tribune* might still be cared for amidst his own race and original language, need it be wondered that I avowed the conviction to Ickerson, or that Ickerson was utterly overcome?

Urged by haste, though inwardly triumphant, I had but to take out again our London friend's epistle from Loch-na-Diomhair; and for Ickerson's benefit, while he suspended his meerschaum anxiously, to retrace the considerate chart of our way which the postscript contained. Its first bearings and guide-marks were identically before us from that spot, far over amongst the sinewy mountain-shoulders which press from westward on the lake, reflected below more softly; above, too, in the Alps of Arrochar that overpeak these, remote beyond record even in that magic mirror. It was a blessed picture still farther in the unseen background, which the letter itself conjured up; the ecstatic affirmation from Frank Moir of an absolute Highland Arcadia undetected by guide-books, which, allowing for some accidental rose-colour of a personal kind, he was not yet too much cockneyfied to appreciate; while, to us, in our holiday escape from rote and toil, from the weary hack-round and daily trouble, it was a precious refreshment to hear of. To one of us, lately fagged to the ut-

most, and bitterly disciplined by experience, it was a longing, desperate necessity of the very life and brain, the heart and soul. We now certified ourselves there, that we had only to ferry across forthwith, then hold those peaks upon a certain side, and then the way afterwards was scarcely to be mistaken; until we should perceive that other mountain, of shape unique and indubitable position, which overshadowed the very entrance to the secluded glen of the Macdonochies. I myself, pure Goth as I was, had some practice in Highland wanderings; as to Ickerson, he was an Islesman, familiar from youth with the tongue of the Gael as with his school Latin or college Greek, almost his daily German; claiming distant Celtic blood, actually pretending, in his slow, elephantine, Teutonic humour, to "have a Tartan," with right to the kilt and eagle's feather. Though stamped by name and aspect, as by inner nature, true son of old Scandinavian sea-riders, having the noble viking always in him, sometimes the latent Berserkir like to flash forth; otherwise inexperienced, impractical, the mere abstracted quietist, who might use the eyes and help the active energy of a companion that knew the world.

It was hot already. By the nearest route it must be a good long afternoon's tramp for us, even from the opposite shore of Benlomond, where the light would glare and the heat would broil above us. As for fear of weather or change, it had varied too long before, for any fear of it now from *me*; although Ickerson looked up into the very brightness of the sky, and away at some mist about the distinctest mountains, saying, in his queer, quasi-prophetic manner, that it would rain to the west. I only set some store by him in the matter, because he none the less resolutely put up his pipe, stretched his large limbs, and rose, professing himself ready. *He*, indeed! the half-abstracted, half-sagacious monster of good luck that I have often found him!—it was not *he* who needed to go back into the hotel lobby, facing the full glare of those spectacles in the sunlight,

before we could again abscond; for he invariably had borne his fishing-rod about with him in the compendious form of that huge walking-staff which he now struck upon the ground so promptly, and his plaid was always over his shoulder, enveloping in one fold that simple oilskin parcel of his. It was not he who had become responsible to the waiter for our charges, nor who had left his well-compacted *impedimenta*, with every essential of pedestrian comfort, on the hall table; and despite his solemn consternation at the reiterated statement, it is impossible to get rid of a belief, from one scarce perceptible twinkle of his eye, that the hypocrite enjoyed it. "Being conscious of my own deficiencies in the practical department," said he, with that provoking Orcadian accent, occasionally similar to a snuffle, "I have to guard against them, or rather, my worthy aunt and cousins have;" uplifting and surveying his whole outfit with an air of innocent satisfaction. "But would *he*—the doctor, I mean—seeing *you* alone, my dear Brown, do you think, be so eager to accost you as you suppose? To wish to—that is, to persevere in having you of his party—that is to say, I—as you feel it disagreeable—perhaps he may not, in fact, care for your proximity and a—a—what particular exploration you might contemplate?"

It is true, as the fellow naïvely showed himself aware, Ickerson was the chief magnet to the Blythe party in general; nor am I sure to this moment that the inestimable doctor likes me at bottom. Well knowing, therefore, that I could trust myself alone, even with Trellington Blythe, I at once cut the knot by providing that my companion should forthwith skirt the lake towards the ferry-boat, while I, at every hazard, would boldly rush up to the hotel. Struck by a sudden thought at Ickerson's departure, however, I lingered instead upon the pier, as the steamer came plashing up. Already the doctor's voice was conspicuous from the other side, hurrying down among other tourists; but the sharp-prowed "Lady-of-the-Lake" was quicker than he or I had calculated;

sending an eddy before her to my very feet, when, with a roar, and a hiss, and a clamour, she came sheering round to float broadside in. The first face I discerned was that of M'Killop of the *Daily Tribune*, high on one paddle-box, through the steam which contrasted with his sandy whiskers, carpet-bag and umbrella in hand, firmly looking for the shore. His eye was in a moment upon me; but the motley crowd were scarce begun to be disgorged, ere, with a presence of mind I still plume myself upon, I had turned and hastened up in the van of the confusion; meeting right in the face, of course, as if newly arrived from Glasgow, with the good Trellington Blythe. It was the work of a few seconds to make my hurried and broken explanation as he stumbled against me—to mutter a reply to his alarmed inquiry about Ickerson—to nod assent to his hope of further leisure together in the hotel—and then, leaving him to meet his friend, to dash in for my indispensables, settle with the waiter, and once more escape, breathless, to the ferry-place. There the stout-built Highland boatmen, of pudgy shapes, with foxy faces, were at their oars. Ickerson was seated, calmly waiting, beside a rustic female of carrotty locks, with a suckling baby, whose unreserved relations he mildly regarded, in his own placid, all-tolerating, catholic manner, dabbling his hand alongside the while.

Why must we thus wait still, though? Why, leaving the honorary stern sheets vacant, and the helm untouched, must I pass into the forepart also, beside nursing rustics? "Somepotty is be coming," it seems, from the boatman, "off impoartanze." Was the place bespoken then? Was it engaged beforehand? They stare at me. "Aye, shis two day, Hoo, Aye!" "Some superior person," gravely whispers Ickerson, "from Glasgow, by the steamer." We were mutually appalled by the same idea: especially as I saw M'Killop's form with the doctor, over the edge of the little pier, absorbed in conversation behind the throng, in rear of a whole stalking procession of

females with hats and feathers. Doubtless the M'Killop family! All so near, that, as we crouch, we can hear the sound of their voices across the smooth little bay; and, out of sight myself, I can still see the distincter, warmer reflection of that able editor's gestures—nay, what was not before visible, the very under-brim of his furry hat, the bristling sandiness under his full chin. He had, on a sudden, a staring-white paper in his hand, and, looking at it curiously, gave it to Trellington Blythe, who peered into it also; till they both looked round and round. Yet, to our joy, we were unobserved; indeed, as they were departing towards the hotel, we saw further proof that it was none of them the boat delayed for. A groom from the steamer, carrying a gun-case, leading two fine setters, came and stepped into the boat beside us: followed at greater leisure by two gentlemen, both young, one pleasant-faced and with a military air, his accents English; the other under-browed and Celtic, though darkly handsome, with a sulky hauteur, jealous and half awkward, that checked his friend's designed complaisance towards ourselves. We sat unheeded, therefore; while at an abrupt motion of the hand from that glooming young Gael, the rowers stretched out, and he took the tiller to steer us across for Bealach-More. Strange to say, it was the Englishman who wore a costume like a chief's, while the Celt wore the fashionable garb of to-day.

"The Macdonochy, nevertheless," murmured Ickerson to me. "The young chief, that is to say, of the Macdonochies." I stared. It was to the land of the Macdonochies we were bound. "*Which?*" I whispered back—"He with the kilt and feather?" "No. With the long Noah's-ark frock-coat, the peg-top trousers, the Zouave cap, and first-rate boots—on that starboard sole of which, displayed so unconsciously, you perceive in small nails the advertisement of 'Duncan and Co., Princes Street, Edinburgh.'" There was in Ickerson, as I hinted, a slow, subterranean, subacid humour; and he noticed things unex-

pectedly. I leant back, musing on the doubtful likelihood of Loch-na-Diomhair remaining an oasis long; while the Macdonochy sulked at us, and talked loud to his better-bred companion, using French phrases; then once or twice superciliously drawled to the boatmen a hideous sentence of authority, interspersed with what seemed a Gaelic oath; to which they, rowing, droned humbly back.

As we leapt upon the other shore of Loch-Lomond, the road lay before us; wild enough at best; parting, within sight, to a wilder one, up a stern pass, through which brawled a headlong river. At the parting, stood a well-equipped dog-cart, waiting. But neither help nor guidance was I inclined to, even from the looks of the best-mannered friend of the Macdonochies; and in the wilder of the two ways I recognised the "short cut," of which Moir's letter spoke. Ickerson, after another of his mystical looks overhead and up the mountains, silently acceded. So we escaped from the Macdonochy also, and took the short cut by the pass.

## II.

### OUR JOURNEY THITHER.

WILD, grim, desolate, it was soon, as the sternest valley of Rephidim. Away on either hand, drearier in their very formlessness, began to slant without sublimity the worn grey hill-sides, from waste to waste. Chaotic shatterings and tumbings here and there, driven back upon forgotten Titans, had long come to an end in utter stillness; where the lichen and moss were the sole living things, creeping insensibly over some huge foremost boulder, bald and blind with storm that had been. In the sultry, suffocating heat of that Glen-Ogie, the very rocks gave out a faint tinkling, as when calcined limestone cools slowly; nothing else sounded but our own feet, slipping or crackling. For Ickerson was especially taciturn, yet in haste; nor at the same time abstracted, as I could have pardoned his becoming. Thus his un-

social mood annoyed the more; no sneer at Ossian, nor lure to the pipe, or to the flask of Glenlivet I bore, could draw him out. The fellow's tone and manner became positively uncomfortable, when, grasping me by the arm with a hand which is like a vice, he bade me turn and look along Glen-Ogie. We were in the bottom of it. There was nothing particular to see. That way—the other also, towards which he kept that staff of his pointed like a divining rod—was but a wild, inarticulate, rugged ascent, with dry rifts and gullies on both sides, a wrinkling off through stony beds of vanished torrents into unknown chasms; then up, as where avalanches had rolled down, or volcanic eruptions had passed. Where had the hazy sweltering sun retreated? Where were our own shadows—where the clouds—on what side, the east, west, north, or south—and *which* the vista of Glen-Ogie we had descended, *which* the perspective of it we were yet to ascend? To tell the truth, for all I know, we might then have steadily proceeded backward, even passing the last nondescript clachan of human burrows as a new one, and reaching Loch-Lomond as if it were our lake in prospect, till we ferried across to the supposed welcome of Moir, and should find the embrace of Trellington Blythe, with the exulting recognition of M'Killop! For a moment I was in Ickerson's hands: so that if he had smiled, I could have dashed him from me. But in the most earnest spirit of companionship, which never shall I forget, he thrust his staff before him like a sword, and without a word we rushed upward together. One glimpse was all I wanted now of the double-headed summit of Ben-Araidh, with its single cairn of stones.

At length, with something like a cry of satisfaction, my friend sprang up before me from the rocky trough, out upon a heathery knoll. Beside us was a small round mountain-tarn, fed by a quick little burn from above, which again stole out into wide-rolling moor. Over its own vast brown shoulder I caught sight of the bare grey top I looked for; slightly swathed, between, with a slight

wreath of mist. Here we quenched our thirst; here we gave ourselves up, at ease, to the untroubled rapture of the pause at that high spot, our journey's zenith. The rest was plain before us; and Ickerson took out his meerschaum once more, and smoked tranquilly again.

Too well does he meditate, my friend Ickerson, and pour forth at length the tenor of his meditations; in rhapsody that takes indeed the colour of sublime phenomena around him, yet too much assimilates to the other vapour he breathes forth, till it is apt to lull one into dreams. Had it not been to avoid this, I do not think, in circumstances still requiring care, that I should have been tempted to join my rod together and leave him a little, to try the upward course of the brook. To *him*, forsooth, it may be the easiest thing to put away inveterate thoughts at will: they never haunted or terrified him. There was always a fund of latent power in the fellow, which he never troubled himself to draw upon; because, perhaps, he was six feet two without his shoes, with a bone, muscle, and length of arm that set him above need of much sparring practice with our friend Francalanza. I soon heard him, but in the distance; his eyes closed, his incense ascending, his knees up—eventually, as I looked over my shoulder, raising by turns his delighted feet, in real enjoyment of the glorious hush—with the supposition, doubtless, that the silent pea-coat beside him was a drowsy companion. Alas! ye dogging remembrances, ye jading and worldly consciousnesses—ye could not so easily be left. I followed the upward vein of the brook, in its deep water-course, broken and fern-fringed; and it is strange, though childish, how a few minutes, which self-control could not compose to peace, will glide away in puerile sport and device. Rest!—rest, said we? Flight from thought, or from the pertinacity of words and artifices? No—'tis a new, eager, wild refuge of pursuit, exultingly compensative by revenge for what you have feared and fled from before: pitiless in its first savage longings for the scent, the chase, capture,

blood, and for bootless relentings after. Soon the zest grows unsatisfied: you would fain be lulled away more thoroughly, on, on, by some strong salmon-rush into deeper abysses—instead of upward to the dribbling source of minnows and tadpoles—rather outward to the frith and sea, among old former hazards and contentions. Suddenly, too, the very dragon-fly lost its charm—the paltry trout scorned me in their turn, ceasing to rise at all. What was it? Ah. I had thought as much. Thunder in the stifling air—thunder in those bronze-like tints of the mountain-shoulders, and in the livid cloud beyond Ben Araidh; though his summit still showed the distincter, above a snow-white shroud in the lower cleft.

Mist had been spreading unawares below, but the living burn rushed all the livelier down beside me, a certain clue to regain the tarn—and if I had all at once felt a slight uncertainty of recollection about our friend's road-map, my recent ascent above the obscurer atmosphere was fortunate for the moment. Composedly enough, therefore, I was about to verify my impressions by Moir's careful letter, when I was greatly annoyed to find it was no longer in my possession. Ickerson's thoughtless habits occurred to me, and a redoubled anxiety now urged the precipitate speed I at once put forth to rejoin him, down the course of the stream; impatient of every turn by which it wound, now glittering upward to a levin-flash, now sullenly plunging downward from the thunder-echoes. Not for myself did I shudder *then*, but for him—him, Ickerson, my heedless friend, doubly dear to me in those moments of remembrance. For well did I know what was the character of a Highland "speat" from the hills. The welter and roar of its foaming outlet was along with me, neck and neck, among the mist and the wind-stirred bracken, right to the shore of that wild black tarn, sulkily splashing where dry heath had been. Heavens! Was my foreboding realized so darkly! Not a trace of him—he was gone—his very couching-place obliterated and flooded.

I shouted; a hope striking me. He had most probably underrated *my* experience or presence of mind. What extravagant conceptions might he not form, indeed, of my possible course of conduct—fancying me still on my way apart; yet himself never thinking of that clue which the stream had supplied me. If he were wet, he had no flask of Glenlivet to support him, as I still had; and with one more hasty gulp from it, I took the hill, dashing after him; once or twice positively sure of the traces of his great, huge-soled, heavy and soaking steps.

Over the heathery brow, down to the sheltered hollow of a fresh rivulet; for I thought his voice came up to me, stentorian, through the blast. At all events, some distance off, there was in reality the fern-thatched roof of a hut to be descried; scarce distinguishable but for a slight wreath of smoke, curling against the misty mountain-breast. I shouted, too, as I made for it. Some shepherd's shealing, of course, or hunting bothy, lodged in that secluded covert; for which he had doubtless sped in supposed chase of me! This much I could have sworn of poor Ickerson.

Alas! Utterly still and deserted it stood; not a voice answering mine as I sprang in. Ickerson would have stayed there, hoping for help, if his foot had ever crossed the threshold. So did not I, however. The fancied smoke had been but a wreath of mist; I marked only for an instant the weird and obsolete aspect of the uncouth hermitage, manifestly built long ago, over the very cataract of a boiling torrent; at once bridge and dwelling, but for ages left solitary, like a dream of the bewildering desert. Then I turned to speed back again, at least with the certainty that Ickerson had not reached so far.

Powers above! Was I certain of anything, though? *Why*, as I climbed again, to return—glad to feel now the mist cleared—why did I reach the same hill-brow so slowly this time, though with all my energies on the strain; rising at last, too, amidst such a hissing storm-blast? I could see far, from ridge

to ridge of grey bent-grass, islanded in mist—along, up, through shimmering water-gully and shaded corrie. Where was I going—what was that, yonder, so slowly letting the vapour sink from it; as a gleam of watery sunlight clove in, shearing aside the upper clouds? A cairn of stones—solitary on a bare grey rocky cone, riven and rifted. I was on the mountain-shoulder itself, making hard for the top of Ben-Araidh!

A shudder for myself, it must be confessed, ran through me. For a brief space of time I dropped my head, giving way to some unmanly depression of heart. Quickly I felt, however, that after all I was not lost. I had only escaped beyond track, and those dogging thoughts were at my ear no longer. Taking out my small watch-seal compass, I carefully surveyed the point in view, studying the precise bearings, and taking fresh determination in with the act. Giving up Ickerson, well-nigh for a few minutes forgotten, I took a new course; and steadily, but rapidly, for bare hope of life, began to plunge direct down for that spot disdained so lately—that uncouth and mysterious booth of unknown antiquity.

Staggering down for it at last in vain, slipping, sometimes reeling on, then squelching into a quagmire, I yielded in the end. I collected myself to perish. It was warm, positively warm below there, beside the marshy navel of that hollow in the valley, of which I had not before seen the least likeness. There, soft white lichens and emerald heaths, and pale coral-like fungous water-growths, were marbled and veined together, into a silent whirl of fairy moss, lovelier than any sea-shell of Singapore. I looked at it, seeing not only how beautiful, but how secret it was. A great secret it began to tell me as I sat. It was Loch-na-Diomhair, I thought, which we had so foolishly been in quest of. *There* was perfect welcome, and peace, and our friend Moir—so that I could have slept, but that a little black water-hen, or a dab-chick, out of a contiguous pool, emerged up suddenly, with a round bright eye, squeaking at me, and not

plopping down again. By the expression of its eye, I saw that it was Ickerson, and I clutched my rod, summoning up the last strength for vengeance; with stupid fancy, too, that I heard behind me, in the wind, voices, yelps of dogs, bloodhounds, led on by some one who had lost the trail.

As in a dream, there came to my very neck the grip of a hard hand; before I could once more stumble onward. While close at my ear there panted a hot breath, followed by a harsh voice that woke me up, but had no meaning in its yells. Was I thought deaf, because I understood it not, or because I stared at a bare-headed, red-haired savage in a rusty philabeg, with the hairiest red legs imaginable, clutching me: for whom I flatter myself, nevertheless, that in ordinary circumstances I was more than a match. As the case stood, I yielded up my sole weapon with a weak attempt at scorn only. Needless were his fellow-caterans, springing and hallooing down from every quarter of the hill, at his cry of triumph. With a refinement of barbarism, a horn of some fiery cordial, flavouring of antique Pictish art, was applied to my feeble lips; to save them the pains, no doubt, of carriage to their haunt. Reviving as it was to every vital energy, I could have drained it to the bottom, heedless of their fiendish laughter, but that some one rushed up breathless, forcing it away. I looked up and saw, as a dark presentiment had told me, Ickerson himself. A train of dire suspicions poured upon my mind while I heard his explanations, while I came back to sober reality. Never had his vague political theories squared with my own practical views: had his Celtic leanings entangled him in some deep-laid plot, of which Moir and he were accomplices—I the silly victim, unless a proselyte? Nay—his genuine delight, his affectionate joy convinced me I could depend upon him yet, as he fell upon my neck like Esau, informing me how simple the facts had been. Too tutelary only, if not triumphant, that manner of statement about the sheep-drivers on the hill who had seen me, of the actual

distillers who were present, the supposition that I was the English gauger, and the safe vicinity, amidst that drenching rain, of the smuggling-bothy. There is a coolness, there is a depth about the character of Mark Ickerson, which even yet I have to fathom. He now used the Erse tongue like a truncheon: and in all he said, did those heathery-looking Kernes place implicit faith; conducting us to their den with welcome, nay resuming their operations before us, in which he even went so far as to join zealously. Indeed, for my own part, I have an impression that there is considerable vivacity in the Gaelic language, and that it has a singular power of communicating social and mirthful ideas. I now look back upon my enjoyment of its jests or lyric effusions with a feeling of surprise; except as indicative of an habitual courtesy, and of a certain aptness in me to catholic sympathies with all classes or races of men.

We were not going, however, to live perpetually in a mist, which bade fair to continue up there; neither was it desirable that Ickerson should become permanently an illicit distiller, speaking Gaelic only. Happily there was of the party a man, of course accidentally present, and by no means connected with systematic fraud against the excise, who could guide us in fog or rain, by day or night, to our destination; himself, it turned out, a Macdonochy, though rejoicing more in the cognomen of "Dochart." How or in what manner, along with this Dochart, we emerged gradually from the mist upon a wet green knoll of fern and juniper, fairly into the splendour of the west, striking down Glen-Samhach itself,—how we all three descended with augmented spirits, till the long expanse of the lake glittered upon our sight, and then the scattered smoke of huts grew visible,—it were difficult, if it had been judicious, to relate. There is to this hour something confused about that memorable short cut altogether, more especially as to its close. Only, that some one, probably Ickerson, struck up a stave of a song, German or Gaelic, in the refrain of which we

all joined, not excepting the elderly Dochart.

All at once we were close upon the schoolmaster's house, a homely enough cottage, where Moir's head-quarters had been established; at one end of the clachan, before you reach the lake. He had made himself at home as usual; and, though surprised at our despatch, of course welcomed us gladly. A pleasant, lively young fellow, Frank Moir: former college-mate of us both, though but for a term or two, ere he turned aside to commerce. And who can enjoy the Highlands like a London man born north of Tweed; or enjoy, for that matter, a tumbler or so of genuine Highland toddy, with the true peaty flavour from up some Ben-Araidh; conversing of past days and present life, to more indigenous friends? We too relished it to the utmost. The pursuers were left behind us, unable to follow. Finally, Ickerson and I, on two boxed-in beds of blanket over heather—at the end next the cowshed, with the partition not up to the rafters between us and its wheezy occupants, slept the sweetest sleep of many months.

### III.

#### AN UNLOOKED-FOR CATASTROPHE.

THAT first whole day of untroubled, silent, secluded safety, upon the sunlit waters of Loch-na-Diomhair, how indescribable was it! We heeded little the first day, how our sporting successes might be ensured; excepting Moir only, to whom nature is rather the pretext for fishing, than *vice versâ* as with most intellectual workers, like us who followed his guidance. A boat, at any rate, was the first desire of all three; and as a boat was at the schoolmaster's command, we put it to immediate use. "This day, O Moir," says Ickerson, in his quaint way, "let Brown indulge that idle vein of his—while *we* revel, rather, in the exertion so congenial to us. Yesterday, he perhaps had enough of that. Nevertheless, let him take the oars to himself, that we may troll these waters as he enjoys his visions—see



what a sweep of blue loch! Yea, past the lee of the trees, yonder, what a favouring ripple of a breeze—too soon to be lost, I fear me!”

The sly pretender, he had an advantage over me yet. It was not I, but he, who inclined to inert dreaming; as we floated forth on an expanse as yet distinguishable by very little from other lakes, with no features of extraordinary beauty; but solitary, bare, spreading on wider till it folded between two promontories of wild hill. And then, with the first buoyant sense of depth—of liquid force taken hold upon by the oar in a conscious hand, to be wrestled with at least for exercise—what refreshment, what exultation at your measureless might, your endless outgoings, your inexhaustible sources, O ye abundant and joyous waters! Anywhere—anywhere with ye, for Loch-Diomhair is but a name, that in itself would soon disappoint us. And Ickerson, too, cheated of his evasive resort to the rod and its lazy pleasures, is held in emulous unison with me, by the ash-stave he has not time to lay aside; till insensibly we are trying our strength together, and our power to modulate it harmoniously, while Moir’s will becomes ours, as he stands erect before us, but backward—his minnow spinning astern, his eye intent, hand ready, the ends of his somewhat sumptuous neckerchief fluttering with the swift smooth motion. A sudden jerk at last, a whirr, the running reel is tremulous with his first sea-trout of the season, which shows play in good earnest, making straight for open water through yonder reeds by the point, where no line twisted by tackle-maker’s hands will bear the strain.

At that, no Yankee whaling-captain can shout more excitedly, or more unreasonably demand superhuman exertions, than Moir; when he required our double speed on the instant, to do all but overtake the fin-borne fugitive, tail-propelled for its dear life; that he might save the first tug upon his line as he shortened it quickly, with a subtile art! Yet we justified his expectations, Ickerson and I, putting forth the strenu-

ousness of Mohawks upon the chase; so that down, down, in the nearer profound beneath us, our sea-trout must sound himself perforce, then, after a sullen pause, come up exhausted, to show but a few more freaks of desperation, and, turning its yellow side to the sun, yield to the insidious pole-net at last. A solid three-pounder at the least, plump, lustrous, red-spotted; the pledge, merely, of a splendid future in Loch-Diomhair. We rejoiced over it, drank over it the first quail of that day’s mountain-dew, and were thenceforth vowed to the engrossing pursuit in which Frank Moir revelled. Little matter was it then, save for this object, how magnificent the reach of open water visible, lost in distant perspective; with here and there a soft shore of copse, rising into a hill of wood; a little island dotting the liquid space: on either side, the shadowy recesses of glens looking forth, purple-mouthed; midway to one hand, the great shoulders and over-peering top of Ben-Araidh, supreme over all, beginning faintly to be reflected as the breeze failed. But there was one grim, grey, castellated old house, projected on a low point, which our friend denoted to us; the abode of the Macdonochy, who looked forth with jealous preservation-law upon the sport of strangers. Nearer to us, he showed, as we were glad to find, the more modest yet wealthier residence of that English merchant, Mr. St. Clair, who had purchased there of late his summer retreat: and the St. Clairs were far more liberal of their rights, although it was said the young Macdonochy had become an intimate at their lodge, aspiring greedily to the hand of its fair heiress.

Hence we turned our prow that way, and, still rowing stoutly, were fain to pass the hotter hours near shore, with oars laid by; trying for heavy pike in the sedge-fringed bay. It was in order to find a pole in the nearest fence, on which Ickerson’s plaid might be spread as a sail, that he himself deliberately landed; showing, I must say, a cool heedlessness of legality, such as his recent still-life might have tended to produce.

He came back in his leisurely style, slowly relaxing his features to a smile, as he held up a glazed card of address, which he bore in triumph, along with the paling-slab. We had, indeed, heard voices; and now found that Ickerson had fallen into sudden altercation with a groom attended by two setters. The groom looked after him as he stepped into the boat, with the timber shouldered still; and I recognised the attendant of our two fellow-passengers across Inversneyd ferry. It was not merely that he had been awed by Ickerson's stalwart dimensions: the truth was, that Ickerson, when detected by him in a felonious act, had characteristically insisted on giving his own card to the groom, whom he commanded to bear it to the party of sportsmen he saw at hand. Thereupon, the young English officer, already known to us both by sight, had come forward smiling; to waive further excuses, to make recognition of Ickerson, and give in his turn his titular piece of paste-board; apologizing, also, for his awkward constraint on the previous occasion. He had discovered that Ickerson and he had mutual acquaintances in town, with whom the former was, as usual, a favourite; and knowing him thus by reputation beforehand, now wished the pleasure of cultivating this opportunity, so long as our friend should be in the neighbourhood. He was Captain St. Clair, Ardchonzie Lodge: at which retreat, throughout the sporting season now opened, the captain and his father would be delighted to profit by Mr. Ickerson's vicinity, with that of any friends of his who might incline to use the boats, or to shoot upon the moor. And before Ickerson left, in short, he had blandly reciprocated these advances, sociably engaging for us all that we would use the privilege at an early day; so that the hospitality of the St. Clairs, with the facilities and amenities of Ardchonzie Lodge, might fairly be considered open to us three. The luck of Ickerson, I repeat, is something inexplicable. What a number of friends he has, without any trouble to him; and what a flow of acquaintances,

ever partial, ever discovering their mutuality, so as to increase, and be interconnected! Appearing improvident, uncalculative, unworldly—yet how does the world foster and pet him, playing, as it were, into his hands. Even his facile nature will not explain it—nor that diffuse, impersonal, lymphatic, self-unconsciousness, which makes all sorts of people fancy him theirs while they are with him. He must have some deep-seated ambition, surely, which he has marvellous powers to conceal. But at all events we returned together towards our quarters at the schoolmaster's, in the clachan of Glen-Samhach, full of Elysian prospects for many a day's rustication there. Loch-Diomhair was Utopia indeed—the very expanse we had sighed for, of Lethean novelty, of strange and deep Nepenthe, amidst a primitive race, who knew us not; a rudely-happy valley, where the spirit of nature alone could haunt us, asking none of our secrets in exchange for hers.

At our re-entrance to the humble lodging, as the dusk fell, my first glance caught upon an object on the table where our evening repast was to be spread. It was a letter—a letter addressed in some hand I recognised, to me. To me, of course, these ghastly pursuers always come, if to any; and a vague foreboding seemed to have warned me as I crossed the threshold. It had not come by post, however: it was no pursuing proof-sheet, nor dunning reminder, no unfavourable criticism, or conventional proposal. Simply, what bewildered me, till I read some words in the envelope—an inclosure of Frank Moir's letter from that spot to me, which I had read to Ickerson at Inversneyd, and supposed him to have retained. I had forgot it again till I now saw it, and saw—by the pencilled note of Dr. Trellington Blythe—what the fact had been. I had dropped it in my haste on the little landing-pier, and it had attracted the sharp eye of Mr. M'Killop as it lay. It was Mr. M'Killop who, with a degree of inadvertence, as Dr. Blythe's note explained, had read the letter before he looked at the address—

a thing which our excellent friend, the doctor, seemed to repudiate, but could not regret; because it had been the accidental occasion of a great benefit, and an expected pleasure. They would have a speedy opportunity of explaining in person. They had themselves brought the letter to Glen-Sambach. They were in search of lodgings near. Glen-Sambach and Loch-Diomhair were (they found) the very place—the precise kind of locality—for which Mrs. Blythe had been longing. They were near me, in short—and to-morrow they would do themselves the satisfaction, &c. Any friends of mine, and so on, would be an accession to their modest circle, in that sequestered scene, so well depicted by my enthusiastic correspondent, whom they hoped soon to number among their acquaintances.

This was an emergency indeed requiring the utmost vigour and tact, with unflinching resolution, to disentangle ourselves from it once more; nay, if promptly taken, to render it the outlet of a complete and trackless escape. Not that I myself hesitated for a moment; since it was no other than the Blythe and M'Killop connection I now fled from—while Glen-Sambach and Loch-Diomhair, shared with them, became as the suburbs of that public which the *Daily Tribune* sways, bringing all its odious issues after. Like the gold-diggings of Kennebec or Bendigo would soon be our fancied El Dorado; the greater its charm, the sweeter its secrecy and solitude, the more speedily to be gone for ever.

Happily, it was evident that they knew nothing yet of Ickerson's continuance with me. Fortunately, too, Moir did not need to fear their subsequent displeasure. All that I had to overcome was the sudden vividness of anticipation they had both conceived, the latter especially, from the cordial proffer of young St. Clair. It was a glowing vision for me to break yet; if I did not break it, how much more painfully would it be dissipated by the claim on our society, with all its advantages and openings, which Trellington Blythe would amiably

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employ, and M'Killop firmly expect—nay, enforce. To me the prospect lost every tint when thus re-touched; yet if *they* cared to try it, to fail me and remain behind, they were welcome, I said,—so revealing the whole direness of the case.

Had it not been for Ickerson's dread of the editor, before mentioned, I suspect he would now have shown defection; nay, even then, but for the said acquaintance with the courteous St. Clairs, which, if they two remained, he must now cultivate. He has no repugnance like mine, I suspect, for the Blythe circle. As for Frank Moir, he is an eager sportsman, otherwise a mere man of the world; and he swears by Ickerson in higher matters. The influence possessed by Ickerson over him and others of the same stamp is curious to me. Ickerson did not reason on the matter; he did not even trouble himself to paint M'Killop: giving but one significant shrug of his vast shoulders, one expressive grimace, then taking up his staff and plaid to follow me. Then Moir, shouldering his portmanteau for the first boy that could be found at hand, gave in a reluctant adhesion, and came with him; while I obscurely accounted for the change to our host, the intelligent but simple-minded pedagogue of the Macdonochies.

It was a misty moonrise, through which, as we silently set forth, we were soon lost to the most prying eyes in the clachan. Instead of suffering our friend's portmanteau to be delivered to any gillie whatever, I was ready for the burden myself. Whither we were going I did not say, not even knowing: only taking the way which led likeliest to some ultimate coach-road; while truly it may be said, that, for a time, I had two silent, unsupporting followers—one sullen, the other wrapt in most unsociable meditation—till the moon rose bright upon our rugged path, the lake shimmering along beneath us through dreamy haze, silence lying behind upon the unseen glen. A new valley was opening up through the mountains, where the high road to the grand route lay plainly

marked, as a turnpike bar reassured me soon. The milestones to Campbelltown pledged our security thenceforward.

"Ickerson," I said then, "I am willing to give up this leadership. Observe, I confess my past oversights. I own that, but for me, this would not have occurred. There are other spots than Loch-Diomhair, doubtless, where we may escape, to realise jointly what we have severally at heart. Henceforth, nevertheless, I relinquish all ambiguity or subterfuge to your utmost desire. I will eschew short cuts. Let us go with the common stream, if you will, and take our unpurposed pleasure as we find it. Let us even visit, under your guidance, the tomb of Highland Mary, and inscribe our initials, if there is room for them, on the walls of the birth-place of Burns. Or, if Moir inclines, let him head us to the glorious sport of the Sutherland lochs, and the favourite

Findhorn of St. John. I will gladly yield the burdensome post of command to either, who undertakes our common security from M'Killop and—and the Blythes."

How clear is that consciousness of superior will which alone enables us to lead onward! When I thus seemed to surrender it, neither Ickerson nor Moir felt capable of the function. They jointly confessed it by their looks, and successively repudiated the charge: which I then resolutely took again.

How I justified it, and how we spent the holiday-season in joyous companionship, refreshed for new work, is not to the point. Suffice it to say, that I had learnt how the Blythes avoid the common track, and the M'Killops follow them; thus, however, turning aside the vulgar current, and so leaving the old channels free.

## MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE,

### THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

ALL persons conversant with art matters of late have been aware that this distinguished artist has for five or six years past been engaged upon a work entitled as above, in executing which he had spared neither time, labour, study, nor expense, in order to put before the world a picture produced exactly in his own ideal—such a one indeed as should display those convictions respecting art which he is known to have made the rule of his life, and has followed out, notwithstanding difficulties and real dangers such as would have utterly defeated most men, or at least modified an ordinary strength of purpose. Conceiving an idea of the great advantages that would result from painting any picture in the very locality where the incident chosen happened, and choosing a Scriptural theme such as this, Mr. Hunt was fortunate in the circumstantial immutability of character

and costume which has prevailed to a great extent in the East from the time of the Saviour until now. In the East traditions linger for ages such as in this more mutable West would have vanished long ago. By the light of this irregular history many customs have been elucidated, the comprehension of which is highly essential to the faithful and observant study of a subject relating to the life of Christ. That a picture to be duly honoured in execution should be painted on its own ground, so to speak, being the leading conviction of the artist's mind, there remained nothing for him but to proceed to Jerusalem when he decided upon this subject. Accordingly this was done, and during a stay of more than eighteen months Mr. Hunt's whole attention was devoted to the study of the material he required, to the getting together of accessorial matter, and actual execution of a consi-

derable part of this picture. The greater portion of four succeeding years has been given to its completion, and the result is now before the world.

It will be right to premise that Mr. Hunt's opinions in art, which opinions were convictions, and, what is far more, convictions put into action, led him to journey to Jerusalem, not only to study the best existing examples of the physical aspect of the race he had to paint, but to obtain such material in the way of costume as could only be obtained there. To do this fully, he acquired before departing a sound knowledge of the very history he had to illustrate. Thus prepared, his journey was so far profitable that we believe there is not one single incident in the action of the picture, or single point of costume shown—from the very colour of the marble pavement of the Temple, the jewellery worn, or instruments carried by the personages represented—for which he has not actual or analogical authority. How deep this labour has gone will be best conceived when we say that the long-lost architecture of the second Temple has been brought to a new life in his work. Based upon the authorities existing, the whole of the architecture shown in the picture may be styled the artist's invention, not in any way a wild flight of imagination, but the result of thoughtful study, and the building up of part by part, founded upon the only true principle of beauty in such designs—that is, constructive fitness. The whole edifice is gilded or overlaid with plates of gold, the most minute ornaments are profoundly studied, extremely diversified, yet all in keeping with the characteristics of Eastern architecture, that derived its archetypes from an Oriental vegetation, and decoratively employed the forms of the palm, the vine, and pomegranate. But let it not be considered that these mere archaeological matters have absorbed the artist beyond their due; so far from this is the case, that the design itself is not without a modern instance of applicability to the life of every man, and the "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's busi-

ness?" is as much an exhortation to us as it was a reply to the parents of Christ.

The unflinching devotion shown by the painter, and the inherent nobility of his principles of art, have then this great merit in them, that the result stands before us almost with the solemnity of a fact. It seems life that has been lived, and a potent teaching for us all, not only to show the way in which our labours should be performed—by that by which Mr. Hunt has executed his—but, by the vividness and vitality of his representation, the first step of Christ's mission produces a fresh, and, it may be, deeper impression upon the mind, than that which most men have to recall the memories of their youth to enter on. This he holds, and we also, to be the true result of art. Let us consider to what purpose he has applied these principles, and how the end of this long labour can be said to fulfil them.

The distinguishing executive character of the picture that strikes the eye at first, is luminous depth and intensity of colour, the perfect truth of *chiaroscuro* that gives relief and roundness to every part—to which its solidity of handling aids potentially—the whole truthful effect being enhanced, when, upon examination, we discern the minute and elaborate finish that has been given to the most trifling details. The whole has the roundness and substantiality of nature, utterly unmarred by that want of balance in parts observable in the productions of the less accomplished painters of the Pre-Raphaelite school, whose shortcomings in this respect have, notwithstanding the earnestness and energy displayed by many among them, rendered the title "Pre-Raphaelite" almost opprobrious. Let us now turn to the picture itself.

The Temple.—A brief vista of gilded columns closed at the end by a lattice-work screen of bronze open to the external air. The immediate locality, an outer chamber of the building, one valve of the entrance door put wide back, showing without the courtyard, with masons at work selecting a stone,

maybe the "stone of the corner;" over the wall the roofs of the city, and far off the hill country. Within, and seated upon a low *dewân*, scarcely raised from the floor, are the elders of the Temple, seven in number, arranged in a semi-circle, one horn of which approaches the front of the picture. Behind them stand four musicians, whose grouping repeats the generally semicircular disposition of the figures. A flight of doves gambol in the air without; several have entered the building, and fly over the heads of the family of Christ, who stand by the doorway facing the priest and elders. Mary, who has just discovered her Son, tenderly embraces, and with trembling lips presses her mouth towards his face. Lovely is the eager yearning of her eyes, the lids dropped, the irides dilated and glittering with tearful dew that has gathered itself into a drop to run down her cheek. Her skin is fair and young, her features moulded appropriately on the pure Jewish type in its finest and tenderest character. The bold fine nose, the broad, low, straight forehead, straight eyebrows—a royal feature; wide-lidded eyes—reddish with anxiety; the pure fine-lined cheek—a little hollowed, but a very little—and rounded, clear-cut chin, make a countenance as noble as it is beautiful. But far beyond the mere nobility of structural perfectness, the expression is the tenderest of the utmost outpouring of a heart that has yearned, and travailed, and hungered long. That long, long three days of searching has marked her cheek and sunk her eyes, and although the red blood of joy runs now to its surface, this does but show how pale it was before. Could I but tell you in my poor words how her mouth tells all this, how it quivers with a hungry love, arches itself a little over the teeth, its angles just retracted, ridging a faint line, that is too intense for a smile, upon the fair, sweet maternal cheek! Forward her head is thrust, the whole soul at the lips urgent to kiss. There is a spasm in the throat, and the nostrils breathe sharply, but all the joyful agony of the woman—the intensity

of the maternal *storgé*—seeks at the lips the cheek of her Son. For this the eyes sheathe themselves with levelled lids—for this the body advances beyond the hasty feet. It is but to draw him nearer that one eager hand clasps his removed shoulder, and the other eager hand raises that which the Son has put upon its wrist, pressing it against his mother's bosom.

The feet of all three are bared. Joseph stands looking down on both; Mary's shoes, held by the latchet, are slung over Joseph's shoulder by one hand; his other hand has been upon the arm of Jesus, until the eager, trembling fingers of the mother slid beneath, displacing it in her passionate haste. Christ has been standing before the elders when his parents entered, and then turned towards the front, so that we see his face full. It is an oval, broadened at the top by a noble, wide, high-arched forehead, surmounting abstracted and far-off seeing eyes that round the eyelids open, wistfully and thoughtfully presaging, yet radiant with purpose, though mournful and earnest. They express the thought of his reply, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He is heedful of his mission—half abstracted from the embrace. The action of his right hand, drawing tighter the broad leathern girdle of his loins, and the almost passive way in which his fingers rest upon the wrist of Mary, express this, while the firmly-planted feet, one advanced, although his body sways to his mother's breast, indicate one roused to his labour and ready to enter upon the journey of life. The beauty of the head of Christ takes the eye at once—not only through the totally original physical type the artist has adopted, but by the union of healthy *physique* with intellectual nobleness, fitting the body for the endurance of suffering. There is a marked difference between Hunt's idea of the corporeal appearance of our Lord and that usually chosen by the painters, who have shown him as a delicate valetudinary—for such is the character imparted by their allowing a certain feminine quality to overweigh the robustness required for

the simple performance of his labours. He is here a noble, beautiful boy of about twelve, broad-chested, wide-shouldered, active-limbed, and strong to bear and do. The head sustains this character, the forehead being as we have before said, the eyes blue, clear yet tender, with all their strength of purpose that does but recognise sorrow. The mouth, pure, sweet, small, yet pulpy and full, is compassionate and sympathising. The nostrils are full without breadth. The complexion fair, yet rich, and charged with healthy blood. If we give attention to the eyes, their beauty and nobility become distinct: the broad lids are lifted, so that the gaze is open and upon vacancy. From the forehead the hair springs like a flame gathered about the countenance, parted at the centre, and laid back to either side; the sunlight from without is caught amongst its tips, and breaks in a golden haze like a glory. So placed, this is ever the case with hair of that character. There remains for us to point out one exquisite subtlety of expression in this head: it is this, the near warmth of the Virgin's face causes the side of Christ's countenance to flush a little, and one eyelid to droop and quiver, almost imperceptibly, but still plainly enough to be read.

Let us point out that this is no tender, smiling Virgin, like that of many of the old masters, blandly regarding a pretty infant—a theme of mere beauty—but a tearful, trembling, eager, earnest mother finding the lost Lamb and the devoted Son. Rightly has Mr. Hunt nationalized her features to the Jewish type. Nor is Christ like the emaciated student usually chosen for a model. Here the intensity of the artist's thought appears. He has been penetrated with the idea of service, use, and duty; no making of a pretty picture has been his aim, but rather, in showing us how the noblest and most beautiful submitted to duty, he would teach us our own. This is Christ of the preaching, Christ of the crown of thorns, Christ of the cross, Christ of the resurrection and the life eternal, the soldier and the Son of God. Beau-

tiful is the son of the King; he is dressed in the colours of royalty of the house of Judah; even his poor robe is a princely garment of stripes of pale crimson and blue—the ordained fringe is about its lower hem. The broad leathern belt that goes about his loins is of blood red, and marked with a cross in front, an ornament in common use in the East from time immemorial, being the symbol of life even with the ancient Egyptians; it is placed appropriately upon the girdle of Christ. These three form the principal group placed towards the left of the picture. Facing them are the rabbis and elders, to whom we now turn.

These are arranged in a sort of semi-circle, as was said above, one of its horns retreating into the picture. The men are of various ages and characters; all the principal heads were painted at Jerusalem, from Jews whose countenances suggested to the artist the character he wished to represent. The eldest of the rabbis sits in front, white-bearded, blind, and decrepit; with his lean and feeble hands he holds the rolls of the Pentateuch against his shoulder; the silver ends of the staves on which this is rolled, with their rattling pendants and chains, rise beside his head; the crimson velvet case is embroidered with golden vine-wreaths and the mystic figure of the Tetragrammaton; over this case is an extra covering or mantle of light pink, striped with blue, intended to protect the embroidery. As all appurtenances of this holy roll of the law were held sacred and beneficent, there is placed a pretty little child at the feet of the rabbi, armed with a whisk to brush off the flies—that is, Beelzebub, from the cover of holy rolls. Behind stands an older boy, furtively invoking a blessing on himself by kissing the mantle of silk. Blind and half imbecile is the oldest rabbi; but he who sits next to him, a mild old man, with a gentle face of faith, holds a phylactery in his hand. Let us here explain that a phylactery is not at all one of those placards which it was the custom of the old painters to put over the foreheads of the Pharisees,

&c. inscribed with huge characters, but really a small square wooden box, bound round the head by a leathern belt, and containing the written promises of the old dispensation. Such is the phylactery the second rabbi holds in one hand, while he presses the other upon the wrist of his neighbour, and seems to be asserting that, whatever might be the nature of the reasonings of Christ, they at least had these promises that were written within the phylactery upon which they might both rely.

Next comes another, in the prime of life, who, having entered eagerly into the dispute with the Saviour, unrolls the book of the prophecies of Daniel, whereby to refute the argument. He is interested, disputatious, and sceptical; leans forward to speak passionately, half impatient of the interruption caused by the entrance of Joseph and Mary, to which the attention of several of the other rabbis is given. His feet are drawn up close beneath him upon the dewân, a characteristic action of such a temperament when excited: those of the elder rabbis are placed at ease upon the floor, but with varying and appropriate attitudes. There is a hard look upon this man's face—set passion in his mouth, resolute anger in his eye, and a firm, sharp gripe of the hands upon the roll he holds; this is finely in keeping. Over his shoulder, from the second row, leans a musician, one of the house of Levi, speaking to him, and with pointed finger making a comment on the words of Christ, at whom he is looking. The fourth rabbi, who is also concerned in this dialogue, wears a phylactery on his forehead. We presume Mr. Hunt intended by this to indicate a supererogation of piety in this individual, the phylactery, in strict propriety, being only worn at time of prayer. He recounts the arguments, and, holding a reed pen in one hand, presses its point against a finger of the other, as one does who is anxious to secure the premises before he advances further. The overweening character of this man is thus indicated; let the observer note how the artist makes the action of each person to be with an

entire *consent* of the attitude of his whole body, by this man's assumption of repose and dignity shown in his leaning back on the dewân. The fifth rabbi, an old, mild-visaged man, whose long white beard, divided in two parts, falls nearly to his girdle, sits more erect; his feet, drawn up beneath him, are planted flatly before. He holds a shallow glass vessel of wine in his hand that has been poured out by an attendant behind. He looks at the reunion of the Holy Family, and suspends his drinking to observe them. A sixth elder leans forward to look also, placing his hand upon the back of the dewân. The seventh and last is as distinct in character and action as all the rest are. Like the fifth, he has an ink-horn in his girdle; he is corpulent, self-satisfied, and sensuously good-natured; he raises his hand from his knee to express an interest in the transaction before him; he sits cross-legged, and quite at ease, nevertheless. This individual completes the semicircle of the rabbis, and brings us again to the figure of Christ.

Returning now to the other side of the picture: Immediately above the disputatious rabbi, and leaning against one of the gilded columns, is a youth holding a sistrum in his hand—one of the rings strung upon its wires about to drop from his fingers. He is handsome, supercilious-looking, and fair-complexioned. Leaning upon his shoulder is another youth, also a musician, bearing a four-stringed harp; the face of the last is quite in contrast to that of his companion, having an ingenuous sweetness and gentleness of character about it that is almost fascinating. Eagerly thrusting his face against the column, and peering over the head of the last, is a third youth, whose large, well-open eyes, broad features, and inquisitive look, support his active anxiety to see what is going forward, admirably.

In the extreme distance of the vista of columns, a money-changer is seen weighing gold in a balance. A father has brought his firstborn to the Temple, accompanied by his wife, who bears the child in her arms; the husband has



across his shoulder the lamb of sacrifice, while a seller of lambs, from whom this has just been purchased, counts the price in the palm of one hand, and with the other presses back an anxious ewe that would follow her offspring. In another part, a boy is seen with a long scarf driving out the fugitive doves that have entered the Temple. At the door, a lame and blind beggar is chanting a prayer for alms.

Thus far we have spoken of the incidents of the design, the character and expressions of the personages, and general appearance of this marvellous picture. We have endeavoured also to indicate what have been the artist's purposes and motives, and the difficulties of its execution. It remains now to speak of the manner in which he has carried this out, especially in regard to the noble qualities of colour and drawing. For the last, let it suffice that the minutest detail has been wrought out; the very hands of the men are a perfect accompaniment to their eyes and physical aspect; those of the oldest rabbi are pallid, full-veined, and slow pulses seem to circulate in them. Mary's are elegantly slender—a little sunken, but very beautiful. Each fold in every garment is "accounted for," and duly studied from nature. The Virgin's dress is grey, dust-stained with travel. She has an under-garment of white, and a girdle, whose red fringes show at the open side, tossed up with the eagerness of her actions. An elegant head-dress of white, striped with red, falls back on her shoulders. Joseph's body-coat is like that of Christ, crimson and purple in very narrow stripes; over this is a brown and white burnoose, such as the Arabs wear to this day. The provision for a journey, a row of figs, is strung to his girdle. The rabbis have all the over-

garment proper to Pharisees, of pure white, except that worn by the chief, which is barred with broad and narrow bands of black upon the sleeves; a dress styled the "Tillith," worn only when bearing the Torah, or rolls of the law. The most removed has his under-garment amber-coloured, striped with blue, and a deep-blue robe beneath all. He that is about to drink wears an exquisite turquoise green-blue vest of sheeny texture, that gathers brightness in the shade; this is girt to him by a girdle of white and red. The young musicians wear green garments and turbans of rich crimson, and purple and green, harmoniously blended so as to create exquisite colour. The roof of the Temple is gilt like the columns, elaborately decorated with alternate pines, vine-branches, and pomegranates, and lighted from without by small openings, filled with stained glass. The door of the Temple, visible over Joseph's head, bears plates of hammered gold riveted upon it; upon these is discernible a great circle, from whose centre radiates an ornament of papyrus plant, the intersections filled with the unopened buds of the same: *guttæ* of gold are drawn on the flat surface of the door. The pavement of the Temple is of a deep-tinted marble, in broad veins of a palish blood-colour and white.

It is now time to announce our conviction that Mr. Holman Hunt, who has ever been the steadfast centre of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, has in this noble work successfully laid down his idea of art; that by so doing he has put a crown on to his previous labours; and that the result is likely to be a great extension of those principles—now, perhaps, for the first time fairly elucidated—to which is mainly due the remarkable and inestimable advance that has of late years taken place in English art.

## OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS :

HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE OF "CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

O CHRIST-CHILD, Everlasting, Holy One,  
 Sufferer of all the sorrow of this world,  
 Redeemer of the sin of all this world,  
 Who by Thy death brought'st life into this world—  
 O Christ, hear us !

This, this is *Thou*. No idle painter's dream  
 Of aureoled, imaginary Christ,  
 Laden with attributes that make not God ;  
 But Jesus, son of Mary ; lowly, wise,  
 Obedient, subject unto parents, mild,  
 Meek—as the meek that shall inherit earth,  
 Pure—as the pure in heart that shall see God.

O infinitely human, yet divine !  
 Half clinging child-like to the mother found,  
 Yet half repelling—as the soft eyes say  
 "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not  
 That I must be about my Father's business?"  
 As in the Temple's splendors mystical,  
 Earth's wisdom hearkening to the all-wise One,  
 Earth's closest love clasping the all-loving One,  
 He sees far off the vision of the cross,  
 The Christ-like glory and the Christ-like doom.

Messiah ! Elder Brother, Priest and King,  
 The Son of God, and yet the woman's seed ;  
 Enterer within the veil ; Victor of death,  
 And made to us first fruits of them that sleep ;  
 Saviour and Intercessor, Judge and Lord,—  
 All that we know of Thee, or knowing not  
 Love only, waiting till the perfect time  
 When we shall know even as we are known—  
 O Thou Child Jesus, Thou dost seem to say  
 By the soft silence of these heavenly eyes  
 (That rose out of the depths of nothingness  
 Upon this limner's reverent soul and hand)  
 We too should be about our Father's business—  
 O Christ, hear us !

Have mercy on us, Jesus Christ, our Lord !  
 The cross Thou borest still is hard to bear ;  
 And awful even to humblest follower  
 The little that Thou givest each to do  
 Of this Thy Father's business ; whether it be  
 Temptation by the devil of the flesh,  
 Or long-linked years of lingering toil obscure,

Uncomforted, save by the solemn rests  
 On mountain-tops of solitary prayer ;  
 Oft ending in the supreme sacrifice,  
 The putting off all garments of delight,  
 And taking sorrow's kingly crown of thorn,  
 In crucifixion of all self to Thee,  
 Who offeredst up Thyself for all the world.  
 O Christ, hear us !

Our Father's business :—unto us, as Thee,  
 The whole which this earth-life, this hand-breadth span  
 Out of our everlasting life that lies  
 Hidden with Thee in God, can ask or need.  
 Outweighing all that heap of petty woes—  
 To us a measure huge—which angels blow  
 Out of the balance of our total lot,  
 As zephyrs blow the winged dust away.

O Thou who wert the Child of Nazareth,  
 Make us see only this, and only Thee,  
 Who camest but to do thy Father's will,  
 And didst delight to do it. Take Thou then  
 Our bitterness of loss,—aspirings vain,  
 And anguishes of unfulfilled desire,  
 Our joys imperfect, our sublimed despairs,  
 Our hopes, our dreams, our wills, our loves, our all,  
 And cast them into the great crucible  
 In which the whole earth, slowly purified,  
 Runs molten, and shall run—the Will of God.  
 O Christ, hear us !

### SPIRITUALISTIC MATERIALISM :—MICHELET.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

THE future historian of the literature of the nineteenth century will have considerable difficulty in ticketing M. Michelet according to his proper class and order. Is he to rank among the historians? He has written many volumes of so-called histories, but which are generally valuable and interesting precisely by that in them which is not really historic. Is he a naturalist? He has taken to natural history in later life; but his two pleasant volumes on "The Bird," and "The Insect," contain the blunders of a tyro, nor should I advise any student to assert anything as a fact in nature, because M. Michelet has stated it. Is

he a pure physiologist? His latest productions turn largely on physiological considerations; yet I suspect that a real physiologist will be as little disposed to admit him for such, as a lawyer would deem him a jurist in virtue of his volume "On the Origins of French Law." Is he a political writer? His lectures had to be stopped by command of Government; yet I doubt if even his invocation to the "Holy Bayonets of France" ever raised him in any one madcap's mind to the rank of a political leader. Is he a philosopher? He certainly has translated the "Scienza Nuova" of Giambattista Vico; but I pity the man who should seek to evolve

a connected philosophy from his writings. Is he a theologian? a religious innovator? He has seemed everything by turns—at one time writing “Luther’s Memoirs;” at another professing his attachment to the “poor old Catholic Church;” at a third attacking Jesuitism in the name of Voltaire; at last setting up Egyptian mythology as the most perfect of religious symbols.

“Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.” Reuben’s lot seems to have been his. With marvellous gifts of style, an imagination of singular vivacity, active faculties of observation, occasional keen flashes of insight, very considerable and varied acquirements, quick sympathies at once with the beautiful and with the good, and the most sincere desire for the welfare of his fellow-creatures,—with powers, in a word, sufficient for the creation of half-a-dozen masterpieces, and much of that universal aptitude which, if it be not genius itself, seems yet as it were the bulb out of which it springs,—M. Michelet has not produced, and I believe will not leave behind him, one single great work—one really beautiful—one really good one; although he will leave few which are not replete with interest; not one which does not present us with beautiful thoughts, attractive pages, often chapters at a time.

Yet M. Michelet’s influence over his generation in France has been considerable, and has not ceased to be such. Not a little, probably, on this account, that few men have opened a greater number of new paths, for the time being, to their countrymen. He brought back to them, from Italy, the great Neapolitan thinker, Vico. He was for France one of the first discoverers of modern Germany. He first, in his Roman History, popularized some of the Niebuhrian views as to Roman origins. Older professors stood aghast; the book and its fellows were for a time nearly as much tabooed in the history classes of French colleges as a novel, or were only used in otherwise desperate cases, to kindle an interest in the subject. Learned men, the very pillars of the

universities—those survivors of an earlier age, trained either by Jesuit or Jansenist, before the first Revolution and Empire had deprived Frenchmen, for a time, of the leisure to learn Greek,—stood utterly aghast at the pranks of a young professor of the Normal School, who talked of Sanscrit poetry and Welsh triads; quoted at first hand the legendary romances of the middle ages; gave extracts from Dante; referred to Walter Scott; and constantly mixed up the experiences of the present with the narratives of the past. Still Michelet’s works,—although of course read with avidity wherever they were treated, or supposed to be treated, as forbidden fruit,—did not bear their full effect at the comparatively early age at which the ordinary French college is usually frequented. The school-boy in all countries is in general an essentially practical creature. He soon found that for scholastic purposes—for the cram of examinations—Michelet’s works were of far less use to him than much duller ones, but better stored with the right facts, and more methodically treated. It was at a later age, and in that much higher theatre of the “Collège de France,” where the vulgar stimulus of competition disappears, and the student learns for the sake of learning, that the brilliant eloquence of the man really took hold of the Parisian youth. Here the variety at once, and the mobility of Michelet’s mind—which will preserve for him a kind of youth even in his dotage—seemed exactly to correspond with the like qualities in his hearers. Here was a man who appeared to have handled everything, looked into everything, thought about everything, sympathized with almost every human tendency; who brought up the past into pictures as living as those of the present; who yet was essentially a Frenchman, and a Frenchman of the nineteenth century, full of national prejudices and national vanities, carried away with all the dominant impulses of the day. Who can wonder that when he came to deliver, simultaneously with his colleague, M. Quinet, his famous course

upon the Jesuits, crowds, such as never had attended a professor before since the days of the middle ages, thronged his lecture-hall even more than that of Quinet, till the two professors grew to be almost a power in the state, and had to be silenced by authority?

The enormous popularity which the lecturer thus reached may be considered as opening the second period of his career. Though not, I repeat it, a genuine historian, yet his works hitherto have all an historical character; they are full of materials for history, historical sketches, curiosities of history. Now, the turbulence of the partisans of monasticism, which had interrupted his and Quinet's courses, seems to have stung him up into a politician, a dealer mainly with the things of the present; and though he may write history so-called (that of the "Revolution," forming the last volumes of his "History of France"), this he will be henceforth above all, not indeed as a partisan, but as one of those who, wandering on the border land between the political and what may be called the psychical realm, contribute often far more powerfully towards impressing a general direction upon the public mind than does the mere politician, who points it to a definite aim. The "Jesuits," which reached four editions in six weeks, "Priests, Women, and Families," the "History of the Revolution," the "People," belong to this period.

Then came the strange downfall of the liberties of France under the weight of a dead man's name, the sudden hushing of her most eloquent voices, except from beyond the sea, at the blare of the imperial trumpet. Michelet was silent, or nearly so, like others for awhile, and then spoke out as a student, not of historic facts, but of actual organisms. His book, "The Bird," opens what may be called the physiological portion of his career. So remarkable a transformation, exhibited by a man on the shady side of fifty, is a singular phenomenon in literary history, and many, foreigners especially, could scarcely believe that there was not a second "J. Michelet"

at work with his pen. There was no mistaking, however, the artist's hand. "The Bird" displays all the qualities of style, and more than all the poetical fancy, of Michelet's best historical days. It begins by telling "how the author was led to the study of nature." "The time is heavy, and life, and work, and the violent catastrophes of the time, and the dispersion of a world of intelligence in which we lived, and to which nothing has succeeded. The rude labours of history had once for their recreation teaching, which was my friendship. Their halts are now only a silence. Of whom should I ask moral refreshment unless of nature?" The health of one dear to him, a passionate observer of nature, made him leave Paris, at first for a mere suburban home, from whence he returned to town every day. But the turmoil of the great city, its abortive revolutions, sent him farther off. He took up his quarters near Nantes, and here he wrote the latter part of his "History of the Revolution," already wakening up to the beauty and interest of nature, already longing for leisure to study her. But the climate was too damp, and drove him, in ill-health, further south. He now "placed his moveable nest in a fold of the Apennines, at two leagues of Genoa." And here, with no company but lizards, and living the life of a lizard himself, he felt a revolution take place within him. He seemed to see all living creatures claiming their place in the great democracy. Such, he tells us, was his renovation, "that late *vita nuova* which gradually brought me to the natural sciences."

"The Bird," however, is still a work of mere natural history rather than of physiology. It deals with the outside of living nature; with form, colour, habits; with these mostly in reference to man as a prototype; whatever of anatomy occurs in it is derived from the study of Dr. Auzoux's models. "The Insect" travels over much of the same ground, though in a lower stratum of life, but opens up another field. The author tells us how he bought a micro-

scope, how he placed under it a woman's finger, a spider's leg; how coarse appeared the structure of that which to us is living satin, how the repulsive coarseness of the latter opened out into marvellous beauty. It is from this point that the naturalist grows into the physiologist. The microscope is a cruel teacher; no one who has once experienced the fascination of its powers can stop over outward form, but must pierce the mysteries of structure; and the study of structure, except in a few transparent organisms generally of the lowest class, means disruption, dissection. Whilst even apart from structure, the world of form and life which the microscope unveils to us is one so well-nigh entirely extra-human,—the limbs which unite us to it are so few and so loose,—those which unite its members among themselves so many and so prominent,—that the temptation is strong for a fervid, fickle mind to be altogether carried away by the new spectacle,—to change altogether the pivot of its contemplations; and instead of seeing in the creature the shadow of the man, to see in man henceforth only the more highly organized creature. Hence already in this volume pages painful and repulsive to read.

And now we come to the more essentially physiological works of the professor of history. "*L'Amour*,"—now at its fourth edition,—represents the climax of this period. I hardly know how to characterize this work fairly for an English public, so immoral would it be if written by an Englishman, so essentially does it require to be judged from a French point of view. I hardly know how even to give an adequate idea of it, so greatly does it depart from any standard within reach of English hands by which it can be decently measured. I am convinced that never was a book written with honester intentions. The writer is full of good impulses; his object, as he sets it forth in the first page of his introduction, is a noble one,—“Moral enfranchisement by true love.” That object he seeks to carry out by exhibiting to us the picture of the married life

of a nameless couple, from the wedding-day to the grave. The book teems with tender and delicate passages, though placed in startling contact with the coarse and the trivial. There are pages in it which it is impossible to read without emotion. But the whole is sickly; nauseous. As one closes the book, one seems to be coming out of some stifling boudoir, leaving an atmosphere mawkish with the mingled smell of drugs and perfumes, heavy with the deadly steam of life. You miss in the “true love” of the book both the free buoyancy of health, and (except in a page here and there) the noble martyrdom of real suffering. Its aim seems to be to coax men into purity, by showing them a virtue more voluptuous than vice, into tenderness towards woman by dwelling on her infirmities. The whole sense and substance of the book seems to be this,—Given, an enlightened young Frenchman of the nineteenth century, with a competent knowledge of anatomy, a fair income, large ideas of the perfectibility of the species, kindly feelings towards religion in general, and what may be called a bowing acquaintance with the idea of God, on the one hand, and on the other, a sickly Parisian girl, brought up in a Romish convent or quasi-convent,—how the one is to make the best of the other?

Looked at in this way—remembering the writer's popularity—not forgetting that he speaks with the authority of sixty years of life, I do not mean to say that the book is not likely to do some good to the class for which it is written. That class is a narrow one. It has been said ere this, in France, that M. Michelet's ideal “woman” would require from 15,000 to 45,000 francs a year to keep her. To the great bulk of the French population his book itself would be as Greek; and, indeed, it is quite amusing to see how entirely the writer ignores the possibility that the red-cheeked country girl, whom he assigns for servant to his ideal couple in their suburban home, should ever have a claim to “true love” on her own account. He admits himself, that whilst

he does not write for the rich, he does not write either "for those who have no time, no liberty, who are mastered, crushed by the fatality of circumstances, those whose unceasing labour regulates and hastens all their hours. What advice can one give to those who are not free?" But the class of men whom he addresses no doubt does exist, and is but too numerous for the health and well-being of the French body-politic; nor are samples of it, God knows, wanting amongst ourselves. It must have startled some of these to be told, by a man whose voice has often charmed them, who is one of themselves by his intellectual training and sympathies, who starts from no old-world notions of right and duty, but from the last new discoveries in medical science, that marriage, and faithful love in marriage, are to give them their "moral enfranchisement." Certainly, as compared with the coarse cynicism, or the still coarser attempts at morality, of the French novel or the French press under the imperial *régime*, M. Michelet's work, unreadable as it is in the main for Englishwomen,—certainly unfit to be read by English girls,—may well stand out as a very model of purity.

The indications indeed, which it gives, of the growth of immorality under that *régime*—tallying as they do entirely with information from other quarters—are most painful. I do not speak of such facts as M. Michelet quotes from statistics, and which any one may verify there, ominous though they be; a stationary or decreasing population; an increasing number of young men unfit for military service, marriages rapidly diminishing, widows ceasing to re-marry, female suicides multiplying. Most of these facts might be paralleled elsewhere; some amongst ourselves. I refer to those details, evidently founded upon actual facts, which are given in the chapters entitled "The Fly and the Spider," and "Temptation," as to the corruption of female friendships, the abuse of official power, the utter, expected, absence of moral strength, even in the pure of life.

"For the best, it is through their husband himself that for the most part they are attacked." If he be powerful, M. Michelet shows us "ladies in honourable positions, esteemed, often pious, active in good works, whom she has seen at charitable gatherings," coming to the virtuous wife in order to present some "young son, an interesting young man, already capable of serving the husband, devoted to his ideas, quite in his line;" who has been "a solitary student," "needs the polish of the world." He shows us female friends assiduously praising the young man into favour; the lady's maid soon breaking the ice, to tell her mistress, whilst doing her hair, that he is dying of love. Formerly, M. Michelet asserts, Lisette had to be bought. No need now. She knows well that the lady being once launched in such adventures, having given a hold upon her, and let a secret be surprised, she herself will be her mistress's mistress, will be able to rule and rob uncontrolled.

The case is still worse, if the husband, instead of protecting, needs protection, if he is a small official waiting for promotion, a worker in want of a capitalist to push him. Here the female friend (who seems by M. Michelet's account to be the modern Diabolos of France, *vice* Satan superannuated) works upon the young woman, now by dwelling on her husband's inferiority to herself, now by insisting on his need of help from some one who should have strength and credit to lift him at last from the ground. A meeting is arranged somehow between the lady and the future protector, both duly instructed beforehand; the young woman seldom fails to justify what has been said of her by some slight act of coquetry, which she deems innocent, and in her husband's interest. . . . Audacity, a half-violence, often carries the thing. . . .

"You say no. You believe that such odious acts are only to be seen in the lowest classes. You are quite mistaken. *It is very common*. . . . A number of facts of this kind have

"come to my knowledge, and by most certain channels." . . . She cries, she will tell all, she does nothing . . . "My dear, in your husband's name, I beseech you, say nothing. He would die of grief. Your children would be ruined, your whole life upset. That man is so powerful to do harm. He is very wicked when he hates, and is provoked. But, one must admit it, he is zealous also for those he loves, he will do everything for your family, for the future of your children."

And so the nauseous tale of corruption through family interest rolls on. The young woman is entrapped into writing a letter, which henceforth establishes her shame. Now, "She is spoken to in another tone. Command succeeds entreaty. She has a master, —on such a day, at such an hour, here or there, she is bid to come, and she comes. The fear of scandal, I know not what fascination, as of a bird towards the snake, draw her back in tears. She is all the prettier. The promises are little remembered."

"When he has had enough, is she free at least? Not a whit. The female friend has the paper. . . . She must go on, sold and resold, must endure a new protector, who she is told will do more, and often does yet nothing. Fearful slavery, which lasts while she is pretty and young, which plunges her deeper and deeper, debases, perverts her."

Now, it would be too much to say that such tales are without analogy amongst ourselves. There were a few years ago, there may still be, factories in Lancashire and Cheshire, where the young master, or even more so the over-looker, views the female hands simply as a harem, of which he is the sultan. There are still agricultural parishes where no girl field-worker's virtue is safe against the squire's bailiff or gamekeeper. There are sweater's dens in London where living wages are utterly out of the reach of the poor tailor, unless she be also the favourite for the time being. But in the classes to which M. Michelet assigns the tale, it could

not occur without filling journalists' pens with fire instead of ink, from John O'Groats to the Land's End. The leprosy of half-starved officialism has not tainted us so far as to endure such things. The moloch of competition has not yet in the trading world, even if it have in the working, claimed female virtue for its holocausts. Whilst England is free England, such enormities by the influential protector, capitalist, or official are, thank God, as unheard of, as in free France they some day will be.

But it is not only through its incidental revelations of these effects of the poison of a despotic centralization, both in corrupting the relations between man and man, and in taking away all fear on the one side, all confidence on the other, in the might of justice and public morality that this book is valuable. It is far more so as a testimony, all the more precious because unconscious, to that which M. Michelet in his nineteenth century enlightenment well-nigh completely ignores,—God's Bible, Christ's Gospel. M. Michelet exalts physiology, half-prescribes the Bible. He forgets that there is a certain amount of physiological knowledge which is absolutely essential to the understanding of the Bible, and which no mother who really reverences God's word will withhold, in due time, from her daughter. But the moral truths which he evolves from physiological teaching are all, as far as I can see, anticipated in the Bible. If M. Michelet has satisfied himself by means of physiology that man is a monogamic animal, so much the better. But he who believes that from the mouth of Wisdom herself proceeded the words: "And they twain shall be one flesh," knows as much as he. If M. Michelet has learned from medical men that woman is not the impure creature that unnatural middle-age asceticism made of her, so much the better. But he who has read in Genesis that she was made man's "help-meet,"—bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh,—can never be tempted, unless bewildered with lying traditions or puffed up with



false spiritual pride, to think otherwise of her. If he insist that by her constitution she has a constantly recurrent cause of disease within her, St. Paul's words, "the weaker vessel," command of stronger man all the deference and indulgence to which M. Michelet would persuade him. In short, mix together the few texts I have alluded to, with those other ones of Gen. ii. 25, and Gen. iii. 16, and dilute them with an infinite quantity of French fine writing, and you have the whole of "L'Amour," so far as it has any moral worth whatever. And he who chooses to meditate upon the "Song of Songs," both in itself, as the divine sanction of sensuous love as being the only adequate mirror of spiritual, and in its position in the sacred volume between Ecclesiasticus, the book of worldly experience, and Isaiah, the book of prophetic insight, as indicating the link which earthly love supplies between the two, will feel that 450 pages of French prose are but a poor exchange for its lyric lessons.

What is wanting indeed to M. Michelet's "true love"? Not self-contemplation; not the effort to be self-wrapped. But everything below—everything above. The rock of a divine command on which man or woman can stand and say, I ought, and to the Tempter, Thou shalt not. The sense of an Almighty Love by whom each is upheld; on whose bosom each may sink, and feel that "underneath are the everlasting arms." The light of a Word made Flesh, who has suffered all our sufferings, borne all our sins. The help of a Spirit of Truth, who will guide us into all truth, though through never so much of doubt, and darkness, and despair. The beholding of the joy of a divine marriage, of the redeemed church with its Saviour, of which every smallest wedded joy of earth is a ray, towards which every truth of pure human love is an aspiration. The abiding and restful sense of subordination in harmonic unity, link after link in a divine chain; a subordination that lifts and does not lower, that joins and not

divides; gathering up successively all desire into a nobler object, all life into a mightier focus,—man the head of the woman,—Christ the head of man,—God the head of Christ.

And for want of these, his whole purpose makes shipwreck. He promises woman her enfranchisement; but it is only to jail her within her own physical constitution, with her husband for turn-key. He lavishes his fancy on what may be called the lyrics of the flesh; but he does not trust that poor flesh for a moment; he is always watching it, spying it; his "medication" of heart or body presupposes and leaves it as frail and false as any Jesuit folio of casuistry. It has been well said, indeed, of the work by M. Emile Montégut that it is essentially a Romanist book, which had been unwritable and incomprehensible anywhere else than in a Roman Catholic country. The whole, in fact, of M. Michelet's work affords evidence of that "invincible ignorance"—to use a term of Romish theology—of Christ and of the Bible which Romanism leaves behind it in most souls, if it should come to depart from them. M. Michelet has no doubt read the Bible; he is familiar with religious works, both Protestant and Romish; he has himself written "Memoirs of Luther." And yet it may not be too much to say that he has never once seen Christ. This is even more evident in his last work, "La Femme," of which I have now to say a few words.

"La Femme" is in some parts a mere repetition, in many a dilution, of "L'Amour." It is on the whole less mawkish, but more wearisome. The writer's dissective tendencies rise in it to absolute rapture. A child's brain becomes in his pages "a broad and mighty camellia," "the flower of flowers," "the most touching beauty that nature has realized." But the work covers in some respects a new field. The hypothetical wife whom he exhibited in "L'Amour" was after all, as I have said, some existing Frenchwoman brought up in Romanism, having, according to the writer, everything to

unlearn from her free-minded husband, but at the same time most willing to do so. This last trait, however, it would seem, was so far from reality as to spoil the picture. The second work then comes in to supply the true female ideal.

The great fact of the time, M. Michelet tells us, patent to all, is, that man lives apart from woman, and that more and more. Woman is left behind by man. Even a drawing-room divides into two—one of men, one of women. The attempt to make men and women speak together only creates a silence. They have no more ideas in common—no more a common language. In his introduction, the most valuable part of the volume, M. Michelet inquires rapidly into the social and economical causes of this alienation, quoting many interesting, some harrowing and hideous facts. Imagine this for instance, as to the venal tyranny of the theatrical press, in a country such as France, where political freedom is gagged:—An actress comes to a theatrical critic, to ask him why he is always writing her down. The answer is that she was somewhat favourably treated at first, and ought to have sent some solid mark of gratitude.—“But I am so poor; I gain next to nothing; I have a mother to maintain.” “What do I care? take a lover.” “But I am not pretty—I am so sad—men are only in love with cheerful women.” “No, you won’t bamboozle me; you are pretty, young lady, it is only ill-will: you are proud, which is bad. You must do as others—you must have a lover.” M. Michelet seems to speak of this from personal experience. I wish he had added that he had flung the hound of a penny-aliner out of window.

Taking up, then, in the nineteenth century the work of Fénelon in the seventeenth, M. Michelet adopts for special subject the education of girls, with a view to filling the gap between the sexes. “Woman,” he tells us, “is a religion.” The education of a girl is therefore “to harmonize a religion,” whilst that of a boy is “to organize a

force.” In his views on the subject of female education, much will be found that is suggestive and beautiful. But the main point still remains—if woman is a religion, how is she to have one? “She must have a faith,” we are told by the writer; logic would seem to require that that faith should be in her own self. What it is to be is really most difficult to discover. Towards ten or twelve, her father is to give her some select readings from original writers; narratives from Herodotus; the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; “some beautiful narrations from the Bible,” the Odyssey, and “our modern Odysseys, our good travellers.” Even before these, it would seem, she should have some “sound and original readings . . . some of the truly ethereal hymns of the Vedas, such and such prayers and laws of Persia, so pure and so heroic, joining to these several of the touching Biblical pastorals—Jacob, Ruth, Tobit,” &c. The Bible itself must be kept aloof. Most of its books seem to M. Michelet to have been written after dark at night. God forbid that one should trouble too soon a young heart with the divorce of man from God, of the son from his father; with the dreadful problem of the origin of evil! . . . The book is not soft and enervating like the mystics of the middle ages; but it is too stormy, thick, restless. “Another motive again, which would make me hesitate to read this too soon, is the hatred of nature which the Jews express everywhere. . . . This gives to their books a negative, critical character; a character of gloomy austerity, which is yet not always pure . . .” Better read “in the Bible of light, the Zend Avesta, the ancient and sacred complaint of the cow to man, to recall to him the benefits which he owes her . . .”

The subject is too grave for joking. But only imagine bringing up a girl upon cow-laments from the Zend Avesta, and keeping the Bible from her hands! Is it possible too for a man to read more completely into a book his own prejudices against it? Where, except in the in-

human asceticism of the Romish middle ages, or in extreme Scotch Calvinism, do you find any trace of that "hatred of nature" which M. Michelet fathers upon the Bible? From the first page to the last, it is the book of nature almost as much as it is the book of man. Hatred of nature! No, the intensest sympathy which can yet consist with man's dignity, as God's vice-king over nature, made to have dominion over fish and fowl, cattle and creeping thing; over "all the earth," which he is not only commanded to "replenish," but to "subdue." He is to sympathise with nature under every aspect, from every point of view; as comprised with him in that creation, of whose absolute order and beauty it is written that "God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good;" as suffering, guiltless, through his fall, and cursed for his sake alone; as "groaning and travailing in pain together" with him for a common deliverance, as assured of a common perfection in the New Heaven and the New Earth. It is not enough that he is taught by Prophet, Psalmist, Apostle—by none more assiduously than by the Saviour Himself—to look on the face of nature as a mirror wherein are revealed the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. He is called on to look on her as a fellow-servant; her obedience is repeatedly contrasted with his revolt. "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Nay, she is more than a fellow-servant, she is a fellow-shipper. Prophet nor Psalmist can satisfy their raptures of devotion, unless they call upon her to share them: "Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth, and break forth into singing, O mountains." "Let the heaven rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the field be joyful, and all that therein is; yea let all the trees of the wood rejoice

"before the Lord." "Praise the Lord upon earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy wind fulfilling his word; mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, worms and feathered fowls." . . . "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." If this be hatred of nature, may every one of us enter more and more into the infinite fervent charity of such hatred! Is it not more likely to lift the soul of girl or boy than the sentimental self-consciousness of some ancient Parsee cow, mooing over her own ill-requited services? Will any worship of the bull Apis ever give such a sense of the real preciousness of animal life, as that last verse of the Book of Jonah: "Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons, that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

I suspect the physiological period of M. Michelet's career will be the last. Read in the light of his two latest works, I think his earlier ones—the "Introduction to Universal History" for instance—bear testimony that the whole tendency of his mind has always been towards the spiritualistic materialism, as I prefer to call it—the "mystic sensualism," as it has been called by a French Protestant critic—of which "L'Amour," and "La Femme," are the direct exponents. In "La Femme" we cannot fail to perceive a senile garrulity, which marks that the writer has fully passed the climax of his genius, a climax which may perhaps be fixed at "The Bird." I have generally felt compelled, in translating from him, to ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~bridged~~ <sup>bridged</sup> also. I doubt if he has much henceforth to tell us that is new. Indeed, the moral side of "La Femme," is already to be found fully indicated in the much earlier "Priests, Women, and Families."

I have called the doctrine of these works "materialism." I know that none would protest more strongly against the application to them of such a term than the writer. "I have

spent all my life," he tells us, "in claiming the rights of the soul against the nauseous materialism of my time." Again and again he uses the term as one of the utmost reproach. And yet the books are essentially materialistic. The physical organization of woman is made practically the standard of her capacity for perceiving right and wrong. Love is made, in fact, its own end, although announced as a means of moral enfranchisement. Nothing is shown to the woman above the man, unless it be, and in such proportions as he chooses to show it her, some misty idea of the great harmony, "in which we should wish to die as much as to live, in the just and regular law of the All." Through this "all" may indeed hover the name of God, but more as a ghost deprived of its last resting-place, than as He that Is. The writer may indeed tell us that he "cannot do without God;" that "the momentary eclipse of the high central "idea darkens this marvellous modern "world of sciences and discoveries;" that the unity of the world is love; that woman feels the infinite "in the loving "cause and the father of nature, who "procreates her from the good to the "better." Yet what is this beyond mere Pantheistic Hindooism, drenched in verbiage? Heine, we are told, called M. Michelet a Hindoo. One feels tempted to say, Let him be so in good earnest. God for god, I prefer Vishnu to the thin shadow of him which flits through M. Michelet's pages. Any one of his avatars would be preferable for me to that repulsive Egyptian myth of Isis, (a mother by her twin brother ere her birth), which M. Michelet tells us has never been exceeded, which he offers as food to the "common faith" of husband and wife. Again, he may give us a chapter, and a very touching one too, on "love beyond the grave," in which he exhibits to us the departed husband discoursing on immortality to his widow. But after all, what assurance have we that such a colloquy is any more, was even meant to be any more, than a piece of sentimental ventriloquism? The pledge of immortality is not one that

can be given by mortal to mortal. "Because I live, ye shall live also." When He who is the Source and Lord of life tells us so, we may believe and hope. "Because I died, thou shalt live." Can even the madness of unsatisfied love make more than a temporary plaything of such an assurance?

But I have called the doctrine of these works, spiritualistic materialism. I do not care for the strangeness of the expression, if by means of it I can only waken up those who are content to rest upon the traditions, opinions, prejudices of past days, to some sense of the strange and new things with which they have now to deal. If they would be prepared to combat whatever is evil and deadly in the doctrine of which I am speaking, let them utterly put out of their minds all conceptions of a materialist as of a man wallowing in sensual indulgencies, denying the very idea of right; or even as of a hard-minded logician, treating as impossible all that he cannot see, scoffing at faith as at a child grasping for the moon, or for his own image in the mirror. Michelet, indeed, proclaims himself a spiritualist; he "cannot do without God;" faith in a spirit of love, if scarcely of truth, breathes throughout his pages. What I have ventured to term his materialism comes forth in the name and on behalf of morality; for the restoration of the purity of marriage, of the harmony of the family. As the frank and eloquent witness against the corruptions of that purity and harmony in our social state, he deserves all our sympathy and respect. We may not, thank God, have reached yet in free Protestant England that depth of cold cynicism which he indignantly exhibits to us, when he repeats, as an ear-witness, the advice of a husband and a father living in the country, to a young man of the neighbourhood: "If you are to remain here, "you must marry, but if you live in "Paris, it is not worth while. It is too "easy to do otherwise." But that is all the greater reason why we should in time beware, lest we should ever be carried away, on the same or other

slopes, to the same gulf. We have nothing, God knows, to boast of. Penitentiaries, I fear, receive generally but the heaviest dregs of the seething caldron of female vice. Midnight tea-meetings will, I fear, do little more than skim off a little froth from its surface. Neither the one nor the other either lessen the demand, or even attack the supply in its sources,—in those ill-paid labours which the cursed thirst for cheapness tends to multiply,—in that money-worship which makes wealth as such honourable, and poverty the worst of shames,—in those plutonomic doctrines which are erected into a faith for states or for individuals, and which tend to supplant everywhere duty by interest, the living force of “Thou shalt” by the restraining doubt “Will it pay?” Michelet has at least the merit of attempting a radical cure for the evil. He addresses man rather than woman; and he is right. He seeks to conquer lust by love; and he is right. His folly lies in treating earthly love as if it could be its own centre, its own self-renewing source.

That folly has been pointed out ere this in France itself by manlier and nobler pens than his own. M. Emile Montégut, in the “*Revue des Deux Mondes*,” for December 1858, has complained of the absence in M. Michelet’s ideal marriage of the true freedom of the soul, “of those great moral and religious laws” which formerly presided over it; has told him that love, as he represents it, wounds the dignity of man, enervates, effeminates him; that the home he paints is little more than the “retreat of two selfish voluptuaries.” These are hard words, harder than I have ventured to use. And yet the French critic concludes, as I would fain do myself, with expressing the hope that M. Michelet’s writings may not be without their use,—that they may have some effect for good on many “an opaque and dried-up brain,” on many ‘a dry vain heart,’ on many poor crea-

tures prone to brutality, to sensual ferocity, to barbarous selfishness. Indeed already and long ere this, as M. Michelet tells us himself, the witness which he has borne for moral purity has not been without its fruits. Whilst he was yet professor, a young man one morning burst into his room, to give him the news that the masters of certain cafés, of certain other well-known houses, complained of his teaching. Their establishments were losing by it. Young men were imbibing a mania of serious conversation, forgetting their habits. The students’ balls ran risk of closing. All who gained by the amusements of the schools deemed themselves threatened by a moral revolution.—How many of our preachers could say as much?

For us, Englishmen,—bound as we are in charity to indulgence towards M. Michelet by the almost invariable mistakes which he makes whenever he speaks of us or of our country,—we need not fear, I take it, even the worst influences of his teaching; it is too essentially French to affect us. We may fear however, and we ought to fear, that refined materialism of which it is one of the symptoms, which confounds worship with a certain religiosity, replaces faith by sentiments, and affects to see God in nature everywhere, but in nature only. Crown him, girdle him, smother him with flowers, the Nature-god is at bottom but a bundle of cruel forces and lawless lusts,—the Krishna of the sixteen thousand gopis is the same, through whose flaming jaws Arjuna saw generation after generation of created beings rush headlong to destruction. But against such Pantheism, overt or latent, in the gristle or in the bone, there is no better preservation than the *Pantheism*, if I may use the term, of Christianity. None will ever be tempted to worship nature less, than he who has learnt to see her divine in God.

## TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## NEW GROUND.

MY readers have now been steadily at Oxford for six months without moving. Most people find such a spell of the place without a change quite as much as they care to take; moreover it may do our hero good to let him alone for a number, that he may have time to look steadily into the pit which he has been so near falling into, which is still yawning awkwardly in his path; moreover, the exigencies of a story-teller must lead him away from home now and then. Like the rest of us, his family must have change of air, or he has to go off to see a friend properly married, or a connexion buried; to wear white or black gloves with or for some one, carrying such sympathy as he can with him, that so he may come back from every journey, however short, with a wider horizon. Yes; to come back home after every stage of life's journeying with a wider horizon, more in sympathy with men and nature, knowing ever more of the righteous and eternal laws which govern them, and of the righteous and loving will which is above all, and around all, and beneath all, this must be the end and aim of all of us, or we shall be wandering about blindfold, and spending time and labour and journey-money on that which profiteth nothing. So now I must ask my readers to forget the old buildings and quadrangles of the fairest of England's cities, the caps and the gowns, the reading and rowing, for a short space, and take a flight with me to other scenes and pastures new.

The nights are pleasant in May, short and pleasant for travel. We will leave the ancient city asleep, and do our flight in the night to save time. Trust yourselves then to the story-teller's aerial machine. It is but a rough affair, I own,

rough and humble, unfitted for high or great flights, with no gilded panels, or dainty cushions, or C-springs—not that we shall care about springs, by the way, until we alight on terra firma again—still, there is much to be learned in a third-class carriage if we will only not look for the cushions and fine panels, and forty miles an hour travelling in it, and will not be shocked at our fellow-passengers for being weak in their h's and smelling of fustian. Mount in it, then, you who will after this warning; the fares are holiday fares, the tickets return tickets. Take with you nothing but the poet's luggage,

“A smile for Hope, a tear for Pain,  
A breath to swell the voice of  
Prayer,”

and may you have a pleasant journey, for it is time that the stoker should be looking to his going gear!

So now we rise slowly in the moonlight from St. Ambrose's quadrangle, and, when we are clear of the clock-tower, steer away southwards, over Oxford city and all its sleeping wisdom and folly, over street and past spire, over Christ Church and the canons' houses, and the fountain in Tom quad; over St. Aldate's and the river, along which the moonbeams lie in a pathway of twinkling silver, over the railway sheds—no, there was then no railway, but only the quiet fields and footpaths of Hincksey hamlet. Well, no matter; at any rate, the hills beyond and Bagley Wood were there then as now: and over hills and wood we rise, catching the purr of the night-jar, the trill of the nightingale, and the first crow of the earliest cock pheasant, as he stretches his jewelled wings, conscious of his strength and his beauty, heedless of the fellows of St. John's, who slumber within sight of his perch, on whose hospitable board he shall one day lie prone on his back, with

fair larded breast turned upwards for the carving knife, having crowed his last crow. He knows it not; what matters it to him? If he knew it, could a Bagley Wood cock-pheasant desire a better ending?

We pass over the vale beyond; hall and hamlet, church and meadow, and copse folded in mist and shadow below us, each hamlet holding in its bosom the materials of three-volumed novels by the dozen, if we could only pull off the roofs of the houses and look steadily into the interiors; but our destination is farther yet. The faint white streak behind the distant Chilterns reminds us that we have no time for gossip by the way; May nights are short, and the sun will be up by four. No matter; our journey will now be soon over, for the broad vale is crossed, and the chalk hills and downs beyond. Larks quiver up by us, "higher ever higher," hastening up to get a first glimpse of the coming monarch, careless of food, flooding the fresh air with song. Steady plodding rooks labour along below us, and lively starlings rush by on the look-out for the early worm; lark and swallow, rook and starling, each on his appointed round. The sun arises, and they get them to it; he is up now, and these breezy uplands over which we hang are swimming in the light of horizontal rays, though the shadows and mists still lie on the wooded dells which slope away southwards.

Here let us bring to, over the village of Englebourn, and try to get acquainted with the outside of the place before the good folk are about and we have to go down among them, and their sayings and doings.

The village lies on the southern slopes of the Berkshire hills, on the opposite side to that under which our hero was born. Another soil altogether is here, we remark in the first place. This is nobu chalk, this high knoll which rises above—one may almost say hangs over—the village, crowned with Scotch firs, its sides tufted with gorse and heather. It is the Hawk's Lynch, the favourite resort of Englebourn folk, who come up—for

the view, for the air, because their fathers and mothers came up before them; because they came up themselves as children—from an instinct which moves them all in leisure hours and Sunday evenings, when the sun shines and the birds sing, whether they care for view or air or not. Something guides all their feet hitherward; the children, to play hide-and-seek and look for nests in the gorse-bushes; young men and maidens, to saunter and look and talk, as they will till the world's end—or as long, at any rate, as the Hawk's Lynch and Englebourn last—and to cut their initials, inclosed in a true lover's knot, on the short rabbit's turf; steady married couples, to plod along together consulting on hard times and growing families; even old tottering men, who love to sit at the feet of the firs, with chins leaning on their sticks, prattling of days long past to any one who will listen, or looking silently with dim eyes into the summer air, feeling perhaps in their spirits after a wider and more peaceful view which will soon open for them. A common knoll, open to all, up in the silent air, well away from every-day Englebourn life, with the Hampshire range and the distant Beacon Hill lying soft on the horizon, and nothing higher between you and the southern sea, what a blessing the Hawk's Lynch is to the village folk, one and all! May Heaven and a thankless soil long preserve it and them from an inclosure under the Act!

There is much temptation lying about, though, for the inclosers of the world. The rough common land, you see, stretches over the whole of the knoll, and down to its base, and away along the hills behind, of which the Hawk's Lynch is an outlying spur. Rough common land, broken only by pine woods of a few acres each in extent, an occasional woodman's or squatter's cottage and little patch of attempted garden. But immediately below, and on each flank of the spur, and half-way up the slopes, come small farm inclosures breaking here and there the belt of wood lands, which generally lies between the rough wild upland and the cultivated

country below. As you stand on the knoll you can see the common land just below you at its foot narrow into a mere road, with a border of waste on each side, which runs into Englebourn Street. At the end of the straggling village stands the church with its square tower, a lofty grey stone building, with bits of fine decorated architecture about it, but much of churchwarden Gothic supervening. The churchyard is large, and the graves, as you can see plainly even from this distance, are all crowded on the southern side. The rector's sheep are feeding in the northern part nearest to us, and a small gate at one corner opens into his garden. The rectory looks large and comfortable, and its grounds well cared for and extensive, with a rookery of elms at the lawn's end. It is the chief house of the place, for there is no resident squire. The principal street contains a few shops, some dozen perhaps in all; and several farm houses lie a little back from it, with garden in front, and yards and barns and orchards behind; and there are two public houses. The other dwellings are mere cottages, and very bad ones for the most part, with floors below the level of the street. Almost every house in the village is thatched, which adds to the beauty though not to the comfort of the place. The rest of the population who do not live in the street are dotted about the neighbouring lanes, chiefly towards the west, on our right as we look down from the Hawk's Lynch. On this side the country is more open, and here most of the farmers live, as we may see by the number of homesteads. And there is a small brook on that side too, which with careful damming is made to turn a mill, there where you see the clump of poplars. On our left as we look down, the country to the east of the village, is thickly wooded; but we can see that there is a village green on that side, and a few scattered cottages, the farthest of which stands looking out like a little white eye, from the end of a dense copse.

Beyond it there is no sign of habitation for some two miles; then you can

see the tall chimneys of a great house, and a well-timbered park round it. The Grange is not in Englebourn parish—happily for that parish, one is sorry to remark. It must be a very bad squire who does not do more good than harm by living in a country village. But there are very bad squires, and the owner of the Grange is one of them. He is, however, for the most part, an absentee, so that we are little concerned with him, and in fact, have only to notice this one of his bad habits, that he keeps that long belt of woodlands, which runs into Englebourn parish, and comes almost up to the village, full of hares and pheasants. He has only succeeded to the property some three or four years, and yet the head of game on the estate, and above all in the woods, has trebled or quadrupled. Pheasants by hundreds are reared under hens, from eggs bought in London, and run about the keepers' houses as tame as barn-door fowls all the summer. When the first party comes down for the first *battue* early in October, it is often as much as the beaters can do to persuade these pampered fowls that they are wild game, whose duty it is to get up and fly away and be shot at. However, they soon learn more of the world—such of them, at least, as are not slain—and are unmistakeable wild birds in a few days. Then they take to roosting farther from their old haunts, more in the outskirts of the woods, and the time comes for others besides the squire's guests to take their education in hand, and teach pheasants at least that they are no native British birds. These are a wild set, living scattered about the wild country; turf-cutters, broom-makers, squatters, with indefinite occupations and nameless habits, a race hated of keepers and constables. These have increased and flourished of late years; and, notwithstanding the imprisonments and transportations which deprive them periodically of the most enterprising members of their community, one and all give thanks for the day when the owner of the Grange took to pheasant breeding. If the demoralization stopped



with them, little harm might come of it, as they would steal fowls in the home-steads if there were no pheasants in the woods—which latter are less dangerous to get, and worth more when gotten. But, unhappily, this method of earning a livelihood has strong attractions, and is catching; and the cases of farm labourers who get into trouble about game are more frequent season by season in the neighbouring parishes, and Englebourne is no better than the rest. And the men are not likely to be much discouraged from these practices, or taught better, by the farmers; for, if there is one thing more than another that drives that sturdy set of men, the Englebourne yeomen, into a frenzy, it is talk of the game in the Grange covers. Not that they dislike sport; they like it too well, and, moreover, have been used to their fair share of it. For the late squire left the game entirely in their hands. "You know best how much game your land will carry without serious damage to the crops," he used to say. "I like to show my friends a fair day's sport when they are with me, and to have enough game to supply the house and make a few presents. Beyond that it is no affair of mine. You can course whenever you like; and let me know when you want a day's shooting, and you shall have it." Under this system the yeomen became keen sportsmen; they and all their labourers took an interest in preserving, and the whole district would have risen on a poacher. The keeper's place became a sinecure, and the squire had as much game as he wanted without expense, and was, moreover, the most popular man in the county. Even after the new man came, and all was changed, the mere revocation of their sporting liberties, and the increase of game, unpopular as these things were, would not alone have made the farmers so bitter, and have raised that sense of outraged justice in them. But with these changes came in a custom new in the country—the custom of selling the game. At first the report was not believed; but soon it became notorious that no head of game from the

Grange estates was ever given away, that not only did the tenants never get a brace of birds or a hare, or the labourers a rabbit, but not one of the gentlemen who helped to kill the game ever found any of the bag in his dog-cart after the day's shooting. Nay, so shameless had the system become, and so highly was the art of turning the game to account cultivated at the Grange, that the keepers sold powder and shot to any of the guests who had emptied their own belts or flasks at something over the market retail price. The light cart drove to the market-town twice a week in the season, loaded heavily with game, but more heavily with the hatred and scorn of the farmers; and, if deep and bitter curses could break patent axles or necks, the new squire and his game-cart would not long have vexed the country side. As it was, not a man but his own tenants would salute him in the market-place; and these repaid themselves for the unwilling courtesy by bitter reflections on a squire who was mean enough to pay his butcher's and poulterer's bill out of their pockets.

Alas, that the manly instinct of sport which is so strong in all of us Englishmen—which sends Oswald's single-handed against the mightiest beasts that walk the earth, and takes the poor cockney journeyman out a ten miles' walk almost before daylight on the rare summer holiday mornings, to angle with rude tackle in reservoir or canal—should be dragged through such mire as this in many an English shire in our day. If English landlords want to go on shooting game much longer, they must give up selling it. For if selling game becomes the rule, and not the exception (as it seems likely to do before long), good-bye to sport in England. Every man who loves his country more than his pleasures or his pocket—and, thank God, that includes the great majority of us yet, however much we may delight in gun and rod, let Mr. Bright and every demagogue in the land say what they please—will cry, "Down with it," and lend a hand to put it down for ever.

But, to return to our perch on the Hawk's Lynch above Englebourne village. As I was saying just now, when the sight of the distant Grange and its woods interrupted me, there is no squire living here. The rector is the fourth of his race who holds the family living—a kind, easy-going, gentlemanly old man, a Doctor of Divinity, as becomes his position, though he only went into orders because there was the living ready for him. In his day he had been a good magistrate and neighbour, living with, and much in the same way as, the squires round about! But his contemporaries had dropped off one by one; his own health had long been failing; his wife was dead; and the young generation did not seek him. His work and the parish had no real hold on him; so he had nothing to fall back on, and had become a confirmed invalid, seldom leaving the house and garden even to go to church, and thinking more of his dinner and his health than of all other things in earth or heaven.

The only child who remained at home with him was a daughter, a girl of nineteen or thereabouts, whose acquaintance we shall make presently, and who was doing all that a good heart and sound head prompted in nursing an old hypochondriac and filling his place in the parish. But though the old man was weak and selfish, he was kind in his way, and ready to give freely, or to do anything which his daughter suggested for the good of his people, provided the trouble were taken off his shoulders. In the year before our tale opens he had allowed some thirty acres of his glebe to be parcelled out in allotments amongst the poor; and his daughter spent almost what she pleased in clothing-clubs, and sick-clubs, and the school, without a word from him. Whenever he did remonstrate, she managed to get what she wanted out of the house-money, or her own allowance.

We must make acquaintance with such other of the inhabitants as it concerns us to know in the course of the story; for it is broad daylight, and the villagers will be astir directly. Folk who

go to bed before nine, after a hard day's work, get into the habit of turning out soon after the sun calls them. So now, descending from the Hawk's Lynch, we will alight at the east end of Englebourne, opposite the little white cottage which looks out at the end of the great wood, near the village-green.

Soon after five on that bright Sunday morning, Harry Winburn unbolted the door of his mother's cottage, and stepped out in his shirt-sleeves on to the little walk in front, paved with pebbles. Perhaps some of my readers will recognise the name of an old acquaintance, and wonder how he got here; so I shall explain at once. Soon after our hero went to school, Harry's father had died of a fever. He had been a journeyman blacksmith, and in the receipt, consequently, of rather better wages than generally fall to the lot of the peasantry, but not enough to leave much of a margin over current expenditure. Moreover, the Winburns had always been open-handed with whatever money they had; so that all he left for his widow and child, of worldly goods, was their "few sticks" of furniture, £5 in the Savings'-bank, and the money from his burial-club, which was not more than enough to give him a creditable funeral—that object of honourable ambition to all the independent poor. He left, however, another inheritance to them, which is in price above rubies, neither shall silver be named in comparison thereof,—the inheritance of an honest name, of which his widow was proud, and which was not likely to suffer in her hands.

After the funeral, she removed to Englebourne, her own native village, and kept her old father's house, till his death. He was one of the woodmen to the Grange, and lived in the cottage at the corner of the wood in which his work lay. When he too died, hard times came on Widow Winburn. The steward allowed her to keep on the cottage. The rent was a sore burthen to her, but she would sooner have starved than leave it. Parish relief was out of the question for her father's child

and her husband's widow; so she turned her hand to every odd job which offered, and went to work in the fields when nothing else could be had. Whenever there was sickness in the place, she was an untiring nurse; and, at one time, for some nine months, she took the office of postman, and walked daily some nine miles through a severe winter. The fatigue and exposure had broken down her health, and made her an old woman before her time. At last, in a lucky hour, the doctor came to hear of her praiseworthy struggles, and gave her the rectory washing, which had made her life a comparatively easy one again.

During all this time her poor neighbours had stood by her as the poor do stand by one another, helping her in numberless small ways, so that she had been able to realize the great object of her life, and keep Harry at school till he was nearly fourteen. By this time he had learned all that the village pedagogue could teach, and had in fact become an object of mingled pride and jealousy to that worthy man, who had his misgivings lest Harry's fame as a scholar should eclipse his own before many years were over.

Mrs. Winburn's character was so good, that no sooner was her son ready for a place than a place was ready for him; he stepped at once into the dignity of carter's boy, and his earnings, when added to his mother's, made them comfortable enough. Of course she was wrapped up in him, and believed that there was no such boy in the parish. And indeed she was nearer the truth than most mothers, for he soon grew into a famous specimen of a countryman; tall and lithe, full of nervous strength, and not yet bowed down or stiffened by the constant toil of a labourer's daily life. In these matters, however, he had rivals in the village; but in intellectual accomplishments he was unrivalled. He was full of learning according to the village standard, could write and cipher well, was fond of reading such books as came in his way, and spoke his native English almost without an accent. He is one-and-twenty at the time when our

story takes him up, a thoroughly skilled labourer, the best hedger and ditcher in the parish; and, when his blood is up, he can shear twenty sheep in a day without razing the skin, or mow for sixteen hours at a stretch, with rests of half an hour for meals twice in the day.

Harry shaded his eyes with his hand for a minute, as he stood outside the cottage drinking in the fresh pure air, laden with the scent of the honeysuckle which he had trained over the porch, and listening to the chorus of linnets and finches from the copse at the back of the house, and then set about the household duties, which he always made it a point of honour to attend to himself on Sundays. First he unshuttered the little lattice-window of the room on the ground-floor; a simple operation enough, for the shutter was a mere wooden flap, which was closed over the window at night, and bolted with a wooden bolt on the outside, and thrown back against the wall in the daytime. Any one who would could have opened it at any moment of the night; but the poor sleep sound without bolts. Then he took the one old bucket of the establishment, and strode away to the well on the village-green, and filled it with clear cold water, doing the same kind office for the vessels of two or three rosy little damsels and boys, of ages varying from ten to fourteen, who were already astir, and to whom the winding-up of the parish chain and bucket would have been a work of difficulty. Returning to the cottage, he proceeded to fill his mother's kettle, sweep the hearth, strike a light, and make up the fire with a faggot from the little stack in the corner of the garden. Then he hauled the three-legged round table before the fire, and dusted it carefully over, and laid out the black japan tea-tray with two delf cups and saucers of gorgeous pattern, and diminutive plates to match, and placed the sugar and slop basins, the big loaf and small piece of salt butter, in their accustomed places, and the little black teapot on the hob to get properly warm. There was little more to be done indoors, for

the furniture was scanty enough; but everything in turn received its fair share of attention, and the little room, with its sunken tiled floor and yellow-washed walls, looked cheerful and homely. Then Harry turned his attention to the shed of his own contriving which stood beside the faggot-stack, and from which expostulatory and plaintive grunts had been issuing ever since his first appearance at the door, telling of a faithful and useful friend who was sharp set on Sunday mornings, and desired his poor breakfast, and to be dismissed for the day to pick up the rest of his livelihood with his brethren porkers of the village on the green and in the lanes. Harry served out to the porker the poor mess which the wash of the cottage and the odds and ends of the little garden afforded; which that virtuous animal forthwith began to discuss with both fore-feet in the trough—by way, I suppose, of adding to the flavour—while his master scratched him gently between the ears and on the back with a short stick till the repast was concluded. Then he opened the door of the sty, and the grateful animal rushed out into the lane, and away to the green with a joyful squeal and flirt of his hind quarters in the air; and Harry, after picking a bunch of wall-flowers, and pansies, and hyacinths, a line of which flowers skirted the narrow garden walk, and, putting them in a long-necked glass which he took from the mantelpiece, proceeded to his morning ablutions, ample materials for which remained at the bottom of the family bucket, which he had put down on a little bench by the side of the porch. These finished, he retired indoors to shave and dress himself.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ENGLEBOURN VILLAGE.

DAME WINBURN was not long after her son, and they sat down together to breakfast in their best Sunday clothes—she, in plain large white cap, which covered all but a line of grey hair, a black stuff gown reaching to neck and

wrists, and small silk neckerchief put on like a shawl; a thin, almost gaunt, old woman, whom the years had not used tenderly, and who showed marks of their usage—but a resolute, high-couraged soul, who had met hard times in the face, and could meet them again if need were. She spoke in broad Berkshire, and was otherwise a homely body, but self-possessed and without a shade of real vulgarity in her composition.

The widow looked with some anxiety at Harry as he took his seat. Although something of a rustic dandy, of late he had not been so careful in this matter as usual; but, in consequence of her reproaches, on this Sunday there was nothing to complain of. His black velvet shooting-coat and cotton plush waistcoat, his brown corduroy knee breeches and gaiters sat on him well, and gave the world assurance of a well-to-do man, for few of the Engleboorn labourers rose above smock-frocks and fustian trousers. He wore a blue bird's-eye handkerchief round his neck, and his shirt, though coarse in texture, was as white as the sun and the best laundress in Engleboorn could manage to bleach it. There was nothing to find fault with in his dress therefore, but still his mother did not feel quite comfortable as she took stealthy glances at him. Harry was naturally rather a reserved fellow, and did not make much conversation himself, and his mother felt a little embarrassed on this particular morning.

It was not, therefore, until Dame Winburn had finished her first slice of bread and butter, and had sipped the greater part of her second dish of tea out of her saucer, that she broke silence.

“I minded thy business last night, Harry, when I wur up at the rectory about the washin’. It’s my belief as thou’lt get t’other ’lotment next quarter-day. The doctor spoke very kind about it, and said as how he heerd as high a character o’ thee, young as thee bist, as of are’ a man in the parish, and as how he wur set on lettin’ the lots to they as’d do best by ’em; only he said as the farmers went agin givin’ more nor an

acre to any man as worked for *them*, and the doctor, you see, he don't like to go altogether agin the vestry folk."

"What business is it o' theirs," said Harry, "so long as they get their own work done? There's scarce one on 'em as hasn't more land already nor he can keep as should be, and for all that they want to snap up every bit as falls vacant, so as no poor man shall get it."

"'Tis mostly so with them as has," said his mother, with a half-puzzled look; "Scriptur says as to them shall be given, and they shall have more abundant." Dame Winburn spoke hesitatingly, and looked doubtfully at Harry, as a person who has shot with a strange gun, and knows not what effect the bolt may have. Harry was brought up all standing by this unexpected quotation of his mother's; but, after thinking for a few moments while he cut himself a slice of bread, replied:—

"It don't say as those shall have more that can't use what they've got already. 'Tis a deal more like Naboth's vineyard for aught as I can see. But 'tis little odds to me which way it goes."

"How canst talk so, Harry?" said his mother reproachfully; "thou know'st thou wast set on it last fall, like a wapse on sugar. Why, scarce a day past but thou wast up to the rectory, to see the doctor about it; and now thou'rt like to get it, thou'lt not go aginst 'un."

Harry looked out at the open door, without answering. It was quite true that, in the last autumn, he had been very anxious to get as large an allotment as he could into his own hands, and that he had been for ever up towards the rectory, but perhaps not always on the allotment business. He was naturally a self-reliant, shrewd fellow, and felt that if he could put his hand on three or four acres of land, he could soon make himself independent of the farmers. He knew that at harvest-times, and whenever there was a pinch for good labourers, they would be glad enough to have him; while at other times, with a few acres of his own, he would be his own master, and could do much better

for himself. So he had put his name down first on the doctor's list, taken the largest lot he could get, and worked it so well, that his crops, amongst others, had been a sort of village-show last harvest-time. Many of the neighbouring allotments stood out in sad contrast to those of Harry and the more energetic of the peasantry, and lay by the side of these latter, only half worked and full of weeds, and the rent was never ready. It was worse than useless to let matters go on thus, and the question arose, what was to be done with the neglected lots. Harry, and all the men like him, applied at once for them; and their eagerness to get them had roused some natural jealousy amongst the farmers, who began to foresee that the new system might shortly leave them with none but the worst labourers. So the vestry had pressed on the doctor, as Dame Winburn said, not to let any man have more than an acre, or an acre and a half; and the well-meaning, easy-going, invalid old man couldn't make up his mind what to do. So here was May come again, and the neglected lots were still in the nominal occupation of the idlers. The doctor got no rent, and was annoyed at the partial failure of a scheme which he had not indeed originated, but for which he had taken much credit to himself. The negligent occupiers grumbled that they were not allowed a drawback for manure, and that no pigstyes were put up for them. "'Twas allers understood so," they maintained, "and they'd never ha' took to the lots but for that." The good men grumbled that it would be too late now for them to do more than clean the lots of weeds this year. The farmers grumbled that it was always understood no man should have more than one lot. The poor rector had led his flock into a miry place with a vengeance. People who cannot make up their minds breed trouble in other places besides country villages. However quiet and out-of-the-way the place may be, there is always some *quasi* public topic which stands, to the rural Englishman, in the place of treaty, or budget, or reform-bill. So the great allotment question, for the time,

was that which exercised the minds of the inhabitants of Englebourne; and until lately no one had taken a keener interest in it than Harry Winburn. But that interest had now much abated, and so Harry looked through the cottage-door, instead of answering his mother.

"'Tis my belief as you med amost hev it for the axin'," Dame Winburn began again, when she found that he would not re-open the subject himself. "The young missus said as much to me herself last night. Ah! to be sure, things 'd go better if she had the guidin on 'em."

"I'm not going after it any more, mother. We can keep the bits o' sticks here together without it while you be alive; and if anything was to happen to you, I don't think I should stay in these parts. But it don't matter what becomes o' me; I can earn a livelihood anywhere."

Dame Winburn paused a moment, before answering, to subdue her vexation, and then said, "How can 'ee let hankerin' arter a lass take the heart out o' thee so? Hold up thy head, and act a bit measterful. The more thou makest o' thyself, the more like thou art to win."

"Did you hear ought of her, mother, last night?" replied Harry, taking advantage of this ungracious opening to speak of the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

"I heered she wur going on well," said his mother.

"No likelihood of her comin' home?"

"Not as I could make out. Why, she hev'n't been gone not four months. Now, do'ee pluck up a bit, Harry; and be more like thyself."

"Why, mother, I've not missed a day's work since Christmas; so there ain't much to find fault with."

"Nay, Harry, 'tisin't thy work. Thou wert always good at thy work, praise God. Thou'rt thy father's own son for that. But thou dostn't keep about like, and take thy place wi' the lave on 'em since Christmas. Thou look'st hagged at times, and folk 'll see it, and talk about thee afore long."

"Let 'em talk. I mind their talk no

more than last year's wind," said Harry abruptly.

"But thy old mother does," she said, looking at him with eyes full of pride and love; and so Harry, who was a right good son, began to inquire what it was which was specially weighing on his mother's mind, determined to do anything in reason to replace her on the little harmless social pinnacle from which she was wont to look down on all the other mothers and sons of the parish. He soon found out that her present grievance arose from his having neglected his place as ringer of the heavy bell in the village peal on the two preceding Sundays; and, as this post was in some sort corresponding to stroke of the boat at Oxford, her anxiety was reasonable enough. So Harry promised to go to ringing in good time that morning, and then set about little odds and ends of jobs till it would be time to start. Dame Winburn went to her cooking and other household duties, which were pretty well got under when her son took his hat and started for the belfry. She stood at the door with a half-peeled potato in one hand, shading her eyes with the other, as she watched him striding along the raised footpath under the elms, when the sound of light footsteps and pleasant voices coming up from the other direction made her turn round, and drop a curtesy as the rector's daughter and another young lady stopped at her door.

"Good morning, Betty," said the former; "here's a bright Sunday morning at last, isn't it?"

"'Tis indeed, miss; but where hev'ee been to?"

"Oh, we've only been for a little walk before school-time. This is my cousin, Betty. She hasn't been at Englebourne since she was quite a child; so I've been taking her to the Hawk's Lynch to see our view."

"And you can't think how I have enjoyed it," said her cousin; "it is so still and beautiful."

"I've heer'd say as there ain't no such a place for thretty mile round," said Betty proudly. "But do 'ee come in,

tho', and sit'ee down a bit," she added, bustling inside her door, and beginning to rub down a chair with her apron; "'tis a smart step for gentlefolk to walk afore church." Betty's notions of the walking powers of gentlefolk were very limited.

"No, thank you, we must be getting on," said Miss Winter; "but how lovely your flowers are. Look, Mary, did you ever see such double pansies? We've nothing like them at the rectory."

"Do'ee take some," said Betty, emerging again, and beginning to pluck a handful of her finest flowers; "'tis all our Harry's doing; he's mazin partickler about seeds."

"He seems to make everything thrive, Betty. There, that's plenty, thank you. We won't take many, for fear they should fade before church is over."

"Oh, don't'ee be afeard, there's plenty more; and you be as welcom as the day."

Betty never said a truer word; she was one of the real open-handed sort, who are found mostly amongst those who have the least to give. They or any one else were welcome to the best she had.

So the young ladies took the flowers, and passed on towards the Sunday-school.

The rector's daughter might have been a year or so older than her companion; she looked more. Her position in the village had been one of much anxiety, and she was fast getting an old head on young shoulders. The other young lady was a slip of a girl just coming out; in fact, this was the first visit which she had ever paid out of leading strings. She had lived in a happy home, where she had always been trusted and loved, and perhaps a thought too much petted.

There are some natures which attract petting; you can't help doing your best to spoil them in this way, and it is satisfactory therefore to know (as the fact is) that they are just the ones which cannot be so spoiled.

Miss Mary was one of these. Trustful, for she had never been tricked;

fearless, for she had never been cowed; pure and bright as the Englebourn brook at fifty yards from its parent spring in the chalk, for she had a pure and bright nature, and had come in contact as yet with nothing which could soil or cast a shadow! What wonder that her life gave forth light and music as it glided on, and that every one who knew her was eager to have her with them, to warm themselves in the light and rejoice in the music.

Besides all her other attractions, or in consequence of them for anything I know, she was one of the merriest young women in the world, always ready to bubble over and break out into clear laughter on the slightest provocation. And provocation had not been wanting during the last two days which she had spent with her cousin. As usual, she had brought sunshine with her, and the old doctor had half-forgotten his numerous complaints and grievances for the time. So the cloud, which generally hung over the house, had been partially lifted, and Mary, knowing and suspecting nothing of the dark side of life at Englebourn rectory, rallied her cousin on her gravity, and laughed till she cried at the queer ways and talk of the people about the place.

As soon as they were out of hearing of Dame Winburn, Mary began—

"Well, Katie, I can't say that you have mended your case at all."

"Surely you can't deny that there is a great deal of character in Betty's face?" said Miss Winter.

"Oh, plenty of character: all your people, as soon as they begin to stiffen a little and get wrinkles, seem to be full of character, and I enjoy it much more than beauty; but we were talking about beauty, you know."

"Betty's son is the handsomest young man in the parish," said Miss Winter; "and I must say I don't think you could find a better-looking one anywhere."

"Then I can't have seen him."

"Indeed you have; I pointed him out to you at the post-office yesterday.

Don't you remember? he was waiting for a letter."

"Oh, yes! now I remember. Well, he was better than most. But the faces of your young people in general are not interesting—I don't mean the children, but the young men and women—and they are awkward and clownish in their manners, without the quaintness of the elder generation, who are the funniest old dears in the world."

"They will all be quaint enough as they get older. You must remember the sort of life they lead. They get their notions very slowly, and they must have notions in their heads before they can show them on their faces."

"Well, your Betty's son looked as if he had a notion of hanging himself yesterday."

"It's no laughing matter, Mary. I hear he is desperately in love."

"Poor fellow! that makes a difference, of course. I hope he won't carry out his notion. Who is it, do you know? Do tell me all about it."

"Our gardener's daughter, I believe. Of course I never meddle with these matters, but one can't help hearing the servants' gossip. I think it likely to be true, for he was about our premises at all sorts of times until lately, and I never see him now that she is away."

"Is she pretty?" said Mary, who was getting interested.

"Yes, she is our belle. In fact, they are the two beauties of the parish."

"Fancy that cross-grained old Simon having a pretty daughter. Oh, Katie, look here, who is this figure of fun?"

The figure of fun was a middle-aged man of small stature, and very bandy-legged, dressed in a blue coat and brass buttons, and carrying a great bass-viol bigger than himself, in a rough baize cover. He came out of a footpath into the road just before them, and on seeing them touched his hat to Miss Winter, and then fidgeted along with his load, and jerked his head in a deprecatory manner away from them as he walked on, with the sort of look and action which a favourite terrier uses when his master holds out a lighted cigar to his

nose. He was the village tailor and constable, also the principal performer in the church-music which obtained in Englebourn. In the latter capacity he had of late come into collision with Miss Winter. For this was another of the questions which divided the parish—the great church-music question. From time immemorial, at least ever since the gallery at the west end had been built, the village psalmody had been in the hands of the occupiers of that Protestant structure. In the middle of the front row sat the musicians, three in number, who played respectively a bass-viol, a fiddle, and a clarionet. On one side of them were two or three young women, who sang treble—shrill, ear-piercing treble,—with a strong nasal Berkshire drawl in it. On the other side of the musicians sat the blacksmith, the wheelwright, and other tradesmen of the place. Tradesman means in that part of the country what we mean by artizan, and these were naturally allied more with the labourers, and consorted with them. So far as church-going was concerned, they formed a sort of independent opposition, sitting in the gallery, instead of in the nave, where the farmers and the two or three principal shopkeepers—the great landed and commercial interests—regularly sat and slept, and where the two publicans occupied pews, but seldom made even the pretence of worshipping.

The rest of the gallery was filled by the able-bodied male peasantry. The old worn-out men generally sat below in the free seats; the women also, and some few boys. But the hearts of these latter were in the gallery,—a seat on the back benches of which was a sign that they had induced the *toga virilis*, and were thenceforth free from maternal and pastoral tutelage in the matter of church-going. The gallery thus constituted had gradually usurped the psalmody as their particular and special portion of the service: they left the clerk and the school children, aided by such of the aristocracy below as cared to join, to do the responses; but, when singing time came, they reigned supreme. The slate



on which the Psalms were announced was hung out from before the centre of the gallery, and the clerk, leaving his place under the reading desk, marched up there to give them out. He took this method of preserving his constitutional connexion with the singing, knowing that otherwise he could not have maintained the rightful position of his office in this matter. So matters had stood until shortly before the time of our story.

The present curate, however, backed by Miss Winter, had tried a reform. He was a quiet man, with a wife and several children, and small means. He had served in the diocese ever since he had been ordained, in a hum-drum sort of way, going where he was sent for, and performing his routine duties reasonably well, but without showing any great aptitude for his work. He had little interest, and had almost given up expecting promotion, which he certainly had done nothing particular to merit. But there was one point on which he was always ready to go out of his way, and take a little trouble. He was a good musician, and had formed choirs at all his former curacies.

Soon after his arrival, therefore, he, in concert with Miss Winter, had begun to train the children in church-music. A small organ, which had stood in a passage in the rectory for many years, had been repaired, and appeared first at the school room, and at length under the gallery of the church; and it was announced one week to the party in possession, that, on the next Sunday, the constituted authorities would take the church-music into their own hands. Then arose a strife, the end of which had nearly been to send the gallery off in a body, headed by the offended bass-viol, to the small red-brick little Bethel at the other end of the village. Fortunately the curate had too much good sense to drive matters to extremities, and so alienate the parish constable, and a large part of his flock, though he had not tact or energy enough to bring them round to his own views. So a compromise was come to; and the curate's choir

were allowed to chant the Psalms and Canticles, which had always been read before, while the gallery remained triumphant masters of the regular Psalms.

My readers will now understand why Miss Winter's salutation to the musical Constable was not so cordial as it was to the other villagers whom they had come across previously.

Indeed, Miss Winter, though she acknowledged the Constable's salutation, did not seem inclined to encourage him to accompany them, and talk his mind out, although he was going the same way with them; and, instead of drawing him out, as was her wont in such cases, went on talking herself to her cousin.

The little man walked out in the road, evidently in trouble of mind. He did not like to drop behind or go ahead without some further remark from Miss Winter, and yet could not screw up his courage to the point of opening the conversation himself. So he ambled on alongside the footpath on which they were walking, showing his discomfort by a twist of his neck every few seconds (as though he were nodding at them with the side of his head) and perpetual shiftings of his bass viol, and hunching up of one shoulder.

The conversation of the young ladies under these circumstances was of course forced; and Miss Mary, though infinitely delighted at the meeting, soon began to pity their involuntary companion. She was full of the sensitive instinct which the best sort of women have to such a marvellous extent, and which tells them at once and infallibly if any one in their company has even a creased rose-leaf next their moral skin.

Before they had walked a hundred yards she was interceding for the rebellious Constable.

"Katie," she said softly, in French, "do speak to him. The poor man is frightfully uncomfortable."

"It serves him right," answered Miss Winter, in the same language; "you don't know how impertinent he was the other day to Mr. Walker. And he won't give way on the least point, and leads

the rest of the old singers, and makes them as stubborn as himself."

"But do look how he is winking and jerking his head at you. You really mustn't be so cruel to him, Katie. I shall have to begin talking to him if you don't."

Thus urged, Miss Winter opened the conversation by asking after his wife, and, when she had ascertained "that his missus wur pretty middlin," made some other common-place remark, and relapsed into silence. By the help of Mary, however, a sort of disjointed dialogue was kept up till they came to the gate which led up to the school, into which the children were trooping by twos and threes. Here the ladies turned in, and were going up the walk, towards the school door, when the Constable summoned up courage to speak on the matter which was troubling him, and, resting the bass viol carefully on his right foot, called out after them,

"Oh, please marm! Miss Winter!"

"Well," she said quietly, turning round, "what do you wish to say?"

"Wy, please marm, I hopes as you don't think I be any ways unked 'bout this here quire-singin as they calls it—I'm sartin you knows as there aint amost nothing I wouldn't do to please ee."

"Well, you know how to do it very easily," she said when he paused. "I don't ask you even to give up your music and try to work with us, though I think you might have done that. I only ask you to use some psalms and tunes which are fit to be used in a church."

"To be shure us ool. 'Taint we as wants no new-fangled tunes; them as we sings be aal owld ones as ha' been used in our church ever since I can mind. But you only choose thaay as you likes out o' the book, and we be ready to kep to thaay."

"I think Mr. Walker made a selection for you some weeks ago," said Miss Winter; "did not he?"

"Ees, but 'tis narra mossel o' use for we to try his 'goriums and sich like. I hopes you wunt be offended wi' me,

for I be telling nought but truth." He spoke louder as they got nearer to the school door, and, as they were opening it, shouted his last shot after them, "'Tis na good to try thaay tunes o' his'n, miss. When us praises God, us likes to praise un joyful."

"There, you hear that, Mary," said Miss Winter. "You'll soon begin to see why I look grave. There never was such a hard parish to manage. Nobody will do what they ought. I never can get them to do anything. Perhaps we may manage to teach the children better, that's my only comfort."

"But, Katie dear, what *do* the poor things sing? Psalms, I hope."

"Oh yes, but they choose all the odd ones on purpose, I believe. Which class will you take?"

And so the young ladies settled to their teaching, and the children in her class all fell in love with Mary before church time.

The bass viol proceeded to the church and did the usual rehearsals, and gossiped with the sexton, to whom he confided the fact that the young missus was terrible vexed. The bells soon began to ring, and Widow Winburn's heart was glad as she listened to the full peal, and thought to herself that it was her Harry who was making so much noise in the world, and speaking to all the neighbourhood. Then the peal ceased as church-time drew near, and the single bell began, and the congregation came flocking in from all sides. The farmers, letting their wives and children enter, gathered round the chief porch and compared notes in a ponderous manner on crops and markets. The labourers collected near the door by which the gallery was reached. All the men of the parish seemed to like standing about before church, though poor Walker, the curate, did not appear. He came up with the school children and the young ladies, and in due course the bell stopped and the service began. There was a very good congregation still at Englebourn; the adult generation had been bred up in times when every decent person in the parish

went to church, and the custom was still strong, notwithstanding the rector's bad example. He scarcely ever came to church himself in the mornings, though his wheel-chair might be seen going up and down on the gravel before his house or on the lawn on warm days; and this was one of his daughter's greatest troubles.

The little choir of children sang admirably, led by the schoolmistress, and Miss Winter and the curate exchanged approving glances. They performed the liveliest chant in their collection, that the opposition might have no cause to complain of their want of joyfulness. And in turn Miss Wheeler was in hopes that out of deference to her the usual rule of selection in the gallery might have been modified. It was with no small annoyance, therefore, that, after the Litany was over and the tuning finished, she heard the clerk give out that they would praise God by singing part of the ninety-first Psalm. Mary, who was on the tiptoe of expectation as to what was coming, saw the curate give a slight shrug with his shoulders and lift of his eyebrows as he left the reading-desk, and in another minute it became a painful effort for her to keep from laughing as she slyly watched her cousin's face; while the gallery sang with vigour worthy of any cause or occasion—

“ On the old lion He shall go,  
The adder fell and long;  
On the young lion tread also,  
With dragons stout and strong.”

The trebles took up the last line, and repeated—

“ With dragons stout and strong;”

and then the whole strength of the gallery chorused again,

“ With dra-gons stout and strong,”

and the bass viol seemed to her to prolong the notes and to gloat over them as he droned them out, looking triumphantly at the distant curate. Mary

was thankful to kneel down to compose her face. The first trial was the severe one, and she got through the second psalm much better; and by the time Mr. Walker had plunged fairly into his sermon she was a model of propriety and sedateness again. But it was to be a Sunday of adventures. The sermon had scarcely begun when there was a stir down by the door at the west end, and people began to look round and whisper. Presently a man came softly up and said something to the clerk; the clerk jumped up and whispered to the curate, who paused for a moment with a puzzled look, and, instead of finishing his sentence, said in a loud voice, “Farmer Grove's house is on fire!”

The curate probably anticipated the effect of his words; in a minute he was the only person left in the church except the clerk and one or two very infirm old folk. He shut up and pocketed his sermon, and followed his flock.

It proved luckily to be only farmer Grove's chimney and not his house which was on fire. The farmhouse was only two fields from the village, and the congregation rushed across there, Harry Winburn and two or three of the most active young men and boys leading. As they entered the yard the flames were rushing out of the chimney, and any moment the thatch might take fire. Here was the real danger. A ladder had just been reared against the chimney, and, while a frightened farm-girl and a carter-boy held it at the bottom, a man was going up it carrying a bucket of water. It shook with his weight, and the top was slipping gradually along the face of the chimney, and in another moment would rest against nothing. Harry and his companions saw the danger at a glance, and shouted to the man to stand still till they could get to the ladder. They rushed towards him with the rush which men can only make under strong excitement; but the foremost of them caught a spoke with one hand, and, before he could steady it, the top slipped clear of the chimney, and

ladder, man, and bucket came heavily to the ground.

Then came a scene of bewildering confusion, as women and children trooped into the yard—"Who was it?" "Was he dead?" "The fire was catching the thatch." "The stables were on fire." "Who done it?"—all sorts of cries, and all sorts of acts except the right ones. Fortunately, two or three of the men, with heads on their shoulders, soon organized a line for handing buckets; the flue was stopped below, and Harry Winburn, standing nearly at the top of the ladder, which was now safely planted, was deluging the thatch round the chimney from the buckets handed up to him. In a few minutes he was able to pour water down the chimney itself, and soon afterwards the whole affair was at an end. The farmer's dinner was spoilt, but otherwise no damage had been done, except to the clothes of the foremost men; and the only accident was that first fall from the ladder.

The man had been carried out of the yard while the fire was still burning; so that it was hardly known who it was. Now, in answer to their inquiries, it proved to be old Simon, the rector's gardener and head man, who had seen the fire, and sent the news to the church, while he himself went to the spot, with such result as we have seen.

The surgeon had not yet seen him. Some declared he was dead; others, that he was sitting up at home, and quite well. Little by little the crowd dispersed to Sunday's dinners; and, when they met again before the afternoon's service, it was ascertained that Simon was certainly not dead, but all else was still nothing more than rumour. Public opinion was much divided, some holding that it would go hard with a man of his age and heft; but the common belief seemed to be that he was of that sort "as'd take a deal o' killin," and that he would be none the worse for such a fall as that.

The two young ladies had been much shocked at the accident, and had accompanied the hurdle on which old Simon was carried to his cot-

tage door; after afternoon service they went round by the cottage to inquire. The two girls knocked at the door, which was opened by his wife, who dropped a curtsey and smoothed down her Sunday apron when she found who were her visitors.

She seemed at first a little unwilling to let them in; but Miss Winter pressed so kindly to see her husband, and Mary made such sympathising eyes at her, that the old woman gave in, and conducted her through the front room into that beyond, where the patient lay.

"I hope as you'll excuse it, miss, for I knows the place do smell terrible bad of baccor; only my old man he said as how—"

"Oh, never mind, we don't care at all about the smell. Poor Simon! I'm sure if it does him any good, or soothes the pain, I shall be glad to buy him some tobacco myself."

The old man was lying on the bed with his coat and boots off, and a worsted nightcap of his wife's knitting pulled on to his head. She had tried hard to get him to go to bed at once, and take some physic, and his present costume and position was the compromise. His back was turned to them as they entered, and he was evidently in pain, for he drew his breath heavily and with difficulty, and gave a sort of groan at every respiration. He did not seem to notice their entrance; so his wife touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Simon, here's the young ladies come to see how you be."

Simon turned himself round, and winced and groaned as he pulled off his nightcap in token of respect.

"We didn't like to go home without coming to see how you were, Simon. Has the doctor been?"

"Oh, yes, thank'ee, miss. He've a been and feel'd un all over, and listened at the chest on un," said his wife.

"And what did he say?"

"A zem'd to zay as there wur no bwones bruk—ugh, ugh," put in Simon, who spoke his native tongue with a buzz, imported from farther west, "but

a couldn't zay wether or no there warn't som infarnal injury—"

"Eternal, Simon, eternal!" interrupted his wife; "how canst use such words afore the young ladies?"

"I tell'ee, wife, as 'twur infarnal—ugh, ugh," retorted the gardener.

"Internal injury?" suggested Miss Winter. "I'm very sorry to hear it."

"Zummat inside o' me like, as wur got out o' place," explained Simon; "and I thinks a must be near about the mark, for I feels mortal bad here when I tries to move;" and he put his hand on his side. "Hows'm'ever, as there's no bwones bruk, I hopes to be about to-morrow mornin', please the Lord—ugh, ugh!"

"You mustn't think of it, Simon," said Miss Winter. "You must be quite quiet for a week, at least, till you get rid of this pain."

"So I tells un, Miss Winter," put in the wife. "You hear what the young missus says, Simon?"

"And wut's to happen Tiny?" said the contumacious Simon scornfully. "Her'll cast her calf, and me not by. Her's calving may be this minut. Tiny's time wur up, miss, two days back, and her's never no gurt while arter her time."

"She will do very well, I dare say," said Miss Winter. "One of the men can look after her."

The notion of any one else attending Tiny in her interesting situation seemed to excite Simon beyond bearing, for he raised himself on one elbow, and was about to make a demonstration with his other hand, when the pain seized him again, and he sank back groaning.

"There, you see, Simon, you can't move without pain. You must be quiet till you have seen the doctor again."

"There's the red spider out along the south wall, ugh, ugh," persisted Simon, without seeming to hear her; "and your new g'raniums a'most covered wi' blight. I wur a tacklin' one on 'em just afore you cum in."

Following the direction indicated by his nod, the girls became aware of a plant by his bed-side, which he had been fumigating, for his pipe was leaning against the flower-pot in which it stood.

"He wouldn't lie still nohow, miss," explained his wife, "till I went and fetched un in a pipe and one o' thaay plants from the greenhouse."

"It was very thoughtful of you, Simon," said Miss Winter; "you know how much I prize these new plants: but we will manage them; and you mustn't think of these things now. You have had a wonderful escape to-day for a man of your age. I hope we shall find that there is nothing much the matter with you after a few days, but you might have been killed, you know. You ought to be very thankful to God that you were not killed in that fall."

"So I be, miss, werry thankful to un—ugh, ugh;—and if it please the Lord to spare my life till to-morrow mornin',—ugh, ugh,—we'll smoke them cussed insects."

This last retort of the incorrigible Simon on her cousin's attempt, as the rector's daughter, to improve the occasion, was too much for Miss Mary, and she slipped out of the room lest she should bring disgrace on herself by an explosion of laughter. She was joined by her cousin in another minute, and the two walked together towards the rectory.

"I hope you were not faint, dear, with that close room, smelling of smoke?"

"Oh, dear no; to tell you the truth, I was only afraid of laughing at your quaint old patient. What a rugged old dear it is. I hope he isn't much hurt."

"I hope not, indeed; for he is the most honest, faithful old servant in the world, but so obstinate. He never will go to church on Sunday mornings; and, when I speak to him about it, he says papa doesn't go, which is very wrong and impertinent of him."

## THE PAPAL EXCOMMUNICATION: A DIALOGUE.

A. I HAVE been talking with our friend G—, the Roman Catholic convert, about the Excommunication. It is all in vain. He will not see that the nineteenth century is different from the thirteenth.

B. In what respects do *you* think them different?

A. Looking at facts, not at theories—not determining which is worst or which is best—I should say that invisible terrors had a power for the one which they have not for the other.

B. On what facts would you rest that opinion?

A. They are obvious enough, I should suppose. That G— should be unable to see them causes me little surprise. Facts were always coloured for him by the fancy which looked at them. Whatever might be his prevailing notions at the time determined—not his judgment of the events which he read of, or which were passing before him,—but their very form and nature.

B. I am afraid G— is not a very exceptional observer. The *siccum lumen* is a rare gift. Let us ask for it, but not be sure that we have attained it. What facts in the thirteenth century were you thinking of?

A. I know that, if I used any general phrase, such as “the mediæval period,” or “the dark ages,” you would take me to task; so I tried to be definite.

B. Let us be a little more definite still. You would not complain of me, would you, if I fixed on the first sixteen years of that century for a comparison with our own?

A. Certainly not. I should have fancied that I was unfair in selecting the palmiest days of the Papacy, the glorious era of Innocent III., for the support of my position.

B. I willingly accept it. And, to make the trial fair, let the scene be laid in Italy. What say you of the relations between Innocent and Venice as illustrated by the story of the fourth Crusade?

A. No doubt the great Republic, having fixed its eyes on its old Greek enemy, showed a strange indifference to the thunders of the Vatican, and preferred the spoils of Constantinople to those of Jerusalem. One must always make exceptions for commercial cupidity and ambition. There *is*, I confess, a link between the two ages. The same causes produce the same effects. England has inherited the Venetian scorn for the invisible.

B. The sea I should have thought was not exactly the school for learning that scorn. The mystery of invisible force, its victory and its terrors, is suggested to the sailor and the trader, almost as strikingly as to the landsman.

A. You are playing with the words “invisible force” and “invisible terrors.” What have the winds and waves, what have men’s triumphs over them, to do with Excommunication?

B. I might respond, What have cupidity and ambition to do with Excommunication? Those also are invisible forces. You may hold that they enable Nations to despise the vague and unreal. I think they cause Nations to tremble before the vague and unreal. On the other hand, whatever there is in the sailor or merchant which does not merely grasp at pelf and dominion; whatever shows him his subjection to eternal laws; whatever makes him conscious of human strength and weakness; whatever teaches him to recognise a fellowship which seas and difference of customs do not break; this lifts him above the mere show of invisible authority by giving him an apprehension of its reality.

A. The Merchant City, whatever may be the reason, was the one which could in that day defy the terrors of the Vatican, could compel the Latin Church to accept Constantinople as a boon from the very hands which she had pronounced accursed for touching it. What an opposite spectacle do King John and England present!

*B.* How, opposite? England in the thirteenth century trembled when graves were left unclosed, children unbaptized, couples unmarried. England in the nineteenth century could bear such spectacles no better. But if a majority of the Clergy yielded to the commands of him who issued the Interdict—if John with his weight of merited unpopularity shook with good reason before the decree which permitted any subject whose coffers he had robbed, or whose wife he had defiled, to strike him dead; was not Magna Charta won in defiance of the curse which was launched against those who touched the Pope's vassal? did not Stephen Langton teach the nobles to express their sacrilegious claims, and to word them so that serfs should afterwards be the better for them? Was there no mockery of Excommunication in the thirteenth century? Did the mockery only come from men enlightened by commerce? Did it not come from those who felt that they were called by God to assert their rights as members of a Nation? Did not the priests who had received their nomination from Innocent, bear their full part in it?

*A.* I do not know that G—— could be much better pleased with your reading of history than with mine. Goneril leaves poor Lear his fifty knights in the good old armour; Regan will not even allow him these.

*B.* I do not think the solemn lessons of the past must be expanded or contracted to suit the convenience of Protestant or Romanist commentators, to flatter the prejudices of the idolator of the Middle Ages or of the Victorian Age. We want these lessons for our warning and our encouragement. Woe to us if we twist them so that they shall be useless for either purpose! If I think you conceded too much to your ultramontane friend in admitting that an Excommunication was sure to be effectual six centuries ago, I think you were unjust to him in saying that it *must* be ineffectual now.

*A.* You do not mean that you think the present one will be effectual in Romagna, in Tuscany, in Piedmont?

*B.* I hope and trust not. But my trust and hope rest upon another ground than the notion that Italians or Englishmen of this day are made of different stuff from their forefathers. I want them both to believe that they are made of the same stuff. I can look for no good to one or the other if they lose that faith.

*A.* And you honestly hold that men living amidst the noise of spinning-jennies and the endless movement of printing-presses can be affected by invisible terrors as those were who lived when women were thrown into the water to see whether their floating would convict them of witchcraft?

*B.* I should have thought the printing-press had brought us much more within the scope and sense of invisible agencies than the ordeal ever could have brought our ancestors.

*A.* How?

*B.* The woman is visible; the water or hot iron is visible; the sentence of death is visible. From Printing House Square there issues a power which goes through the length and breadth of the land. No one can tell whence it proceeds or what it is. But it is felt in every limb of the English body politic; whether it is an energy for health or for destruction, it is surely invisible, indefinable, mysterious.

*A.* Again I must ask you, what has this to do with Excommunication?

*B.* Again I must answer you; it has everything to do with Excommunication. It is Excommunication which all people in all circles, little and great, dread. They fear the awful sentence which may go forth from their circle, or from the dictator of it, cutting them off from its privileges and its fellowship. The fear of public opinion, the fear of newspapers, is nothing else than the fear that from them should issue the decree of Excommunication. Your nineteenth century is not rid of this fear in the very least degree. No one of your English classes is free from it. Read any United States newspaper, and see whether you will escape from it by flying into that more ad-

vanced state of civilization. De Tocqueville explained nearly thirty years ago that that was the very region in which social Excommunication was most tremendous.

A. But the Papal Excommunication is different in kind from this Social Excommunication. One belongs to the present only; the other to the unknown future.

B. I do not admit a difference in kind. The Social Excommunication is altogether uncertain, indefinite. Those who utter it do not know exactly how much they intend by it. They admit degrees of exclusion, in some cases a possibility of restoration; in some utter, irremediable banishment. How much is involved in that depends upon the nature and permanence of the society itself.

A. And, therefore, the Papacy, assuming the Church to be a permanent society existing in both worlds—binding all ages, past, present, and future together—of necessity regards utter exclusion from its society as the loss of every blessing that men or nations can inherit. Such an exclusion past ages thought it possible for a man to pronounce; what I maintained in my conversation with G—— was that our age does not hold it to be possible. Do you demur to that proposition?

B. I remember reading a pamphlet by a more eminent convert than your friend G——, written whilst he was a clergyman in the English Church. In it he told those who were attacking him for his opinions, that he despised their threats. But he added—

*“Di me terrent et Jupiter hostis.”*

His minor gods were the twenty-four bishops of the English Church; Jupiter was the Archbishop of Canterbury. He learnt to think that the cardinals more properly represented the former; that there was a thunderer in the Vatican more terrible than the thunderer of Lambeth. In his heart of hearts he confessed another power higher than any of these; he feared them because he identified them with that power.

Whenever Nations in the old time confessed the might of the Papal Excommunication, it was because they identified the power which went forth in it with that higher Power; whenever they resisted the Papal Excommunication it was because they could not identify one with the other. The *Jupiter* in the Vatican might be their enemy. But He who sat above the water-flood was not their enemy: would only show Himself their enemy, would only exclude them from his fellowship and from the fellowship of the good and true in all ages, if they shrunk from the duty which He called them to do; would uphold them against all visible and invisible foes if they stood forth like brave, earnest, faithful men, and utterly defied and set at naught those who bade them be cowardly and untrue. My hope and belief is that Tuscany, Parma, Romagna, Piedmont, have learnt and are learning more and more deeply this lesson. It is not that they disbelieve in the invisible Power which their fathers believed. They *have* been disbelieving in invisible Power; they *have* been worshipping visible Power. *Now* they are awakening to a sense of the invisible; *now* they are conscious that the invisible is fighting for them against the visible; *now* they are sure that the Jupiter whom they may trust as a friend, whom they must fear as an enemy, is a God of Righteousness; the Deliverer of man and nations out of the house of bondage; always the enemy of the oppressor. To grasp this faith is to feel themselves a nation. To grasp this faith is to become one with the Italians of other times. They dare not tremble at the Excommunication of a visible ruler, because they do tremble at the Excommunication which may proceed from another Judge, and which may cut them off from fellowship with those that groaned and bled for righteousness and freedom in their own and every land.

A. You believe that Italy, after all, has learnt something from intercourse with us Protestants and Englishmen.

B. From us? From the fine ladies and gentlemen who mock at their worship,



or indulge in *dilettante* admiration of it at Rome? From our diplomatists at Florence? From those who have bribed and corrupted them? No; they have had a better teacher. In Austrian, or Papal, or Neapolitan prisons He has been educating them. There He has been nerving them not to fear Papal Excommunication, but to be in great terror of His. Rather let *us* learn of those whom we might have helped, and have failed to

help. Let them instruct us that there is an invisible Power which is more to be dreaded than the invisible power of the Press or of the Stock Exchange! Let them remind us what an Excommunication that is which says to Nations, "They have cut themselves off from truth and righteousness! They have sold themselves to Mammon! Let them alone!"

### THE FUSILIERS' DOG.

(LATELY RUN OVER, AFTER HAVING GONE THROUGH THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN.)

BY SIR F. H. DOYLE, BART.

Go lift him gently from the wheels,  
And soothe his dying pain,  
For love and care e'en yet he feels,  
Though love and care be vain;  
'Tis sad that, after all these years,  
Our comrade and our friend,  
The brave dog of the Fusiliers,  
Should meet with such an end.

Up Alma's hill, among the vines,  
We laughed to see him trot,  
Then frisk along the silent lines,  
To chase the rolling shot:  
And, when the work waxed hard by day,  
And hard and cold by night;  
When that November morning lay  
Upon us, like a blight,

And eyes were strained, and ears were bent,  
Against the muttering north,  
Till the grey mist took shape, and sent  
Grey scores of Russians forth—  
Beneath that slaughter wild and grim,  
Nor man nor dog would run;  
He stood by us, and we by him,  
Till the great fight was done.

And right throughout the snow and frost  
He faced both shot and shell;  
Though unrelieved, he kept his post,  
And did his duty well.

By death on death the time was stained,  
By want, disease, despair;  
Like autumn leaves our army waned,  
But still the dog was there:

He cheered us through those hours of gloom;  
We fed him in our dearth;  
Through him the trench's living tomb  
Rang loud with reckless mirth;  
And thus, when peace returned once more,  
After the city's fall,  
That veteran home in pride we bore,  
And loved him, one and all.

With ranks re-filled, our hearts were sick,  
And to old memories clung;  
The grim ravines we left glared thick  
With death-stones of the young.  
Hands which had patted him lay chill,  
Voices which called were dumb,  
And footsteps that he watched for still  
Never again could come.

Never again; this world of woe  
Still hurries on so fast;  
They come not back, 'tis he must go  
To join them in the past:  
There, with brave names and deeds entwined,  
Which Time may not forget,  
Young Fusiliers unborn shall find  
The legend of our pet.

Whilst o'er fresh years, and other life  
 Yet in God's mystic urn,  
 The picture of the mighty strife  
 Arises sad and stern—  
 Blood all in front, behind far shrines  
 With women weeping low,  
 For whom each lost one's fame but shines,  
 As shines the moon on snow—

Marked by the medal, his of right,  
 And by his kind keen face,  
 Under that visionary light  
 Poor Bob shall keep his place ;  
 And never may our honoured Queen  
 For love and service pay,  
 Less brave, less patient, or more mean  
 Than his we mourn to-day !

## THE QUESTION OF THE AGE—IS IT PEACE?

BY T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

HAS Europe, at the point of civilization which it has reached, passed beyond the military stage of social progress, so that a disappearance of war is already before us in political prospect? This question raises, as will be seen, some collateral inquiries of practical and immediate moment; but, apart from the temporary interest and light which they may afford, the investigation is, at bottom, one of a philosophical character.

There is a matter of fact to be decided at the beginning. For an obvious, if not altogether conclusive, indication of the exorcism of the ancient combative spirit, and of the pacific structure and temper of modern civilization, would be a comparative infrequency in our own times of international quarrels and intestine conflicts and disquietude. A great predominance of peaceful interests and tendencies might naturally be expected to bear fruit and witness both in the foreign relations and in the internal condition of the states of Europe. And it is in fact asserted that there has been, beyond all controversy, a steady decline in the frequency of war in each successive century of modern history; a signal example of which is, as it is alleged, afforded by the repose of Europe, and of this country in particular,<sup>1</sup> during the

interval between 1815 and the commencement of the Russian war in 1853. With a view to enable the reader to judge for himself of the accuracy of this statement, and to collect such indications of the future as are possible from the observation of proximate antecedents, the following table has been prepared, exhibiting the wars and quarrels in which Great Britain has been involved from 1815 to the present time, as well as the wars and principal insurrections and revolutions which have disturbed the peace of the Continent within the same period.

<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Great Britain.</i>	<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Continental States of Europe.</i>
	1816.
War with Algiers.	War between Spain and her revolted American colonies.
Commencement of the Pindaree War.	Army of occupation in France.
British troops continue to occupy France.	Revolutionary movements in several Continental States.
Ships equipped to assist the revolted colonies of Spain.	
	1817.
War in India.	War between Spain and her American colonies.
British troops continue to occupy France.	Invasion of Montevideo by Portugal.
Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain.	Insurrections in Spain.

<sup>1</sup> "That this barbarous pursuit is in the progress of society steadily declining, must be evident even to the most superficial reader of European history. If we compare one century with another we shall find that wars have been becoming less frequent; and now so clearly is the movement marked, that until the late commencement of hostilities (with Russia) we had remained at peace for nearly forty years; a circumstance unparal-

leled not only in the history of our own country, but also in the history of every other country which has been important enough to play a leading part in the history of the world. In the middle ages there was never a week without war. At the present moment war is deemed a rare and singular occurrence."—*Buckle's History of Civilization*, vol. i. p. 173.

<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Great Britain.</i>	<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Continental States of Europe.</i>	<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Great Britain.</i>	<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Continental States of Europe.</i>
	1817. Revolutionary movements in Germany and Sweden. Army of occupation in France.		1824. Burmese War. Ashantee War. Lord Byron's expedition against Lepanto. Recognition of the independence of the revolted colonies of Spain.
War in India. British troops continue in France. Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain; Lord Cochrane takes command of the navy of the patriots.	1818. War between Spain and her American colonies. War in Turkey with the Wahabies. Disturbances at Constantinople. Quarrel between Bavaria and Baden.	Burmese War. Ashantee War. Siege of Bhurtpore.	War between Turkey and Greece. War between Spain and the South American Republics. War between the Dutch and Celebes and Sumatra.
War in India at the commencement of the year. Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain.	1819. War between Spain and her American colonies. Serious disturbances in Spain. Insurrections in Turkey.	Burmese War. Ashantee War. Siege of Bhurtpore.	1825. War between Turkey and Greece. Dutch War with Java. Insurrections in Spain.
Lord Cochrane and a body of British seamen capture Valdivia, and make an expedition against Lima.	1820. War between Spain and her American colonies. War between the Dutch and Sumatra. Revolutions in Spain and Portugal. Insurrections in Piedmont and Naples. Revolt of Moldavia and Wallachia.	Burmese War. Ashantee War. War in India. Expedition of British fleet and troops to Portugal.	1826. War between Turkey and Greece. War between Russia and Persia. Spain prepares for war with Portugal; insurrections in both countries.
Conflicts in India. Policy of Great Britain adverse to the Holy Alliance. Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain.	1821. War between Spain and her American colonies. War between Turkey and Persia; also between Turkey and Greece. Revolutionary movements in Spain and Italy. Austrian military operations in Italy.	Rupture with Turkey. Operations of British army in Portugal. Dispute with Runjeet Singh.	1827. War between Russia and Turkey. War between Turkey and Greece (assisted by the Great Powers). Civil War in Spain.
Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain. Quarrel with China.	1822. Turkey at war with Persia and Greece. Spain at war with her colonies. French army marches to the Pyrenees.	War with Turkey. British army in Portugal.	1828. War between Russia and Turkey. Expedition of French troops to Greece. Civil War in Spain and Portugal. War between Naples and Tripoli.
Burmese War. Imminent danger of war with France. Lord Byron's expedition to Greece.	1823. War between Spain and her colonies. War between Turkey and Greece. Invasion of Spain by a French army. Russia makes war in Circassia.	Dispute with China.	1829. War between Russia and Turkey. Russian invasion of Circassia. Civil War in Portugal.
		Dispute with China.	1830. War between Holland and Belgium. War in Poland. Russian War in the Caucasus. French War in Algeria. Revolution in France. Civil War in Spain and Portugal. Insurrection in Albania. Convulsions in Germany, Italy, and Switzerland.



<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Great Britain.</i>	<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Continental States of Europe.</i>	<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Great Britain.</i>	<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Continental States of Europe.</i>
	1844.		1849.
Insurrections in India.	War between France and Morocco.	War in India.	French occupy Civita Vecchia, and besiege and storm Rome.
Quarrel with the Sikhs.	Insurrection in Spain.	Disturbances in Can- nada.	War in Hungary.
Arrest by the French of the English Consul at Tahite.	Russian War in the Caucasus.	Admiral Parker enters Besika Bay.	War in the Duchies of Sleswig and Holstein.
	French Wars in Algeria, and Senegal.		Russian War in the Caucasus.
	1845.		French War in Algeria.
Sikh War.	Insurrections in Italy.		1850.
Attack on the pirates of Borneo.	French War in Algeria.	Blockade of the Piræus by the British fleet.	War in the Danish Duchies.
Labuan occupied by the British.	Russian War in the Caucasus.	Caffre War.	Insurrection in Germany and Italy.
Dispute with the United States.		War in India.	Prussia on the brink of war with Austria concerning Hesse Cassel.
	1846.	Destruction of Chinese junks.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
Sikh War.	Civil War in Portugal.	Dispute with France ; French Ambassador recalled.	French War in Algeria.
Engagement with New Zealanders.	Annexation of and insurrection in Cracow.	Angry despatch addressed to Great Britain by Russia.	French troops occupy Rome.
Expedition to the Tagus.	Agitation in Hungary.		1851.
Dissensions with France in consequence of the Spanish marriages and the affairs of Greece.	French War in Algeria.		Insurrection in Portugal.
Revolt of Boers at the Cape.	Russian War in the Caucasus.	Caffre War.	<i>Coup d'état</i> of Louis Napoleon.
	Revolt of Sleswig and Holstein (encouraged by Prussia) from Denmark.	Insurrection of Hot- tentots.	French War in Algeria.
	Revolution in Switzerland.	Expedition to Ran- goon.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	Quarrel between Greece and Turkey.		French troops occupy Rome.
	1847.		1852.
War with Caffres and Boers.	Civil War in Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland.	Second Burmese War.	French War in Algeria.
War with China.	Disturbances in Italy ; Austria occupies Ferrara.	Caffre War.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
Insurrections in India.	Insurrection in Poland.		French troops in Rome.
	French War in Algeria, and with Cochin China.		1853.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.	Preparations for War with Russia.	War between Russia and Turkey.
	1848.	Insult to British subjects at Madrid.	French War in Algeria.
War in India.	War between Denmark and the Duchies (aided by Prussia).		French troops in Rome.
Caffre War.	War between Austria and Sardinia.		1854.
English Ambassador commanded to leave Madrid.	War in Hungary.	War with Russia.	Russia at War with Turkey, France, and Great Britain.
	War in the Duchy of Posen.		Austrian army enters the Principalities.
	Revolutions in France, Austria, Prussia, Italy, and several German States.		Insurrections in Italy and Spain.
	Insurrections in Spain and Italy.		Rupture between Turkey and Greece.
	Russian War in the Caucasus.		French War in Algeria.
	French War in Algeria.		French troops in Rome.

<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Great Britain.</i>	<i>Wars, &amp;c. of Continental States of Europe.</i>
	1855.
War with Russia.	Russia at War with Turkey, France, Sardinia, and Great Britain.
Insurrection of Santals in Bengal.	French War in Algeria.
Disturbances at the Cape.	French troops in Rome.
	1856.
Peace with Russia in March, against the wishes of the British nation.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
War with Persia.	Insurrections in Spain.
War with China.	Insurrectionary movements in Italy.
Rupture with Naples.	Rupture between Prussia and Neufchâtel.
Oude annexed.	French troops in Rome.
	1857.
War with China.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
Indian Mutiny.	French troop in Rome.
War, in the early part of the year, with Persia.	
Insurrection at Sarāwak.	
	1858.
Serious differences with France.	Dispute between France and Portugal.
War with the Sepoys.	French fleet despatched to Lisbon.
War with China.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
Bombardment of Jeddah.	French troops in Rome.
	1859.
Preparations by sea and land against invasion; organization of Volunteer Rifle Corps.	France and Sardinia at war with Austria.
Rebel army in Nepaul.	Revolts in Central Italy.
Hostilities with the Chinese.	France and Spain at war with Cochin China.
Island of San Juan occupied by American troops.	Russian War in the Caucasus.
	War between Spain and Morocco.
	French bombard Tetuan.
	French troops in Rome,
	1860.
Expedition to China.	War between Spain and Morocco.
Distrust of the designs of France.	French expedition to China.
Defensive preparations continue.	French troops in Lombardy and Rome.
	Annexation of Savoy and Nice by France.
	Carlist rising in Spain.
	Insurrection in Sicily.

Comparing these statistics with antecedent periods of history, it does not appear that there is evidence of a gradual cessation of warfare and other serious violations of the peace of nations. The table does not exhibit one year from 1815 to the present date in which our own country has not been either engaged in actual hostilities in some part of the world, or in some quarrel or proceeding likely to end in war. Much less does it show a single year in which all Europe was at peace. Nor is the significance of recent wars to be estimated by reference solely to the amount of blood and treasure they have cost; for the struggles of Russia with Turkey, the campaigns of the French in Algeria, Senegal and Lombardy, the conflicts of Great Britain in India and with China, and the aggressions of Spain upon Morocco, are of moment rather as prophetic than as historical facts. Besides, it should be remembered that the period from 1815 to 1854, which has been so erroneously referred to as giving proof of the peacefulness of the modern spirit, began at the termination of the greatest war in the history of mankind; one which by its very severity necessitated a long forbearance from hostilities on a great scale, adding as it did, for example, more than £600,000,000 to the debt of Great Britain, and exhausting France of all her soldiers.

Contrasting one age with another, Great Britain seems never to have been so free from war in this century as in Sir Robert Walpole's time. From the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 until 1739, the peace was only broken by occasional hostilities with Spain of no considerable importance, and Walpole's administration is commonly regarded as crowned by almost unbroken peace. But the nineteenth bears in this respect a still less favourable comparison with the seventeenth century. From the accession of James I. until the civil wars, England may be said to have enjoyed continued peace, for such operations as the expedition to Rochelle scarcely deserve a place in the history of war. Going farther back to the hundred years between the battle of Bosworth and the commencement of the

struggle with Spain in Elizabeth's time, considering too the bloodless and theatrical character of Henry the Eighth's campaigns, and the unimportance of the military annals of the two next reigns, we hardly exaggerate in saying that England was free from war from the union of the Roses until the equipment of the Spanish Armada. Confining ourselves to English history, it would thus appear that the portion of the nineteenth century already elapsed has been less peaceful than the corresponding period of each of the two preceding ones. And, indeed, it may be doubted whether any prior hundred and twenty years since the Conquest produced so many battles as were fought between 1740 and 1860.

A writer, already referred to, remarks that, "in the middle ages, there was never a week without war." But if we are to reckon all the feuds of the barons and squires in comparing the frequency of mediæval with modern hostilities, we must weight the scale of the latter with all the bloody revolutions, rebellions, and insurrections of modern times, and with greater justice in consequence of the tendency of these elements of disorder, peculiar to our era, to produce international strife or war in a wider sphere.

It is not an impertinent fact that from 1273 until 1339 England remained throughout at peace with the Continent, if at least the years 1293 and 1297 be excepted; in the former of which there was a collision between the French and English fleets, although their respective countries were not otherwise at war; and in the latter, Edward I. conducted an expedition to Flanders, which ended without a battle. It is true that in this period there were intermittent hostilities with Wales and Scotland. In a military sense the Welsh wars of England hardly deserve more notice than those of the Heptarchy. But there is a point of view from which the conflicts with Wales and Scotland, and those of the Heptarchy, alike possess political importance, and have a bearing upon the question now under consideration, be-

cause of their analogy to a process which is still going on in Europe, and still giving rise to problems of which no peaceful solution has yet been found possible for the most part,—knots, as it were, which must be cut with the sword.

The efforts of the English sovereigns in the middle ages for the annexation of Wales, and the reduction of Scotland to the position of a dependency, were the necessary antecedents of a political unity of Great Britain, corresponding with its natural or geographical unity, and conducive both to the internal peace of the island, and to its security from foreign aggression. It was absolutely indispensable for the civilization of England that the Heptarchy should be consolidated, and it was equally so that Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, should become integral parts of a united kingdom. It is obvious that the causes and chances of war would be infinitely multiplied were these three countries still separate and independent States, and that their union with their more powerful neighbour was requisite for the tranquillity and improvement of all, while it was preceded by struggles which, so far from being peculiar to barbarian or the middle ages, find almost exact parallels in the latest annals of human progress. Nor is it unworthy of remark that Edward I., the ablest prince since the Conquest, applied himself with equal zeal and ambition to the reduction of Wales and Scotland, and to the establishment of law and order throughout England. In like manner the complex movement which in one word, fruitful of mistakes, we call civilization, while bearing over the globe the seeds of future peace, has entailed all the maritime, colonial, and commercial wars of modern Europe. The art of navigation discovered upon the ocean a new element for the practice of hostilities. It was certainly not in a barbarous age, or by barbarous weapons, that the Colonial Empire of Great Britain was established. And what but the commercial spirit of the nineteenth century has carried the cannon of Great Britain into China? Surely it was not

the genius of barbarism that urged the American colonists to win their independence with the sword, nor can that well be called an uncivilized impulse which has flushed so high the encroaching pride of the United States at the present hour.

We are thus driven to admit that we cannot with truth assert that a diminution of war is a characteristic of our epoch; nor that, if some ancient causes of quarrel have disappeared before the progress of civilization, it has imported no new germs of discord into the bosom of nations. Our survey of the past is far from warranting the prediction that all the ends which are for the ultimate benefit of mankind will be henceforward accomplished without bloodshed. Nor does it seem to entitle the warmest advocate of peace to stigmatize a martial spirit as barbarous in every form, and for whatever purpose it is animated. On the other hand, we may glean some reason for the general reflection, that it is often by war itself that future wars are made impossible or improbable, while peace is not unfrequently but the gathering time for hostile elements.<sup>1</sup> And the particular observation in reference to our own island lies upon the surface, that, since it has been by the improvements of civilization brought into closer contact with the Continent, the chances of collision with Continental States are multiplied, and military institutions and ideas seem to have arisen among us *pari passu* with increased proximity to our military neighbours. Again, the extension of our empire far beyond the confines of Europe, has given us enemies and wars in lands of which our mediæval ancestors never heard, and which uncivilized men would have never reached.

These inferences are, however, drawn

<sup>1</sup> "Ah, we are far from Waterloo! We are not now exhausted and ruined by twenty years of heroic war. We have taken advantage of the twenty years of peace which Providence has given us, to recruit our forces, and stimulate our patriotism. We have an army of 600,000 men; we can also fight at sea. We have built gigantic ships, cased with iron; we have gun-boats; in short, we have a powerful navy, which formerly we had not."—"La Coalition."—*Paris, April 16, 1860.*

confessedly from partial premises, since we have up to this point regarded only one of the many sides which the modern world presents to the eye of the statesman and political philosopher, and especially omitted one of the most conspicuous and important phases of European civilization. Industry and commerce have revolutionised occidental society, and established an economical alliance, as it were, between its members. One of the firmest bases of the feeling of nationality or fellow-citizenship may be traced at bottom, says an eminent traveller, to the "need and aid of each other in their daily life,"<sup>1</sup> felt by inhabitants of the same country. Each district, each house, each man has a demand for what another district, house, or man supplies; people are in habitual intercourse or contact of an amicable, or at least pacific character, and reciprocal obligations and conveniences make up the sum and business of existence. But this mutual interdependence now exists, as it is urged, between nation and nation, and all Christendom feels itself to be literally one commonwealth. And, besides the powerful interests altogether opposed to war, which have arisen in every state, men's minds are habitually swayed by commonplace and unromantic ideas; and the presiding idea of modern communities, we are told, is the altogether unwarlike one of the acquisition of wealth.

Even France is said to afford a conspicuous example of this; and there are several reasons why that country may, with particular propriety, be referred to in connexion with our present topic of inquiry. At this moment the peace of Europe depends mainly upon French policy. France, moreover, boasts, and with reason, of being, as regards the continent of Europe, a representative and missionary country in institutions and ideas. What is of importance here, moreover—in France and over most of the Continent there are wanting some peculiar physical and historical conditions which contribute to make pacific

<sup>1</sup> Notes on the Social and Political State of Denmark, by Mr. S. Laing.



interests and sentiments unquestionably predominant in Great Britain, the absence of which peculiarities would render any estimate of the prospects of Europe, that might be founded upon a mere extension of the elements of our own social condition, altogether fallacious. On the other hand there are facts, which have grown up with the present generation, "depriving former times of analogy with our own," and obliging us to dispute the logic which infers the character of future international relations from their past type.

Eight years before his arguments were sanctioned by a Treaty of Commerce, Mr. Cobden drew public attention to new features of the industrial economy of the world, surely calculated, in his opinion, to render a military policy uncongenial to the great mass of the French people, and a rupture with Great Britain particularly improbable. Those arguments are of course now entitled to additional weight, but they could hardly be more forcibly expressed by Mr. Cobden himself at the present moment than they were in a remarkable pamphlet which he published the year before the Russian War, from which we reproduce the following passage:—

"I come to the really solid guarantee which France has given for a desire to preserve peace with England. As a manufacturing country France stands second only to England in the amount of her productions and the value of her exports; but the most important fact in its bearings on the question before us is that she is more dependent than England upon the importation of the raw materials of her industry; and it is obvious how much this must place her at the mercy of a Power having the command over her at sea. This dependence upon foreigners extends even to those right arms of peace, as well as of war, coal and iron. The coal imported into France in 1792, the year before the war, amounted to 80,000 tons only. In 1851, her importation of coal and coke reached the prodigious quantity of 2,841,900 tons.

"In the article of iron we have another illustration to the same effect. In 1792 pig iron does not figure in the French tariff. In 1851 the importation of pig iron amounted to 33,700 tons. The point to which I wish to draw attention is that so large a quantity of this prime necessary of life of every industry is imported from abroad; and in proportion as the quantity for which she is thus dependent upon foreigners has increased since 1792, in the same ratio has France given a security to keep the peace.

"Whilst governments are preparing for war, all the tendencies of the age are in the opposite direction; but that which most loudly and constantly thunders in the ears of emperors, kings, and parliaments, the stern command, 'You shall not break the peace,' is the multitude which in every country subsists upon the produce of labour applied to materials brought from abroad. It is the gigantic growth which this manufacturing system has attained that deprives former times of any analogy with our own, and is fast depriving of all reality those pedantic displays of diplomacy, and those traditional demonstrations of armed force, upon which peace or war formerly depended."<sup>1</sup>

We have quoted Mr. Cobden's principal argument, that a war with a state possessing, as Great Britain does, a superior navy, would ruin the staple manufactures of France; but he has also contended that a great military expenditure would entail burdens intolerable to the French people. If it be replied to this latter argument that Government loans produce no immediate or sensible pressure, and are rather popular measures, good authority is not wanting for the rejoinder that this State mine has been so freely worked by French financiers that it must be pretty nearly exhausted—the public debt of France having grown from £134,184,176, in 1818, to £301,662,148.

<sup>1</sup> "1793 and 1853." By Richard Cobden, M.P. Ridgway.

in 1858.<sup>2</sup> To this it is added, that, while the Government has become yearly more embarrassed, the nation has become richer, more comfortable, and less ready for military life and pay; and that the very investments which have been so largely made by all classes in the French funds have arrayed interests proportionately strong against any course of public action calculated to depreciate greatly the value of their securities. In short, we are told that the French Emperor is too poor, and that the French people are too rich, for war.

These are considerations which deserve much attention; but they are, it seems to us, insufficient to prove that France has passed out of the military into the industrial stage of national development, or that its economical condition is such as to render war very distasteful to the French nation, *as a nation*; especially as one which endures in time of peace, with the utmost cheerfulness, one of the heaviest inflictions of a great and protracted war. For if we reflect upon the amount of wealth and industrial power withdrawn from production to sustain an army of 600,000 soldiers, besides an enormous fleet, we cannot but admit that this wonderful people bears, not only with constancy, but with pride, one of the chief economical evils of hostilities on a gigantic scale, and that this conspicuous feature of French society suffices to characterise it as warlike and wasteful, rather than as prudent and pacific. The immense increase of the national debt of France in the last forty years, if it shows that the fund of loanable capital has been largely treasured on, shows also the facility with which this financial engine has been worked hitherto; while the admitted augmentation of the general wealth of the people appears to contain an implicit answer to any conjecture that their capacity to lend has been nearly exhausted. Nor is it immaterial to observe, that the debt of France has been contracted mainly for military purposes,<sup>2</sup> that it has been considerably added to by the Emperor

for actual war, and that his popularity appears to be now much greater than at his accession, in a large measure in consequence of the manner in which he has employed the loans he has raised. We have, indeed, only to recollect the amount of debt incurred by our own Government in the last war with France, and the opinion entertained by the highest authorities of its overwhelming magnitude when it was but a seventh of the sum it afterwards reached, to see the fallacy of prophecies of peace based upon the supposition of the impossibility of a country in the condition of France plunging into a great contest, and emerging from it without ruin. Moscow and Waterloo have been followed by Sebastopol and Solferino; and of disasters befalling his country from a foreign enemy the Frenchman is, we fear, inclined to repeat:—

“Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit:

“Luctere, multa prouet integrum,

“Cum laude victorem, geretque

“Prælia conjugibus loquenda.”

Neither can we put unreserved confidence in the pledges of peace afforded by the trade and manufactures of France, on the value of which the following figures throw a light which has probably escaped Mr. Cobden's notice:—

EXPORTS FROM FRANCE.<sup>1</sup>  
(Expressed in millions sterling and tenths.)

	Mill. sterl.
To England . . . . .	11 2
„ United States . . . . .	7 3
„ Belgium . . . . .	5 0
„ Sardinia . . . . .	2 7
„ Switzerland . . . . .	2 0
„ Zollverein . . . . .	1 9
„ Turkey . . . . .	1 0
„ Russia . . . . .	—
„ 46 other countries and places	12 5

IMPORTS INTO FRANCE.  
(Expressed in millions sterling and tenths.)

	Mill. sterl.
From England . . . . .	5 3
„ United States . . . . .	7 7
„ Belgium . . . . .	5 3
„ Sardinia . . . . .	4 1
„ Switzerland . . . . .	1 4
„ Zollverein . . . . .	2 3
„ Turkey . . . . .	1 7
„ Russia . . . . .	1 8
„ 46 other countries and places	13 5

<sup>1</sup> Economist, November 26, 1859.

<sup>2</sup> Tooke's History of Prices, vi. pp. 7 and 13.

<sup>1</sup> Tooke's History of Prices, vi. 652-3.

It will be seen from this table that the French exports to England are larger than to any other country, and the imports from England second only to those from America. When this state of facts is taken in connexion with the common sentiments of the French towards the English, on the one hand, and towards those nations, on the other, with which their trade is comparatively insignificant—as, for example, the Russians, Spaniards, and Italians—we are led to suspect some great fallacy in a theory which presumes that national friendships and animosities, and international relations and differences, are adjusted mainly by reference to a sliding scale of exports and imports; and we are warned to seek for some other indications and guarantees of a lasting alliance.

Again, we may observe, that the European trade of France with Belgium ranks next in importance to that with England. Now, when it is suggested that France depends upon importation for those prime necessities of both war and peace, iron and coal, and that this fact, above all others, affords security against French aggression, the reminiscence can hardly fail to excite some inauspicious recollections. Belgium is almost traversed from west to east by beds of coal, from which, in 1850, nearly six million tons were extracted; and in the same year the Belgian mines yielded 472,883 tons of iron. Give Belgium then to France, or rather let France take Belgium, and she does not want English coal and iron in time of war for her steam navy and ordnance. Is it towards commercial or warlike enterprise—towards the annexation of the adjoining land of coal and iron, or peace with all her neighbours—that the mind of the French is likely to be tempted by this consideration? Which policy would best consort with some of their longest treasured aspirations, and some of their latest anticipations? Last year a pamphlet, entitled “*L’Avenir de l’Europe*,” passed through several editions in Paris. The future sketched for his country by the writer may be conjectured from the following

passage:—“*De même que nous déclarons la Hollande puissance germanique, de même aussi n’hésitons-nous pas à regarder la Belgique comme française. Elle vit par nous, et sans la pusillanimité du dernier roi des Français, l’assimilation serait complète depuis 1830.*” Perhaps this allusion to the year 1830 may derive illustration from the inspirations of a more celebrated politician. Among the works of Napoleon III. there is a fragment, entitled “*Peace or War*,” which expresses a very decided opinion upon the policy which became the Sovereign of France in 1830, and by implication upon the policy which becomes its Sovereign in 1860, or “*whenever moral force is in its favour.*” It is in these terms:—“*All upright men, all firm and just minds agree, that after 1830 only two courses were open to France,—a proud and lofty one, the result of which might be war; or a humble one, but which would reward humility by granting to France all the advantages which peace engenders and brings forth. Our opinion has always been, that in spite of all its dangers, a grand and bold policy was the only one which became our country: and in 1830, when moral force was in our favour, France might easily have regained the rank which is hers by right.*”

It is not out of place, perhaps, to remark here that the hope of a meek and quiet, but remunerative, policy on the part of France—rather than one grand and bold but perilous—which Mr. Cobden had some reason to form in 1853 from the nature and extent of the maritime commerce of France, has since lost its foundation by a change in the maritime laws of war brought about by Napoleon III. To have crippled by hostilities with a superior naval power the sale of manufactures to the value of 50,000,000*l.* and interrupted the importation of more than 40,000,000*l.* worth of the materials of French industry, might well have seemed a risk too prodigious even for a sovereign with magnificent ideas to encounter. But—not to speak of the efforts made by that

Sovereign to place France without a superior on the seas—there is, since the Russian War and the Treaty of Paris, nothing which France imports from foreign shores which she could not continue to receive during a war with England in neutral vessels. Even a blockade of the whole French coast would only send the cargoes round by the Scheldt and the Gulf of Genoa; and to whatever extent it were really successful in obstructing neutral trade, it would tend, on peace principles themselves, to make America, Sardinia, Spain, Russia, and Turkey the enemies of the blockading power, in the ratio of the intercept of imports.

It is by no means intended by these observations to attenuate the truism that the material interests of France would counsel a pacific policy on the part of its Government, but only to show that they do not present an insuperable obstacle to a warlike one, even against ourselves, and therefore do not relieve us of the barbarous onus of defensive preparations, or afford us much security that no temptation to achieve distinction by the sword could be strong enough to divert our powerful neighbours from the loom and the spade.

In truth, it is no original discovery of our era that the commercial demands of France and England make them natural allies. It was seen with perfect clearness by that statesman who led them into a conflict during which, on each side of the Channel, infants grew to manhood, seldom hearing of an overture for peace, and personally unacquainted with any human world but one of perpetual war.

When laying before Parliament the Treaty of Commerce of 1786, Mr. Pitt expressed a confident hope that the time was now come when those two countries which had hitherto acted as if intended for the destruction of each other would “justify the order of the universe, and show that they were better calculated for friendly intercourse and mutual benevolence.”

That generous confidence was so soon and signally frustrated, not because of

the blindness of both nations to the advantages of trade, but because men are sometimes disposed to exchange blows rather than benefits, and because they have passions, affections, and aspirations both higher and lower than the love of gold or goods. Still, in 1860, the fiery element of war burns ardently in France, because the desire of wealth is not the one ruling thought which moulds the currents of the national will. There, at least, the economical impulse is not paramount over every other, and the social world does not take all its laws from the industrial; of which in politics we find an example in the insignificance of the *bourgeoisie*, and, in common life, in the preference of the public taste for the ornamental rather than the useful.

There are thinkers who not only speculate upon the future of our own country from a purely English point of view, and take into account in their predictions of its destinies no forces save those visibly in action in ordinary times inside our island shores, but who measure the prospects of the whole human race according to principles which would be valid only if every people had an English history, climate, geographical position, and physical and moral constitution. Yet, in fact, some of the proximate dangers of war arise from the fact that England is the active centre of principles which, were all other countries similarly conditioned, would indeed be favourable to the maintenance of international amity, but which, being dominant in Britain almost alone, come sometimes into violent collision with the elements of national life that are combined elsewhere.

The mechanical and commercial conditions common to the modern civilized world have, in many respects, operated but little below the surface to modify diversities created by nature and descent, and betrayed even in the ordinary round of life. The likeness between the Anglo-Saxon and the Gaul of the nineteenth century lies on the outside; but in sympathies and ideas, in heart and soul, in the inner moral life, they differ funda-

mentally, and are beings representing two distinct phases of European civilization.

The seas kept the inhabitants of the British Islands for centuries aloof from most of those cruel wars which have left deep marks upon the institutions and temper of Continental Europe, and protected that energetic pursuit of material wealth and commercial pre-eminence to be expected from the first maritime position in the world, from customs at once free and aristocratic, and not least from a climate which demands the labour which it renders easy, while precluding foreign modes of existence and amusement.

Twenty Continental summers, following the passing of the Reform Bill, would work a total revolution in the social economy of Britain. They would leave us a gayer and pleasanter, but a vainer and an idler people. They would slacken our steps, and quicken our eyes and tongues; they would thin the city and crowd the parks, give a holiday air to English life, and improve manners and the art of conversation amazingly. We should lose the cold and sedate reserve, the calm concentration of the mind on serious business, and that earnest, patient, and practical character which our history, our Puritan ancestry, and our clouds, have formed for us. We should become less fond of domestic life, less engrossed with personal and family interests, living more in the open air, and abandoning ourselves much to subjects and feelings in which passers-by could share and sympathise. It would become more agreeable to spend than to get; accumulation would pause; people would love most to shine in society and at the *table d'hôte*, or to see splendid spectacles. In the end perhaps London might be so like Paris, we should have found so many of the ways of our lively neighbours worthy of our imitation, that we might enact a *loi de partition* and a conscription, elect an emperor, place an immense army under his command, talk about natural boundaries, and gladly wear red ribbons in our button-holes. Our susceptibilities

and sense of honour would have grown more refined; the press and the courts of law might fail to arrange many of our differences in a becoming manner, and we might find it imperative to recur to the chivalrous arbitrament of the duel.

This may perhaps appear a grotesquely exaggerated picture; yet in America the force of climate and circumstance is seen to reproduce in a few generations the lineaments of the indigenous inhabitant in the face of the Saxon settler, and to excite an eager restlessness of temperament wholly foreign to the ancestral type. And we have sketched but a few of the influences which tend in France to enervate the industrial spirit, and to give an undue force and direction to other impulses and motives of action. It is not only that the Frenchman naturally seeks the ideal more and the material less than the sober Englishman, but that his country affords fewer avenues for advancement and enterprise in civil life, and scarcely one safe pacific theme of politics. Here the love of change and excitement, the public spirit of the citizen, and the romantic impulse of the man to transcend the narrow boundary of home, and to become an actor on a greater stage than the market and the mill, find vent and exercise, not only in the discussions of a free press, but in the possession of a world-wide empire, familiar to the imagination and yet full of the unknown—a consideration the more operative on the side of peace, that the magnitude of this empire is felt to be largely due to the conquests of industry, not of arms, and that, by universal consent, the nation may have equals in war, but has no rival in the renown and blessings of wealth. The Frenchman, on the other hand, has but a soldier's tent abroad; he has no sphere of cosmopolitan action save the campaign, nor anything beside his famous sword to assure him of a conspicuous figure in Europe and a place in history.

Nor let us suppose entirely spent the original forces of that triumphant Jacquerie, the Revolution of 1789,

which made a populace of serfs a people of freedmen, with the pride and spirit of citizens and the vanity and suspicions of *parvenus*. The despot said, "L'Etat, c'est moi;" the emancipated slave awoke to the intoxicating reflection, "L'Etat, c'est moi." Seldom, since, has an idea of the dignity and glory of the State been presented to the popular mind of France in any other shape than that of victory and military precedence.

Mr. Buckle has been led far astray when he maintains that every great step in national progress, and every considerable increase of mental activity, must be at the expense of the warlike spirit; nor could he have happened on a more unfortunate reference than to the "military predilections of Russia"<sup>1</sup> for an illustration of his theory that a dislike of war is peculiar to a people whose intellect has received an extraordinary impulse from the advancement and general diffusion of knowledge and civilization. "It is clear," he says, "that Russia is a warlike country, not because the inhabitants are immoral, but because they are unintellectual." But, in fact, what is clear is, that Russia is at present *not* a warlike country. Its situation, climate, history, and institutions, have contributed to make its inhabitants, in the opinion of the best authorities, "the most pacific people on the face of the earth."<sup>2</sup>

Never in Moscow or St. Petersburg would you hear the cry of War for ever!

<sup>1</sup> Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, vol. i. p. 178.

<sup>2</sup> "Upon this point, I believe, no difference of opinion exists among all observers. Having lived for several years in a position which enabled me to mix much with the officers and men of the Russian army, such is my strong opinion of the Russian character. M. Haxthausen mentions, as a point admitting of no doubt, 'the absence of all warlike tendency among the Russian people, and their excessive fear of the profession of a soldier.' The Russian people have no pleasure in wearing arms; even in their quarrels among themselves, which are rare, they hardly ever fight, and the duel, which now often takes place among the Russian officers, is contrary to the national manners, and is a custom imported from the West."—*Russia on the Black Sea*, by H. D. Seymour, p. 97.

—*Vive la guerre!*—uttered often unrebuked by the writer's side, as the army of Italy defiled through the streets of Paris on the 14th of August, 1859.<sup>1</sup> Never during the Crimean War would you have seen a Russian manufacturer join the army as a volunteer, confessing with pride, "Moi, je n'aime pas la paix."<sup>2</sup>

There is, in truth, a natural relationship between the economic impulse, or the desire of a higher and better condition, and those national sentiments to which, in France, an unfortunate course of circumstances has given a military direction. Patriotic pride and emulation are personal ambition purified and exalted by the alliance of some disinterested motives and affections. Nor can that feeling ordinarily fail to have an elevating influence on the character of a people which raises the aspirations of the multitude above selfish ends and material gain, and infuses some measure of enthusiasm and public spirit into the most vulgar minds. Hence political economists of the highest philosophic genius, such as Adam Smith and William Humboldt, have been far from reprobating a martial temper in a people as barbarous in every form and under all conditions. To France, unhappily, we might apply Lord Bacon's lamentation on the improper culture of the seeds of patriotic virtue: "But the misery is that the most effectual means are applied to the ends least to be desired." It is not only that the structure of the French polity is such that the ruling classes are those least fit to rule, and most liable to be swayed by passion and caprice, while there is no percolation through succes-

<sup>1</sup> This was among persons who were able to pay twenty francs a-piece for their seats.

<sup>2</sup> The writer met returning from Solferino a French manufacturer, who, deserting his business for the campaign, had attached himself to the army of Italy, in which he bore the rank of captain. He had served in like manner in the Crimea, at the siege of Rome, and in Algeria. This individual made the above declaration of his disrelish for peace; yet, upon the truce, he quietly resumed his business until another war, which he anticipated the following spring, should relieve him of the inglorious occupation.

sive grades, as in England, of the cooler views and habits of aristocratic and educated thought, but that a morbid intolerance of superiority has been left by the remembrance of the tyranny of the feudal nobility. As Mr. Mill has observed, "When a class, formerly "ascendant, has lost its ascendancy, the "prevailing sentiments frequently bear "the impress of an impatient dislike of "superiority."<sup>1</sup> Among the French democracy this hatred of superior eminence, being carried into every direction of the popular thought, continually recurs in the form of an envious and hostile attitude towards Great Britain. A nation prone to jealousy is placed by the side of another, at the head of all peaceful enterprise. Whatever envy of English fortune might thus arise, is aggravated by traditions of defeat and injury,—

Ungentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long.

France has now no colonies save a few military stations. But a century ago it was otherwise, and her sons might have found themselves in their own country from Quebec to Pondicherry, and from the Strait of Dover to the Strait of Magellan. Why are they now bounded by the Bay of Biscay and the Gulf of Lyons? How is it that Canada, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island, the Bahamas, Tobago, Grenada and Dominica, St. Lucia and St. Vincent, the Falkland<sup>2</sup> Isles, Malta, the Ionian Islands, the Mauritius, Rodriguez and the Seychelles, and India from the Kistna to Cape Comorin, once held or claimed by France, are now undisputed fragments of the British Empire? It is a question which calls up the names of Chatham and his son, of Wolfe and Clive, of Nelson and Wellesley, and other memories retained with different emotions at each side of the Channel. And the answer might throw some light upon the source of the popularity at one side of the theory of natural boundaries, and

the eagerness of our rivals to push their frontiers to the Scheldt, the Rhine, and the Alps, and to live in a larger world of their own.<sup>1</sup>

Let us not be too severe in our censure of an ambition, which we must at the same time manfully resist. Suppose the conditions of the two empires to be suddenly reversed. Suppose England to be rankling under a successful invasion, and a long occupation by a foreign army. Suppose the British flag to have been swept from every sea, and almost every distant settlement and ancient dependency transferred to the domain of France. Suppose at the same time that we felt or imagined our ability to restore the balance and resume our former place upon the globe; and who shall say that, less sensitive and less combative as we are, we should not be eager to refer the issue to the trial of the stronger battalions once more? Or who shall say that the ideas of glory throughout the civilized world are not such at this hour that the defeat of England by sea and land would add immensely to the prestige of France, to the personal status of all her citizens in the *maxima civitas* of nations, and make the meanest of them feel himself conspicuous in the eyes of every people from America to China? When, after such reflections, we imagine the many roads to national distinction upon which the French might occupy the foremost place, but to which they give little heed; when we find among them such an intense appreciation, and such prodigious sacrifices for military fame; when the accumulation of capital among them, and the consequent growth of a pacific political power, is prevented by the fundamental conditions of their polity; when the agrarian division leaves a numerous youth of the military age disposable for war,<sup>2</sup> it would

<sup>1</sup> Since the above passage was in the press a remarkable map has been published in Paris, entitled "L'Europe de 1760 à 1860," designed to excite attention to the territorial and colonial losses of France in the last hundred years, and the immense aggrandizement of Great Britain at her expense.

<sup>2</sup> See Mr. Laing's Observations on the State of Europe. Second Series. Pp. 104—8.

<sup>1</sup> Essay on Liberty.

<sup>2</sup> The French were driven from the Falkland Isles in 1766 by the Spaniards, who in 1771 gave place to the British.

seem impossible to deny that the latent force of the warlike element in France is at all times prodigious; that so far as it is latent it occupies the place of the deep general attachment to peace which is felt in England; and that its actual ebullition in war depends partly upon the temper and life of a single individual, and partly on the occasions offered by the state of Europe, and the weakness of neighbouring powers. But these are the conditions of a military age and society. And thus it is that De Tocqueville has described his countrymen: "Apt for all things, but excellent only in war; adoring chance, force, success, splendour, and noise more than true glory; more capable of heroism than of virtue, of genius than of good sense; the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations of Europe; and that best fitted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference."

It is this people which has elected an absolute monarch, and that monarch is Napoleon III. But it is a most obvious inference from this fact alone, that a community, which, however advanced in some of the arts of civilization, has not outgrown the superintendence of despotic government, nor learned to govern itself or to trust itself with liberty, has not arrived at that stage of progress in which the claims of industry and peace can be steadily and consistently paramount in the councils of the state. The traditions of old, and still more the exigencies and ambitions of new imperial dynasties, are incompatible with the conditions of the greatest economical prosperity. Neither are the independence and robustness of thought educated by free industrial life favourable to the permanence of an unlimited monarchy. Let us, indeed, ask if it be auspicious of the entry of Europe upon the industrial and pacific stage, and the millennium of merchants, that the trade of the world has hung since the truce of Villafranca upon the tokens of peace, few and far between, that have fallen from the lips of a military chief?

Yet that chief has deeply studied history, and gathered the lesson that monarchs must march at the head of the ideas of their age.<sup>1</sup> And there are indications that the vision of a holy alliance of the sovereigns of Europe for the maintenance of the peace and brotherhood of nations rose before his youthful mind as one of such ideas. In 1832, he mused as follows:<sup>2</sup>—

"We hear talk of eternal wars, of interminable struggles, and yet it would be an easy matter for the sovereigns of the world to consolidate an everlasting peace. Let them consult the mutual relations, the habits of the nations among themselves; let them grant the nationality, the institutions which they demand, and they will have arrived at the secret of a true political balance. Then will all nations be brothers, and they will embrace each other in the presence of tyranny dethroned, of a world refreshed and consolidated, and of a contented humanity."

But experience has not increased the confidence of the wise in princes or holy alliances. One has indeed but to glance at the conditions essential, in the mind of so subtle a politician as Napoleon III., to the peace of Europe, and their inevitable consequence, to rest assured that its present sovereigns could hardly grant them if they would, and would not concur to yield them if they could. For what are these conditions? The *nationality* and the *institutions* which the nations demand. And what is to be the consequence? *Tyranny dethroned.*

Such really are, if not the only requisites to "consolidate the world and content humanity," the indispensable supports of "a true political balance." And let the history of the last twelve years—let the war in Hungary in 1849, and the war in Italy in 1859—let the dungeons of Naples, the people of Venetia, the Romagna, Sicily, and Hungary in 1860 (should we not add Nice and

<sup>1</sup> Historical Fragments. Works of Napoleon III.

<sup>2</sup> Political Reveries. Works of Napoleon III.



Savoy?) say if the sovereigns of Europe are ready to concede without a struggle the nationality and the institutions for which the nations cry.

Let us not, however, ungratefully forget that the year 1860 opened with an assurance from the chief of the sovereigns of Europe, of his desire, "so far as depends on him, to re-establish peace and confidence." Yet this is but personal security for our confidence. Should Napoleon III., in truth, be anxious and resolute for peace, yet a few years, and the firmness of the hand which controls an impetuous and warlike democracy must relax, and afterwards the floods of national passion may come and beat against a house of peace built upon the sand of an Emperor's words. Gibbon has remarked upon the instability of the happiness of the Roman Empire in the era of the Antonines, because "depending on the character of a single man." The son and successor of Marcus Aurelius was the brutal tyrant Commodus. Besides, we cannot forget that he who "dreamed not of the Empire and of war,"<sup>1</sup> in 1848, had, "at the end of four years," re-established the Empire; that the third year of that Empire was the beginning of strife with Russia, and that its last was a year of unfinished war with Austria. Moreover, under the second Empire, all France is assuming the appearance of a camp in the centre of Europe, and this phenomenon becomes more portentous if we take in connexion with it the Emperor's opinion respecting the precautions necessary to preserve the honour and assert the rightful claims of France. In 1843, he wrote: "At the present time it is not sufficient for a nation to have a few hundred cavaliers, or some thousand mercenaries in order to uphold its rank and support its independence; it needs millions of armed men. . . . The terrible example of Waterloo has not

"taught us. . . . The problem to be resolved is this—to resist a coalition France needs an immense army: nay more, it needs a reserve of trained men in case of a reverse."

We must infer, either that in 1843 Louis Napoleon foresaw that France was destined to pursue a policy which would, to a moral certainty, bring her into conflict with the other powers; or that in his deliberate judgment no great European state is secure without millions of disciplined soldiers, against a coalition of other states for its destruction. If this be a true judgment, in what an age do we live! But, at least, the armaments of France prove that its sovereign has not hesitated to employ its utmost resources for the purpose of enabling it to "resist a coalition;" and a late despatch of Lord John Russell supplies the fitting comment. "M. Thouvenel conceives that Sardinia might be a member of a confederacy arrayed against France. Now, on this Her Majesty's Government would observe, that there never can be a confederacy organized against France, unless it be for common defence against aggressions on the part of France."<sup>1</sup> Another natural reflection presents itself, that if Napoleon III. can solve "the problem," and make France powerful enough to defy a confederacy, he has but to divide, in order to tyrannize over Europe. An apology which has been made for the great military, and more especially the great naval, preparations of France—that they indicate no new or Napoleonic idea, but are simply the realization of plans conceived under a former government—may be well founded. But then the question recurs—are these preparations necessary, or are they not? Does France really need "millions of armed men," or does she not? If she does, what conclusions must we form respecting the character of the age, and the theory of the extinction of the military element in modern Europe? Shall

<sup>1</sup> "Je ne suis pas un ambitieux qui rêve l'Empire et la guerre. Si j'étais nommé Président je mettrais mon honneur à laisser au but de quatre ans à mon successeur le pouvoir affermi, la liberté intacte." Proclamation of Louis Napoleon, December 10, 1848.

<sup>1</sup> Further Correspondence relative to the Affairs of Italy, Part IV. No. 2.

we say that it is an economical, industrious, and pacific age, or one of restlessness, danger, alarm and war? On the other hand, if there is nothing in surrounding Europe to justify the armaments of France, what must we think of the deliberate schemes of the French Government and the probabilities of peace? There is, too, another consideration—namely that, whatever be the reason and meaning of these facts, they *are* facts which must be accepted with their natural consequences. You cannot pile barrels of gunpowder round your neighbour's house without danger of a spark falling from your own chimney or his, or from the torch of some fool or incendiary. In the presence then of these phenomena, indicating what they do of the reciprocal relations and attitude of the most civilized states, can we say that the political aspect of the world and the condition of international morality would be unaptly described in the language applied to them two hundred years ago by Hobbes: "Every nation has a right to do what it pleases to other commonwealths. And withal they live in the condition of perpetual war, with their frontiers armed and cannons planted against their neighbours round about."?

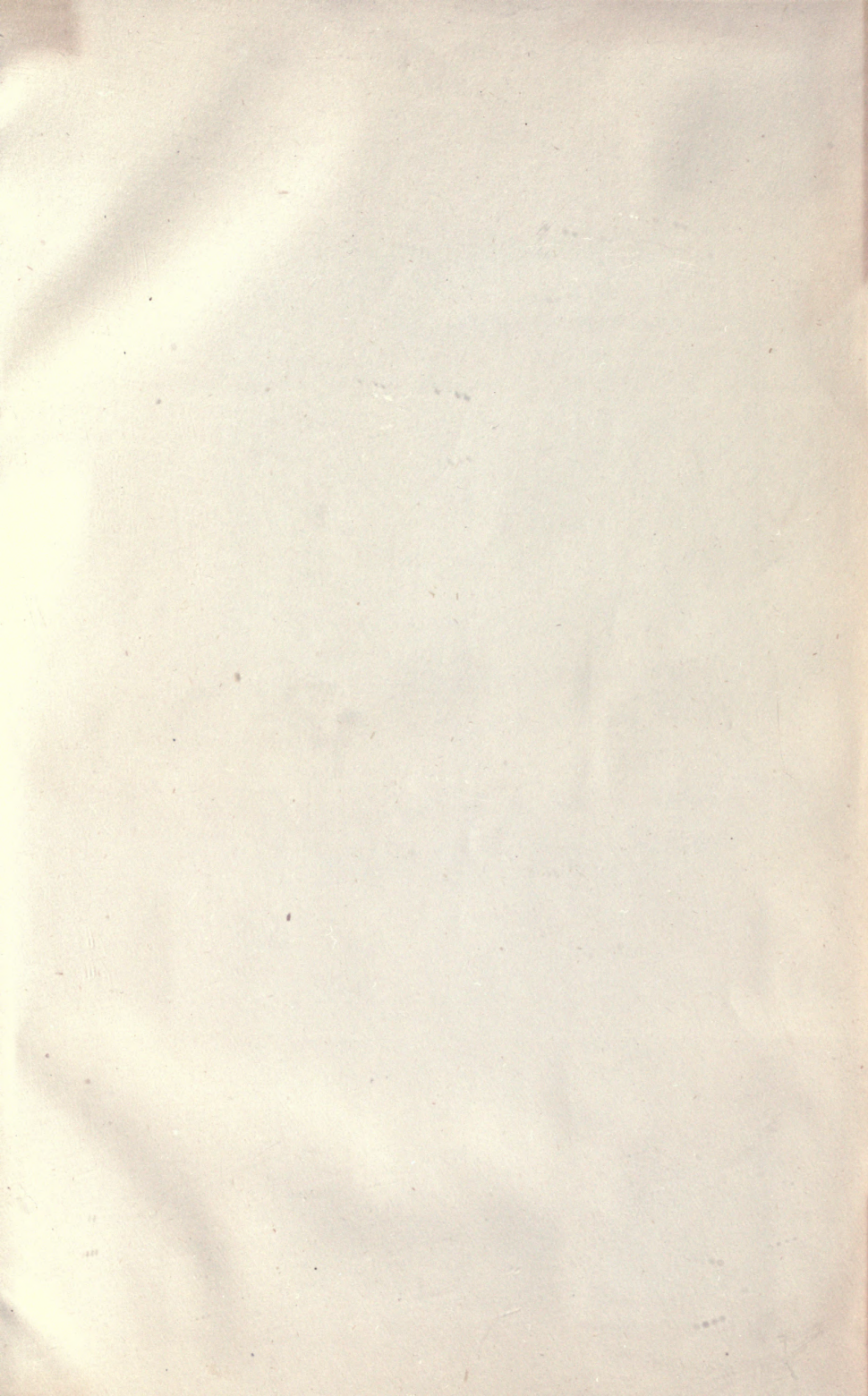
There are, notwithstanding, sanguine politicians, who look upon these things as transitional and well-nigh past, who view the darkest prospects of the hour as the passing clouds of the morn-

ing of peace, and the immediate heralds of that day when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Of the advent of that period not one doubt is meant to be suggested here. But the measures of time which history and philosophy put into our hands are different from those which the statesman must employ. An age is but as a day to the eye to which the condition of the globe when it was first trodden by savage men is present. But those whose vision is confined to the fleeting moments so important to themselves, which cover their own lifetime and that of their children, will deem the reign of peace far distant if removed to a third generation.

What, then, is the interpretation of the signs of the times on which a practical people should fix its scrutiny? To this question, the question of the age—whether it means peace or war—it is believed that the preceding pages supply a partial answer, which we have not here room to make more full and definite; or it could be shown that the form and spirit of the age, the imperfection of the mechanism for the adjustment of international rights, the mal-organization of continental politics, the impending repartition of Europe, and the aspect of remoter portions of the globe compose a political horizon charged with the elements of war.









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